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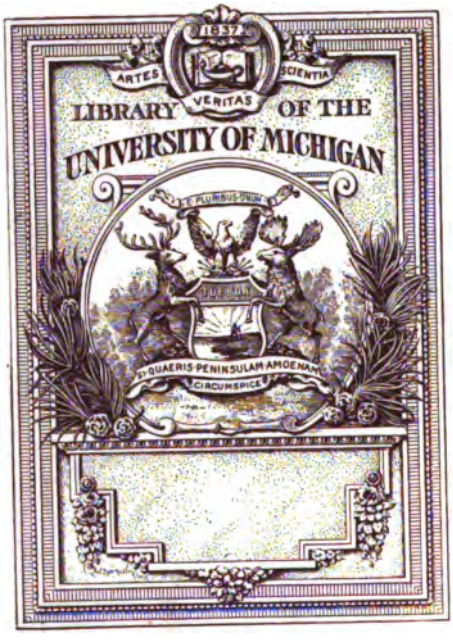

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THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

FOR

MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. V

DECEMBER 1896 *TO MAY* 1897

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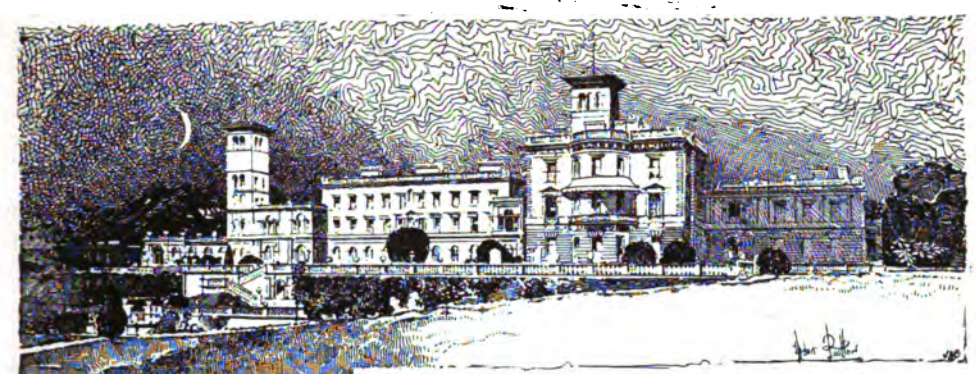

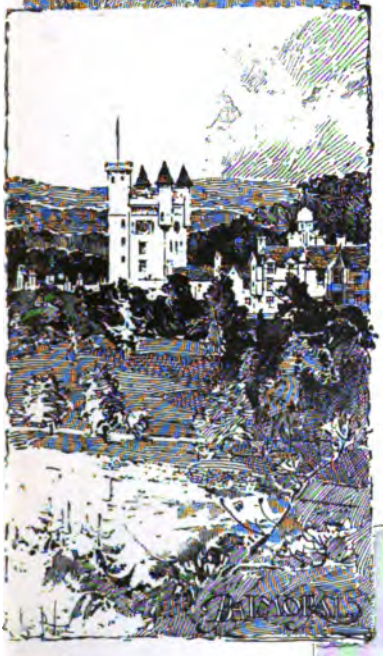

Round about Balmoral & Osborne &c.

I.—BALMORAL.

By Alexander I. McConnochie.

Illustrated from Photographs by W. A. Hawes, *Aberdeen.*

Among the loveliest resorts of the Queen when she is in the highlands, is Glen Muick, which is a typical highland glen, a charming mixture of picturesqueness, grandeur and desolation. It joins the Dee near the village of Ballater, its stream, the Muick, having its source on the southern face of classic Lochnagar.

It may well be called a royal glen, for the Queen has no fewer than three "shiels" or lodges in it—Birkhall, Alltnagiubhsaich Lodge, and Glasallt Shiel. The first is within two miles of Ballater, and is therefore best known to tourists and visitors; the second is at the commencement of the mountain path to Lochnagar, and therefore familiar to hill climbers; while the last is still farther up the glen, beyond the reach of

GLASALLT SHIEL.

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the ordinary tourist, near the head of Loch Muick, a great expansion of the stream which finds its way through the valley.

FALLS OF MUICK.

There are roads on both sides of the glen: that on the right terminates at Spital, opposite Alltnagiubhsaich Lodge, and is always open to the public; the other is continued to Glasallt Shiel, and being mainly on her Majesty's private property, and connecting the Glen Muick shiels together—as well as with Balmoral Castle and Abergeldie Castle by a cross-road—is only open to the public under certain conditions. The upper portion is closed at all times to public carriages, and a written order from the Commissioner is necessary to thus procure access to the uppermost shiel. Her Majesty does not however indulge in the usual threats to trespassers, "Strictly Private" being the only announcement made where the Queen's right to privacy is undoubted.

The left side of the glen is all owned by or let to her Majesty, the other side belongs to "the testamentary trustees of the late Sir James T. Mackenzie," the first baronet "of Glenmuick"—the appropriateness of which title is not quite apparent. The glen is wholly in Aberdeenshire, but borders on the south with the county of Forfar, with which it is connected by a high mountain pass, the Capel Mounth, thus giving direct access for pedestrians between the two villages of Ballater and Kirriemuir, otherwise "Thrums."

Spital, as its name indicates, was of old the site of an hospital or hospice of the Churchmen of the day, under the Bishop of Aberdeen, and was doubtless of considerable advantage before the era of roads, when passes across the mountains were the recognised means of communication between north and south. Latterly the opening of railways made an end of the drover who supplied the southern markets with "prime Scots," and such passes as the Capel Mounth fell into desuetude. The packman lingered, however, behind the drover; but he too is practically extinct, and only the tramp remains. The latter survives in two forms—the genuine tramp and the pedestrian tourist. An occasional shepherd may also be met on the Mounth seeking fresh pastures for his flock.

ALLTNAGIUBHSAICH LODGE.

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The hospice was succeeded by the modern public-house, which in its turn has been displaced by a forester's cottage.

The outstanding natural features of Glen Muick, besides the mountains which form the valley, are the Falls, or Linn of Muick, Loch Muick, Falls of Glas Allt and Dubh Loch. The royal shiels of course make the left-hand side of the valley the more interesting, but, quite apart from them, the glen is one of the finest on Deeside, presenting all the distinguishing features of highland scenery.

Crossing to the south side of the Dee at Ballater the mouth of the glen is close at hand, and the visitor is impressed with the upward view. In the foreground are the Coyles of Muick, several finely peaked hills just under two thousand feet in height, which owe their picturesque appearance as miniature mountains to their peculiar geological formation; beyond them rise the higher hills of Conachcraig; while over all the summit of Lochnagar stands monarch of the mountains on the south side of the Dee.

AT THE HEAD OF LOCH MUICK.

Passing the churchyard and the site of the ancient church of the glen, the ruins of Knock Castle may be observed on the right peeping through the trees. The present building has done service as barracks for maintaining in troublous times the royal authority on Upper Deeside; its predecessor dates from the time of the ancient Earls of Mar. On the opposite side of the Muick may be seen Braichlie, the Mackenzie dowerhouse, and Glenmuick House, a modern pile, the mansion of the estate. The latter is not infrequently visited by royalties and other notabilities during the sporting season.

THE BLACK BURN, LOCH MUICK.

The little property of Birkhall, extending to some seven thousand acres, was formerly part of the estate of Abergeldie, and was bought by the Prince Consort for the Prince of Wales. On the Prince ceasing to regularly visit Deeside he sold Birkhall (in 1885) to the Queen. The original house, built about 1715, as an inscription above the door testifies, was suited for the occupation of but a small laird, and accordingly

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considerable additions have been made by her Majesty. The old ivy-clad front faces the Muick, but a modern wing, with a more

LOCH MUICK ON THE SOUTH-EAST SIDE.

imposing entrance, looks towards Ballater. The house is beautifully situated among trees—birks or birches—from which it derives its name. It is always lent by the Queen to members of the royal family or distinguished friends of her Majesty, the Duchess of Albany being a frequent occupant. But a generation has not wholly passed away which can remember when the garden was let for market purposes, and strawberries and cream could be had in the drawing-room at sixpence a plate. The Prince's connection with Birkhall is commemorated by a cairn, now ruinous, which was erected on one of the Coyles by the tenantry in connection with his marriage; another cairn was afterwards built on the highest Coyle having a stone bearing the following inscription: —

ERECTED
BY COMMAND OF
QUEEN VICTORIA
IN REMEMBRANCE OF
THE MARRIAGE OF
ALBERT EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES
AND
ALEXANDRA PRINCESS OF DENMARK.
10TH MARCH, 1863.

But time spares not even royal memorials, and the inscription-stone now lies at the foot of the cairn.

The Falls of Muick, about five miles from Ballater, are annually visited by thousands. At the point where the Falls occur the glen is contracted, as though some titanic hand had here throttled the valley, which is richly wooded with a variety of trees, larches predominating. The Falls did not escape the ubiquitous Pennant, who tells us that the "hole was supposed by the vulgar to be bottomless." The height of the Linn is about thirty feet, and prevents the upward passage of salmon. A salmon ladder has been talked of, as there is excellent spawning ground in the upper reaches of the river. The falls were formerly frequently visited by the Queen.

"The Prince's Drive," as the road on the Queen's side of the Muick is called here, had to be blasted out of the rock in the Linn Wood just above the Falls, and as the river there is bordered with pines, the glen is particularly beautiful. Emerging from the

BIRKHALL.

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Linn Wood the scene suddenly changes and a wilder phase of a highland glen is experienced. Trees are fewer and smaller, being of more recent planting, and there are only two or three houses and one croft, so that the picturesque gives way to grandeur, not unmixed with desolation.

GLASALLT SHIEL, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST SIDE OF LOCH MUICK.

Alltnagiubhsaich Lodge (the Lodge of the Fir-tree Burn), which is on the estate of Birkhall, is about three miles above the Falls, and, facing the south, is embosomed among pines which recent wind-storms have not spared. It is a modern structure, the part on the left being the forester's cottage, connected by a covered passage with the lodge, which has a range of bedrooms at the back. A building of some sort had stood here from time immemorial, and doubtless deserved the name it bore—"The Hut"—before it fell into royal possession. Looking towards the Capel Mounth and Loch Muick, and well sheltered by larches, it is a charming occasional residence, and here the Queen and the Prince Consort frequently came, on a visit of two or three days' duration, from Balmoral. It is referred to in "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands" as "our humble little abode." The lodge is conveniently situated for the royal deer-forest of Lochnagar, and many a pleasant evening has been spent here by the Prince and his friends after a day's sport among the stags, the proceedings winding up with a torchlight dance on the lawn in front of the house. The public path leading to Lochnagar passes in rear of the lodge, but too often tourists prefer to walk by and stare into the front windows.

FALLS OF GLAS ALLT.

Loch Muick lies at an altitude of 1310 feet above sea-level, and is fully two miles in length, with a breadth of about half a mile. It had formerly been of much greater extent, probably extending to the Falls. Evidences of its shrinkage are not wanting. The hills on both sides are very steep, and frequently send down in spring miniature avalanches of snow and stones.

Boating on the loch was at one time a

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favourite pastime of the Queen. "The scenery," her Majesty writes, "is beautiful here, so wild and grand—real severe highland scenery, with trees in the hollow. We had various scrambles in and out of the boat and along the shore, and saw three hawks, and caught seventy trout. I wish an artist could have been there to sketch the scene, it was so picturesque—the boat, the net, and the people in their kilts in the water and on the shore."

DUBH LOCH.

Writing of the south-east side of the loch, the Queen says: "It is very fine indeed, and deeply furrowed by the torrents, which form glens and corries where birch and alder trees grow close to the water's edge. We landed on a sandy spot below a fine glen, through which flows the Black Burn. It was very dry here, but still very picturesque, with alder trees and mountain-ash in full fruit overhanging it."

Loch Muick has been suggested as a natural reservoir, to be artificially increased, for water for the city of Aberdeen. But the name *Black* Burn has an ugly sound in this connection, for that stream flows through moss, and has generally a colour and an appearance which an artist such as Graham would delight in, but which might frighten teetotalers into drinking beer!

Walking from Alltnagiubhsaich Lodge to Glasallt Shiel, along the loch side, a small burn—Alltan Dearg—is crossed. It rushes down a rocky gorge, with here and there a little cascade, and is thus described by the Queen: "The Alltan Dearg is very fine and rapid. Up this a winding path has been made [now neglected], upon which we rode, though some parts are rather steep for riding. The burn falls over red granite, and in the ravine grow birch, mountain-ash and alder."

The Glasallt Shiel is close to the shore of the loch and on the left bank of the stream, Glas Allt (the gray burn), from which it derives its name. The shiel is a neat gray-granite building of two stories facing the loch, sheltered by firs, and protected from the north wind by the western extremity of An t-Sron (the nose), a dependency of Lochnagar.

TOP OF THE BLACK SPOUT, LOCHNAGAR.

It is the most remote of her Majesty's Deeside residences, and occupies the site of an old shooting-box of the Gordons of Aber-

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geldie, which latter was preceded by a shepherd's hut. Above the door is the inscription—

VICTORIA REGINA.
1868.

This neighbourhood had long been a favourite with the Prince Consort, so after his death the Queen erected the shiel. But owing to increasing years her Majesty's visits both to Alltnagiubhsaich Lodge and Glasallt Shiel are getting fewer and fewer; an annual afternoon visit suffices now. But the rooms are kept in order and always ready for the reception of their royal mistress. Glasallt Shiel has not been occupied, in the ordinary sense of the word, for years, and is never lent. Alltnagiubhsaich Lodge also was kept sacred till four years ago when it was lent for a season to Sir Allan Mackenzie, the Queen's neighbour on the other side of the glen—a very high mark of her Majesty's favour. This season it has been lent to General Sir D. M. Probyn of the Prince of Wales's household.

The Glas Allt, an impetuous mountain torrent, comes tumbling down behind the shiel, half a mile above which are the Falls of that name, with a descent of about 150 feet. They form one of the finest waterfalls on Deeside, and whether viewed from the foot or from the high ground on the opposite side of the loch, after a "spate" or flood, have an imposing appearance. The Falls are confined within a rocky corrie by which snow often lingers into summer, as may be seen from the illustration of the shiel from the south-east side of the loch. A pony path passing the Falls affords a direct connection between the shiel and Balmoral.

The sternness and ruggedness of the scenery increase above the head of Loch Muick. The mountains are higher and the glen becomes narrower, leaving only room for the break-neck river to find a way to Loch Muick from Dubh Loch (Black Lake) two miles beyond Glasallt Shiel. Till recently a visit to the Dubh Loch was one of her Majesty's favourite excursions and was latterly made in a little carriage by the pony path from the shiel. A small stream has to be crossed between the two lochs with a high slender waterfall close to the path. Here a cairn marks the spot where, on October 3, 1870, the Marquis of Lorne proposed to the Princess Louise—the Queen very thoughtfully having gone to Pannanich Wells, near Ballater, that afternoon.

The perpendicular height of the crags on the south-west side of the Dubh Loch is about eight hundred feet, on the other side the rocks are not so precipitous, descending as they do more gradually from Lochnagar. The top of the Black Spout, near the summit of Lochnagar, is a grand specimen of rock scenery. Lochnagar has been frequently ascended by the Queen and members of the royal family, her Majesty's first ascent having been made on September 16, 1848, when, owing to a dense mist, the guides lost their way, and thus an extra detention of five hours was experienced, a circumstance which caused no little anxiety at the Castle.

ABERGELDIE CASTLE.

The property belonging to the Queen on Deeside includes the two estates of Balmoral and Birkhall, Abergeldie (in which is embraced Glasallt Shiel) being only held on lease. Abergeldie Castle is six miles from Ballater and two from Balmoral, and the estate is so peculiarly situated with regard to her Majesty's property that sporting and other amenities cannot be properly exercised unless the three estates are held together. The Queen invariably lends the Castle, amongst its occupants having been the Duchess of Kent and the ex-Empress Eugénie.

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II.—OSBORNE, THE QUEEN'S SOUTHERN HOME.

By Owen Conway.

How vivid in my memory is the recollection of my last visit to Osborne! It was on a summer afternoon, just after the Queen—the most distinguished resident of the Isle of Wight—had driven through crowded Cowes, that I turned my feet towards Osborne. One of the charms of her Majesty's home in the isle is that it is so secluded. You walk through country lanes with trim hedges, past neat rustic cottages, and see nowhere the evidence of the Queen's proximity. Perhaps even as you rest by the wayside a high carriage with a postillion drives slowly past, and in it you recognise her Majesty and one of her daughters. The cottager would hardly turn from hanging out the washing or scrubbing the doorstep at so familiar a sight; yet millions of the Queen's loyal subjects would gladly suffer any expense or inconvenience to have a similar privilege. Such inattention on the part of the cottager is not due to anything save the knowledge that there is an unwritten law to respect the Queen's privacy when she is living at Osborne. Just as the Scot at Balmoral will, at the approach of a royal carriage, disappear from the roadside, so the cottager will take care not to observe too closely the Queen as she drives through the village.

From a photo by] [*W. H. Kirk & Sons, Cowes.*

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

(*Where the Queen used to worship when residing at Osborne.*)

Comment has often been made by hasty

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From a photo by] [*W. H. Kirk & Sons, Cowes.*

INTERIOR OF WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

writers on the Queen's affection for any residence save Buckingham Palace. But when one considers the immense responsibilities resting upon her Majesty, one will acquiesce in the necessity to preserve her health at all costs. And when the Queen lives at Osborne or Balmoral she is in her best health. The charming quiet, the rich foliage, the sunshine of Osborne, have perhaps done as much as the breezes of Balmoral to aid the Queen in her daily tasks, the magnitude of which it would be difficult to over-estimate. Osborne is her Majesty's own property; every part of the estate has been developed under her instructions and plans. There she has borne many joys and sorrows, remote from the busier haunts of men, and there she has spent holidays of well-earned rest amid family gatherings of relatives connected with every European throne. Can it be surprising that for Osborne the Queen has an especial affection?

Osborne is to most people inaccessible. The loyal tourist may, after glancing up and down a lane, climb up to the high palings and survey the white mansion embowered in trees, where his sovereign lives. But he will not be able, unless accompanied by some special permit, to pass through any of the gates which lead thereto. However he may console himself by visiting Whippingham Church, which for several years was more closely linked to the Queen and the royal family than it is now. Nowadays the Queen usually attends service in the private chapel in the grounds of Osborne, but formerly, when in residence in the Isle of Wight, her Majesty was a diligent worshipper in this village church of Whippingham.

The picturesque church of St. Mildred's, more commonly known as Whippingham Church, is the only place of worship in the village. To everyone of her Majesty's loyal subjects the building has a strong personal interest however. It stands on a slight eminence overlooking the Medina. The present edifice bears an inscription over the door which states that the

From a photo by] [*W. H. Kirk & Sons, Cowes.*

ROYAL PEW, WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

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church "was designed by Albert, Prince Consort, and rebuilt by Queen Victoria, in conjunction with him, in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXI." For our Queen the church must be crowded with memories—some joyous ones, and some of the greatest sadness.

It was here that H.R.H. Princess Beatrice was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg on July 23, 1885, and now the remains of the prince rest within a marble cenotaph, in a beautiful memorial chapel, in the north chancel, which faces the royal pew.

But the most striking feature in the church is the monument erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort. It stands within her Majesty's pew, on the eastern side of the chancel arch, and is of white marble relieved with gold. The design is a charming one, and represents two angels holding a crown of gold over the medallion of the prince. Below this there are three panels let into archways; the two side ones contain the arms of the prince and of the Queen. The central panel bears the following inscription, the lettering being in gold—

From a photo by] *[W. H. Kirk & Sons, Cowes.*

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD PEW, WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

To the beloved memory of Francis Albert Charles Augustus Emmanuel, Prince Consort, who departed this life, December 14, 1861, in his 43rd year. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10. This monument is placed in the church, erected under his direction, by his broken-hearted and devoted widow, Queen Victoria, 1864.

From a photo by] *[W. H. Kirk & Sons, Cowes.*

MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT IN WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

Another monument which calls forth the sympathies of a nation is that erected to the memory of Princess Alice, whose death occurred so sadly on the anniversary of the death of her father, to whom she had been so devotedly attached. This beautiful piece of sculpture likewise represents two angels, one on either side of the medallion of the princess. A wreath of flowers encircles the head, while a most artistic and symbolical touch is given to the whole by the rose in the foreground that is lying just where it has fallen to the ground. This monument is inscribed—

To the dear memory of Alice Maud Mary, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who departed this life in her 36th year, on the anniversary of her beloved father's death, December 14, 1878. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—St. Matthew, v. 8. This monument is placed by her sorrowing mother, Queen Victoria, 1879.

The architecture of Whippingham Church, as will be seen from our

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From a photo by] [*W. H. Kirk & Sons, Cowes.*

WHIPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

illustrations, has a distinct individuality of its own, which is particularly emphasised by its square tower. The ground plan follows the usual ecclesiastical lines, and is in the form of a Latin cross, the chancel being of an unusual length however, which gives it the appearance of being somewhat out of proportion to the rest of the building. It was built in this way in order that there might be sufficient space for the Osborne pews which are placed there. The seats occupied by the Queen and members of the royal family are on the south side of the chancel. They are approached by a private entrance near the altar.

Among the many striking features in the church the font should have individual mention. It is a unique affair, being formed of a massive square piece of white marble supported by a well proportioned pier, likewise of white marble, with four smaller pillars of beautifully veined coloured stone. Around the basin runs the inscription—

Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

The interest of my first visit to Osborne commenced at Portsmouth, inasmuch as the officials at the railway station were greatly puzzled by the *Victoria and Albert* being at the pier to convey some person to the island.

I was going on business, with information from one of the great departments of State, and as the *Victoria and Albert* was to be at Portsmouth at that time she was ordered to wait for me. It was great fun to see a group of officials standing on the platform waiting for the stranger to alight, and to see their bewildered expressions as an ordinary personage, quite unknown to them all, alighted and quietly strolled to the royal yacht. I landed at Cowes, and jumped into a cab and drove to Osborne, again puzzling the spectators and police, who all knew the boat, but to whom I was a complete stranger. I was stopped three times *en route*, once at the lodge and twice within the

CORRIDOR AT OSBORNE.

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grounds, but a magic name passed me on and my cab drew up at Osborne House.

My business was personal, and when I arrived the Queen was at lunch, and so in the next room, separated from the dining-room by folding doors, I was served with refreshment. I am not in the habit of lunching from silver plate nor with two men to wait upon me, but I enjoyed the exquisite little meal spread before me and was especially struck by the beauty of the glass on the table, so thin and so finely engraved, and by the thoughtfulness that had been shown in providing three kinds of mineral waters as well as wine for me to drink at my choice.

Luncheon over, I saw Sir John Cowell and then Sir Henry Ponsonby, both delightful men, now alas! no more. I was then taken through the corridor, a long narrow room decorated in French gray and filled with beautiful statuary, delightful cabinets, charming lacquer work and glorious flowers. I waited awhile in the gray drawing-room, and immediately betook myself to examine the Queen's water-colours with which it is hung, and understood then how very talented is her Majesty in this delightful art and of what really high merit are her works. Presently Prince Henry came in and I had a chat with him, and then I heard a whispered discussion between three of the ladies-in-waiting as to who should accompany the Queen on her drive. Tea was then served, and I had a good look at the lovely Sèvres

STATUARY AT OSBORNE:

MAROCHETTI'S BUST OF THE QUEEN. THEED'S BUST OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

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china and gold-mounted service from which her Majesty was to take her cup of tea ere she went for her drive.

A moment or two later the Queen was announced, and Sir Henry Ponsonby presented me, and I was in the presence of my much-loved sovereign, who was good enough to say she was glad to see me. It was many months after that when I was in "the presence" again, but so wonderful is the Queen's memory that though it was at Windsor, in much greater state, that next I spoke to her Majesty, she instantly remembered me and recollected my name. It is far easier being with the Queen at Osborne than at Windsor. She is much more approachable, and there is but little state; but she herself is always gracious, always kindly and most generous in her tender thought for others.

Princess Beatrice was with the Queen when I was at Osborne, and behind was her Indian servant; the Princess suggested that I might like to see some of the rooms, and I was shown the great Indian room, richly decorated in Sikh work, at which the native workmen were busily engaged. The house is homely and charming, neither grand nor stately. The pictures it contains are many of them the work of the Queen, the royal family and Lord Ronald Gower. The statuary is a feature of the house; the cabinets, lacquer work and bronzes are very good; yet the house is not a palace but a home, not a show place but comfortable, and nothing impressed me more than the sight of needlework, knitting, toys, balls, rocking-horses and magazines left lying about in this most homely and comfortable of the residences of the beloved sovereign whose praise is in all the earth but whose heart is in the keeping of her affectionate people.

STATUARY AT OSBORNE:

"THE REST OF INNOCENCE"—PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

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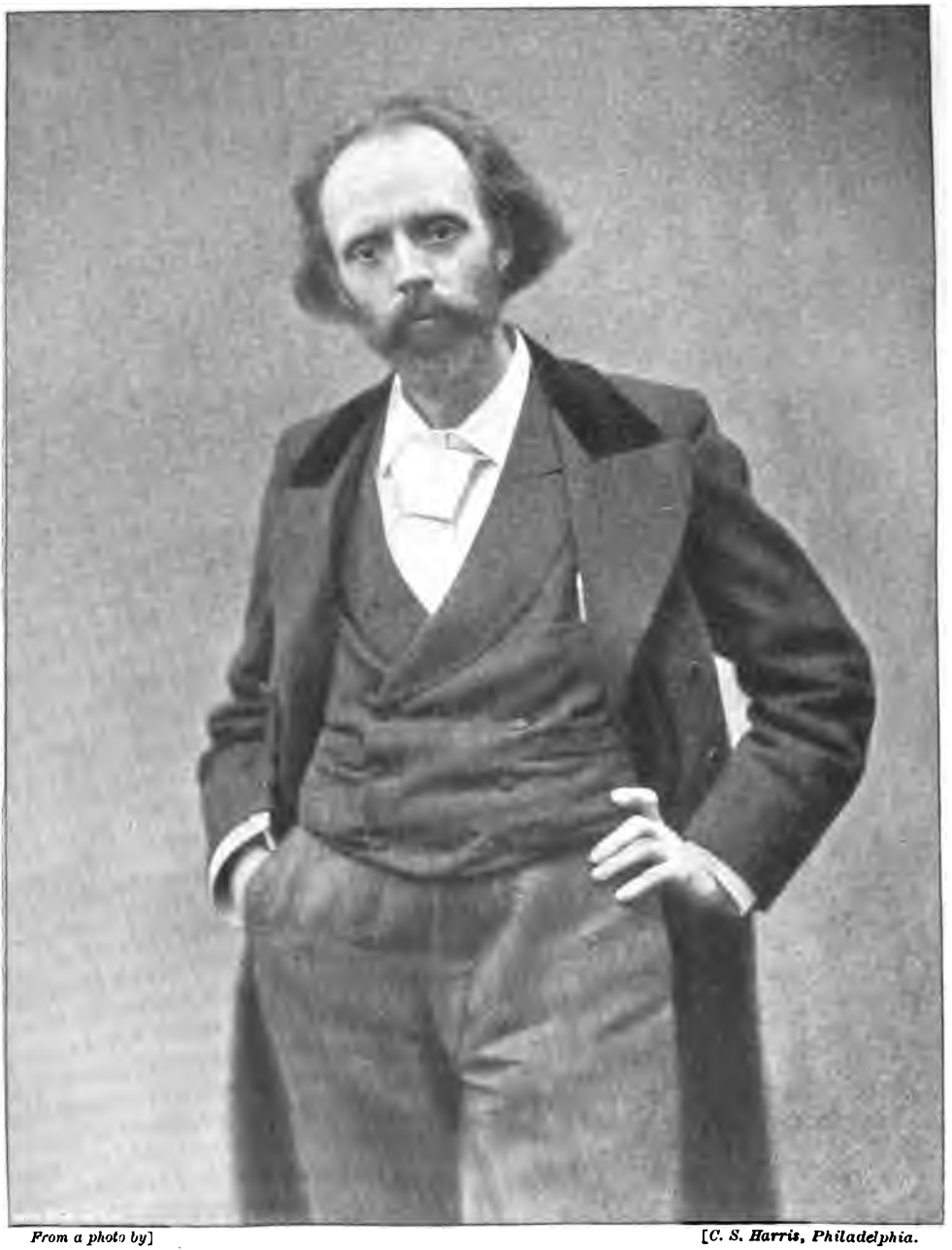

From a photo by] [*C. S. Harris, Philadelphia.*

With kindest greeting

Hall Caine

=

Greeba Isle of Man

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From a photo by] [*Poulton, Lee.*

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

A MESSAGE FROM HALL CAINE.

To the Reader of "The Christian."

In making a picture of what I take to be the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement towards Christian socialism—I have been irresistibly drawn from the general study of types to the particular study of individual persons, living and dead; and following good precedent, I have freely used the sayings and doings, and in some rare instances even the published letters, of recognisable people. It is inevitable, and perhaps desirable, that this should be observed; but lest there should be any tendency to draw the natural inference that individual portraits are intended, I take the opportunity of saying that I dare not claim any authority except that of the irresponsible story-teller, and that the scenes described in this story are not always to be identified with the localities in which I have placed them.

The reader can have no desire to enter into the workshop of the literary workman, and I might have preferred that the work had been left to speak for itself. But as the Editor of this Magazine desires the explanation, I am very willing to say that for the more extraordinary of the incidents employed I had myself the authority of fact. During the long period in which the scheme of the book was in preparation (from the autumn of 1894 to the spring of 1896) I spent much time in the scenes wherein I meant to place my people. This method of preparation took me into many bright and beautiful places, but also into the purlieus of the publican and the sinner as well as the cell of the religious devotee, and I saw a good deal in these haunts of the children of darkness that was painful and perhaps shocking. The baldest narrative or most literal statement of what I have myself witnessed in Underground London would, I think, startle the conscience and touch the heart of England; and in choosing to present my facts in this form, not for themselves, but only as the background to a drama that is spiritual and imaginative, I trust I have nowhere done wrong to the purest spirit that may read my pages. I think it will be found that there is nothing in this story that is hurtful to the highest cause—the cause of morality and faith. It is the story of an effort made by a man of much elevation of spirit to strip the mask from some forms of fashionable religion and some aspects of conventional morality. In the course of this endeavour he tries to do what Christ Himself did in His far greater way, and I trust there is no scene described which need wound the feelings of the reader of the story of the visit to the house of Simon the Pharisee. Nevertheless there are, and must be, pictures of some of the darker sides of human life. I have strong opinions about the suppression which conventional religion has so long practised, and it may be that I have expressed them without any whittling away of their force. But all these things are illustrative and illuminative, and they do not by any means cover the entire canvas of a story in which the prevailing atmosphere is one of sunshine, not of shadow, and the fundamental aim is the maintenance of the Christian character.

HALL CAINE.

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"THERE HE IS—ON THE END OF THE PIER!"

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THE CHRISTIAN.

By Hall Caine.
(*Author of "The Manxman."*)

Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

FIRST BOOK.—THE OUTER WORLD.

I.

N the morning of the 9th May, 18—, three persons important to this story stood among the passengers on the deck of the Isle of Man steamship *Tynwald* as she lay by the pier at Douglas getting up steam for the passage to Liverpool. One of these was an old clergyman of seventy with a sweet, mellow, child-like face; another was a young man of thirty, also a clergyman; the third was a girl of twenty. The older clergyman wore a white stock about his throat, and was dressed in rather threadbare black of a cut that had been more common twenty years before; the younger clergyman wore a Roman collar, a long clerical coat and a stiff broad-brimmed hat with a cord and tassle. They stood amidships, and the Captain coming out of his room to mount the bridge saluted them as he passed.

"Good morning, Mr. Storm."

The young clergyman returned the salutation with a brief smile and a slight bow and the lifting of his hat.

"Good morning to you, Parson Quayle."

The old clergyman answered cheerily, "Oh, good morning, Captain, good morning."

There was the usual inquiry about the weather outside, and drawing up to answer it the Captain came eye to eye with the girl.

"So this is the granddaughter, is it?"

"Yes, this is Glory," said Parson Quayle. "She's leaving the old grandfather at last, Captain, and I'm over from Peel to set her off, you see."

"Well, the young lady has got the world before her—at her feet I ought to say. You're looking as bright and fresh as the morning, Miss Quayle."

The Captain carried off his compliment with a breezy laugh, and went along to the bridge. The girl had heard him only in a momentary flash of consciousness, and she replied merely with a side glance and a smile. Both eyes and ears, and every sense and every faculty seemed occupied with the scene before her.

It was a beautiful spring morning, not yet nine o'clock, but the sun stood high over Douglas Head, and the sunlight was glancing in the harbour from the little waves of the flowing tide. Cars were rattling up the pier, passengers were trooping down the gangways, and the decks fore and aft were becoming thronged.

"It's beautiful!" she was saying, not so much to her companions as to herself, and the old Parson was laughing at her bursts of rapture over the commonplace scene, and dropping out in reply little driplets of simple talk—sweet, pure nothings, the innocent babble as of a mountain stream.

She was taller than the common, and had golden red hair and magnificent dark gray eyes of great size. One of her eyes had a brown spot, which gave at the first glance the effect of a squint, at the next glance a coquettish expression, and ever after a sense of tremendous power and passion. But her most noticeable feature was her mouth, which was somewhat too large for beauty, and was always moving nervously. When she spoke her voice startled you with its depth, which was a kind of soft hoarseness, but capable of every shade of colour. There was a playful and impetuous raillery in nearly all she said, and everything seemed to be expressed by mind and body at the same time. She moved her body restlessly, and while standing in the same place her feet were always shuffling. Her dress was homely, almost poor, and perhaps a little careless. She appeared to smile and laugh continually, and yet there were tears in her eyes sometimes.

The young clergyman was of a good average height, but he looked taller from a certain distinction of figure. When he raised his hat at the Captain's greeting he showed a forehead like an arched wall and a large close-cropped head. He had a well-formed nose, a powerful chin and full lips, all very strong and set for one so young. His complexion was dark, almost swarthy,

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and there was a certain look of the gipsy in his big golden-brown eyes with their long black lashes. He was clean shaven, and the lower part of his face seemed heavy under the splendid fire of the eyes above it. His manner had a sort of diffident restraint; he stood on the same spot without moving, and almost without raising his drooping head; his speech was grave and usually slow and laboured, his voice was bold and full.

The second bell had rung, the loud throbs of the funnels were echoing across the harbour, and the old Parson was making ready to go ashore.

"You'll take care of this runaway, Mr. Storm, and deliver her safely at the door of the hospital."

"I will."

"And you'll keep an eye on her in that big Babylon over there."

"If she'll let me, sir."

"Yes, indeed; yes, I know; she's as unstable as water and as hard to hold as a puff of wind."

The girl was laughing again. "You might as well call me a tempest and have done with it, or," with a glance at the younger man, "say a storm—Glory St—— Oh!"

With a little catch of the breath she arrested the name before it was uttered by her impetuous tongue, and laughed again to cover her confusion. The young man smiled faintly and rather painfully, but the old Parson was conscious of nothing.

"Well, and why not? A good name for you too, and you richly deserve it. But the Lord is lenient with such natures, John. He never tries them beyond their strength. She hasn't much leaning to religion, you know."

The girl recalled herself from the busy scene around and broke in again with a tone of humour and pathos mixed.

"There, call me an infidel at once, grandfather. I know what you mean. But just to show you that I haven't exactly registered a vow in heaven never to go to church in London because you've given me such a dose of it in the Isle of Man, I'll promise to send you a full and particular report of Mr. Storm's first sermon. Isn't that charming of me?"

The third bell was ringing, the blast of the steam whistle was echoing across the bay, and the steamer was only waiting for the mails. Taking a step nearer to the gangway the old Parson talked faster.

"Did Aunt Anna give you money enough, child?"

"Enough for my boat fare and my train."

"No more! Now Anna is so ——"

"Don't trouble, grandfather. Woman wants but little here below—Aunt Anna excepted. And then a hospital nurse ——"

"I'm afraid you'll feel lonely in that great wilderness."

"Lonely with five millions of neighbours!"

"You'll be longing for the old island, Glory, and I half repent me already ——"

"If ever I have the blue-devils, grandpa, I'll just whip on my cape and fly home again."

"To-morrow morning I'll be searching all over the house for my runaway."

Glory tried to laugh gaily. "Upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber."

"'Glory,' I'll be crying, 'Where's the girl gone at all? I haven't heard her voice in the house to-day. What's come over the old place to strike it so dead?'"

The girl's eyes were running over, but in a tone of gentle raillery and heart's love she said severely, "Nonsense, grandfather, you'll forget all about Glory going to London before the day after to-morrow. Every morning you'll be making rubbings of your old runes, and every night you'll be playing chess with Aunt Rachel, and every Sunday you'll be scolding old Neilus for falling asleep in the reading desk and—and everything will go on just the same as ever."

The mails had come aboard, one of the gangways had been drawn ashore, and the old Parson, holding his big watch in his left hand, was diving into his fob-pocket with the fingers of the right.

"Here"—panting audibly as if he had been running hard—"your mother's little pearl ring."

The girl drew off her slack, soiled glove and took the ring in her nervous fingers.

"A wonderful talisman is a relic of a good mother, sir," said the old Parson.

The young clergyman bent his head.

"You're like Glory herself in that though—you don't remember your mother either."

"No—no."

"I'll keep in touch with your father, John, trust me for that. You and he shall be good friends yet. A man can't hold out against his son for nothing worse than choosing the Church against the world. The old gentleman didn't mean all he said; and then it isn't the thunder that strikes people dead, you know. So leave him to me; and if that foolish old Chalse hasn't been putting notions into his head ——"

The throbbing in the steam funnel had

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ceased, and in the sudden hush a voice from the bridge cried, "All ashore!"

"Good-bye, Glory! Good-bye, John! Good-bye both!"

"Good-bye, sir," said the young clergyman with a long hand-clasp.

But the girl's arms were about the old man's neck. "Good-bye, you dear old grandpa, and I'm ashamed I—I'm sorry I—I mean it's a shame of me to—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my wandering gipsy, my witch, my runaway!"

"If you call me names I'll have to stop your mouth, sir. Again—another ——"

A voice cried, "Stand back, there!"

The young clergyman drew the girl back from the bulwarks, and the steamer moved slowly away.

"I'll go below—no I won't, I'll stay on deck. I'll go ashore—I can't bear it; it's not too late yet. No, I'll go to the stern and see the water in the wake."

The pier was cleared and the harbour was empty. Over the white churning water the seagulls were wheeling, and Douglas Head was gliding slowly back. Down the long line of the quay the friends of the passengers were waving adieus.

"There he is—on the end of the pier! That's grandpa waving his handkerchief! Don't you see it? The red and white cotton one! God bless him! How *true* his little present made me! He has been keeping it all these years. But my silk handkerchief is too damp—it won't float at all. Will you lend me —— Ah, thank you! Good-bye! Good-bye! Good ——"

The girl hung over the stern rail, leaning her breast upon it and waving the handkerchief as long as the pier and its people were in sight, and when they were gone from recognition she watched the line of the land until it began to fade into the clouds and there was no more to be seen of what she had looked upon every day of her life until to-day.

"The dear little island! I never thought it was so beautiful! Perhaps I might have been happy even there if I had tried. If I had only had somebody for company! How silly of me! I've been five years wishing and praying to get away and now —— It *is* lovely though, isn't it? Just like a bird on the water! And when you've been born in a place—the dear little island! And the old folks, too! How lonely they'll be, after all! I wonder if I shall ever —— I'll go below. The wind's freshening, and this water in the wake is making my eyes —— Good-bye, little birdie! I'll come back—I'll —— Yes, never fear, I'll ——"

The laughter and impetuous talking, the gentle humour and pathos had broken at length into a gurgling sob, and the girl had wheeled about and disappeared down the cabin stairs. John Storm stood looking after her. He had hardly spoken, but his great brown eyes were moist.

II.

HER father had been the only son of Parson Quayle, and chaplain to the bishop at Bishopscourt. It was there he had met her mother, who was maid to the bishop's wife. The maid was a bright young Frenchwoman, daughter of a French actress, famous in her day, and of an officer of the army under the Empire, who had never been told of her existence. Shortly after their marriage the chaplain was offered a big missionary station in Central Africa, and being a devotee, he clutched at it without fear of the fevers of Gaboon. But his young French wife was in delicate health, and she shrank from the perils of his life abroad, so he took her to his father's house at Peel and bade her farewell for five years.

He lived four, and during that time they exchanged some letters. His final instructions were sent from Southampton: "If it's a boy call him John (after the Evangelist), and if it's a girl call her Glory." At the end of the first year she wrote: "I have shortened our darling, and you never saw anything so lovely! Oh, the sweetness of her little bare arms, and her neck, and her little round shoulders! You know she's red—I've really got a red one—a curly red one! Such big beaming eyes too! And then her mouth and her chin and her tiny red toes! I don't know how you can live without seeing her!" Near the end of the fourth year he sent his last answer: "Dear wife,—This separation is bitter, but God has willed it, and we must not forget that the probabilities are that we may pass our lives apart." The next letter was from the French Consul on the Gaboon River, announcing the death of the devoted English missionary.

Parson Quayle's household consisted only of himself and two maiden daughters, but that was enough for the lively young Frenchwoman. While her husband lived she suffocated under the old-maid *régime*, and when he was gone she made no more fight with destiny, but took some simple ailment and died suddenly.

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A bare hillside frowned down on the place where Glory was born, but the sun rose on it, and a beautiful river hugged its sides. A quarter of a mile down the river there was a harbour and beyond the harbour a bay, with the ruins of an old castle standing out on an islet rock, and then the broad sweep of the Irish Sea—the last in those latitudes to "parley with the setting sun." The vicarage was called Glenfaba, and it was half a mile outside the fishing-town of Peel.

She was a little red-headed witch from the first, with an air of general uncanniness in everything she did and said. Until after she was five there was no believing a word she uttered. Her conversation was bravely indifferent to considerations of truth or falsehood, fear or favour, reward or punishment. The Parson used to say, "I'm really afraid the child has no moral conscience—she doesn't seem to know right from wrong." This troubled his religion, but it tickled his humour, and it did not disturb his love. "She's a perfect pagan—God bless her innocent heart!"

She had more than a child's genius for make-believe. In her hunger for child company, before the days when she found it for herself, she made believe that various versions of her lived all over the place, and she would call them out to play. There was Glory in the river, under the pool where the perches swam, and Glory down the well, and Glory up in the hills, and she answered when you spoke to her. All her dolls were kings and queens, and she had a gift for making up herself in strange and grand disguises. It was almost as if her grandmother actress had bestowed on her from her birth the right to life and luxury and love.

She was a born mimic and could hit off to a hair an eccentricity or an affectation. The frown of Aunt Anna, who was severe, the smile of Aunt Rachel, who was sentimental, and the yawn of Cornelius Kewley, the clerk who was always sleepy, lived again in the roguish, rippling face. She remembered some of her mother's French songs, and seeing a street singer one day, she established herself in the market-place in that character, with grown people on their knees around her, ready to fall on her and kiss her and call her Phonodoree, the fairy. But she did not forget to go round for the ha'pennies either.

At ten she was a tomboy and marched through the town at the head of an army of boys, playing a comb between her teeth and flying the Vicar's handkerchief at the end of his walking stick. In these days she climbed trees and robbed orchards (generally her own) and imitated boy's voices and thought it tyranny that she might not wear trousers. But she wore a sailor's blue stocking-cap, and it brightened existence when, for economy's sake and for sake of general tidiness, she was allowed to wear a white woollen jersey. Then somebody who had a dinghy that he did not want asked her if she would like to have a boat. Would she like to have paradise, or pastry cakes, or anything that was heavenly! After that she wore a sailor's jacket and a sou'-wester when she was on the sea, and tumbled about the water like a water-duck.

At twelve she fell in love—with love. It was a vague passion interwoven with dreams of grandeur. The Parson being too poor to send her to the girls' college at Douglas, and his daughters being too proud to send her to the dame's school at Peel, she was taught at home by Aunt Rachel, who read the poetry of Thomas Moore, and knew the birthdays of all the royal family, and was otherwise meekly romantic. From this source she gathered much curious sentiment relating to some visionary world where young girls were held aloft in the sunshine of luxury and love and happiness. One day she was lying on her back on the heather of the Peel hill, with her head on her arms, thinking of a story that Aunt Rachel had told her. It was of a mermaid who had only to slip up out of the sea and say to any man, "Come," and he came—he left everything and followed her. Suddenly the cold snout of a pointer rubbed against her forehead, a strong voice cried, "Down, sir!" and a young man of two and twenty, in leggings and a shooting-jacket, strode between her and the cliffs. She knew him by sight. He was John Storm, the son of Lord Storm, who had lately come to live in the mansion-house at Knockaloe, a mile up the hill from Glenfaba.

For three weeks thereafter she talked of nobody else, and even began to comb her hair. She watched him in church and told Aunt Rachel she was sure he could see quite well in the dark, for his big eyes seemed to have the light inside of them. After that she became ashamed, and if anybody happened to mention his name in her hearing she flushed up to the forehead and fled out of the room. He never once looked at her; and after a while he went away to Canada. She set the clock on the back landing to Canadian time so that she might always know what he was doing abroad, and then

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straightway forgot all about him. Her moods followed each other rapidly and were all of them overpowering and all sincere, but it was not until a year afterwards that she fell in love, in the church vestry, with the pretty boy who stood opposite to her in the catechism class.

He was an English boy of her own age, and he was only staying in the island for his holidays. The second time she saw him it was in the grounds at Glenfaba, while his mother was returning a call indoors. She gave him a little tap on the arm and he had

"A young man of two-and-twenty strode between her and the cliffs."

to run after her—down a bank and up a tree, where she laughed and said, "Isn't it nice?" and he could see nothing but her big white teeth.

His name was Francis Horatio Nelson Drake, and he was full of great accounts of the goings-on in the outer world, where his school was, and where lived the only "men" worth talking about. Of course he spoke of all this familiarly and with a convincing reality which wrapped Glory in the plumage of dreams. He was a wonderful being altogether, and in due time (about three days) she proposed to him. True, he did not jump at her offer with quite proper alacrity, but when she mentioned that it didn't matter to her in the least whether he wanted her or not, and that plenty would be glad of the chance, he saw things differently and they agreed to elope. There was no particular reason for this drastic measure, but as Glory had a boat it seemed the right thing to do.

She dressed herself in all her Confirmation finery and stole out to meet him under the bridge where her boat lay moored. He kept her half an hour waiting, having sisters and other disadvantages, but "once aboard her lugger" he was safe. She was breathless, and he was anxious, and neither thought it necessary to waste any time to kiss.

They slipped down the harbour and out into the bay, and then ran up the sail and stood off for Scotland. Being more easy in mind when this was done, they had time to talk of the future. Francis Horatio was for work—he was going to make a name for himself. Glory did not see it quite in that light. A name, yes, and lots of triumphal

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processions, but she was for travel—there were such lots of things people could see if they didn't waste so much time working.

"What a girl you are!" he said derisively; whereupon she bit her lip, for she didn't quite like it. But they were nearly half an hour out before he spoiled himself utterly. He had brought his dog, a she terrier, and he began to call her by her kennel name, and to say what a fine little thing she was, and what a lot of money they would make by her pups. That was too much for Glory. She couldn't think of eloping with a person who used such low expressions.

"What a girl you are!" he said again; but she did not mind it in the least. With a sweep of her bare arm she had put the tiller hard a-port, intending to tack back to Peel, but the wind had freshened and the sea was rising, and by the swift leap of the boat the boom was snapped and the helpless sail came flapping down upon the mast. Then they tumbled into the trough, and Glory had not strength to pull them out of it, and the boy was of no more use than a tripper. She was in her white muslin dress, and he was nursing his dog, and the night was coming down on them, and they were wabbling about under a pole and a tattered rag. But all at once a great black yacht came heaving up in the darkness and a grown-up voice cried, "Trust yourself to me, dear."

It was John Storm. He had already awakened the young girl in her, and thereafter he awakened the young woman as well. She clung to him like a child that night, and during the four years following she seemed always to be doing the same. He was her big brother, her master, her lord, her sovereign. She placed him on a dizzy height above her amid a halo of goodness and greatness and grandeur. If he smiled on her she flushed, and if he frowned she fretted and was afraid. Thinking to please him she tried to dress herself up in all the colours of the rainbow, but he reproved her and bade her return to her jersey. She struggled to comb out her red curls until he told her that the highest ladies in the land would give both ears for them, and then she fondled them in her fingers and admired them in a glass.

He was a serious person, but she could make him laugh until he screamed. Excepting Byron and "Sir Charles Grandison," out of the Vicar's library, the only literature she knew were the Bible, the catechism and the church service, and she used these in common talk with appalling audacity. The favourite butt of her mimicry was the parish clerk saying responses when he was sleepy.

The Parson: "'Incline unto my aid, O Lord.'" (No response.) "Where are you, Neilus?"

The Clerk (awakening suddenly in the desk below): "Here I am, your reverence—'and my tongue shall announce Thy praise.'"

When John Storm did laugh he laughed beyond all control, and then Glory was entirely happy. But he went away again, his father having sent him to Australia, and all the light of the world went out.

It was of no use bothering with the clock on the back landing, because things were different by this time. She was sixteen, and the only tree she climbed now was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that tore her terribly. John Storm was the son of a lord, and he would be Lord Something himself some day. Glory Quayle was an orphan, and her grandfather was a poor country clergyman. Their poverty was sweet, but there was gall in it nevertheless. The little forced economies in dress, the frocks that had to be turned, the bonnets that were beauties when they were bought, but had to be worn until the changes of fashion made them frights, and then the parcels of left-off clothing from the overflowing wardrobes of great people round about—how the independence of the girl's spirit consumed itself under such humiliations.

The blood of her mother was beginning to boil over, and the old-maid *régime*, which had crushed the life out of the Frenchwoman, was suffocating the Manx girl with its formalism. She was always forgetting the meal times regulated by the sun, and she could sleep at any time and keep awake until any hour. It tired her to sit demurely like a young lady, and she had a trick of lying down on the floor. She often laughed in order not to cry, but she would not even smile at a great lady's silly story, and she did not care a jot about the birthdays of the royal family. The old aunts loved her body and soul, but they often said, "Whatever is going to happen to the girl when the grandfather is gone?"

And the grandfather, good man, would have laid down his life to save her a pain in her toe, but he had not a notion of the stuff she was made of. His hobby was the study of the runic crosses with which the Isle of Man abounds, and when she helped him with his rubbings and his casts he was as merry as an old sand-boy. Though they

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occupied the same house, and her bedroom that faced the harbour was next to his little musty study that looked over the scullery slates, he lived always in the tenth century and she lived somewhere in the twentieth.

The caged linnet was beating at the bars of her cage. Before she was aware of it she wanted to escape from the sleepy old scene, and had begun to be consumed with longing for the great world outside. On summer evenings she would go up Peel hill and lie on the heather, where she had first seen John Storm, and watch the ships weighing anchor in the bay beyond the old dead castle walls, and wish she were going out with them—out to the sea and the great cities north and south. But existence closed in ever-narrowing circles round her and she could see no way out. Two years passed, and at eighteen she was fretting that half her life had been wasted away. She watched the sun until it sank into the sea and then turned back to Glenfaba and the darkened part of the sky.

It was all the fault of their poverty, and their poverty was the fault of the Church. She began to hate the Church; it had made her an orphan; and when she thought of religion as a profession it seemed a selfish thing anyway. If a man was really bent on so lofty an aim (as her own father had been) he could not think of himself, he had to give up life and love and the world—and then these always took advantage of him. But people had to live in the world for all that, and what was the good of burying yourself before you were dead?

Somehow her undefined wishes took shape in visions of John Storm, and one day she heard he was home again. She went out on the hill that evening and, being seen only by the gulls, she laughed and cried and ran. It was just like poetry, for there he was himself lying on the edge of the cliff near the very spot where she had been used to lie. On seeing him she went more slowly and began to poke about in the heather as if she had seen nothing. He came up to her with both hands outstretched, and then suddenly she remembered that she was wearing her old jersey, and she flushed up to the eyes and nearly choked with shame. She got better by-and-bye and talked away like a mill-wheel, and then fearing he might think it was from something quite different she began to pull the heather and to tell him why she had been blushing. He did not laugh at all. With a strange smile he said something in his deep voice that made her blood run cold.

"But I'm to be a poor man myself in future, Glory. I've quarrelled with my father. I'm going into the Church."

It was a frightful blow to her, and the sun went down like a shot. But it burst open the bars of her cage for all that. After John Storm had taken deacon's orders and found his first curacy (it was in London) he told them at Glenfaba that among his honorary offices was to be that of chaplain to a great West-End hospital. This suggested to Glory the channel of escape. She would go out as a hospital nurse. It was easier said than done, for hospital nursing was fashionable. With great labour she secured her appointment as probationer, and with greater labour still overcame the fear and affection of her grandfather. But the old Parson was finally appeased when he heard that Glory's hospital was the same that John Storm was to be chaplain of, and that they might go up to London together.

III.

"DEAR GRANDFATHER OF ME—AND EVERYBODY AT GLENFABA,—Here I am at last, dears, at the end of my pilgrim's progress, and the evening and the morning are the first day. It is now eleven o'clock at night, and I am about to put myself to bed in my own little room at the hospital of Martha's Vineyard, Hyde Park, London, England.

"The Captain was quite right; the morning was as fresh as his flattery, and before we got far beyond the Head most of the passengers were spread out below like the three legs of Man. Being an old sea-doggie myself I didn't give it the chance to make me sick, but went downstairs and lay quiet in my berth and deliberated great things. I didn't go up again until we got into the Mersey, and then the passengers were on deck, looking like sour butter-milk spilt out of the churn.

"What a glorious sight! The ships, the docks, the towers, the town! I couldn't breathe for excitement until we got up to the landing-stage. Mr. Storm put me into a cab, and for the sake of experience I insisted on paying my own way. Of course he tried to trick me—but a woman's a woman for a' that. As we drove up to Lime Street station there befell—a porter. He carried my big trunk on his head (like a mushroom), and when I bought my ticket he took me to the train while Mr. Storm went for a newspaper. Being such a stranger he was

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very kind, so I flung the responsibility on Providence and gave him sixpence.

"There were two old ladies in the carriage besides ourselves, and the train we travelled by was an express. It was perfectly delightful, and for all the world like plunging into a stiff sou'-wester off the rocks at Contrary. But the first part of the journey was terrible. That tunnel nearly made me shriek. It was a misty day too at Liverpool, and all the way to Edge Hill they let off signals with a noise like battering-rams. My nerves were on the rack; so taking advantage of the darkness of the carriage I began to sing. That calmed me, but it nearly drove the old ladies out of their wits. *They* screamed if I didn't; and just as I was summoning the Almighty to attend to me a little in the middle of that inferno, out we came as innocent as a baby. There was another of these places just before getting into London. I suppose they are the purgatories through which you have to pass to get to these wonderful cities. Only if I had been consulted in the making of the Litany ('From sudden death good Lord deliver us') I should have made an exception for people in tunnels.

"You never knew what an absolute ninny Glory is! I was burning with such impatience to see London that when we came near it I couldn't see anything for water under the brain. Approaching a great and mighty city for the first time must be like going into the presence of majesty. Only heaven save me from such palpitation the day I become Singress to the Queen!

"Mercy! what a roar and boom—a deep murmur as of ten hundred million million moths buzzing away on a still evening in autumn. On a nearer view it is more like a Tower of Babel concern with its click and clatter. The explosion of voices, the confused clamour, the dreadful disorder—cars, wagons, omnibuses—it makes you feel religious and rather cold down the back. What a needle in a haystack a poor girl must be here if there is nobody above to keep track of her!

"Tell Aunt Rachel they are wearing another kind of bonnet in London—more pokey in front—and say if I see the Queen I'll be sure to tell her all about it.

"We didn't get to the hospital until nine, so I've not seen much of it yet. The housekeeper gave me tea and told me I might go over the house as I wouldn't be wanted to begin duty before morning. So for an hour I went from ward to ward like a female Wandering Jew. Such silence! I'm afraid this hospital nursing is going to be a lock-jaw business. And now I'm going to bed—well, not homesick you know, but just 'longing a lil bit for all.' To-morrow morning I'll waken up to new sounds and sights, and when I draw my blind I'll see the streets where the cars are for ever running and rattling. Then I'll think of Glenfaba and the birds singing and rejoicing.

"Dispense my love throughout the island. Say that I love everybody just the same now I'm a London lady as when I was a mere provincial girl, and that when I'm a wonderful woman, and have brought the eyes of England upon me, I'll come back and make amends. I can hear what grandfather is saying: 'Gough, bless me, what a girl, though!'

GLORY.

"P.S.—I've not said much about Mr. Storm. He left me at the door of the hospital and went on to the house of his vicar, for that is where he is to lodge, you know. On the way up I expended much beautiful poetry upon him on the subject of love. The old girlies having dozed off I chanced to ask him if he liked to talk of it, but he said no, it was a profanation. Love was too sacred, it was a kind of religion. Sometimes it came unawares, sometimes it smouldered like fire under ashes, sometimes it was a good angel, sometimes a devil, making you do things and say things, and laying your life waste like winter. But I told him it was just charming, and as for religion there was nothing under heaven like the devotion of a handsome and clever man to a handsome and clever woman, when he gave up all the world for her, and his body and his soul and everything that was his. I think he saw there was something in that, for though he said nothing there came a wonderful light into his splendid eyes, and I thought if he wasn't going to be a clergyman—but no matter. So long, dear!"

IV.

JOHN STORM was the son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Prime Minister of England, the Earl of Erin. Two years before John's birth the brothers had quarrelled about a woman. It was John's mother. She had engaged herself to the younger brother, and afterwards fallen in love with the elder one. The voice of conscience told her that it was her duty to carry out her engagement, and she did so. Then the voice of conscience took sides with the laws of life and told the

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lovers they must renounce each other, and they both did that as well. But the poor girl found it easier to renounce life than love, and after flying to religion as an escape from the conflict between conjugal duty and elemental passion she gave birth to her child and died. She was the daughter of a rich banker, who had come from the soil, and she had been brought up to consider love distinct from marriage. Exchanging wealth for title she found death in the deal.

Her husband had never stood in any natural affinity to her. On his part their marriage had been a loveless and selfish union, based on the desire for an heir that he might found a family and wipe out the cruel stigma often attaching to the position of the second son in aristocratic families. But the sin he committed against the fundamental law that marriage shall be founded only in love brought its swift revenge.

On hearing that the wife was dead the elder brother had come to attend the funeral. The night before that event the husband felt unhappy about the part he had played. He had given no occasion for scandal, but he had never disguised, even from the mother of his son, the motives of his marriage. The poor girl was gone, he had only trained himself for the pursuit of her dowry, and the voice of love had been silent. Troubled by such thoughts he walked about his room all night long, and somewhere in the first dead gray of dawn he went down to the death-chamber that he might look upon her face again. Opening the door he heard the sound of half-stifled sobs. Someone was leaning over the white face and weeping like a man with a broken heart. It was his brother.

"Someone was leaning over the white face."

From that time forward Lord Storm considered himself the injured person. He had never cared for his brother and now he designed to wipe him out. His son would do it. He was the natural heir, for the earl had never married. But a posthumous revenge was too trivial. The earl had gone into politics and was making a name. Lord Storm had missed his own opportunities, but his son should be brought up to eclipse everything.

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To this end the father devoted his life to the boy's training. All conventional education was wrong in principle. Schools and colleges and degrees and a literary education in dead languages were drivelling folly, with next to nothing to do with life. Travel was the great teacher. "You shall travel as far as the sun," he said; so the boy was taken through Europe and Asia and learned something of many languages. He became his father's daily companion, and nowhere the father went was it thought wrong for the boy to go also. Conventional morality was considered mawkish. The chief aim of home training was to bring children up in total ignorance, if possible, of the most important facts and functions of life. But it was *not* possible, and hencé suppression, dissimulation, lying, and, under the ban of secret sin, one half the world's woe. So the boy was taken to the temples of Greece and India, and even to Western casinoes and dancing gardens and gambling hells. Before he was twenty he had seen something of nearly everything the world has in it.

When the time came to think of his career England was in straits about her Colonial Empire. The vast lands over sea wanted to take care of themselves. It was the moment of the "British North America Act," and that gave the father his cue for action. While his brother the earl was fiddling the country to the tune of limited self-government for Crown Colonies, the father of John Storm conceived the daring idea of breaking up the entire empire, including the kingdom, into self-governing states. They were to be the "United States of Great Britain."

This was to be John Storm's policy, and to work it out Lord Storm set up a house in the Isle of Man where he might always look upon his plan in miniature. There he established a bureau for the gathering of the data that his son would need to use hereafter. Newspapers came to him in his lonely retreat from all quarters of the globe, and he cut out everything relating to his subject. His library was a dusty room lined all round with brown paper pockets which were labelled with the names of colonies and counties.

"It will take us two generations to do it, my boy, but we'll alter the history of England."

At fifty he was iron-gray and had a head like a big owl.

Meanwhile the object of these grand preparations, the offspring of that loveless union, had a personality all his own. It seemed as if he had been built for a big man every way, and nature had been arrested in the making of him. When people looked at his head they felt he ought to have been a giant, but he was far from being a son of Anak. When they listened to his conversation they thought he might turn out to be a creature of genius, but perhaps he was only a man of powerful moods. The best strength of body and mind seemed to have gone into his heart. It may be that the sorrowful unrest of his mother and her smothered and murdered passion had left their red stream in John Storm's soul.

When he was a boy he would cry at a beautiful view in nature, at a tale of heroism, or at any sentimental ditty sung excruciatingly in the streets. Seeing a bird's nest that had been robbed of its eggs he burst into tears, but when he came upon the bleeding, broken shells in the path the tears turned to fierce wrath and mad rage and he snatched up a gun out of his father's room and went out to take the life of the offender.

On coming to the Isle of Man he noticed as often as he went to church that a little curly red-headed girl kept staring at him from the Vicar's pew. He was a man of two-and-twenty, but the child's eyes tormented him. At any time of day or night he could call up a vision of their gleaming brightness. Then his father sent him to Canada to watch the establishment of the Dominion, and when he came back he brought a Canadian canoe and an American yacht, and certain democratic opinions.

The first time he put the yacht into Manx waters he sighted a disabled boat and rescued two children. One of them was the girl of the Vicar's pew, grown taller and more winsome. She nestled up to him when he lifted her into the yacht, and without knowing why he kept his arms about her.

After that he called his yacht the *Gloria*, in imitation of her name, and sometimes took her out on the sea. Notwithstanding the difference of the years between them they had their happy boy and girl days together. In her white jersey and stocking-cap she looked every inch a sailor. When the wind freshened and the boat plunged she stood to the tiller like a man, and he thought her the sweetest sight ever seen in a cock-pit. And when the wind saddened and the boom came aboard she was the cheeriest companion in a calm. She sang and so did he, and their voices went well together. Her favourite song was "Come lassies and lads," his was "John Peel," and

"They had their happy boy and girl days together."

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they would sing them off and on for an hour at a spell. Thus on a summer evening, when the bay was lying like a tired monster asleep and every plash of an oar was echoing in the hills, the people on the land would hear them coming around the castle rock with their—

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John P-e-e-l . . .

For two years he amused himself with the child and then realised that she was a child no longer. The pity of the girl's position took hold of him. This sunny soul with her skill, her sportfulness, her grace of many gifts, with her eyes that flashed and gleamed like lightning, with her voice that was like the warble of a bird, this golden-headed gipsy, this witch, this fairy—what was the life that was before her? His pity gave place to a different feeling, and then he was aware of a pain in the breast when he thought of the girl. As often as her eyes rested upon him he felt his face tingle and burn. He began to be conscious of an imprisoned side to his nature, the passionate side, and he drew back afraid. This wild power, this tempest, this raging fire within, God only knew where it was to lead him. And then he had given hostage to fortune, or his father had for him.

From his father's gloomy house at Knockaloe, where the winds were forever droning in the trees, he looked over at Glenfaba and it seemed to him like a little white cloud lit up by the sunshine. His heart was for ever calling to the sunny spot over there, "Glory! Glory!" The pity of it was that the girl seemed to understand everything and to know quite well what kept them apart. She flushed with shame that he should see her wearing the same clothes constantly, and with head aside and furtive glances she talked of the days when he would leave the island for good, and London would take him and make much of him, and he would forget all about his friends in that dead old place. Such talk cut him to the quick. Though he had seen a deal of the world he did not know too much about the conversation of women.

The struggle was brief. He began to wear plainer clothes—an Oxford tweed coat and a flannel shirt—to talk about fame as an empty word, and to tell his father that he was superior to all stupid conventions.

His father sent him to Australia. Then the grown-up trouble of his life began. He passed through the world now with eyes open for the privations of the poor, and he saw everything in a new light. Unconsciously he was doing in another way what his mother had done when she flew to religion from stifled passion. He had been brought up as a sort of Imperialist-democrat, but now he bettered his father's instructions. England did not want more parliaments, she wanted more apostles. It was not by giving votes to a nation but by strengthening the soul of a nation that it became great and free. The man for the hour was not he who revolved schemes for making himself glorious, but he who was ready to renounce everything, and if he was great was willing to become little, and if he was rich to become poor. There was room for an apostle—for a thousand apostles—who, being dead to the world's glory, its money or its calls, were prepared to do everything in Christ's spirit, and to believe that in the renunciation of Jesus lay the only salvation remaining to the world.

He tramped through the slums of Melbourne and Sydney, and afterwards through the slums of London, returned to the Isle of Man a Christian socialist, and announced to his father his intention of going into the Church.

The old man did not fume and fly out. He staggered back to his room like a bull to its pen after it has had its death blow in the shambles. In the midst of his dusty old bureau, with its labelled pockets full of cuttings, he realised that twenty years of his life had been wasted. A son was a separate being, a different growth, and a father was only the seed at the root that must decay and die.

Then he made some show of resistance.

"But with your talents, boy, surely you are not going to throw away your chances of a great name?"

"I care nothing, sir, for a great name," said John. "I shall gain a greater victory than any that Parliament can give me."

"But, my boy, my dear boy! one must either be the camel or the camel driver; and then society——"

"I hate society, sir, and society would hate me. It is only for the sake of the few godly men that God spares it as He spared Sodom for Lot's sake."

Having braved this ordeal and nearly broken the heart of his old father, he turned for his reward to Glory. He found her at her usual haunt on the headlands.

"I was blushing when you came up, wasn't I?" she said. "Shall I tell you why?"

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"Why?"

"It was this," she said, with a sweep of her hand across her bosom.

He looked puzzled.

"Don't you understand? This old rag—it's the one I was wearing before you went away."

He wanted to tell her how well she looked in it—better than ever now that her bosom showed under its seamless curves and her figure had grown so lithe and shapely. But though she was laughing he saw she was ashamed of her poverty, and he thought to comfort her.

"I'm to be a poor man myself in future, Glory. I've quarrelled with my father. I'm going into the Church."

Her face fell. "Oh, I didn't think anybody would be poor who could help it. To be a clergyman is all right for a poor man, perhaps, but I hate to be poor; it's horrid."

Then darkness fell upon his eyes and he felt sad and sick. Glory had disappointed him. She was vain, she was worldly, she was incapable of the higher things; she would never know what a sacrifice he had made for her; she would think nothing of him now; but he would go on all the same, the more earnestly because the devil had drawn a bow at him and the arrow had gone in up to the feathers.

"With God's help I shall nail my colour to the mast," he said.

Thus he made up his mind to follow the unrolling of the scroll. He had the strength called character. The Church had been his beacon before, but now it was to be his refuge.

He found no difficulty in making the necessary preparations. For a year he read the Anglican divines — Tomline, Jeremy Taylor, Bull and Hooker—and when the time came for his Orders the diocesan examiner told him that he could not think of subjecting a gentleman of his talents and family to any examination except one as a matter of form. He was ordained by the Bishop of Sodor and Man and inducted by Parson Quayle, and then his uncle, the Earl of Erin, who was now Prime Minister, obtained him a curacy under the popular Canon Wealthy, of All Saints', Belgravia.

On the morning of his departure for London his father, with whom there had in the meantime been trying scenes, left him this final word of farewell: "As I understand you that you intend to lead the life of poverty I presume that you do not need your mother's dowry, and I shall hold myself at liberty to dispose of it elsewhere, *unless* you require it for the use of the young lady who is, I hear, to go up with you."

Old Chalse, an itinerant beggar and the privileged gossip of the island, had lately been hanging around Glenfaba.

V.

"I WILL be a poor man among poor men," said John Storm to himself as he drove to his Vicar's house in Eaton Place, but he awoke next morning in a bedroom that did not answer to his ideas of a life of poverty. A footman came with hot water and tea, and also a message from the Canon overnight saying he would be pleased to see Mr. Storm in the study after breakfast.

The study was a sumptuous apartment immediately beneath, with carpets like cushions on the floor and tiger-skins over the backs of chairs, and as he entered it a bright-faced man in middle life, clean-shaven, wearing a gold-mounted pince-nez, and bubbling over with politeness, stepped forward to receive him.

"Welcome to London, my dear Mr. Storm, and welcome to my humble abode as well. When the letter came from the dear Prime Minister I said to my daughter—my daughter Felicity—you will see her presently—I trust you will be good friends—I said, 'It is a privilege, my child, to meet any wish of the dear Earl of Erin, and I am proud to be in at the beginning of a career that is sure to be brilliant and distinguished.'"

John Storm made some murmur of dissent.

"I trust you found your rooms to your taste, Mr. Storm?"

John Storm had found them more than he expected or desired.

"Ah, well, humble but comfortable, and in any case please regard them as your own, to receive whom you please therein, and to dispense your own hospitalities. This house is large enough. We shall not meet oftener than we wish, so we cannot quarrel. The only meal we need take together is dinner. Don't expect too much. Simple but wholesome—that's all we can promise you in a poor clergyman's family."

John Storm answered that food was an indifferent matter to him, and half an hour after dinner he never knew what he had eaten. The Canon laughed and began again. It was a peculiarity of his manner that always before speaking he strutted a step, and threw out his chest like a cock preparing to crow.

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"I thought it best you should come to us, being a stranger in London, though I confess I have never had but one of my clergy residing with me before. He is here now. You'll see him by-and-bye. His name is Golightly, a simple, worthy young man, from one of the lesser colleges I believe; formerly a scripture-reader or something, and son of a greengrocer in Bethnal Green, I think. You understand? Useful, you know, good to fetch and carry, and devoted to me and to my daughter, but of course a different sort of person altogether, and you need not see more of him than—er—that is, I always say ——"

It was another peculiarity of the Canon

"We have no poor in my parish."

that whatever he began to talk about he always ended by talking of himself.

"I sent for you this morning that I might tell you something of our organisation and your own duties. You see in me the head of a staff of ten clergy."

John Storm was not surprised; a great preacher must be followed by flocks of the poor; it was natural that they should wish him to help them and to minister to them. But the Canon drew himself up and swung his pince-nez.

"We have no poor in my parish, Mr. Storm."

"No poor, sir?"

"On the contrary, her Majesty herself is one of my parishioners."

"That must be a great grief to you, sir?"

"The Queen! Oh, the poor! Ah, yes, certainly. Of course we have our associated charities, such as the home for girls, which was founded by Mrs. Callender in Soho—a worthy old Scotswoman—old and whimsical, perhaps, but rich, very rich and influential. My clergy however have enough to do with the various departments of our church work. For instance, there are the Belgravia Ladies' Society, the Fancy Needlework classes, and the Decorative Flower Guild, not to speak of the daughter churches and the ministration in hospitals, for I always hold—er ——"

John Storm's mind had been wandering, but at the mention of the hospital he looked up eagerly.

"Ah, yes, the hospital. Your own duties will be chiefly concerned with our excellent hospital of Martha's Vineyard. You will have the spiritual care of all patients and nurses—yes, nurses also—within its precincts, precisely as if it were your parish. 'This is my parish,' you will say to yourself, and treat it accordingly. You will have one service daily in each of the wards, taking the wards in rotation. There are seven wards, so there will be one service in each ward once a week, for I always say that fewer ——"

"Is it enough?" said John. "I shall be only too pleased ——"

"Ah, well, we'll see. On Wednesday evenings we have service in the church, and all nurses not on night duty are expected to attend. Two hundred of them altogether, and rather a curious compound. Ladies among them? Yes, the daughters of gentlemen, but also persons of all classes. You will hold yourself responsible for their spiritual welfare. Let me see—this is Friday—say you take the sermon on Wednesday next, if that is agreeable. As to views, my people are of all shades of colour, so I ask my clergy to take strictly *via media* views—strictly *via media*. Do you intone?"

John Storm had been wandering again, but he recovered himself in time to say he did not.

"That is a pity; our choir is so excellent—two violins, a viola, clarinet, 'cello, double bass, the trumpets and drums, and of course the organ. Our organist himself ——"

At that moment a young clergyman came into the room making many apologies and bowing subserviently on all sides.

"Ah, this is Mr. Golightly—the Hon. and

Rev. Mr. Storm. You will take charge of Mr. Storm and bring him to church on Sunday morning."

Mr. Golightly delivered his message. It was about the organist. His wife had called to say that he had been removed to the hospital for some slight operation, and there was some difficulty about the singer of Sunday morning's anthem.

"Most irritating! Bring her up." The curate went out backwards. "I shall ask you to excuse me, Mr. Storm. My daughter, Felicity—ah, here she is."

A tall scraggy young woman in spectacles entered.

"This is our new housemate, the Hon. Mr. Storm, nephew of our dear Lord Erin. Felicity, my child, I wish you to drive Mr. Storm round and introduce him to our best people, for I always say a young clergyman in London ——"

John Storm mumbled something about the Prime Minister.

"Going to pay your respects to your uncle now? Very good and proper. Next week will do for the visits. Yes, yes.—Come in, Mrs. Koenig."

A meek, middle-aged woman had appeared at the door. She was dark, and had deep luminous eyes with the moist look to be seen in the eyes of a tired old terrier.

"This person is the wife of our organist and choirmaster. Good day! Kindest greetings to the dear First Lord. And by the way, let us say Monday for the beginning of your chaplaincy at the hospital."

The Prime Minister of England chanced to be the First Lord of the Treasury as well, so he occupied the narrow, unassuming brick house which is the Treasury residence in Downing Street. Although the official head of the Church, with power to appoint its bishops and highest dignitaries, he was secretly a sceptic, if not openly a derider of spiritual things. For this attitude towards faith his early love passage had been chiefly accountable. That strife between duty and passion which had driven the woman he loved to religion had driven him in the other direction and left a broad swath of desolation in his soul. He had seen little of his brother since that evil time, and nothing whatever of his brother's son. Then John had written, "I am now bound by the awful tie of the priesthood," and he had thought it necessary to do something for him. When John was announced he felt a thrill of tender feeling to which he had long felt himself a stranger. He got up and waited. The young man with his mother's face and the eyes of an enthusiast was coming down the long corridor.

John Storm saw his uncle first in the spacious old Cabinet room which looked out on the little garden and the park. He was a gaunt old man with meagre moustache and hair, and a face like a death's head. He held out his hand and smiled. His hand was cold and his smile was half tearful and half saturnine.

"You are like your mother, John."

John never knew her.

"When I saw her last you were a child in arms and she was younger than you are."

"Where was that, uncle?"

"In her coffin, poor girl."

The Prime Minister shuffled some papers and said, "Well, is there anything you wish for?"

"Nothing, sir. I've come to thank you for what you've done already."

The Prime Minister made a deprecatory gesture.

"I almost wish you had chosen another career, John. Still, the Church has its opportunities and its chances, and if I can ever—— "

"I am satisfied, sir; more than satisfied," said John. "My choice is based, I trust, on a firm vocation. The preferments of the world are nothing to me now, because I have come to see how insignificant are all enterprises except such as have the glory of God for their end. To attain that a man must give up everything, sir—everything; no half measures will do. I once thought it possible to bargain with God, to give up half my desire of the world, to retain the joy and beauty and sweetness of life, and devote the rest of my desires to Christ. But I was awakened from that dream. God is love, and His name is Jealous. I now see that I must leave all, even myself and my affections, if I am to enjoy inward peace. Then God's work is great, sir; and greatest of all in London. That is why I am so grateful to you. I might have remained in the country or I might have gone abroad as a missionary, but London grappled me and drew me to it, and you opened the way. Think of it, sir!"

John was leaning forward in his chair with one arm stretched out.

"Of the five millions of people in this vast city, not one million cross the threshold of church or chapel. And then remember their condition. A hundred thousand live in constant want, slowly starving to death every

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"But it's poor work for an old man to sap away a young man's enthusiasm."

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day and hour, and a quarter of the old people of London die as paupers. Isn't it a wonderful scene, sir? If a man is willing to be spiritually dead to the world—to leave family and friends—to go forth never to return—as one might go to his execution ——"

Drawn on by the Prime Minister's silence, John Storm had said so much, almost forgetting in his fervour where he was and to whom he was speaking. The Prime Minister listened to the ardent young man who was talking to him there with his mother's voice, and then said quite suddenly—

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry?"

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake."

John Storm looked puzzled.

"I've sent you to the wrong place, John. When you wrote I naturally supposed you were thinking of the Church as a career, and I tried to put you in the way of it. Do you know anything of your Vicar?"

John knew that fame spoke of him as a great preacher—one of the few who had passed through their Pentecost and come out with the gift of tongues.

"Precisely!" The Prime Minister gave a little bitter laugh. "But let me tell you something about him. He was a poor curate in the country where the lord of the manor chanced to be a lady. He married the lord of the manor. His wife died and he bought a London parish. Then by the help of an old actor who gave lessons in elocution he—well he set up his Pentecost. Since then he has been a fashionable preacher and frequented the houses of great people. Ten years ago he was made a minor Canon, and when he hears of an appointment to a bishopric he says in a tearful voice, 'I don't know what the dear Queen has got against me.'"

"Well, sir?"

"Well, if I had known you felt like that I should scarcely have sent you to Canon Wealthy. And yet I hardly know where else a young man of your opinions —— I'm afraid the Church has a good many Canon Wealthys in it."

"God forbid, sir!" said John. "No doubt there are Pharisees in these days just as in the days of Christ, but the Church is still the pillar of the State, sir ——"

"The caterpillar, you mean, boy—eating out its heart and its vitals. Oh, *I* know. Don't I know!"

The Prime Minister gave another little bitter laugh, then looked quickly into John's flushed face and said—

"But it's poor work for an old man to sap away a young man's enthusiasm."

"You can't do that, sir," said John, "because I know that God is the absolute ruler of all things, good and bad, and He governs both to His glory. Let Him only give me strength to endure my exile ——"

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, John. I think I know what the upshot will be. There's a gang of men about—Anglican Catholics they call themselves—well, remember the German proverb, 'Every priestling hides a popeling.' . . . And if you *are* to be in the Church, John, is there any reason why you shouldn't marry and be reasonable? To tell you the truth, I'm rather a lonely old man, whatever I seem to be, and if your mother's son would give me a sort of a grandson—eh?"

The Prime Minister was pretending to laugh again.

"Come, John, come, it seems a pity—a fine young fellow like you, too. Are there no sweet young girls about in these days? Or are they all dead and gone since I was a young fellow? I could give you a wide choice, you know, for when a man stands high enough—in fact, you would find me reasonable—you might have anybody you liked, rich or poor, dark or fair ——"

John Storm had been sitting in torment, and now he rose to go. "No, sir," he said in a thicker voice, "I shall never marry. A clergyman who is married is bound to life by too many ties. Even his affection for his wife is a tie. And then there is her affection for the world, its riches, its praise, its honours. No, uncle, I think it a blessing I am single."

"Well, well, we'll say no more. After all it's better than running wild, and that's what most young men seem to be doing nowadays. But then your long education abroad—and your poor father left to look after himself! Good-day to you! Come and see me now and then. How like your mother you are sometimes! Good-day!"

When the door of the Cabinet room closed on John Storm the Prime Minister thought, "Poor boy, he's laying up for himself a big heartache one of these fine days."

And John Storm, going down the street with plunging steps, said to himself, "How strange he should talk like that! But thank God he didn't produce a twitter in me. I died to all that a year ago."

Then he lifted his head, and his footstep lightened, and deep, deep in some secret place the thought came proudly, "She shall

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see that to renounce the world is to possess the world—that a man may be poor and have all the kingdom of the world at his feet!"

He went back by the Underground from Westminster Bridge. It was midday and the carriage was crowded. His spirits were high and he talked with everyone near him. Getting out at Victoria he came upon his Vicar on the platform and saluted him rather demonstratively. The Canon responded with some restraint and plunged into a first-class carriage.

On turning into Eaton Place he came upon a group of people standing around something that lay on the pavement. It was an old woman, a poor, tattered, bedraggled creature with a pinched and pallid face. "Is it an accident?" a gentleman was saying, and somebody answered, "No, sir, she's gorn off in a faint." "Why doesn't someone take her to the hospital?" said the gentleman, and then, like the Levite, he passed by on the other side. The butcher's cart drew up at the curb, and the butcher jumped down, saying, "There never *is* no p'licemen about when they're wanted for anythink."

"But they aren't wanted here, friend," said somebody from the outside. It was John Storm, and he was pushing his way through the crowd.

"Will somebody knock at that door, please?" He lifted the old thing in his arms and carried her towards the Canon's house. The footman looked aghast. "Let me know when the Canon returns," said John, and then marched up the carpeted stairs to his rooms.

An hour afterwards the old woman opened her eyes, and said, "Anythink gorn wrong? Wot's up? Is it the work'us?"

It was a clear case of destitution and collapse. John Storm began to feed the old creature with the chicken and milk sent up for his own lunch.

Some time in the afternoon he heard the voice and step of the Vicar in the room below. Going down to the study he was about to knock, but the voice continued in varying tones, now loud, now low. In a pause he rapped, and then with noticeable irritation the voice cried, "Come in!"

He found the Vicar, with a manuscript in hand, rehearsing his Sunday's sermon. It was a shock to John, but it helped him to understand what his uncle had said about the Canon's Pentecost.

The Canon's brow was clouded. "Ah! is it you? Sorry to see you getting out of a third-class carriage to-day, Mr. Storm."

John answered that it was the poor man's class, and therefore, he thought, it ought to be his.

"You do yourself an injustice, Mr. Storm. The third-class contains low, ill-bred, coarse-tongued fellows, not fit for a clergyman to mix among. Besides, to tell you the truth, I don't choose that my assistant clergy——"

John looked ashamed. "If that is your view, sir," he said, "I don't know what you'll say to what I've been doing since."

"I've heard of it, and I confess I'm not pleased. Whatever your old *protégée* may be, my house is no place for her. I help to maintain charitable institutions for such cases, and I will ask you to lose no time in having her removed to the hospital.''

John was crushed. "Very well, sir, if that is your wish; only I thought you said my rooms—— Besides, the poor old thing fills her place as well as Queen Victoria, and perhaps the angels are watching the one as much as the other."

Next day John Storm called to see the old woman at Martha's Vineyard, and he saw the matron, the house doctor, and a staff nurse as well. His adventure was known to everybody at the hospital. Once or twice he caught looks of amused compassion, and heard a twitter of laughter. As he stood by the bed, the old woman muttered, "I knoo ez it wuzn't the work'us, my dear. He spoke to me friendly and squeedged my 'and."

Coming through the wards he had looked for a face he could not see, but just then he was aware of a young woman, in the print dress and white apron of a nurse, standing in silence at the bed-head. It was Glory, and her eyes were wet with tears.

"You mustn't do such things," she said hoarsely; "I can't bear it," and she stamped her foot. "Don't you see that these people——"

But she turned about and was gone before he could reply. Glory was ashamed for him! His head sank, and his legs felt weak. Perhaps she had been taking his part! He felt the blood mounting to his face and his cheeks tingling. Glory! His eyes were swimming, and he dare not look after her, but he could have found it in his heart to kiss the old bag of bones on the bed.

That night he wrote to the Parson in the island: "Glory has left off her home garments, and now looks more beautiful than ever in the white simplicity of the costume of the nurse. Her vocation is a great one.

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God grant she may hold on to it!" Then something about the fallacy of ceremonial religion and the impossibility of pleasing God by such religious formalities. "But if we have publicans and Pharisees now, even as they existed in Christ's time, all the more service is waiting for that man for whom life has no ambitions, death no terrors. I thank God I am in a great measure dead to these things . . . I will fulfil my promise to look after Glory. My constant prayer is against Agag. It is so easy for him to get a foothold in a girl's heart here. This great new world, with its fashions, its gaieties, its beauty, and its brightness—no wonder if a beautiful young girl, tingling with life and ruddy health, should burn with impatience to fling herself into the arms of it. Agag is in London, and as insinuating as ever."

VI.

On Sunday morning his fellow-curate came to his room to accompany him to church. The Rev. Joshua Golightly was a little man with a hook nose, small, keen eyes, scanty hair, and a voice that was something between a whisper and a whistle. He bowed subserviently, and made little meek speeches.

"I do trust you will not be disappointed with our church and service. We do all we can to make them worthy of our people."

As they walked down the streets he talked first of the church officers — there were honorary wardens and paid wardens, gentlemen sidesmen and lady superintendents of the floral decorations; then of the choir—which consisted of organist and choirmaster, professional members, voluntary members, and choir secretary. The anthem was sung by a professional singer—generally the tenor from the Opera—the Canon could always get such people, he was a great favourite with "the profession." Of course the singers were paid, and the difficulty this week had been due to the illness of the organist, and the exorbitant fee demanded in his absence by the Italian baritone from Covent Garden.

Disappointment and disenchantment were falling on John Storm at every step.

All Saints' was a plain dark structure with a courtyard in front. The bells were ringing, and a line of carriages was drawing up at the portico as at the entrance to a theatre, discharging their occupants and passing on. Two vergers in yellow and buff, with knee-breeches, silk stockings and powdered wigs, were receiving the congregation at the doors.

"Let us go in by the west door—I should like you to see the screen to advantage," said Mr. Golightly.

The inside of the church was gorgeous. As far up as the clerestory every wall was frescoed and every timber of the roof was gilded. At the chancel end there was a wrought-iron screen of exquisite delicacy, and the altar was laden with gold candlesticks. Above the altar and at either side of it there were stained glass windows. The morning sun was shining through them and filling the chancel with warm red gules of light. Some of the pews were upholstered like stalls. Ladies in beautiful spring dresses were following the vergers up the aisles.

"This way," the little curate whispered, and John Storm entered the sacristy by a low doorway like the auditorium entrance to a stage. There he met some six others of his fellow-curates. They nodded to him and went on fixing their surplices. The choir were gathering in their own quarters, where the violins were tuning up and the choir boys were laughing and behaving badly.

The bell slackened and stopped, and the organ began to play. When all were ready they stepped into a long corridor and formed in line with their faces to the chancel and their backs to a little door at which a verger in blue stood guard.

"The Canon's room," whispered Mr. Golightly.

A prayer was said by someone, the choir sang the response, and then they walked in procession to their places in the chancel, the choir boys first, the Canon last. Seen through the tracery of the screen the congregation appeared to fill every sitting in the church with a blaze of light and colour, and the atmosphere was now laden with delicate perfume.

The service was choral. An anthem was sung at the close of the sermon, the offertory being taken during the hymn before it. The professional singer looked like any other chorister in his surplice, save for his swarthy face and heavy moustache.

It was the Canon himself who preached. He wore his Oxford hood of scarlet cloth with black silk lining. His sermon was eloquent and literary, and it was delivered with elocutionary power. There were many references to great writers, great painters, and great musicians, including a panegyric on Michael Angelo and a quotation from Browning. The sermon concluded with a passage from Dante in the original Italian.

John Storm was dazed and perplexed.

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When the service was over he came out alone, returning down the aisle of the nave, which was now empty but still fragrant. Among other notices pasted on a board in the portico he found this one: "The Vicar and wardens, having learnt with regret that purses have been lost on leaving the church, recommend the congregation to bring only such money as they may need for the offertory and general expenses."

Had he been to the house of God? No matter! God ruled the world in righteousness and wrought out everything to His own glory.

Next morning he began duty as chaplain at the hospital, and when he had finished the reading of his first prayers he could see that he had lived down some of the derision due to his adventure with the old woman. That poor old bag of bones was sinking and could not last much longer.

Going out by way of the dispensary he saw Glory again, and heard that she had been to church the day before. It was lovely. All those hundreds of nice-looking people in gay colours, with the rustle of silk and the hum of voices—it was beautiful—it reminded her of the sea in summer. He asked what she thought of the sermon, and she said, "Well, it wasn't religion exactly—not what I call religion—not a 'reg'lar rousing rampage for sowls,' as old Chalse used to say, but ——"

"Glory," he said impetuously, "I'm to preach my first sermon on Wednesday."

He did not ask her to come, but inquired if she was on night duty. She answered "No," and then somebody called her.

"She'll be there," he told himself, and he walked home with uplifted head. He would look for her; he would catch her eye; she would see that it was not necessary to be ashamed of him again.

And then close behind, very close, came recollections of her appearance. He could reconstruct her new dress by memory—her face was easy to remember. "After all, beauty is a kind of virtue," he thought. "It lifts your heart up and gives you strength to bear the mockeries and insults which are included in the ensigns of Christ. And all natural friendship is good for the progress of souls if it is built upon the love of God."

He wrote nothing and learned nothing by heart. The only preparation he made for his sermon was thought and prayer. When the Wednesday night came he was very nervous. But the church was nearly empty, and the vergers, who were in their everyday clothes, had only partially lit up the nave. The Canon had done him the honour to be present; his fellow-curates read the lessons and prayers.

As he ascended the pulpit he thought he saw the white bonnets of a group of nurses in the dim distance of one of the aisles, but he did not see Glory and he dare not look again. His text was, "We are not of this world but of an everlasting kingdom." He gave it out twice and his voice sounded strange to him—so weak and thin in that hollow place.

When he began to speak his sentences seemed awkward and difficult. The things of the world were temporal and the nations of the world were out of harmony with God. Men were biting and devouring each other who ought to live as brothers. "Cheat and be cheated," was the rule of life, as a modern philosopher had said. On the one side were the many dying of want, on the other side the few occupied with poetry and art, writing addresses to flowers, and peddling in the portraiture of the moods and methods of love, living lives of gaiety and frivolity, taking pleasure in mere riches and the lusts of the eye; while thousands of wretched mortals were grovelling in the mire. Nations must be on the decline where such things could occur, and even men and women without the moral virtues, however brilliant or beautiful they might be, were overtaken by the judgment of God. Then where was our refuge! The Church was the refuge of God's people, and from Christ came the answer—the answer—the ——

His words would not flow. He fought hard, threw out another passage, then stammered, began again, staggered again, felt hot, made a fresh effort, flagged, rattled out some words he had fixed in his mind, perspired, lost his voice and finally stopped in the middle of a sentence and said, "And now to God the Father ——," and came down from the pulpit.

His sermon had been a failure, and he knew it. On going back to the sacristy the Reverend Golightly congratulated him with a simper and a vapid smile. The Canon was more honest but more vain. He mingled lofty advice with gentle reproof. Mr. Storm had taken his task too lightly. Better if he had written his sermon and read it. Whatever might serve for the country, congregations in London—at All Saints' especially—expected culture and preparation.

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"For my own part I confess—nay, I am proud to declare—my watchword is Rehearse! Rehearse! Rehearse!"

As for the doctrine of the sermon it was not above question. It was necessary to live in the *nineteenth* century, and it was impossible to apply to its conditions the rules of life that had been proper to the first.

John Storm made no resistance. He was humiliated in his own eyes. Surely he must have mistaken his vocation. And what a price he had paid for that bitter knowledge!

He slept badly that night. As often as he dozed off he dreamt that he was trying

"May I no come in, laddie?"

to do something he could not do, and when he awoke he became hot as with the memory of a disgrace. And always back of his shame was the thought of Glory.

Next morning he was alone in his room and fumbling the toast of his breakfast when the door opened and a cheery voice cried, "May I no come in, laddie?"

An elderly lady entered. She was tall and slight, and had a long fine face with shrewd but kindly eyes, and nearly snow-white hair.

"I'm Jane Callender," she said; "and I couldna wait for an introduction or sec bother, but must just come and see ye. Ey, laddie, it was a bonnie sermon yon! I've no heard the match of it since I came frae Peebles and sat under the good Doctor Guthrie. Now *he* was nae slavish reader neither—none of your paper preachers was Thomas. My word, but you gave us the right doctrine, too! They're given over to the worship of Beelzebub—half these church-going folks. Oh, these Pharisees! They are enough to sour milk. I wish they had one neck and somebody would just squeeze it. Now where did ye hear that, Jane? But no matter! And the lasses are worse than the men, with their fashions and foldo-lolls. They love Jesus, but they like Him best in heaven, not bothering down in Belgravia. But I must be going my ways. I left James on the street, and there's nae living with the man if you keep his horses waiting. Good-morning til ye! . . . But ey, laddie, I'm afraid for ye! I'm thinking—I'm thinking—but come and see me at Victoria Square. Good-morning!"

She had rattled this off at a breath, and had hardly given time for a reply when her black silk was rustling down the stairs.

John Storm remembered that the Canon had spoken of her. She was the good woman who kept the home for girls; one of those true Christians, whose heart, the soul of charity, lived in the sunshine of a bright, sensible, racy faith.

"The good creature only came to comfort me," he thought, and that was all the attention he gave to her visit.

Glory! What was Glory thinking? That morning after prayers at the hospital he went in search of her in the out-patient department, but she pretended to be overwhelmed with work, and only nodded and smiled and excused herself.

"I haven't got a moment this morning either for the king or his dog. I'm up to my eyes in bandages, and have fourteen plasters on my conscience, and now I must run away to my little boy whose leg was amputated on Saturday."

He understood her, but he came back in the evening and was resolved to face it out.

"What did you think of last night, Glory?" Then she put on a look of blank amazement.

"Why, what happened? Oh, of course—the sermon! How stupid of me! Do you know I forgot all about it?"

"You were not there, then?"

"Don't ask me. Really, I'm ashamed. After my promise to grandfather, too! But Wednesday doesn't count anyway, does it? You'll preach on Sunday now and then!"

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His first feeling of relief was followed by a sense of still deeper humiliation. Glory had not even troubled herself to remember. Evidently he was nothing to her—nothing; while she ——

He walked home through St. James's Park, and under the tall trees the peaceful silence of the night came down on him. The sharp clack of the streets was deadened to a low hum as of the sea afar off. Across the gardens he could see the clock in the tower of Westminster, and hear the great bell strike the quarters. London! How little and selfish all personal thoughts were in the contemplation of the mighty city. The vast place slept full of its dead. Millions on millions of them of all generations. What a sight the resurrection of London would be! He had been thinking only of himself and his own little doings. It was all so small and pitiful.

"Did my shame at my failure in the pulpit proceed solely from fear of losing the service of God, or did it proceed from wounded ambition, from pride, from thoughts of Glory ——?"

But the peaceful stars were over him. It was a majestic night.

VII.

"Dear Auntie Rachel,—Tell grandpa, to begin with, that John Storm preached his first sermon on Wednesday last, and according to programme I was there to hear it. Oh, God bless me, what a time I had of it! He broke down in the middle, taking stage fright or pulpit fright or some such devilry, though there was nothing to be afraid of except a bandboxful of chattering girls who didn't listen, and a few old fogies with ear-trumpets. I was sitting in the darkness at the back, effectually concealed from the preacher by the broad shoulders of ward Sister Allworthy, who is an example of 'delicate femalism' just verging on old-maidenism. They tell me the 'discoorse' was a short one, but I never got so many prayers into the time in all my born days, and my breath was coming and going so fast that the Sister must have thought they had set up a pumping engine in the pew behind her. Our poor heavy-laden Mr. Storm has been here since then with his sad and eager face, but I hadn't the stuff in me to tell him the truth about the sermon, so I told him I had forgotten to go and hear it, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul!

"You want to know how I employ my time? Well, lest you should think I give up my days to dreams and my nights to idleness, I hasten to tell that I rise at 6, breakfast at 6.30, begin duty at 7, sup at 9.30 P.M., gossip till ten, and then go into my room and put myself to bed; and there I am at the end of it. Being only a probationer I am chiefly in the out-patient department, where my duties are to collect the things wanted at the dispensary, make the patients ready to see the surgeon and pass them on to the dressers in the dressing-room. My patients at present are the children, and I love them, and shall break my heart when I have to leave them. They are not always too well looked after by the surgeon, but that doesn't matter in the least, because you see they are constantly watched by the best and most learned doctor in the world—that's me.

"Last Saturday I had my first experience of the operating theatre. Gracious goodness! I thought I shouldn't survive it. Fortunately I had the bandages and sponges to look after, so I just stiffened my back with a sort of imaginary six-foot steel bar, and went on 'like blazes.' But some of these ward nurses are just 'ter'ble'; they take a professional pleasure in descending to that inferno, and wouldn't miss a 'theatre' for worlds. On Saturday it was a little boy of five who had his leg amputated; and now when you ask the white-faced darling where he's going to he says he's going to the angels, and he'll get lot's of grisly pork up there! He *is* too.

"The *personnelle* of our Vineyard is abundant, but there are various sour grapes growing about. We have a medical school (containing lots of nice boys—only a girl may not speak to them even in the corridors), and a full staff of honorary and visiting physicians and surgeons. But the only doctor we really have much to do with is the house doctor, a young fellow who has just finished his student's course. His name is Abery, and since Saturday he has so much respect for Glory that she might even swear in his presence (in Manx); but Sister Allworthy takes care that she doesn't, having designs on his celibacy herself. He must have sung his *Te Deum* after the operation, for he got gloriously drunk and wanted to inject morphia in a patient recovering from trouble of the kidney. It was an old hippopotamus of a German musician named Koenig, and he was in frantic terror. So I whispered to him to pretend to go to sleep, and then I told the doctor I had lost my syringe. But—'Gough bless me sowl!'—what a dressing the Sister gave me!

"Yesterday was visiting-day, and when the friends of the patients come even an hospital can have its humours. They try to sneak in little dainties, which may be delicious in themselves but are deadly poison to the people they are intended for. Then we have to search under the bed-clothes of the patients and even feel the pockets of their visitors. The mother of my little boy came yesterday, and I noticed such a large protuberance under her ulster that I had to investigate the matter. It was only a brick of currant cake, paved with lemon peel. I hauled it out and moved round like a cloud of thunder and lightning. But she began to cry and to say she had made it herself for Johnnie, and then—well, didn't I just get a wigging from the Sister though!

"But I don't mind what happens here, for I am in London, and to be in London is to live, and to live is to be in London. I've not seen much of it yet, having only two hours off duty every day, from ten to twelve, and then all I can do is to make little dips into the park and the district round about like a new pigeon with its wings clipped. But I watch the great new world from my big box up here, and see the carriages in the park and the people riding on horseback. They have a new handshake in London. You lift your hand to the level of your shoulder, and then waggle horizontally as if you had put your elbow out; and when you begin to speak you say 'I—er ——' as if you had got the mumps. But it is beautiful! The sound of the traffic is like music, and I feel like a war-horse that wants to be marching to it. How delightful it is to be young in a world so full of loveliness! And if you are not very ugly it's none the worse.

"All hospital nurses are just now basking in the sunshine of a forthcoming ball. It is to be held at Bartimæus's Hospital, where they have a large theatre, and the dancing there is for once to be to a happier tune. All the earth is to be there—all the hospital earth—and if I could afford to array myself in the necessary splendour I would show this benighted London what an absolute angel Glory is! But then my first full holiday is to be on the 24th, when I expect to be out from 10 A.M. until 10 P.M. I am nearly crazy whenever I think of it, and when the time comes to make my first plunge into London I know I shall hold my breath exactly as if I were taking a header off Creg Malin rocks. . . .

GLORY."

VIII.

ON the morning of the 24th Glory rose at five that she might get through her work and have the entire day for her holiday. At that hour she came upon a rough-haired nurse wearing her cap a little on one side and washing a floor with disinfectants. Being in great spirits Glory addressed her cheerfully.

"Are you off to-day too?" she said.

The nurse gave her a contemptuous glance and answered, "I'm not one of your paying probationers, Miss—playing probationers *I* call them. We nurses are hard-working women whose life spells duty, and we've got no time for sight-seeing and holiday-making."

"No, but you are one of those who ruin the profession altogether," said a younger woman who had just come up. "They will expect everybody to do the same. This is my day off, but I have to do the grate and sweep the ward, and wash the patients, and make my own bed, and tidy the nurse's room—and it's all through people like you. Small thanks you get for it either, for a girl may not even wear her hair in a fringe, and she is always expecting to hear the matron's, 'You're not fit for nursing, Miss.'"

Glory looked at her. She was an exquisitely pretty girl, with dark hair, pink and ivory cheeks, and light gray eyes, but her hands were coarse, and her finger nails flat and square, and when you looked again there was a certain blemished appearance about her beauty as of a parian vase that is cracked somewhere.

"Do you say you are off to-day?" said Glory.

"Yes, I am; are you?"

"Yes, but I'm strange to London. Could you take me with you—if you are going nowhere in particular?"

"Certainly, dear. I've noticed you before and wanted to speak to you. You're the girl with the splendid name—Glory, isn't it?"

"Yes, what is yours?"

"Polly Love."

At ten o'clock that morning the two girls set out for their long day's jaunt.

"Now where shall we go?" said Polly.

"Let us go where we can see a great many people," said Glory.

"That's easy enough, for this is the Queen's birthday, and ——"

Glory thought of Aunt Rachel and made a cry of delight.

"And now that I think of it," said Polly,

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"I've got tickets for the trooping of the colours—the Queen's colours, you know."

"Shall we see her?" said Glory.

"What a question! Why, no, but we'll see the soldiers and the generals and perhaps the Prince. It's at 10.30, and only across the park."

"Come along," said Glory, and she began to drag at her companion and to run.

"My gracious, what a girl you are to be sure!"

But they were both running in another minute and laughing and chattering like children escaped from school. In a quarter of an hour they were at the entrance to the Horse Guards'. There was a crowd at the gates and a policeman was taking tickets. Polly dived into her pocket.

"Where are mine? Oh, here they are! A great friend gave me them," she whispered. "He has a chum in one of those offices."

"A gentleman?" said Glory with studied politeness; but they were crushing through the gate by that time, and thereafter she had eyes and ears for nothing but the pageant before her.

It was a beautiful morning and the spring foliage of the park was very green and fresh. Three sides of the great square were lined with redcoats; the square itself was thronged with people, and every window and balcony looking over it was filled. There were soldiers, sentries, policemen, the generals in cocked hats and the Prince himself in a busby, riding by with the jingle of spurs and curb-chain. Then the ta-ra-ta-ta-ra of the bugle, the explosive voice crying "Escort for the colour," the orderly carrying it, the white gloves of the staff fluttering up the salute, the flash of bayonets, the march round, and the band playing "The British Grenadiers." It was like a dream to Glory. She felt her bosom heaving and was afraid she was going to cry.

Polly was laughing and prattling merrily. "Ha, ha, ha! see that soldier chasing a sunshade? My! he has caught it with his sword."

"I suppose these are all great people," whispered Glory.

"I should think so," said Polly. "Do you see that gentleman in the window opposite? That's the Foreign Office."

"Which?" said Glory, but her eyes were wandering.

"The one in the frock-coat and the glossy silk hat talking to the lady in the green lawn and the black lace fichu and the spring bonnet."

"You mean beside that plain girl wearing the jungle of rhododendrons?"

"Yes; that's the gentleman who gave my friend the tickets."

Glory looked at him for a moment and something very remote seemed to stir in her memory, but the band was playing once more and she was wafted away again. It was "God Save the Queen" this time, and when it ended and everybody cried "All over," she took a long deep breath and said, "*Well!*"

Polly was laughing at her, and Glory had to laugh also. They set each other off laughing, and people began to look at them, and then they had to laugh again and run away.

"This Glory is the funniest girl," said Polly; "she is surprised at the simplest thing."

They went to look at the shops, passing up Regent Street, across the Circus, and down Oxford Street towards the City, laughing and talking nonsense all the time. Once when they made a little purchase at a shop the shopwoman looked astonished at the freedom with which they carried themselves, and after that they felt inclined to go into every shop in the street and behave absurdly everywhere. In the course of two hours they had accomplished all the innocent follies possible to the intoxication of youth, and were perfectly happy.

By this time they had reached the Bank and were feeling the prickings of hunger, so they looked out a restaurant in Cheapside and went in for some dinner. The place was full of men, and several of them rose at once when the two girls entered. They were in the outdoor hospital costume, but there was something flaming about Polly's toilet, and the men kept looking their way and smiling. Glory looked back boldly and said in an audible voice, "What fun it must be to be a barmaid, and to have the gentlemen wink at you, and be laughing back at them!" But Polly nudged her and told her to be quiet. She looked down herself, but nevertheless contrived to use her eyes as a kind of furtive electric battery in the midst of the most innocent conversation. It was clear that Polly had flown farthest in the ways of the world, and when you looked at her again you could see that the balance of her life had been deranged by someone.

After dinner the girls got into an omnibus and went still farther east, sitting at opposite sides of the car and laughing and talking loudly to each other amid the astonishment

of the other occupants. But when they came to mean and ugly streets with greengrocers' barrows by the curbstone, and weird and dreary cemeteries in the midst of gaunt green sticks that were trying to look like trees, Glory thought they had better return.

They went back by the Thames ferry-boat from some landing stage among the docks. The steamer picked up passengers at every station on the river, and at London Bridge a band came aboard. As they sailed under St. Paul's the boat was crowded with people going west to see the celebrations in honour of the birthday, and the band was playing "Her golden hair was hanging down her back."

At one moment Glory was wild with delight and at the next her gaiety seemed to be suddenly extinguished. The sun was setting behind the towers of Westminster in a magnificent lake of fire, and it seemed like the sun going down at Peel, except that the lights beneath, which glistened and flashed, were windows, not waves, and the deep hum was not the noise of the mighty sea, but the noise of mighty millions.

They landed at Westminster Bridge and went to a tea-room for tea. When they came out it was quite dark and they got on to the top of an omnibus. But the town was now ablaze with torches and with electric lights that were flinging out the initials of the Queen, and Whitehall was dense with carriages going to the Treasury offices. Glory wanted to be in the midst of so much life, so the girls got down and walked arm in arm.

As they passed through Piccadilly Circus they were laughing again, for the oppression of the crowds made them happy. The throng was greatest at that point and they had to push their way through.

They were panting past the end of St. James's Street when a man with an eyeglass and a great shield of shirt-front collided with them and saluted them. Glory was for forging ahead, but Polly had drawn up.

"It's only my friend," said Polly in another voice. "This is a new nurse. Her name is Glory."

The man said something about a glorious name and a glorious pleasure to be nursed by such a nurse, and then both the girls laughed. He was glad they had found his tickets useful, but sorry he could not see them back to the hospital, being dragged

"But I'm coming to the ball, you know."

away to the Treasury reception in honour of the old lady's birthday.

"But I'm coming to the ball, you know, and," with a glance at Glory, "I've half a mind to bring my chum along with me."

"Oh, do," said Polly, partly covering the pupils of her eyes with her eyelids.

The man lowered his voice and said something about Glory which Glory did not catch, then waved his white-kid glove, saying "Ta-ta," and was gone.

"Is he married?" said Glory.

"Married! Good gracious, no! What ridiculous ideas you've got!"

It was only ten minutes after ten as the girls turned in at a sharp trot at the door of the hospital, still prattling and chattering and bringing some of the gaiety and nonsense of their holiday into the quiet atmosphere of the house of pain. The porter shook his finger at them with mock severity, but a ward Sister going through the porch in her white silence stopped to say that a patient had been crying out for one of them.

"It's me—I know it's me!" said Polly. "I've got a brother here out of a monastery, and he can't do with anybody else about him. It makes me tired of my life."

But it was Glory who was wanted. The woman whom John Storm had picked up out of the streets was dying. Glory had nursed her, and the poor old thing had kept herself alive that she might deliver to Glory her last charge and message. She could see nobody, so Glory leaned over the bed and spoke to her.

"I'm here, mammie; what is it?" she said, and the flushed young face was close above the withered and white one.

"He spoke to me friendly and squeedged my 'and, he did. Sowelp me never, it's true! Gimme a black cloth on the corfin, my dear, and mind yer tell him to foller."

"Yes, mammie, yes; I will—be sure I—I —— Oh!"

It was Glory's first death.

IX.

JOHN STORM had been through his first morning call that afternoon. For this ordeal he had presented himself in a flannel shirt in the hall, where the Canon was waiting for him in patent-leather boots and kid gloves, and his daughter Felicity in cream silk and white feathers. After they had seated themselves in the carriage the Canon said, "You don't quite do yourself justice, Mr. Storm. Believe me, to be well dressed is a great thing to a young man making his way in London."

The carriage stopped at a house that seemed to be only round the corner.

"This is Mrs. Mackray's," the Canon whispered. "An American lady—widow of a millionaire. Her daughter—you will see her presently—is to marry into one of our best English families."

They were walking up the wide staircase behind the footman in blue—a gorgeous person suffering from what Glory would have called a bad attack of the mumps. There was a buzz of voices coming from a room above.

"Canon—er—Wealthy, Miss Wealthy, and —er—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Storm!"

The buzz of voices abated, and a bright-faced little woman, showily dressed, came forward and welcomed them with a marked accent. There were several other ladies in the room, but only one gentleman. This person, who was standing, with tea-cup and saucer in hand, at the farther side, screwed an eyeglass in his eye, looked across at John Storm, and then said something to the lady in the chair beside him. The lady tittered a little. John Storm looked back at the man, as if by an instinctive certainty that he must know him when he saw him again. He wore a stiff collar like a linen handcuff about the neck, and was rather ugly; tall, slender, a little past thirty; fair, with soft sleepy eyes, and no life in his expression, but agreeable; fit for good society, with the stamp of good breeding, and capable of saying little humorous things in a thin "roofy" voice.

"I was real sorry I didn't hear Mr. Storm Wednesday evening," Mrs. Mackray was saying, with a mincing smile. "My daughter told me it was just too lovely. Mercy, this is your great preacher. Persuade him to come to my 'At home' on Tuesday."

A tall, dark girl, with gentle manners and a beautiful face, came slowly forward, put her hand into John's, and looked steadily into his eyes without speaking.

"Ah, you ladies, you're incorrigible," said the Canon, with a short wooden laugh. "Don't listen to them, my dear Storm. But I promise you, dear Mrs. Mackray, Mr. Storm shall preach on Sunday before long, and then —then you'll all desert *me*, I know you will."

Everybody laughed except John; and the gentleman with the eyeglass (who had followed Miss Mackray with his eye) said suavely, "Have you been long in London, Mr. Storm?"

"Two weeks," John answered shortly, and half turned his head.

"How—er—interesting!" with a prolonged drawl and a little cold titter.

The man was no fool, but evidently he was allowed to play the spoilt child in this

company. John felt his hands and feet grow cold.

"Oh, Lord Robert Ure—the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Storm," said the hostess.

"Mr. Storm has done me the honour to become one of my assistant clergy, Lord Robert," said the Canon, "but he is not likely to be a curate long."

"That is charming," said Lord Robert. "It is always a relief to hear that I am likely to have one candidate the less for my poor perpetual curacy in Westminster. They're at me like flies round a honey-pot, don't you know. I thought I had made the acquaintance of all the perpetual curates in Christendom. And what a sweet team they are to be sure! The last of them came yesterday. I was out, and my friend Drake—Drake of the Home Office, you know—couldn't give the man the living, so he gave him sixpence instead, and the creature went away quite satisfied."

Everybody seemed to laugh except John (who only stared into the air), and the loudest laughter came from the Canon. But suddenly an incisive voice said—

"But why sharpen your teeth on the poor curates? Is there no a canon or a bishop handy that's better worth a bite?"

It was Mrs. Callender.

"I'll tell ye a story too, only *mine* shall be a true one. A girl of eighteen came to me this morning at Soho. Her father was a wicked rector, who died last year leaving thirty-one thousand pounds; and the mother of this unfortunate girl is now in the Union."

It was the first sincere word that had been spoken, where every tone had been wrong, every gesture false, and it fell on the company like a thunderclap.

"What a beautiful day it has been," said somebody.

Everybody looked up at the maker of this surprising remark, It was a lady, and she blushed until her cheeks burned again.

A painful silence followed, and then the hostess turned to Lord Robert and said—

"You spoke of your friend Drake, didn't you? Everybody is talking of him, and as for the girls they seem to be crazy about the man. So handsome, they say, so natural, and then such a splendid talker. But then girls are so quick to take fancies to people. You really must take care of yourself, my dear." (This to Felicity.) "Who is he? Lord Robert will tell you—an official of some kind, and son of Sir something Drake of one of the north counties. But I've determined not to live any longer without making the acquaintance of this wonderful being, so Lord Robert must just bring him along Tuesday evening or else ——"

John Storm escaped at last, without promising to come to the "At home." He went direct to the hospital, and learned that Glory was out for the day. Where she could have gone, and what she could be doing, puzzled him grievously. Though he knew she would not return until ten he set out at nine to meet her.

As he went by the corner of St. James's Street he almost collided with Glory and another nurse in the costume of their hospital. They did not observe him, they were talking to a man; it was the man he had met in the afternoon, Lord Robert Ure.

John heard the man say, "Your Glory is such a glorious ——," and then he lowered his voice and appeared to say something that was very amusing, for the other girl laughed a great deal.

John's soul was now fairly in revolt, and he wanted to stop to order the man off and to take charge of the two nurses as his duty seemed to require him to do. But he passed them, then looked back and saw them separate, and as the man went by he watched the girls going westward. There was a glimpse of them under the gas-lamp as they crossed the street, and again a glimpse as they passed into the darkness under the trees of the park.

He could not trust himself to return to the hospital that night, and his indignation was no less in the morning. But there was a letter from Glory saying that his poor old bag of bones was dead, and she had begged that he would bury her. He dressed himself in his best ("We can't take liberties with the poor" he thought) and walked across to the hospital at once. There he asked for Glory, and they went downstairs together to that chill chamber underground which has always its cold and silent occupant. The parish was to bury her, and the van was at the door.

He was standing with Glory in the hall, and his heart had softened to her.

"Glory," he said, "you shouldn't have gone out yesterday without telling me—the dangers of London are so great."

"What dangers?" she asked.

"Well, to a young girl, a beautiful girl ——"

Glory peered up under her long eyelashes.

"I mean the dangers from—I'm ashamed in my soul to say it—the dangers from men."

She shot up a quick glance into his face

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and said in a moment, "You saw us, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw you, and I didn't like your choice of company."

She dropped her head demurely and said, "The man?"

John hesitated. "I was speaking of the girl. I don't like the freedom with which she carries herself in this house."

Glory's lower lip began to show its inner side. "She's bright and lively—that's all I care."

"But it's not all *I* care, Glory, and if such men as that are her friends outside ——"

Glory's head went up. "What is it to me who are her friends outside?"

"Everything, if you allow yourself to meet them again."

"Well," doggedly, "I *am* going to meet them again. I'm going to the nurses' ball on Tuesday."

John answered with deliberation, "Not in that girl's company."

"Why not?"

"I say *not* in that girl's company."

There was a short pause, and then Glory said with a quivering mouth, "You are vexing me, and you will end by making me cry. Don't you see you are degrading me? I am not used to being degraded. You see me with a little, weak, silly creature who hasn't an idea in her head, and can do nothing but giggle and laugh and make eyes at men, and you think I'm going to be led away by her. Do you suppose a girl can't take care of herself?"

"As you will, then," said John with a fling of his hand, going off down the steps.

"Mr. Storm—Mr. Storm—Jo—Joh ——"

But he was out on the pavement and getting into the workhouse van.

"Ah!" said the mincing voice of Polly Love beside her. "How jolly it is when anybody is suffering for your sake! It makes you so happy."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Glory; her own eyes were swimming in big tear-drops.

"The bitter loneliness of the pauper's doom came down on his soul."

It was a combination van and hearse, with the coffin under the driver's box, and John Storm with the undertaker on the seat inside. "Will ye be willin' ter tike the service at the cimitery, sir?" said the undertaker, and John answered that he would.

The grave was on the paupers' side of Kensal Green, and when the undertaker, with his man, had lowered the coffin to its place, he said, "They've gimme abart three more funerals this morning, so I'll leave ye now, sir, to finish 'er off!" He read, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and then the bitter loneliness of the pauper's doom came down on his soul and silenced him. That night he wrote to the Prime Minister: "I begin to understand what you meant when you said I was in the wrong place. Oh, this London, with its society, its worldly clergy, its art, its literature, its luxury, its idle life, all built on the toil of the country and compounded of the sweat of the nameless poor! Oh, this Circe of cities, drawing good people to it, decoying them, and then turning them into swine! It seems impossible to live in the world and to be spiritually-minded. When I try to do so I am torn in two!"

(*To be continued.*)

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From a photo by] [*Lallie Garet-Fisher, Titchfield Road, N.W.*

O MOTHER, my love, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land,
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet posie-garden out there,
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and the birds are filling the air
With the fragrance and music of dreaming!

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you;
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream
But you and your own little dearie!

Eugene Field.

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"JIM THE COWBOY, SLIGHTLY LEANING FORWARD IN HIS TEXAN SADDLE, WITH HIS WIDE HAT-BRIM FLAPPING BACK, TWISTED AND TURNED HIS FOAM-FLECKED STEED THROUGH THE PRESS OF SEMI-WILD CATTLE."

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A "TENDERFOOT" IN TEXAS.

Written and Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

FTER leaving Kansas city and shaking hands with the man in the pointed shoes and the assistant state marshal—a gentleman with a pleasant manner and a big revolver, whose "seeing me off" suggested in a comic manner that I was being shown out of the State by armed force—after leaving Kansas city, I say, life rapidly became made up of a series of reverberations and railroad joltings, twenty minutes' stoppages for refreshments, dining-car experiences, of falling to sleep to the accompaniment of arguments on free silver versus gold, of railroad-book agents, and alas! of dust and cinders galore.

Hours slipped by along with the receding landscape until one lost all account of time. All I knew was Texas and cowboy life lay before me, and that the immediate cigar was good.

However, the best of things—cigars even—must end at last. So, late one evening, when dining-cars had lost their charm and a longing to stretch one's legs had become a wild craving, the train rolled up to what appeared in the semi-darkness to be a collection of cigar-boxes lying around on a desert. May Texas forgive me, but this was a town; nay, a city!

I alighted on the platform of the wooden station among a crowd of hats, under which were men. I think this is a better definition than a crowd of men in large hats, because the general effect anyhow was—hat first, man afterwards.

No one greeted me; the man I had hoped to meet was not there. And the train left.

I asked one of the hats for him.

"Fightin' fire!" was the reply.

Had he said "Fightin' fire-water" it would have been the same to me. He was not there, but miles away, as I afterwards learned, far out on the cattle ranges with his full muster of cowboys, trying every means known to cope with the terrible onrush of the ranchman's great enemy—a prairie fire.

I found out there was an hotel, so-called; and a sun-burnt youth with high-heeled shoes and a cowboy hat having taken my bag, I followed him in the darkness through the sand for a few yards or so to the hotel—a two-storied wood affair. That hotel! Well, there, as I'm not going to write up "Hotels of Texas Cattle Towns," I will not say much about it. Was it rough? There are various degrees of roughness the world over; but looking back now, it seems to me I had many good times there, and memory returns with very pleasant recollections of the inmates. The free, big-hatted, long-legged cattle-men, with their great friendly hearts and large nature; the host or "boss," the Chinese cook, the ex-cowboy waiter, and all of you—you'll never be forgotten by the Englishman you treated so well.

Everyone I discovered who ate at the hotel, or "loafed" (apparently without any aim in life save to lounge into the nearest saloon or bar) along the one short street of this prairie town, was, or had been at some time in his life, connected with cattle. Picturesque cowboys on their still more picturesque ponies dashed into the town to pull up with a jerk at the saloon doors, or else cantered lightly down the street. Brown-faced men sat before the stores, with chairs tipped back and cigars in their teeth, discussing the one all-important subject—Cattle. At every meal the price, the breed, and the condition of Texas stock was discussed; and I hadn't been fifteen minutes in the town before I was asked if I was out there to buy cattle.

When I denied the soft impeachment and appeared in my true colours as an artist, I was at first apparently regarded as a mild form of lunatic, and then endured as a played-out notion from the effete East, not to be reckoned with such a genius as the local waggon and sign painter. Still the inhabitants treated me well, and one morning I learnt that the man I wanted was "in town."

This was a ranch manager, and when I met him and stated to him that I wished to play at cowboy for a few weeks, I honestly think he regarded me as an escaped idiot. There was no trace of mirth in his sallow face as he inquired if I possessed a gun (i.e. a revolver), also a saddle. My few belongings being stowed into his two-horse buggy (by the way, my belongings consisted in the main of a sketch-book, a flannel shirt, tobacco, cigars, a pair of socks, and a bottle of whisky), we started across the prairie for the home ranch.

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That forty-mile drive across those sun-dried prairies, with the warm pure wind blowing in great gusts and the white dust whirling past, was a ride not likely to be easily forgotten. Jack-rabbits rose at times from

nearly under the horses' feet, and "loped" a few yards away, crouching under the mosquito bushes. Prairie dogs sat up on their haunches and with nose in the air regarded us from their raised burrows. Away in the distance the mirage played tricks with the sand-dotted plain, and fooled one into the notion of cool lakes and groves of trees; and ever and anon a bunch of antelopes rushed along (always out of range), or a skulking coyote wolf shambled like a vagabond away to the low sand-hills. Many-coloured lizards raced us on the dusty track, and locusts flashed by with much to-do and fuss. Were I a poet I would like to burst into song over those great wild prairies; but as I am not I'll stick to plain facts.

By two o'clock we had reached "home"—a wooden building with a veranda running round it, and a tame deer doing the same thing. A sun-tanned gentleman in a silk shirt (albeit the worse for wear and dirt), and with his legs encased in long kid boots finished off with solid silver spurs, grinned us a welcome by exhibiting the finest set of white teeth I have ever seen.

This was the under foreman or "wagon boss." Big, strong, and brown, quiet and gentle as a woman, but with nerves and muscles like steel, I shall always retain a memory of Jim as I saw him one day pressing his horse at full speed through the immense herd of cattle to "cut out" a certain steer that was wanted. Well, we went in to dinner, and there it was left to me to introduce myself. I informed the twelve brown men of muscle and sinew that I was S. L. Wood, lived in London, and was the greenest kind of a "tenderfoot" (or greenhorn), and would they please pass the steak.

With a good deal of jovial profanity and grins they told me who they were, or rather one of the cowboys called out to me their various names and nicknames in much the same manner that they cut out cattle and stamp a brand on them.

"That's Red Jack, 'cause he's got red hair!" "That's the Kid, 'cause he's biggest!" "That's Indian, 'cause he's like one!" And so on.

My informant also went on to state that this "outfit" wasn't much on etiquette, and if I wanted anything I was to howl. Being carefully brought up, I replied that if I saw what I wanted I'd yell for it and I wouldn't be happy till I got it; and ere we had fairly started on the rough but clean food with appetites well sharpened with the prairie air, we were all on the best of terms with jokes and unrestrained laughter.

On either side of a long rough table was placed an ordinary school bench, on which we sat, and of food there was plenty, beef being the staple article, and we had it in various forms. Jugs of milk, hot bread, and stewed "canned goods" constituted the rest of the meal.

That afternoon I "loafed" on the porch in the shadow, chatting to Jim the wagon boss, and trying to sketch Billy, the tame deer and universal pet of the ranch. Away out over hundreds and hundreds of acres of wild rolling prairie the pitiless afternoon sun beat down, and even the lizards seemed to pant under the shade of the "skeet" bushes. Jim's eyes would close for a minute, and from the interior of the house I heard the manager snoring like a foghorn. Billy, the deer,

"BILLY."

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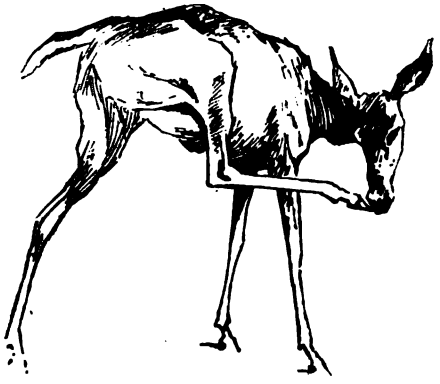
became so friendly that he started licking my face (not an unmixed blessing by any means), but soon he too dozed in the grateful



"BILLY" MAKES BOTH ENDS MEET.

shadow of the porch. It seemed to me, lazily puffing at a well-seasoned pipe, and without the formality of a white shirt or boots that had to be blacked, that London was indeed very, very far off, and that "Dr. Nikola" and the WINDSOR MAGAZINE must have, as regards illustrations, passed through somebody else's life and certainly never entered into that of the sun-tanned tramp smoking a pipe on a Texas ranch house porch.

Well, I fear I should have become an ærial architect, and heaven only knows how many stories I should have added to my castle had not two little dots appeared on the horizon. Approaching and at last arriving in good view, they turned out to be a rider with a spare horse. Now this was an incident at last! It was an afternoon caller come to stop as long as he pleased.

The clink, clink of crockery within the house and the lengthening of the shadows on the plains announced the coming of the evening meal—a repetition of the former in every respect saving the presence of the stranger who, in the intervals between apparently trying to swallow his knife, jerked out items of what appeared to be interesting news. He had seen three dead steers in pasture No. 4. Billy Howland was sick in town; the doctor guessed he'd peg out. Jack Somebody else had gone down to El Paso on a "tare," and got put in prison at Juarez by the Mexican authorities, which my newly-made friends considered absurd of the said Jack to allow, "seeing as how he allers carried a gun."

"Wal, must be goin'," the stranger at length remarked; and with a drawled out "So long" he mounted and rode away.

That evening the boys, after milking the few cows set apart for that purpose, lay around on the grass, each puffing a cigar (which I had brought as peace offerings), and spoke of the morrow's work, and joked until the spirit moved them to seek their blankets and cowboy dreamland.

Now, *à propos* of the afternoon caller, you must know that in Texas it is the good frontier custom never to turn the stranger from the door, unless of course he takes an undue liking to the householder's property, when he runs a risk of taking with him a conical leaden souvenir. But "hospitality" is a great word in Texas all through the State, and no mere idle word at that, but a thing to be lived up to. This particular ranch-house has as its owner a millionaire, and is considered with its female cook, four bed-

"RED JACK."

rooms, and a back yard of 350,000 acres, "way up" in the social scale, as ranches go.

Perhaps therefore it is not surprising if a weary herdsman, on his way across the plains,

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A BUCKING BRONCHO.

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sensible of the fact that they make good biscuits here, "drops in to tea" more than is really necessary. But then hot biscuits and butter, with coffee and steak, are always preferable to stale bread and alkali water *neat*.

"Dog on them pesky loafers, anyhow!" would exclaim the leather-faced lady who did the cooking, and who, by the way, was related to Red Jack. "Every son of a gun of a cow-puncher who's within twenty miles o' this yere ranch has got to kem a-ridin' in to supper. All mighty fine, but this ain't no *ho*-tel. Guess I'll hang out a sign and jist charge 'em two bits (twenty-five cents) for a meal, anyhow. Most on 'em got the appetite o' a coyote too," and she would gaze out with wrath in her eye over the distant ranges, possibly looking out for the next hungry caller.

Poor soul! Hers was no "picnic" of a life, as they say out West. Yet although she was ugly and dried up to the consistency of tanned buckskin, and passed her days in frying meat and making biscuit, she did her duty well away out there in that great lone land, and she was good to this tenderfoot too.

She had a girl with her—at least, I think it was a girl—built like a boy of fourteen, but with girl's hair and an old face and steady, unflinching gray eyes, like most Western people. She—we will call her she—inquired of me once in all sincerity if Italy was in London; and one Sunday, without being asked, proceeded to read me, with many hitches and spelling of words, a cheerful poem of a drunkard's death, and all his children starving and his invalid wife going raving mad.

But to return. That first evening Red Jack, acting as chambermaid, took me into the house, and after removing five Winchester rifles from a bed, spread a couple of blankets on it, wished me good-night, and strolled away to his own rest, the moonlight touching his immense clinking spurs as he walked.

I must tell you that the room in which I was left had a blanket hanging in front of each window, consequently it was pretty dark. I forget just what it was I wanted from my valise, after laying awake an hour or so, but I thought I knew where the bag was, and started for it. Of course I couldn't find it, and ere I was fully aware of it I found myself in total darkness, far from home, in a strange ranch-house, wading about in a tangle of ropes and cartridge-belts, and hitting my bare toes against rifle-stocks, or treading on their cold barrels, with a jump that brought wild thoughts of rattlesnakes up before me.

"Tenderfoot," forsooth! Why, after five minutes, during which I danced and shuffled about over loose cartridges, and old spurs (which are sharp), belts, lassoes, and guns, my feet *were* tender, and I groped and limped back to my blanket bed—without having found the said bag by the way—muttering many strange words I had picked up on my way West. When I awoke next morning, of course I found nothing like the number of rifles and ropes I had allowed for during the night, but one is apt to make miscalculations at times.

After our five o'clock breakfast next morning we all trooped down to the corral. This was a large, fenced-in enclosure, in which already a score or more of semi-wild horses were moving, having been "rounded up" and driven in half an hour or so previous.

And then began what to me is always a sight to live for—cowboys catching the mounts. The "boys" took their lassoes (or ropes, as they are always termed out West), and whirling the ever-widening circle above their heads, flung it out and caught the horses they wanted. Sometimes, as the noose settled around the animal's neck, the horse would make a plunging rush for liberty, but the cowboy would brace back, rope behind him, and literally sitting down on it, would settle his heels in the dust, and in the end of a very few seconds show the horse who was the master.

The saddling was not always an easy job. These prairie horses, called bronchos in the West, have in the main pretty "mean" tempers, and the saddling *and* riding of a vicious buck-jumper or "pitcher" is a "Wild West Show" worth seeing. Granted the big Texan saddle is firmly "cinched" (or girthed) on the animal's back, and the cowboy gets the reins in place and one foot in the stirrup, *that* is only the beginning. Up goes the broncho on his hind legs, runs back, curves his spine into an arch enough to burst any ordinary girth, and during these manœuvres the cow-puncher, if he can, flings his right leg over and settles into the saddle. Then the wild plunging, bucking, and lashing out of fore and hind feet. Buck, buck, buck! The audience yells, whoops, and cheers all the time with laughter-choked advice to the rider to "stay with him!" and not "to go to leather!" that is, hold on by the saddle-

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horn. Then the big Spanish spurs come into action, and any horse less tough than a broncho would have a pretty bad time of it. Eventually he will sober down, and do his day's work with only now and again a vicious buck or plunge, just, as they say there, to "show there's no ill-feeling."

Well, by now nearly all the boys had caught their mounts, and so interested had I become in watching the various antics of men and animals that I awoke suddenly to a very grim fact when the manager cheerfully invited me to "pick my broncho."

Ay, pick my broncho! I had my choice of picking out any one of those long-tailed bits of equine viciousness and getting bucked off; no one would hinder me, and if I wanted to break my neck, *here* indeed was my right royal chance. There was grim humour, too much of it in fact, but no pity in the face of each and every one of those loose-limbed centaurs; and three stepped forward instantly to rope for me any horse I might venture to point out.

I looked at the mob of wild-eyed bronchos pacing round the corral, looked, and being merely a struggling artist and no rough rider or "broncho buster," am not ashamed to state I looked with all my eyes to see if in that crowd I could discern any well-defined saddle galls, marking the fact that the owner had been ridden *well*. Presently a gray caught my attention—surely there were the marks I wanted—wanted oh so badly, for with the wicked eyes of those cow-punchers upon me I felt much like the late Maid of Orleans when she saw her persecutors getting the firewood ready, only alas! I lacked her faith. In a twinkling (too soon, in fact, for I would have liked to postpone matters, to have written to my mother, made a will, and fixed other little arrangements in case of my non-return to England) the rope whizzed through the air, and Red Jack led up my "fiery untamed."

The mare was bony, also she had red eyes. And that's about all I had time to notice, for the saddle was cinched on in a jiffy.

"You'd better stick yer finger in her eye as you mount," quietly drawled the man in the buckskin gauntlets, "'cause she's a daisy to buck."

"Jist git on and hang by yer spurs and make her waltz a bit," suggested another youth, and I mounted.

She did nothing terrible despite the fact that I kept my fingers from both her eyes, and I found that going on the safe plan of choosing a horse with "saddle marks" on it had raised me a peg in Red Jack's opinion, and so with mute thanks to the red-eyed mare for not bucking, away we all galloped in the bright morning sunshine.

Again, as on the preceding day, the jack-rabbits jumped away into the low bushes; and again the prairie dogs sat on their burrows with elevated noses. The boys grew frisky with the freedom of the pure air, and the fresh animals beneath them. Comic spirits among them fell to sharply pulling hairs out of the tail of a comrade's horse, thereby causing the animal to buck; and my friend in the buckskin gauntlets burst into song as we cantered along the cattle trail. There was pure boyish joy in that fellow's heart, one could hear, and he had to show it somehow. The tune was "Sweet Marie." But, bless him! he thought no more of the actual words which he was whooping out over those unbounded plains, than a man thinks of the agony he is causing to others when he practices the violin with the window open. No; that great lump of muscle and bone was happy, and he let the jack-rabbits and the distant coyote wolves and all of us know it. It was contagious; and we all felt happy too—just a set of great children going out for fun. Trouble and "the blues" come quickly enough in this life, and incidents like this when one feels on good terms with oneself and all creation, and wants to run around and shake hands with the universe, are times worth looking back upon. There are a few thousand miles now between that long-legged Texan and this tenderfoot; but may the gods send that Western rider and his mates as happy hearts each time they "gallop o'er the lea," as on that bright May morning, when the jingle of spurs and the champing of bits formed a fitting accompaniment to the song which caused the prairie dogs to pause in their burrowing, and startled the hawks in their sedate wheeling in the blue overhead!

But though the boys joked and played with their horses, causing many strange evolutions to take place on the bronchos' part, they were "out on a business trip," and from a hardly audible word drawled out by the manager the spurs would go back with a quick movement, and away would dart a rider at breakneck speed after a distant bunch of cattle for we were out to "round up" and to overlook some stock, and to separate some for market purposes. The herd by now moving before us increased every few minutes by bunches driven in, and soon we

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ONLY THE BEGINNING.

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halted before a large cattle-trough. In this section of the country creeks and streams are conspicuous by their absence; and as cattle must drink, water is pumped up through the sandy soil by means of a species of windmill, which I trust and firmly believe brought the almighty dollar in abundance to the inventor. The water being pumped up from a narrow well, flows through a pipe into a raised open tank from six to ten feet deep, and from thence again through a pipe into the cattle-trough. Surrounding the tank is the inevitable barbed wire fence to protect it from the cattle. Well, having moved together what the manager considered a sufficient number of cattle, the boys commenced to bunch them,—that is, keep them together in one great herd,—while Jim the waggon boss started to "cut out" those required to be set apart for market purposes.

And what a picture he made! Here were horse and man moving together as one and the same creature. Now Jim, seen sitting in the ranch-house porch, or Jim lazily scraping tunes from an old fiddle, was a totally different person to Jim the cowboy, slightly leaning forward in his Texan saddle, with his wide hat-brim flapping back, with his silver spurs touching his horse's barrel, twisting and turning his foam-flecked steed through the press of semi-wild cattle at full speed, with his clear eye fixed on the one animal he was after. And Jim's horse too—a large white-legged dun, springing like a buck beneath the spur, wheeling at a touch, disappearing for a moment into the sea of tossing horns, always to emerge again out of the rising dust, following closely at the rear of the "cut-out" steer!

The impression made on my mind during that morning's "round-up" was a series of pictures of the finest and most active movements of horses and men and cattle. And it was catching too, and almost unconsciously I found myself in company with some sun-tanned son of the "Lone Star State," racing after and turning back into the main herd some animal that was trying to break away. After a sufficient number of cattle had been cut out, the rest were allowed to spread, and we started back with the market-bunch.

At dinner that day Red Jack informed me he was "a-going to grease windmills" that afternoon. I didn't know quite so much of that pastime as I do now, so I went with him. I hadn't backed a horse for some time before that morning's ride with the cattle, and we had been in the saddle since six, so after about ten miles or so I grew intensely interested as to the time it would take to get to windmill number one. "Oh, merely a matter of about another ten miles," said Jack, "and thar's a coyote; let's run him." Away we went. Old Blood Eye, my steed, seemed to know what was wanted, and the way she tucked her legs up and bolted after that wolf, dodging or jumping the prairie dog holes, was a caution. That wolf was apparently just *strolling*, with a yard and a half of tongue hanging out of his jaws; but in a second he, as Mark Twain describes it, "made a hole in the atmosphere" far away out of range of any revolver that is made.

At last we got to the windmills, and Red Jack took his oil-can, climbed up, and oiled the works. I remember this well, because the wind was blowing, and what oil the mill lost I got! Again we mounted, and again crossed miles of sand and "skeet" bush to the next barbed-wire surrounded prairie pasture, talking of many things, and occasionally varying the monotony of the ride with a breakneck race or a chase after the wily and seductive coyote. Three windmills were oiled that afternoon, and when the job was finished we turned to a small clump of trees, the only grove I ever saw on those arid Texas plains, and lay down in the grateful shade. I won't say I was tired—that's not the word for it. I lit my pipe, and Jack told of incidents "by flood and field." Of Indian outbreaks, when the Navajoes "jumped out on the war path"; of encounters with these gentry, and their ghastly work; of settlers butchered and homesteads burnt; of "big fights," as he called them; of Mexican horse-racing; and of other things both wild and tame, for Jack knew his South-West well and had "seen things." We discussed civilisation, which Jack voted a fraud (though, personally, I could have done with a soft padded chair just then), and of the various subjects that men speak of whenever they are thrown together, be it in a city club-room or away out in the wilds.

There was little romance about this red-haired son of the West. He didn't tell me any love stories, like the cowboy in the novel generally does when he is alone with a tenderfoot chum; there was no "only one girl in the world for me" touch to add sentiment to the conversation. In fact, he expressed in a pretty outspoken way a good all-round unblushing devotion to the whole of the gentler sex. And all the while the Western wind blew, as it only *can* blow, on

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those Texan plains, and the hawks wheeled overhead, and the two horses swished at the flies with their long tails and wondered at the smoke-wreaths curling from an English pipe.

We rode home in the glow of sunset, *personally* very happy, very tired, very hungry, and very, very stiff. The branding at this ranch had taken place the week before my arrival, and the days slipped by with incidents very similar to those already mentioned. One morning, hearing that a cattle owner was "in town" and short-handed for someone to help at the branding of his stock, I forthwith stuffed my few belongings into my bag, bade farewell to my cowboy friends who turned out *en masse* to say good-bye, again climbed into the two-horse buggy, and started back to the settlement.

This time I offered my very feeble services as amateur cow-puncher, artist, or "friend, philosopher, and"—but no, *not* "guide"—to a man whose name I didn't even know, for Experience, with a big E, and for "fun"—the fun of drinking alkali water and eating fat underdone bacon mixed with dust, of sleeping in the sand to a lullaby of prairie wolf howls; the fun of galloping after cattle and punching the brand on colts and calves. And taking it all together, it was fun, real fun too!

HOW *not* TO DO IT!

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SCHOOL AT JIMBAREE.

By Ethel Turner.

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

HEAD station on the Jimbaree run, when seen through a softening haze a mile or two away, looked quaint and disorderly enough to be picturesque.

But at close quarters the enchantment faded. Seven separate buildings comprised the dwelling. Three were of galvanized iron, and turned their backs disdainfully upon each other. Two were of dead brown bark, peeling rapidly under stress of the weather. Two were of weatherboard, with the elements of architecture about them.

"If next shearing," said the squatter, Shannon, "turns out decently, I'll pull down all these ramshackles and build a house, brick if you like, girls, with a red tiled roof."

But the girls, after watching five good seasons pass without the redemption of the promise, lost heart and grew content with the old places that had sprung up one after the other, to meet the requirements of the growing family and the hands the station needed.

A letter had gone recently to the lady who managed a Governesses' Registry Office in Sydney. It was written on a sheet torn out of an exercise-book; the envelope was another sheet gummed together with unused two-penny stamps:—

"Dear Mrs. Grey," it ran (the writing was certainly that of a gentleman),—"Please send along another one without delay. Miss Jones is returning by to-night's mail; it's really not her fault, any more than it was Miss Martin's, so don't blame her. Get her a comfortable place; you can charge her board and lodging to me while you find her one. Jimbaree has completely broken her up, I'm afraid; she says her nerves will never recover, poor old lady! Don't put yourself out, but if you can send someone this week we'll be very glad. The wife's beginning to fidget because Mena didn't know what King Alfred did to the cakes, and fancied seven eights were fifty-four. Any salary you think fit, not less than

"Are they very rough, uneducated people?"

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seventy though, for I don't want to swindle the unfortunate woman who undertakes us. And charge all her expenses to me. I'll meet Thursday's train if she can come.—Yours, etc.,

TOM SHANNON."

There was a postscript the other side, added in pencil:—

"Nothing unkind intended, but if, my dear Mrs. Grey, without any more trouble to yourself, you could send us someone with just the elements of good looks and youth, it would be a change. The battered, nerveless, smileless veterans of pot-hook lore begin to pall. Not that we deserve anything better."

Mrs. Grey took the reproach to heart, and found a young, slim, pretty thing, who had plenty of accomplishments, and was dazzled instantly by the £70.

"Are they very rough, uneducated people?" the girl said, her eyes glancing at the slovenly letter in the matron's hands. At her last place she had received £26 a year, but her employer used thick, scented notepaper with a lately found crest.

The matron was able to clear her client's character of the imputation. Both Mr. and Mrs. Shannon were educated, she said, and both came of good Australian families. She believed them to be very pleasant people indeed. But ——

"What?" said the girl; the matron was looking at her with such kindly, pitying eyes it made her nervous about the life a-stretch before her. "Pray tell me, I would much rather be prepared for the worst. What is there against them, Mrs. Grey?"

Mrs. Grey folded the already signed agreement. Humour was at her mouth corners.

"They are good natured," she said.

"I might endure that," smiled the girl.

"Exceedingly good natured."

"There are worse things for obstacles."

The matron shook her head.

"Mismanagement has many tools, but good nature is the handle for them all," she said sententiously.

The girl was quite contented, however, and within a week was setting forth on her four hundred miles journey.

Mr. Shannon himself was there to meet her; forty miles by the road he had come to the place the coach passed. He was tall, thin, brown, commonplace-looking; when he was perturbed he rubbed his left eyebrow. Shyness invariably made him monosyllabic.

As they drove along Miss Emmerton tried conscientiously to interest him and be interested.

She would have given five shillings to a charity for a view to praise, green grass upon which to remark, horses that might honestly be admired. But what conversation could be made about scenery when the world seemed to have resolved itself into an eternal vista of spindly gums and mulga scrub? When the ground was either red and cracked, or brown and leaf-covered? When the horses, worthy beasts and cheerfully willing though they were, showed gaunt and great-boned, covered from mane to tail with a thick mud-coloured foam?

"I can praise the house presently," she thought, and lapsed, thus comforted, into silence to match his own.

And then it was Jimbaree that stretched itself out before her! Jimbaree in its summer setting of burnt, dusty brown! Jimbaree, panting and parched under the burning heavens of drought time! His heart smote him when he looked at it with her eyes. Most of the way he had been feeling exultant that he had such a treasure as this sweet-faced girl to take to his wife and family. Now he grew afraid she would not stay with them.

"It's a disgraceful place to take you to," he said humbly. "But really I'm going to build a good house presently, and we'll start a nice garden then. It's not been worth whiles before; we've kept on postponing it till we do build."

"And how long have you been here?" asked the girl, taking heart again at the thought that this condition was not to be a permanency.

"Only about thirteen years," said the squatter; "I had a run on the Bogan before that."

"Are there many children for me to teach?" she asked some minutes later, breaking a silence she had found necessary for the digestion of his last speech.

And "Yes" he answered, monosyllabic instantly from sheer nervousness and shame at the number. He gave no specific number, however, so she had to wait perforce till she had the evidence of her own eyes. Then she believed there were a dozen at least, so many figures scattered and fled as their jolting buggy drew up at one of the weatherboard places.

A woman came out on the verandah to meet her—tall, high cheek-boned, large-mouthed. She was dressed in a very loose

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wrapper of expensive floral silk. Her welcome was kindly and hearty.

"It has been so hot lately that we quite thought you would not have come," she said, leading the way to a bedroom. "You really should have waited for a spell of cooler weather."

"But I knew you would have to send all

"He dragged at his eyebrow again."

those miles to meet me," the governess said in amazement.

"Well," returned Mrs. Shannon, "that would not have mattered; we could have sent again."

It was something of a shock to the girl to find three beds in the room to which she was taken.

"Mena and Tiny have to sleep here with you," Mrs. Shannon said, regret in her voice. "It's a shame that we can't give you a place to yourself, but it won't be for long, my dear; Mr. Shannon has promised to build us a nice big place soon."

While the girl washed and laid aside her things she went away. Returning presently with some dinner, the governess noticed that her face was heated and a-shine with good-will; gravy splashes were down the front of her dress, testifying to the fact that she had done the service with her own hands.

The tray held a large cup of tea generously sugared, and containing condensed milk — Miss Emmerton was sufficiently end-of-the-century to drink severely unsweetened tea; a very large mutton chop, fried, potatoes barely cooked, badly pared pumpkin a-swim in pale gravy, and a lump of pudding popularly known as plum duff.

"The bread is very dark and heavy this week," she said; "I'm almost afraid you won't be able to eat it, love. If it wasn't that our cook has three children dependent on her we should really send her away, she spoils everything she touches."

"Have you had her long?" asked Miss Emmerton, almost bringing the dimple at her mouth corner into view.

"Nearly six years," answered Mrs. Shannon, never noticing it; "but I have made up my mind to send her off if she does not improve soon."

There were only five children to be taught after all, the governess found: three boys with thick light hair that never seemed to be cut, and two girls, wild, shy, tall creatures, who accepted her overtures one day and fled from her the next.

"And if you do get any time over," Mrs.

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Shannon said almost apologetically—"not that I think you will with five of them—and would just play and sing for us sometimes, we should be very glad."

At the end of the first week Miss Emmerton pointed out to the parents that all her time seemed "over." She was conscientious by nature, and £70 a year seemed to her a large enough sum to require honest earning. Seven whole days had drifted by, and all the work to show was a copy done by Mena and a reduction sum, wildly incorrect, by Tiny. The three boys she had been absolutely unable to catch. Tiny had had four headaches, and Mena toothache five times, and had obtained permission from their mother to ask the governess to read stories to them instead of doing lessons.

Miss Emmerton thought it must be the need of a proper schoolroom that made teaching impossible, and she went to Mr. Shannon with the startling request that one of the iron places might be cleared out and devoted to her use.

"I've been peeping in them," she said, "and this one"—she had drawn him to the door—"has only pumpkins and melons, and old chairs and rubbish in it. May we have it partly cleared out?"

The squatter pulled his eyebrow.

"What's wrong with the dining-room?" he asked.

Miss Emmerton looked at him gently.

"We are interrupted so often," she said. "I have been here a week now, Mr. Shannon, and I have taught the children nothing."

"Oh," he said, "there's lots of time for that." He aired his favourite maxim about the building of Rome having occupied more than a day. The procrastination he excused with this saying was marvellous.

"But we really must have a place to ourselves," she urged.

He dragged at his eyebrow again.

"Oh, darn it all!" he said. Then he remembered he was speaking to the polisher of the speech of his children, and begged her pardon for the lapse of tongue.

"If you'll just wait a bit," he said, "they'll have finished shearing at Thargumindah. Then there'll be lots of men here, and I'll set some of them to clear the place out."

But a week had taught her his magnificent shiftiness.

"Have they *started* yet?" she asked, and dragged it from him that the wool was scarce half grown.

He joined in the laugh against himself and gave in to her.

"I'll set those lazy young dogs of mine to do it," he said, and looked at her with admiration for her energy.

The "lazy young dogs," her three boy pupils, took just a fortnight to clear the pumpkins out, and when she would have hurried them, Mrs. Shannon laughed at her. "Where's the hurry?" she said. "You'll fall ill if you're so energetic this weather. Do you know it is 115 degrees in the back verandah shade this morning? The quarter's only just started, my dear; it won't hurt any of you to have a little more holiday."

The girl asked what she was to do about the boys.

"The minute they finish their breakfasts," she said, "they disappear. I was an hour looking for them the other morning and could not find them. I drove little Tom in at last and extracted a copy from him, but while I was setting him another he slipped off again."

Mrs. Shannon smiled, her husband laughed.

"Poor little beggars!" the latter said. "It's hard lines for them to be penned up and made to cudgel their brains this weather; I'd jib on it myself."

"But what am I here for?" asked the bewildered governess. "You wish them to be my pupils, do you not?"

Mrs. Shannon soothed her. Of course they wished the boys to be taught, and it was very good of her to trouble so much about them. But they were such boys for being out of doors that one could not help secretly sympathising with them.

"But how am I to obtain any authority over them?" said the governess helplessly. She looked almost fit to cry because they would not come to her help.

"You must use the cane, my dear," said Shannon; "all the governesses do. Trounce them as much as ever you like."

The girl looked distressfully at Mrs. Shannon; the idea was so distasteful to her, she hoped the mother's feelings would object to this. But that lady nodded cheerfully.

"I've no objection, I assure you. I'm too lazy to do it myself, but when anyone relieves me of the necessity I am most thankful. And I'll talk to the boys to-night, my love, and make them promise to stay with you to-morrow."

The next day the three light-haired boys presented themselves. In each of their pockets reposed a shilling and a handful of currants—the maternal bribe—and yet they looked sulky and ill-used. The governess shut the barn door and felt happy in her work for the first time.

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"Tom," she said, "here is a nice little subtraction sum for you; go up to that end of the room—you can sit on that corn sack—and see how quickly you can do it."

Tom dragged the slate out of her hand and made a plunge across the floor to the place indicated.

"James," she said. The room roared with laughter and informed her that his name was Jim, with an *i*, not an *e* (Jem Brown, the boundary rider, spelt his name with an *e*, so their Jim spelt with *i* to discriminate).

"Well, *Jim*," she said patiently, "how far are you in arithmetic? You are twelve, aren't you? Are you as far as fractions yet?"

Jim looked at the wall while he answered,

"The next minute they were fighting."

his face very sullen. He could only do subtraction like Tom.

But Mena and Tiny burst in excitedly to bring his veracity into question.

It was an awful cram, they said. Miss Jones had taught him decimals; he used to do them well.

"I never," said Jim.

"You did," they cried.

"Say I'm a liar!" said Jim, excitement on his face.

"You're a l——." The girls remembered their governess's ears. "You're a great big story. We'll tell pa. You've done *lots* of decimals. If three men build a brick wall in five days, how many houses can A and B build—that sort, hasn't he, George?"

George lived at perpetual enmity with Jim, though if there had been any cause for it he would have saved his life cheerfully at the expense of his own.

"Yes," he said instantly.

"I'll lame you for that," muttered Jim.

"Try it," said George, and bumped him up roughly against the table.

Jim kicked out sideways and secretly, and caught his brother in a tender place on the leg. The next minute they were fighting. From the eminence of the corn sack little Tom applauded them both.

"Go it!" he yelled; "rub it in, Porgie; hit his nose, Jimmie; give him one in the eye, Porgie."

Miss Emmerton looked on helplessly for a minute or two; the room seemed full of corn dust and the bounding and banging of two sturdy figures.

Mena and Tiny took it philosophically. "It's awful, isn't it?" they said; "still it's better to let them have it out—Miss Jones always did; we'll be showing you the printing we did with her, *so* lovely, all red ink and blue."

But the spirit of Miss Emmerton was higher than that of the late Miss Jones.

She rushed between the boys and tried energetically to catch one of the rapidly working arms.

"I don't want to hurt *you*," George said a little breathlessly. He stopped a minute and pushed her gently to one side, then closed with his brother again.

Again she ran between them. "If you don't stop this instant I shall keep you both in," she cried.

"He—he—he," cackled little Tom from his corner.

Mena and Tiny pulled her back by her dress. "You'll get hurt," they said. "Do let them alone, they'll have finished soon; can't you see Jim's nearly winded!"

"I will *not* be defied," cried Miss Emmerton; "go immediately and fetch Mr. Shannon, Mena!"

"He's gone to the sheds," said Tiny.

"Then Mrs. Shannon."

"She's gone with him; didn't you see her on old Wombat?"

The boys warmed more comfortably to their work at the pleasing news.

Miss Emmerton rushed off to the house: it was plain to her she must establish her authority this very morning or give it all up.

"Hit his eye, Georgie; flatten his nose, Jimmie; stick up to him like a man," sang out little Tom.

Then she came flying back with the cane which Mr. Shannon had given her. She had placed it on one side, saying she would rule by kindness and firmness.

But Jim was finished. Bleeding from the nose, his face puffed, his clothes dust-coloured, he was rising from the ground and moving away, the bitterness of defeat making his soul smart.

George was smiling. He was rather a handsome lad, finely-made, frank-eyed. He looked at Miss Emmerton quite without shame, even exultantly.

"Can I go out a minute?" Jim said. The defeat had sufficiently crushed his spirit to make him ask permission instead of walking out.

"No you cannot," answered Miss Emmerton sternly.

Mena ran out of her seat to give whispered advice.

"You'll really have to let him," she said. "Look at his nose! he must wash it; they always have to."

Miss Emmerton looked.

"You may go for just five minutes," she said; "then come straight back. If you are more than five it will be all the worse for you." Then she turned to George.

"I am going to cane you," she said. "You will know now what you have to expect each time."

"Fire away," said George pleasantly. He held both his hands out ready for her.

Very tightly the girl closed her lips—they were trembling, and she did not want George to see. All the colour ran away out of her face, her eyes looked large and round like a frightened child's. She gave him two little strokes, then two a trifle harder, and two more again for the urgent need of authority establishment. The horny young hands remained outstretched, quite motionless under them.

"Finished?" he said at last, when she stopped; and her lips, broken away from their straight line, began to show their trembling. "Don't stop if you haven't. Hadn't you better give me a few on the shoulders—Miss Martin always did—I'll stoop them down to you as you're so little."

But the poor little girl flung the cane from her, sat down at the table, and burst into tears.

"There!" said Mena.

"See what you've done now!" said Tiny.

They sat and looked at each other nervously, and little Tom began to do his sum from sheer good feeling towards her.

George went up close to her and put his arm round her waist. "Don't cut up rusty," he said, "you're such a good little sort. I'm awfully sorry, upon my honour, but I really *had* to take it out of that young beggar. Say you'll be friends."

But the girl still sobbed breathlessly.

"Why should you mind?" he said. "Miss Jones never took any notice—you could easily pretend not to see. Look here, shake hands, there's a good fellow, and the next time I want to lay it on to the little beggar I'll take him half a mile away."

But Miss Emmerton lacked humour, a quality absolutely essential for the happiness of the life of a governess at Jimbaree.

"G-g-go away," she said, and dried her eyes on her little handkerchief.

He pulled a pile of books towards him. "Here," he said, "are these what you want me to do? Just mark anything—sums, Latin, parsing—everything, and I'll do the whole boiling like a lamb." Such warm, affectionate, merry eyes he had, such a gentle, rough young hand it was that patted her on the back and slipped itself comfortingly round her waist.

But she repulsed him coldly, took the books, and sent him to the end of the table with a severe task.

"Mena," she said, "go and tell Jim to come in; he has been more than five minutes. Tom, is your sum finished?"

She looked to the height at which she had last seen the smallest light head. But it was three feet lower now, though still on the corn bag. On mounting he had carefully cut a hole at one side near the bottom, and the gold and orange grains had oozed in a brilliant stream all over the floor till the bag was almost empty.

She went to him aghast. "What will your father say?" she said; "look what you have done!"

"It's your fault," he said, "you told me to sit on it."

"But there's a hole in the side; I believe you cut it; yes, here's your penknife, you naughty little boy," she cried.

"You never told me not to," he said, injury in his voice.

George crashed his chair back, strode up to him and boxed his ears hard. "I'll do that every time you worry Miss Emmerton," he said with glowing eyes.

But the governess rejected his champion-

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"'Fire away,' said George pleasantly."

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ship, a move lacking wisdom, and ordered him back to his seat.

"I can manage without *your* help," she said. "Tom, go and get a shovel; I shall make you gather up every grain of that corn."

"Yes'm," said Tom, and walked sedately out with lowered eyelids.

Miss Emmerton began to make, with the aid of a ruler and a bottle of red ink, an elaborate programme of work for all future days.

And five minutes passed without a sign of the bruised Jim, or Tom with his shovel, or even the almost tractable Mena.

Ten minutes ticked along, twelve, and Miss Emmerton raising her head suddenly discovered George and Tiny winking at each other.

She guessed the cause to be the extended absence of the other three, and rose to her feet.

"While I am away," she said coldly, "you are to go on with your work and not speak at all to each other."

"You'd better let me come with you," said George. "My eyes are better than yours."

"*Sit* down!" said Miss Emmerton. "Understand what I have said."

"I won't be left here alone," said Tiny; "he'll pull my hair. I'm coming too."

"Go back to your seat!" cried Miss Emmerton; "if you stir out of it I shall keep you in for an hour."

She sent her eyes a reluctant advance guard over the scorching, shadeless ground that led to the house. Then she tied her handkerchief over her hair to keep off the blinding glare, and took a step.

Tiny's voice followed her, eagerly aggressive.

"He's making faces at me; tell him to stop, Miss Emmerton. Miss Emmerton, cane him again, will you? Ma says she won't have him pulling faces at us."

Miss Emmerton affected deafness and hurried on, but the thin shrill voice pursued her all the way.

"He's doing it again, Miss Emmerton. Miss Emm-erton, make him stop. Miss Emm-m-m-merton, he's sticking his tongue out. O-o-h! O-o-h! make him stop! O-o-h! he's making *awful* faces at me."

In neither of the weatherboard buildings could the governess find any sign of her missing pupils, though she searched for them, with angry obstinacy, even under the beds and in the cupboards and behind the piano.

But at last, crossing to the storehouse, she caught sight of Jim and Mena creeping down to the horse paddock close to the fence.

All the pertinacity of her nature was aroused, and she gave chase to them despite the abnormal state of the thermometer.

"Mena," she called, "if you don't come back instantly I shall report you to your father. Jim, do you hear?"

She gained on them, she was within a hundred yards of them, when Jim whistled, a queer, low, far-carrying whistle, and two horses from the hill-top came whinnying down.

"Jim!" she cried, "Mena! *Do* you hear me? Come here immediately."

But they climbed the horses bare back, and headed away in the opposite direction to the sheds, at a speed that showed temperature was a thing beneath their notice.

Back to the house the girl went, her cheeks burning more from anger than the sun. The cook met her at the front door.

"That Tom's up the red gum over there," she said; "he's just bin in and stole three of my meat parsties, and a 'an'ful of sugar. He'll stop there all day, and the best place for him; don't you go trying to fetch him down, it's no good."

Miss Emmerton did not even attempt the task. She saw the little white head and cheerfully ugly face among the leaves, and passed without a word on her way back to devote the rest of the morning to George and Tiny.

But the barn, of course, was empty.

The cook shouted after her—

"Quick, quick, here they are; look sharp, Miss, I've got 'em."

But Miss Emmerton would not lose her dignity again by "looking sharp," and merely walked back to the house in the most stately way she could command.

The woman admitted her through the back door; she had locked all the others.

"If you don't look out, that girl 'll have gone to bed," she said.

Miss Emmerton made a straight line to the room she shared with her two girl pupils.

And surely enough Tiny was in bed, actually undressed and beneath the sheets.

She had her eyes closed and both her hands pressed to her temples. "Do please be quiet," she said, in a faint, moaning voice. "Lessons have made my head bad again. I wish ma was home; oh, don't walk about."

But Miss Emmerton walked out of the room and let the wind bang the door behind her.

George was now scurrying down the verandah.

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"I'll catch him, at all events," Miss Emmerton thought, and put out a hand that had the good fortune to seize his collar.

But he ducked and ran into a little building at the verandah end.

"You can't come in," he shouted when she pushed against the door. "Keep out, I'm undressing; I'm going to have a bath."

And the next second she heard him splashing and puffing and making grampus-like noises in the water.

When she was leaving a week later they loaded her with presents.

Both the girls wept unrestrainedly as she drove away; they invariably did when their governesses departed. All three boys accompanied the buggy on horseback and shook hands in the friendliest, most regretful manner.

"You *will* run up and see us sometimes, won't you?" they said. It was the twentieth time.

"Yes; don't forget. We shall be delighted to have you. Couldn't you come and stay the winter with us sometime?" said Shannon, great warmth in his tone and eyes.

"I'll come when the new house is built," said the girl, and the coach started off. "That's right," he called out with great heartiness.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jim and little Tom. But George, who was the sharpest of them all, had seen her eyes.

"She was laughing at you," he said.

"At *me*?"

"Us; everything; Jimbaree."

"Oh, you imagine things," said the squatter. But he rubbed his left eyebrow several times during the forty-miles drive back.

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TO DECORATE THE CHURCH.
By A. C. Weatherstone.

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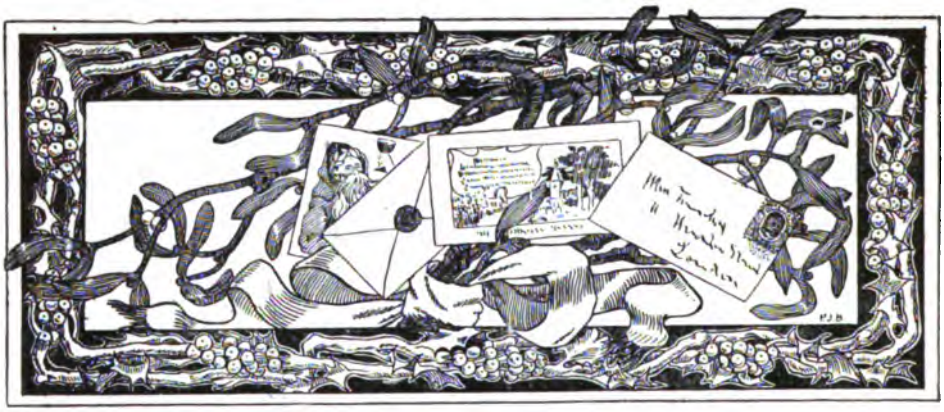

CHRISTMAS CARD POETS.

By W. J. Wintle.

Illustrated by Portraits and special Autographs.

EVERY lover of the "Bab Ballads" will remember the sorrows of Ferdinando and Elvira, how in the midst of pulling crackers at Christmas-tide the lady's brow became clouded over with anxious thought, and presently her pent-up feelings found relief in an outburst of tears. The gallant Ferdinando was all anxiety, and in his eagerness to assuage the sorrows of his mistress, offered to go in search of the North Pole or explore the depths of Vesuvius, if such devotion could afford her any relief.

"But," she said, "It isn't polar bears or hot volcanic grottoes,
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker mottoes."

Ferdinando set out upon a veritable voyage of discovery. He sought high and low, but failed to find the scent. Poets and "litterary gents" froze him with scorn and contempt when he inquired if they knew aught about it, and at last he gave way to despair. Then it was that he met with a gentle pieman, who admitted that in the intervals of making patties and polishing the silver he wrote "those lovely cracker verses."

We have been upon similar discovery bent, though we have not found a pieman amongst the poets. When the editor blandly suggested that a good deal of leisure time might be usefully occupied in finding out the writers of Christmas card verses, we first pulled a long face, then put on an air of well-assumed assurance, and sought help at the hands of two of the principal card manufacturers.

Our first call was at the establishment of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons in Coleman Street, where the courteous director, Mr. Adolf Tuck, was good enough to talk about his experiences.

"We get very little usable verse from outsiders," he began; "nearly all our verse is written for us by our regular contributors, such as Miss Burnside and Mr. Cowan. Of course we get any quantity sent in, every post brings heaps of it, and," with a sigh, "we read it all. But very little is of any use"

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"Then, I suppose, your waste-paper basket gets well filled?"

"Oh, no; not at all: we send it all back to the writers. You see we have no means of announcing that 'The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected contributions,' so it all has to go back again. What are the chief faults? Well, of course, much of it is mere nonsense, not poetry at all, written by persons who evidently know nothing whatever about verse-writing. But apart from mere faults of metre or rhyme, a great deal of it is far too sentimental and gushing. We often receive verses expressing sentiments which would only be appropriate in the case of an engaged couple, or of very near relatives. Now a Christmas card should be of such a character that any person may fitly send it to any other person, so that verses addressed to a mother, or to a lover, are quite inappropriate. Then a large proportion of the verse sent in is far too religious, and would not express the feelings of the general public. Many of the verses express the hope that the recipient may have a happy hereafter! Could anything be in worse taste than to remind a person of his latter end on a Christmas card?"

"What, then, are the qualities specially needed for a Christmas card verse, Mr. Tuck?"

"Well, in the first place, it should not be too poetical. By that I mean it should not be involved, or obscure in its allusions. We need verses that can be read at a glance and understood at the same time. They should read smoothly and rhyme correctly. Each should contain a simple appropriate sentiment of a friendly character. But the word 'friend' should be strictly tabooed. Then it is essential that they should be quite general in character. As I have already said, any sentiment which would only apply to special circumstances or relationships, would be fatal to the success of a card. The sentiment should not be especially Christmassy. We find practically no demand for the old-fashioned card, with a robin and a spray of holly. The favourite designs at the present day have no special reference to the season, and it goes without saying that the verse should agree with the design."

"You would hardly make much use of quotations from the poets then?"

"We do to a certain extent, but not very largely. Of course Shakspeare heads the list. You will be interested to know that about two years before Lord Tennyson's death I offered him a thousand guineas if he would write us eight Christmas card verses. He sent me a polite refusal, though I have reason to know that he did not resent the proposal. Talking of Tennyson reminds me that soon after the laureateship became vacant, I received a letter from a would-be poet in Edinburgh, enclosing yards of doggerel, and a photograph showing him to be a gentleman of the long-haired, wild-eyed variety. He explained in his letter that his friends so warmly admired his poetry that he had been encouraged to apply for the laureateship. Of course I wrote back a very polite letter, expressing the hope that he would get it! I may add that the bulk of our verses are written to order by our regular contributors. Curiously enough, our comic poet is a clergyman, the rector of an important English parish. No, you must not ask me his name. His verses are never signed, and he writes for us on the distinct understanding that his identity shall not be revealed."

"And now, Mr. Tuck, let me trouble you with only one more question. What is the latest step in the evolution of the Christmas card?"

"General beauty, undoubtedly. Considerations of season count for very little. Out of 1250 sets of cards we have only about a dozen that are Christmassy, and these sell the worst. Our special feature for the coming Christmas is a very chaste arrangement of flowers upon lace work, which I fancy will become popular. Of course, we have to work a long time in advance. The cards for the present season were completed last April, and we are now well on the way with those for 1897. I attribute all our success to the fact that each designer's work is executed at a factory specially selected for the purpose. We thus employ thirty factories in various countries, but for black and white work England is still supreme."

We next sought help from Mr. W. Macdonald Mackay, the manager of the card department of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co.'s establishment at the Royal Ulster Works, Belfast.

"Of all writers of Christmas card verse," he observed, "the late Frances Ridley Havergal is still the most popular. For many years she wrote verses exclusively for our firm. None of her poems have touched the hearts of the people more than the familiar 'Bells across the Snow,' and of many celebrated poems in which the music of bells is brought back to our ears through the instrumentality of felicitous verses, I venture to think that none have struck

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happier or more resonant notes. The late Mrs. C. F. Alexander's few Christmas poems were also great favourites."

"You think, then, that religious verses still take with the public?"

"Most certainly that is the case in our experience, though I am aware that some firms do not find it so. But with us cards bearing verses of religious character have always proved to be the most popular, selling better even than the humorous ones. They are always the favourites. After all, the quantity of modern Christmas verse is by no means an extensive one. Indeed, the majority of our cards bear only the customary greeting, occasionally relieved with a quotation from Shakspeare, Burns, or Browning. We have issued some few cards each year bearing specially written poems by Sarah Doudney, the late Rev. J. R. Macduff, F. E. Weatherley, Eliza Keary, and others. Occasionally the artist who designed the cards wrote verses for them, as in the case of Walter Crane's well-known designs. The couplets were written by him."

"And what about the contributions of outsiders?"

"Do not mention it! Hundreds of verses are submitted to the firm during the year, all more or less of a very orthodox nature, and the majority of them quite unsuitable for publication."

"I understand that your firm has been recently endeavouring to raise the tone of Christmas card verses?"

"Yes, that is so. The want of Christmas verse of real merit was forcibly impressed on me some years ago when preparing mottoes and arranging verses for the season's cards. The idea of a series of literary cards arose in my mind, and, although time did not permit of an extensive series, we communicated with the best-known poets of the day, asking them to write us a poem or sonnet for the series. The number who favoured the idea was not large, but poems were secured from Richard Le Gallienne. Norman Gale, 'E. Nesbit,' and Mrs. C. F. Alexander, to which we added the carol by Canon Farrar and the well-known hymn by Sears. These were illustrated by a young South Kensington artist, Mr. F. Appleyard The series was a great success, and was an attempt to raise the standard of paste-board verse. Last Christmas we arranged a competition to extend the series, and the first prize was awarded to 'Evan Keane,' whose verses were favourably noticed in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE for June. Mr. Keane's poem was considered a notable exception to the ordinary verse submitted to the firm, and since the competition he has written a good deal of Christmas verse for future use. This season we have secured poems from Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Dollie Radford, and the use of Sir Lewis Morris's 'Christmas Carol.' I may add that Lord Tennyson's 'Christmas Bells,' and 'Ring out, wild bells,' were used many years ago on Christmas cards, by special arrangement with the late laureate, and have been immensely popular whenever issued."

"I notice that you include several of the minor poets among your contributors, Mr. Mackay."

"That is so, and I think the fact has its significance. According to the booksellers poetry is a drug in the market. Here then is a chance for our modern poets to exercise their gift of song. Their verses, through the medium of the Christmas card, would make their name and work more popular and widely known, and would help to introduce them to the general public. I hope that two of our contributors, for example, May Bateman and 'Evan Keane,' will be heard more of in the future. The latter may turn out another Byron, although a note of sadness is dominant in a lot of his work which has come under my notice."

"Do you find that Christmas cards are still largely used by the public?"

"Most certainly we do. Christmas cards have never been so popular as they are at the present time. The number of publishers is greater than ever, the majority of them showing productions more or less of German origin. Our own firm have this year a larger collection of cards than they ever had since they began to issue them in 1866."

Mr. Mackay was good enough to show us the principal series of cards for the coming season—a bewildering multitude of chaste designs, harmonious colouring and tuneful verse. By the courtesy of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. we are enabled to insert Miss Havergal's popular verses.

BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.

O Christmas, merry Christmas
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night;
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

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O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Amongst writers of Christmas card verse Miss Burnside stands in the foremost rank. Of Scottish origin, she was born at Bromley Hall, Middlesex, and is first cousin to Miss Charlotte Murray, the well-known writer of religious poetry. From a very early age she has written verses, her first volume of poems appearing in 1864. For many years she has been an untiring literary worker—tales, articles and poems without number having been produced month by month. The sweetness of her verse receives an added pathos from the fact that in childhood she permanently lost her hearing and has lived her life in an absolutely silent world. She was good enough to give us an interview at the house of Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, the novelist, with whom she has lived and worked for the last twenty years.

"How did you first discover your gift of song?" we asked, with the aid of paper and pencil.

"Well it came about in this way. When I was twelve years old I became deaf after an attack of scarlet fever. Up to that time I was passionately fond of music, and when I could no longer hear the notes I used to love, all the music in me seemed to turn to song and I began to write verses. My first published verses were sent to Messrs. Marcus Ward, and were so severely handled by the reviewers that it spurred me on to the determination that I would write something

From a photo by] *[Poole, Putney.*

MISS H. M. BURNSIDE.

worthy of their approval. I really think that I owe a great deal to my critics for the rough things they used to say about me."

"I suppose that your published verses must now amount to a very great number?"

"Yes, I have written card verses for upwards of twenty years, averaging perhaps about 400 verses in the year, inclusive of Christmas,

A merry Christmas, take again
The old, old wish from me,
May it lead in a joyous train
Of happy years to be.
Helen Marion Burnside

A CHRISTMAS VERSE BY MISS BURNSIDE.

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New Year, Easter, birthday and valentine verses. In addition to the greater part of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' work I write verses for all the leading fine art publishers. But I am anxious not to be known as a writer of card verses merely, as this idea has been very injurious to me. I work hard all the year round, writing poems for booklets and calendars, daily text verses, songs, stories and magazine articles. I have just completed collecting and arranging a selection of my 'Poems and Lyrics' for publication in book form. You know, I suppose, that I used to be literary editor to Messrs. Tuck?"

"Yes, and I hope you will favour our readers with some of your experiences there."

"While I was with Messrs. Tuck many thousands of verses and poems used to pass through my hands every year. The greater part of the mornings was occupied in reading MSS. of this kind. Much of it was a real pleasure to read—such as would be sent in by clergymen, university men, and the minor poets. But these were in most cases totally unsuitable for the purpose. They were mostly too scholarly or too religious, whilst others were too high flown or sentimental. Of course one received a good deal which it was *not* a pleasure to read. Some of it was the silliest drivel imaginable. Many people seem to think they can write Christmas card verses."

"Can you give me an example how not to do it?"

"I only kept copies of a very few specimens, and some of these I have quoted in my reminiscences, which appear in the forthcoming Christmas number of *Hearth and Home*, but here is one that you may publish:—

Hurrah! for at Christmas everybody
Should eat and drink and merry make,
And so I wish you lots of beef and toddy
For jolly Christmasses sake.

"But that is not half so bad as some of them were. I greatly enjoyed my editorial work, and I should like to add that I think card publishers are rather maligned by verse writers. I have had my little differences and difficulties, but have found them on the whole liberal and pleasant to deal with."

"And now, Miss Burnside, if one may venture upon the question, what do you think of the present standard of card verses?"

"It has from the first been my aim to raise the quality and standard of these verses, and certainly the verses which were published years ago would have no chance of acceptance to-day. In my own experience I find that what I consider my best work is generally rejected. Simple, pleasant verse is preferred to poetry. It is a curious fact that, after all my editorial experience, I am no judge of my own work. I can never tell which, out of any given set of my verses, will be accepted."

Miss Burnside did not mention, but it is right to say that she has gained no small reputation in other departments of art. The Royal Academy accepted one of her pictures before she was nineteen, and two on subsequent occasions. For some years she was designer to the Royal School of Art Needlework, where her drawings won the special approbation of the Princess Christian.

SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

Major Cowan, M.A., is a son of the late Andrew Cowan, Esq., J.P., and he began to write poetry almost as soon as he could spell. In his pleasant country house near Belfast he is fond of telling how his first recorded piece—an address to the moon—was written at the age of eight. When a

From a photo by [*Muir, Belfast.*

MR. S. K. COWAN.

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boy at school he established a trade in poetry on the old principle of barter, receiving remuneration for his efforts on somewhat after the following scale :—

One four-line verse for valentine = 2 sweets.
Two four-line verses for birthday card = 4 sweets.
One sonnet = stick of candy.
And so on, *pro rata*.

He is now well known as a leading Irish poet, nine volumes of collected verse having appeared from his pen, in addition to a vast amount of ephemeral matter. At our request he kindly spared time to talk of his Christmas card work.

"How was it, Major Cowan, that you turned your attention to this branch of literature ?"

"It came about in this way. At the suggestion of the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, of St. John's Church, Limerick (who was familiar with much of my magazine work), I first submitted some Christmas verses, in March, 1883, to Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., and Raphael Tuck & Sons, sending twelve verses to each. The former firm accepted four, and the latter seven. Mr. Adolf Tuck explained that he had rejected my other verses because their subjects appealed to too slender a market. And no wonder, for the subjects were : 'From a mother to her son at sea' : 'To an absent friend' : 'To a lady, come of age on Christmas Day' : 'To a friend forbidden the house' : and 'From a son at sea to his widowed mother.' Acting on his advice, I widened my sphere of subject, and discarded the use of several phrases, such as 'darling,' 'friend,' and 'love,' which narrowed the market for the verse."

"I suppose that your annual output since that time has been pretty considerable ?"

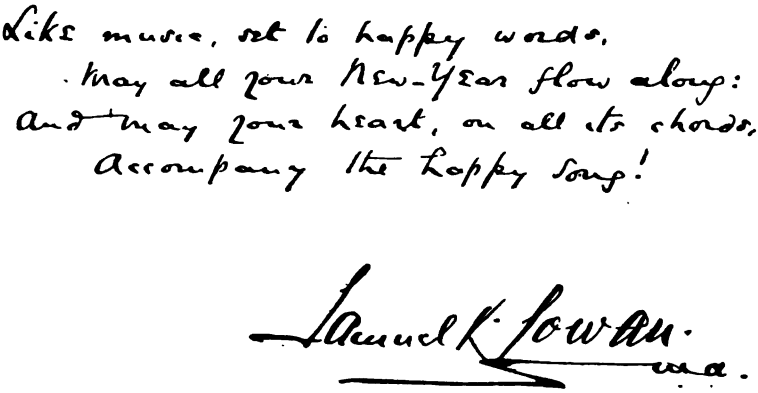
"My first year's work totalled 146 verses, 101 of which I wrote for Messrs. Tuck. In 1884 my total increased to 661, and during the next year—my record one—1005 verses were accepted by eleven publishing firms."

"What do you consider to be the essential qualities for work of this kind ?"

"The special qualities which make poetry suitable for Christmas cards are, in my opinion, simplicity and melody. Of course, a pretty sentiment is an essential requisite—the very *raison d'être* of the whole business—but the general public have not time, in the hurry of Christmas shopping, to fathom a pretty sentiment that is obscure, and their ear will be naturally offended by a rugged rhyme or rhythm. A verse to suit a Christmas card ought to be tender, tuneful, and simple ; like Homocea, it should 'touch the spot' at once."

"And when and where does the Muse most favour you ?"

"At any time and anywhere ; both by day and night, at home, along the country lanes, and in camp. Nothing puts me off my work when I once make up my mind to do it. I have frequently sat up all night to complete an urgent order, my greatest achievement—from midnight till 6 a.m.—being twenty-five eight-line verses, written to design. For many years I made it a point to compose a few verses every day, and lay them aside for future contingencies ; I have now, however, discontinued this system, and write only to order or design, principally the latter. My earlier practice gave rise to an odd mishap. Out of my accumulated stock, I sent in error to a French firm half a dozen condolence, instead of wedding verses. Strange to say, they accepted them all, save one, which they returned with the remark, 'Please you to make the enclosed wedding verse a little less *triste*.' As I stated before, the largest number of verses I ever composed in one year was 1005, classified as follows : 79 birthday, 46 valentine, 22 wedding, 13 Easter, and the remainder Christmas, New Year, and general verses. Since then valentine verses have



AUTOGRAPH VERSE BY MR. COWAN.

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entirely gone out of the market, but wedding verses have increased."

"How do you account for the change?"

"Well, perhaps the present bicycle craze may have something to do with it. The up-to-date young man and the New Woman, flying along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, have no sympathy with those who moon by the wayside, and moan, 'The time I've lost in wooing,' but rush headlong into matrimony without further ado, and thereby 'boom' the wedding-card market."

"Can you tell the readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE how many verses for cards you have written in all?"

"I estimate my entire Christmas work since I began writing in 1883, at 6500 verses, or an average of 500 verses per annum. At present I do not write for so many firms as formerly, as I consider that the value of one's work is lessened by a universal market; but as I am commissioned—in addition to some smaller work — by four houses (two of them 'comic' firms) to supply them with *all* their literary requirements, my yearly average output is fully maintained."

From a photo by [*Pannell, Brighton.*

MISS CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

"I understand however that this does not represent the whole of your literary activity?"

"By no means. Since the year 1885 I have been entrusted with much work of a more important and abiding character, such as the beautiful floral albums and other similar volumes of the fine art publishers, including Messrs. Tuck's 'Jubilee Lyric to the Queen,' and many other books and booklets. I should like to add that for any success I may have achieved in the domain of Christmas card work, I shall always hold myself largely indebted to Mr. Adolf Tuck, whose sagacious counsel and advice in past years were only equalled by his hospitality, and I look back upon my many transactions with his firm as the pleasantest episodes in my literary career."

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

Among the writers of healthy religious verse few names are more popular with the general public than that of Miss Charlotte Murray. Hearing that she had entered the ranks of the card writers we sought her assistance in the preparation of this article, and on a certain wet day in the Highlands she was good enough to favour us with some of her experiences.

"Almost as far back as I can remember," she said, "verse has always been my outlet for deep emotion. One of my earliest attempts was after I had left babyhood and was old enough to lead others into mischief, which I had done on the day in question when we were engaged in a game of ball. The ball was being thrown by the younger children to me at an upper window. As might have been expected the ball missed its mark and went through a pane of frosted glass instead. My mother was out at the time: how should I tell her when she returned? To solve the difficulty I bethought me of verse, and began carefully composing my confession, which ran thus—

"Oh, mother dear, the window's broke!"
(Thus to her mother Charlotte spoke).
"I really am so very sorry
I'm sure you'll blame me for my folly.
I was playing with the children, mother,
When I just thought I'd have another
Throw with the ball . . ."

"At this point I had to fly suddenly to prose, for my mother appeared on the scene!

"Thus years went on and my doggerels flowed apace until at length, in the old literary institution at Hastings, I was suddenly fired with an irresistible longing to write verses that might help others, and that might be published. This with more or less power I was enabled to do from that

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time, month by month, through the kindness of Messrs. Drummond, of Stirling, who always allotted to me two corners in their magazines. Two hundred of these poems have since appeared in two separate volumes. The first one, 'Messages from the Master,' has just reached its twentieth thousand. After that came requests from London firms for Christmas card verses, etc., since which time I have been constantly writing."

"I presume your card verses must have reached a very high number by this time?"

"I cannot tell you exactly how many verses I have written, for that would require a lengthy calculation, but I can only express thanks to my friends that they have not wearied of my voice before this."

"And have you formed any decided opinion as to the qualities which a card verse should possess?"

"I should say that they are simplicity, directness, and a sympathetic tone; in fact, that every card should be a true message from one heart to another."

"Doubtless you have met with many interesting experiences in connection with this branch of your literary work?"

"I have never published anything of a purely secular character, therefore most of the incidents connected with my writings are of too private a nature to repeat. But just this I will say, that a young lady told me a short time ago that a card of mine, exposed in a shop window, was the means of arresting her in her intention to commit suicide. She was on her way to throw herself off the pier-head, when the question with which the poem on the card opened arrested her attention. It ran thus—

'Is life worth living?' are you sadly asking?

"She stopped, read the poem through, bought the card, and is now finding life quite worth living, from the highest standpoint."

We may add that Miss Murray last year brought out her first prose work, entitled "Morning Sunlight," and is this year issuing her third volume of poetry, called, "Eon the Good."

"EVAN T. KEANE."

The gentleman who writes under this pseudonym is a clergyman holding a public position, and is the author of an important school book, but as he prefers, for the present, to remain unknown, we are unable to publish his photograph, or to give any further details of his clerical and scholastic career. In answer to our inquiry, he kindly furnished the following statement about his verse-writing:—

"I have written verses since I was fourteen, but never attempted to publish them until last year, when I had an introduction to the acting editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Since then I have been lucky enough to have verses accepted by the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *Spectator*, and the WINDSOR MAGAZINE, at various times.

"My connection with Messrs. Marcus Ward began last February, when they gave me the first prize in a competition for verses suitable for a Christmas card, and

Behind our life, the Weaver stands
And works His wondrous will;
We leave it in His all-wise hands,
And trust His perfect skill.
Should mystery enshroud His plan,
And our short-sight be dim,
We will not try the whole to scan,
But leave each thread with Him.

Charlotte Murray

AUTOGRAPH POEM BY MISS MURRAY.

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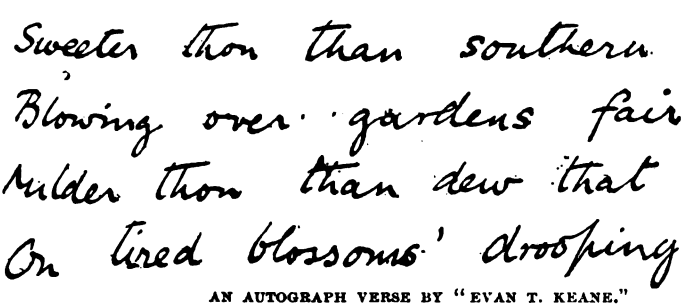
subsequently kindly gave me commissions for other verses. Some of the verses published are recent; others date as far back as the age of seventeen. Most of the verses written for Messrs. Marcus Ward are recent.



AN AUTOGRAPH VERSE BY "EVAN T. KEANE."

"So many people write verse nowadays that I can only wonder at my good fortune in obtaining a small footing in the magazines."

By special permission of Messrs. Marcus Ward we are enabled to quote the first and last stanzas of "Evan Keane's" prize poem:—

White Star of Bethlehem, we come to thy manger,
Little children singing in the frosty night:
White Star of Bethlehem, guide us from all danger,
Keep our souls from darkness with Thy silver light.

* * * * *

Shepherd of Bethlehem, long is day a-breaking,
Many of the children like sheep have gone astray:
Shepherd of Bethlehem, still watching and waking,
Call us closer to Thee till the dawning of the day.

GERTRUDE E. SHAW.

Amongst the cards published by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., and by other firms, the initials of Mrs. Shaw will often be seen. Although away from home at the time, she very kindly spared time to tell us of her work. In answer to a question about the beginnings of her poetical career, she said:—

"It is difficult to fix the time when I began writing verses, for I was fond of attempting them as a child, but my first serious efforts in the direction of poetry were translations from French and German authors. Most of my earlier years were spent on the Continent, so that these languages were quite familiar to me.

"Like many youthful writers I published a small volume of poems anonymously, at my own expense, some years ago. The greater part of the issue was never sold, and has probably now been used for waste paper. To increase the difficulties of disposing of my little work, the literary concern which published it became bankrupt—whether due to touching my poetry or not, who shall say?

"I began writing Christmas verses between three and four years ago. I suppose that I was led to do so by the fact that a poet not only has a song to sing, but wishes for a little human sympathy in the singing of it. As, in spite of all my efforts, no one would take the slightest notice of what I was doing, it struck me that as the public were so casual in the purchase of Christmas verses, there was a chance in this field of striking up a passing acquaintance, which might here and there ripen into friendship. There is no doubt I am succeeding in this, and I believe there are now a few people who recognise my name and find time to read what I write. The fact that writers of Christmas verse are often looked upon as a lowly order in the literary profession did not trouble me, believing as I did, and do now, after considerable experience, that the literary value of a Christmas verse need not be an inferior one. On the contrary, the concentration necessary to condense what is practically a short poem into four or six lines is a very useful education in the art of writing verse, and in working on longer poems, I now find my facility for expressing much in a few

From a photo by [*Lewis, Clifton.*

MRS. SHAW.

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words very greatly increased. To a conscientious writer of Christmas verses, redundant words are impossible.

"Of the first three publishers to whom I submitted card verses, Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. accepted some, and further gave me a commission to write verses to special designs. Since then, out of fifty publishers of Christmas cards, thirteen have by degrees become purchasers of my verses. I suppose I have now written about a thousand verses for Christmas and birthday cards."

"What do you consider to be the essential qualities of a successful verse?"

"If by successful you mean saleable, I know of no standard. There is a great deal of trash printed, as well as good verses; in fact, probably far more trash than poetry. Personally, I consider that I have succeeded when in a few lines I have poetically or humorously expressed in a novel manner some kindly wish or thought. There are many different styles required by different publishers, varying with the public they cater for. A verse rejected by one will often be accepted at once by another, but there is often a difficulty in finding out precisely what a publisher requires. In a word, to sell his work to good publishers, a writer of verses must make them good: how much greater must be the difficulty of the writer of religious verses, who often has to make them 'goody' as well!

"Broadly speaking, there are three classes of Christmas verse—the humorous, the playful, and the serious. Of these, the first two meet with the best sale, but the last allows the best field for the poet."

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

It is scarcely possible to glance over a heap of music without encountering again and again the familiar inscription, "Words by Clifton Bingham." Few song-writers are better known to the public than the author of "The Promise of Life" and "The Dear Homeland." But Mr. Bingham is also a prolific writer of card verses, and it was upon this subject that we enjoyed a short chat with him, at the close of a day which had been diligently devoted to this branch of his work.

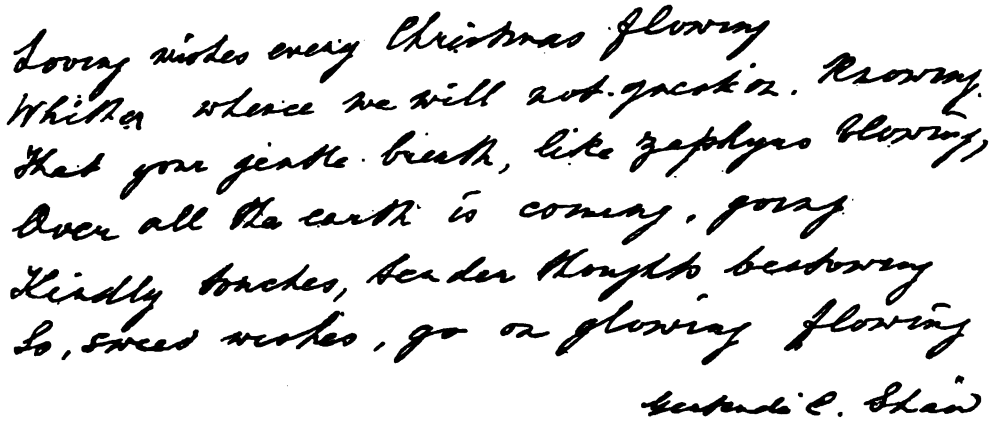
"Yes," he said, "I've been writing songs now for fifteen years, and have composed many hundreds in my time, some of which have become very popular. I have only written card verses during the past five years, but they already mount up to some thousands."

"What do you consider are the points of a good card verse?"

"Oh, simplicity, certainly; that is the main thing. They should not be elaborately poetical, nor too sentimental. It is essential that they should express a happy sentiment in a pleasant, flowing rhyme. Then they should always be short—a four-line verse is the most generally useful."

"And what are your methods of composition, Mr. Bingham?"

"Well, most of my work is written up to design. I do a great deal of verse-writing for Messrs. Nister, and I spend several hours every week in their office writing verses appropriate to the cards which have been designed by their artists. The great thing with me is to get a suitable idea, the



A CHRISTMAS WISH, BY MRS. SHAW.

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versification is a mere matter of practice. Tell me what you want said and I will turn it into a verse while you are saying it. I often get ideas in this way from the poets, notably from Shakspeare. I do a great deal of this sort of work at odd moments—in the railway train, or anywhere in fact. Of course I had to learn the art; my present facility is the result of long practice. I cannot write songs in this fashion, they have to be done when I am in the humour."

"What is the present tendency in Christmas verse-writing?"

"The tendency is distinctly to improve. The standard is much higher to-day than it was years ago. I have tried to do my part to improve the taste of the public."

"Let me only ask you one more question. Do you think that people read the verses on Christmas cards?"

"I am sure that they do. The travellers frequently tell me that some verse of mine has taken with the public and sold well; or on the contrary, that it is not liked and has proved a failure. I assure you that the sale of a card depends quite as much upon the verse as upon the design; but it is impossible to gauge the popular taste."

From a photo by [*Alfred Ellis.*

MR. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

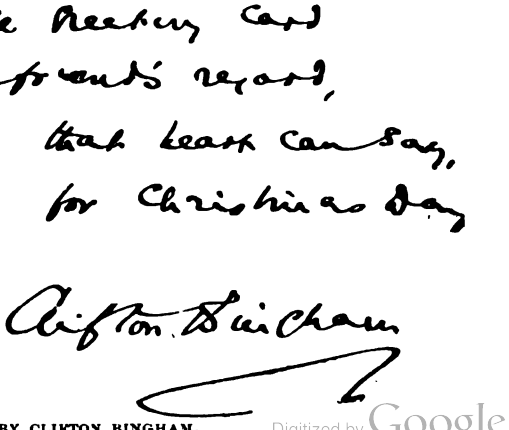
May Geraldine Bateman.

Miss Bateman, whose "Sonnets and Songs" last year won for her a good position amongst our minor poets, has recently joined the ranks of the Christmas verse-writers and gave us a flying interview on the subject on the eve of her departure for Scotland. The kindness was all the greater in view of the fact that she was very unwell and at the same time greatly pressed with literary work.

"Really I don't know what to tell you," she exclaimed. "You see I am only a beginner, and my story is not at all interesting."

"Well, perhaps you can tell me how you began?"

"Oh, I earned my first guinea for literary work, of a sort, when I was only seven years old. It was in connection with a competition in a children's magazine. But whatever little gifts I may possess in that way are largely due to the influence of Mr. Ruskin, who has been one of my closest friends ever since I was a child. He used to stay at our house a good deal, and I was much in his company. He taught me geology, and



A VERSE BY CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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certainly he formed my taste in literary matters."

"Then his influence was certainly not lost, as witness your 'Sonnets and Songs?'"

"Well, that was more successful than I could have hoped. It was all written within six weeks. It came about in this way: I was ill and unable to use my eyes, and one day some lines were running in my mind and I asked my sister to write them down. When she had done so she said they made a sonnet. I could not believe it at first, but afterwards made some more attempts and

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

MISS MAY BATEMAN.

discovered that I really could write verses. That is how 'Sonnets and Songs' came to be written, and now I have another volume ready."

"And you have lately commenced writing Christmas card verses?"

"Only this season, and but very few as yet. I chanced to see an advertisement by Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. offering a prize for the best Christmas card poem. I did not care to compete, but wrote to the firm suggesting that I might be able to do some verses for them. Mr. Mackay replied that he had seen some of my work, and should be willing to consider contributions from me. So I sent a few, which were accepted for next Christmas."

"You are now, I believe, very busy with literary work?"

"Yes, my hands are pretty full just now. I am editing a volume, 'The Children's Hour,' for Christmas, and I am engaged to write for a number of the leading magazines. I'm sorry I cannot say more about Christmas verses, but here is a funny tale about my 'Sonnets and Songs,' which may amuse your readers. Have you noticed the dedication? It is like this—

TO

* * *

Well, one day I called on an acquaintance, and found her sending off several copies of my book to her friends. On the dedication page of each she was writing the name of the recipient, and she said to me, 'It was *so* clever of you to arrange this page like they do on the Christmas cards, so that one can insert the name of the person one sends it to!' There, that has something to do with Christmas cards after all."

THE GREAT UNACCEPTED.

It was found quite impracticable to interview these, owing both to their multitude and their modesty. Their sentiments are said to be couched in language both "painful and free," and for that reason they will not be reproduced here. But we are enabled to give publicity to a few representative specimens of the contributions "which the editor much regrets that he is unable to use":—

A Meaningless Verse.

Oh! Christmas is coming, is coming, is coming!
Pile up the faggots and let us be jolly;
The chestnuts are popping, the kettle is humming,
The robins are whistling outside in the holly.

A. JINGLE.

A Gushing Verse.

My darling! I send you this sweet little card
To tell you how fondly and dearly I love you,
When you pass from my vision all living seems hard;
Oh! may angels keep watching and hov'ring above you!

V. FARGONE.

A High-Falutin Verse.

The gods on grey Olympus hailed the dawn
When Phœbus with Aurora woke the day;
But brighter than them all this Christmas morn
Art thou to whom I send this rhythmic lay.

CLASSICUS, M.A.

A "Good Old Times" Verse.

All hail to the glorious beef and plum pudding,
The turkeys and geese and the snapdragon too;
Here's to the punch and the ice that it stood in!
Bring in the holly and mistletoe true.

TITUS A. BRICK.

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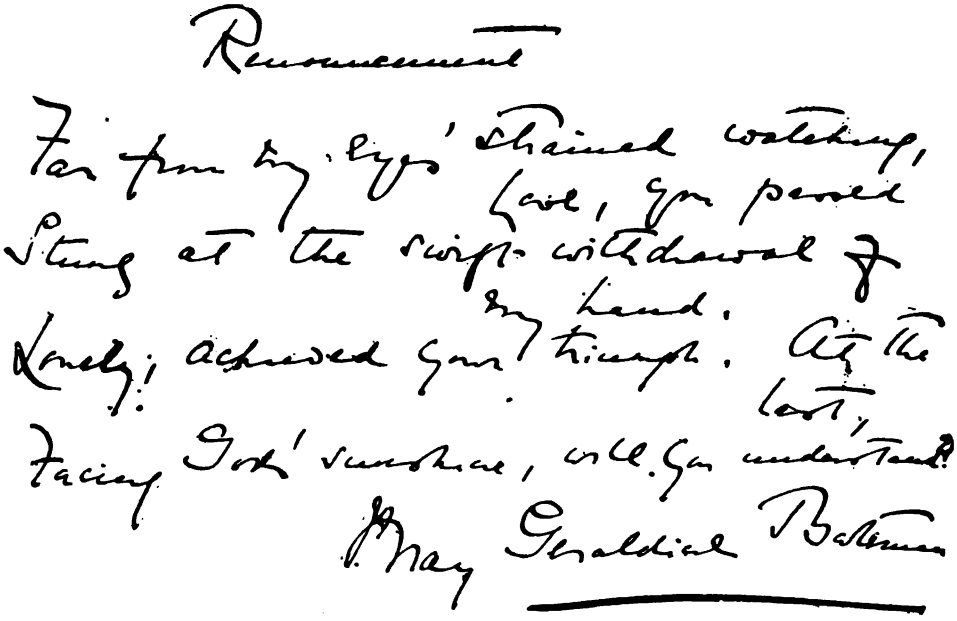
It goes without saying that all these are utterly unsuitable for the purposes of a Christmas card. They have this to commend them, however, that they scan fairly well and that the rhymes are pretty correct, save in the last example. But a worse torture awaits the Christmas card editor in the shape of yards upon yards of doggerel from persons who have yet to learn the first principles of verse-making. A glorious independence of all rules, an originality of rhymes and a limitless number of feet to each verse are a few of the leading characteristics of a large proportion of the "poetical" matter under which the postman staggers daily. We give some choice samples :—

I send this card to greet you on the blessed
morning of Christmas,
It only comes but once a year,
And when it comes I pray it may bring to you and
your business
A very happy time and plenty of good cheer.
W. PROSER.

Brightly the angels sang on Christmas morning
When it came a good many years ago;
May you have a season free from grief and moaning,
And plenty of good cheer and feasting and kind
friends too. J. MEANWELL.

The method of manufacture appears to be a very simple one. You take a sufficient quantity of prose and then cut it carefully into lengths, not necessarily equal. It only remains to add that the above examples are quoted by special permission of their respective authors, and that all rights are strictly reserved.



AUTOGRAPH VERSE BY MISS BATEMAN.

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A TOSS FOR A WIFE.

By Mayne Lindsay.

Illustrated by Claude A. Shepperson.

It was a gasping, breathless night in the plains of Upper India. Outside, the moonlight fell in a broad dazzling white glare that was as little like the sickly gleam of an English moon as could well be conceived. It threw the shadows of the mango trees and plantains inky black by contrast, and limned the outline of the stone well and the thatched bungalow beyond it as sharply as an etching. There was absolute silence—the silence of great heat—round and about the parched and withered garden, with its watercourses of baked and sun-dried clay intersecting every six feet of ground. Every now and then the hush would be broken by the note of a brain-fever bird in the neighbouring bagh; but even he had forborne to shriek latterly, and the stillness was as profound as that of death itself.

Inside, stretched on the frame of interwoven cloth that does duty for a bed in a bachelor's household in the East, with a dirty, draggled punkah flapping just above his head, a young man tossed and sighed restlessly. A kerosene lamp on the table at his side smelt vilely, its wick turned down to the red and flickering stage, and there was a general odour of fustiness about the big naked room that spoke of an unrighteous disregard of duty on the part of the lad's domestics. The floor was covered with coarse matting, which, with a couple of chairs—one broken—a travelling chest of drawers, a row of hat pegs, a miscellaneous array of gun-cases and a banjo, completed the furniture of the room. A sword in leather scabbard and a Sam Browne belt were laid along the top of the chest of drawers, and one of the chairs was heaped with various garments of khaki, flanked by a pair of brown boots on which the spurs were buckled in readiness for the morrow.

The rattan of the punkah creaked as it worked backwards and forwards; and the boy on the charpoy flung his arms above his head as he slept. The faint light that penetrated gleamed upon a pale heat-worn face, raised to the dignity of manhood by a moustache that already aspired to a martial twist, and a figure that the loose night-suit showed to be wiry and well knit. It was heaving with the gasps with which its owner took in the murky air. Presently he began to mutter—speaking his confidences to the darkness, as is the wont of the young and sentimentally inclined.

"Kitty—my Kitty!" A big brown rat, in the act of investigating the quality of leather of the Sam Browne belt, pricked up his ears and paused to listen. "My Kitty! Oh, it's hard—cruelly hard!"

He clenched his fists and brought them down with a bang at his side, and the rat, alarmed by thoughts of a possible well-directed slipper, flopped on to the ground and scuffled away into a corner. The noise evidently aroused the dreamer, for he rolled over, leaned a moment on one elbow, and then swung his long limbs out of bed.

"Confound the heat!" he said aloud. Then he turned up the lamp and looked about him. There was a dressing-case lying in a recess at the bed's head, and he opened it and fumbled inside until he drew out a

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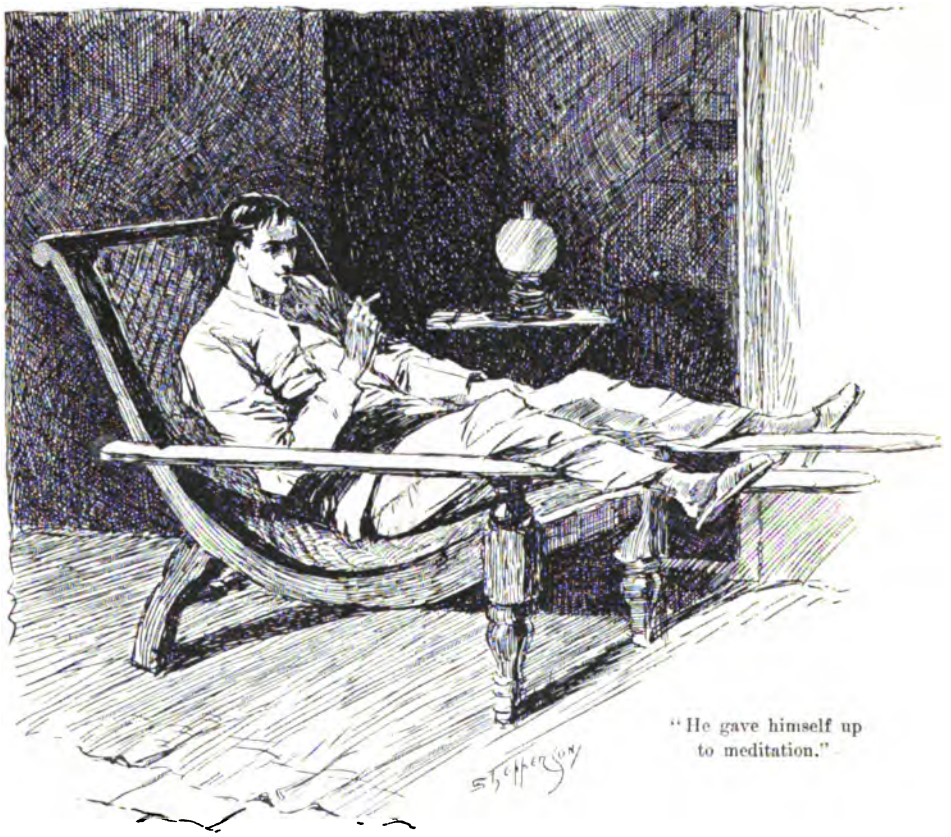
photograph. He held it close to the light and looked at it with a wistful tenderness that said much for his condition.

It was a girl's face, piquant and smiling, that looked at him, and it was a girl's hand that had scrawled the "To dear Jim, from his Kitty" that ran across it. To the boy, love sick and lonely, it seemed to act as a moral tonic, for after studying it for a moment or two he shut it back in the dressing-case, reached for a cigarette, lit it, and stepped out into the veranda, head in air. After all, she was *his* Kitty and nobody else's—that was consolation. He flung himself into a long chair with extended arms that stood outside, and rested a leg upon each side.

There is a solace in the tender passion, however hopeless, in that it gives material for thought in the long nights when the thermometer sticks at an altitude that is perilously near 100 degrees, and sleep is a thing that can only be indulged in by snatches. Jim Hallett, in the throes of his first love, was not insensible to the opportunity. He gave himself up to meditation. The moon-glare faded out of his sight, and he saw only the shady vista of a hill road with the lungoors chattering overhead, and the girl who was more than life itself to him lying in his arms for one rapturous moment. He had kissed her then for the first and last time—blunderingly, for it was his first essay in that line, and nervousness made him clumsy—and oh! never to be forgotten bliss! she had touched his cheek for a fraction of a second in return. It had all been over very quickly, before the chaperon in the rear had had time to turn the corner.



"He gave himself up to meditation."

After that there came the awakening to the stern realities of life; but they had looked into paradise together for an instant through the gates that open so seldom and close so soon, and it gave them strength for the separation that followed. But the obstacles in the way of matrimony were many and grievous, and the boy's heart was heavy within him. A penniless subaltern hampered with debt has no right to aspire to the sweets of marriage, and he knew it. But Kitty ——

There was a sound as of some one moving

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on the opposite side of the house, and Hallett turned his head and listened. He shared the bungalow with a fellow subaltern, with tastes and income very similar to his own, and he surmised that the heat had made his "stable companion" as restless as himself. The guess was correct, for, even as he looked, another spare figure in pyjamas made its appearance in the dusk of the veranda and strolled towards him.

"Hullo, Jimmy! floored by the heat too? 'Pon my word this infernal climate is enough to make a fellow curse the day he was born. I nearly died of heat apoplexy just now when the punkah coolie took a nap, and I woke up choking and gurgling. Fact, I assure you."

"Take a chair," said Hallett wearily. "Let's have the punkah up above pulled"—pointing to the one that dangled over his head—"and sit out here. It's too hot to sleep."

"Good idea," said his fellow-sufferer. "Hi, coolie, *idhar ao! Kincho!* That's better. Is that a box of matches at your elbow? Thanks."

He lit a cheroot and puffed away until the ash grew long and wavering.

"The lack of money," said Hallett sententiously, breaking a five minutes' silence, "is the root of all evil. And that's a fact, Killip."

"Oh, you needn't tell me that"—from behind the cheroot. "Don't I know it only too well? Two-fifty a month income, a bee-utiful red coat and a pair of polo ponies, for which one hasn't paid—that's military life. Lord, Hallett, what a fool I've been! If I hadn't shirked the work I might have been in the Civil Service now drawing seven hundred, and getting fat from sitting in kacheri."

"Do civilians get fat?" said Hallett. "As far as I have seen they only grow pasty and develop liver. And then, think of the places they are sent to vegetate in. No, you're better as you are."

"May be. It's a poor world anyway. I'm hanged if I think life is worth living under existing conditions. What I want is a nice little lump sum, just sufficient to marry on and be happy."

Hallett pricked his ears and felt interested at once. It was entirely his opinion on the subject.

"Marriage in the abstract?" he queried.

"Abstract! That means the quartermaster's daughter, or any female that comes handy when the mood's on. No! The truth is I'm—I'm—well there's a girl, you know."

"Ah!" said Hallett sympathetically.

Killip withdrew his cheroot from his mouth, and flicked the ash away with an intensity of expression that the action did not require.

"All very well to talk of marriage in the abstract and all that rot, but oh my goodness, old man, wait till the right person comes along! To think that a little bit of a thing can twist a fellow round her finger in five minutes! Odd, isn't it?"

"This comes of going home on leave," said Hallett. "I knew something would come of it. Go on."

"Now, how did you know that? Yes, it *was* when I was at home—in the country. I never felt homesick before; but it makes me awfully choky now to think of the old place, with the honeysuckle and the roses and all that kind of thing, don't you know, and my little girl going to church and singing away just in front of me like a nightingale. And then the tea out on the lawn at the vicarage, with her among the tea-cups, and a big cedar spreading overhead. I haven't had those scenes out of my mind for five consecutive minutes since I came back."

"It strikes me you've got it very badly this time," said Hallett, wagging his head sagely. "It's a bad business."

"Yes, it is. You see my girl's father is only a country parson, and there is no money to spare among my people for a poor devil of a younger son. I was a brute, I know; but I said a lot of things I ought to have kept to myself before I came away, and she said—well, that she thought me good enough at any rate. Heaven knows I'm not; but that's not the point in question. And there it is; it's the money that's the trouble."

"It always is. *I* know."

"Do you? I say, Hallett, you don't mean ——?"

"Yes I do. Dear sweet girl—mutual confidences—leave up—banishment. It was in the hills, but it comes to the same thing in the end. I've racked my brain night and day to try and find a solution to the mystery, and I'm as far off it as ever."

"Poor chap! It's exactly my case. All my resources come to just two thousand rupees, with every penny I can muster thrown in. That means the fifty pounds an old aunt of mine promised me if ever I was in a tight place, and the money I should realise from the sale of Highflyer and my new cart,

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and everything. I could do it on four thousand, but two are quite inadequate."

"By Jove!" said Hallett, "this is more of a coincidence than ever. I want four thousand, too, to settle up everything and put some furniture into a bungalow, and make things comfortable generally. And I've got two thousand, within a hundred or so; or rather I should have it if I realised one or two things I know of; but the rest is as completely out of reach as matrimony."

"Awful rough luck," said Killip.

There was a long silence, only broken by the swish of the punkah and the puffing at cheroot and cigarette. The moon began to slide behind the thickness of the mango tops, and the heat lightened just perceptibly. A jackal sneaked out from the shadow and stood silhouetted against the silver background for an instant, then vanished with stealthy tread. Away in the trees the brain-fever bird struck up once more, and the spell was broken.

Hallett sat bolt upright in his chair, struck with a sudden inspiration.

"I say, look here," he said.

"Well?"

"You've got half the money you want, and I've got half the money I want. The joint funds would suffice for one—apart they do for neither. It wouldn't be a bit of good our clubbing together, because that would leave matters as they were before; but if we left it to chance to pick the lucky fellow;... do you see?"

Killip sat up too, and turned an eager face to his companion.

"You mean that we toss up, and the winning side gets all the money and marries his girl? By George, I never thought of that!"

"No? Well it's quite simple. We agree that the one that loses shall lump his funds together and hand them over to the other with his blessing. The winner—of course on condition that he uses them for the stipulated purpose—takes possession, and 'makes it so,' as they say in the Navy. Nothing easier."

"Upon my soul, Hallett, it is not half a bad idea!" said Killip admiringly. "But what about the poor chap who loses?"

"Ah, well, that's the fortune of war. He would have to wait. If it were my misfortune to lose, for instance, I should turn over the cash to you, draw in my horns, and sit down and wait until I became a captain. It would be heartbreaking work, I grant you; but better that one fellow should be miserable than two. I would rather run the risk of losing my girl for the next six years and have the chance of getting her two months hence, than go dragging on in uncertainty. And besides, if I didn't win you would, and one of us would get a short cut to his heart's desire."

Another pause. Before each man's mental vision rose an array of orange blossoms and white satin, enshrining the face of a bride elect. Hallett saw himself among the nodding Himalayan pines, in a little forest bungalow that looked across to the eternal snows, smiling down upon his happiness, and his heart throbbed within him. Killip was back in the heart of an English county, and the scent of the honeysuckle was wafted in at the church door, beyond which his sweetheart spoke out the words that made her his own for ever. The school children strewed roses down the aisle, and they trod out over them together into a fair land that was all love and sunshine. . . . He returned to the charge with eyes that were misty with longing.

"Well; I'll do it if you will, old man, and that's agreed. Have you got a coin handy anywhere?"

"It's a bargain then; best out of three. There's an eight-anna piece in the pocket of my white breeches. Stop!—I'll get it myself."

He rose to his feet and disappeared into the interior of the bungalow.

There was a carafe of water standing on the table of their common living-room, and he poured out a brimming tumbler of the lukewarm liquid and drank it with trembling lips. His mouth was as dry as a furnace with excitement. The eight-anna piece duly unearthed from its resting place, he returned to the veranda.

"There's the coin," said Hallett. "Who's going to toss?"

There was a brief consultation, and the office of tosser devolved on Killip. Hallett had resumed his seat, and he leaned forward breathlessly as his rival fingered the coin and poised it on his finger.

"Shout!" said Killip, and the eight-anna piece spun into the air.

"Tails!"

"Tails it is. That's yours. Now, are you ready again? Here goes."

"Tails!"

"Heads this time. One all. Now for the conqueror. Shout!"

Hallett's tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and the word came thickly.

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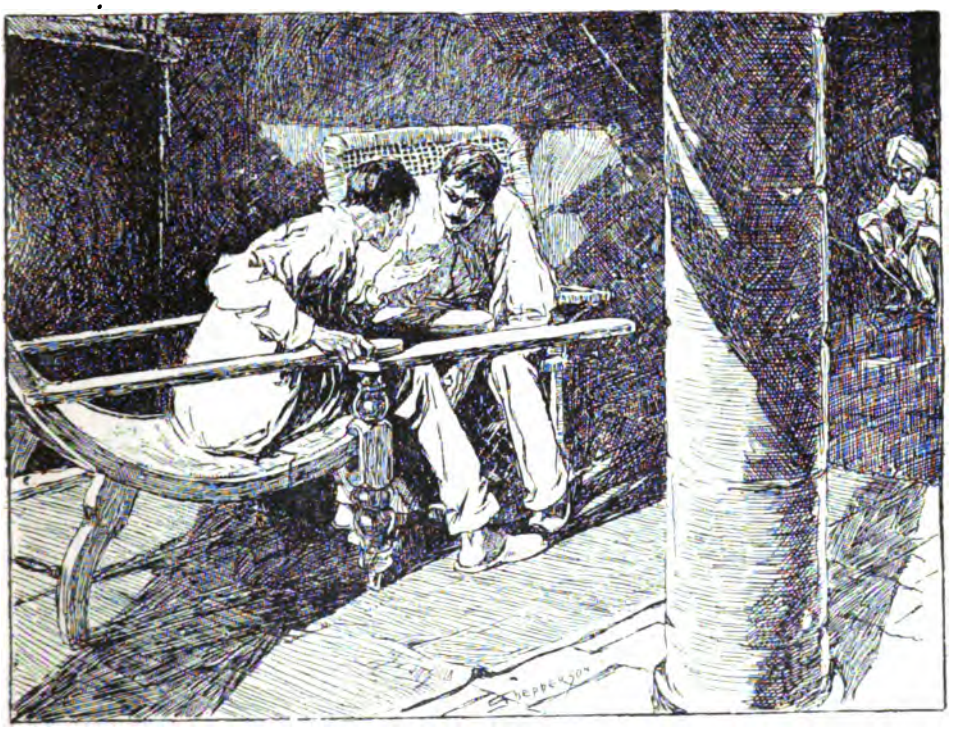
"Heads!"

The coin flew up into the air and was clapped between two nervous hands as it descended. Both the men bent their heads until they touched, to catch sight of the handiwork of fortune.

"Hea—— no, it's tails! You've got it, Killip. I—I congratulate you. Deuced good luck you've got old man. Deserve it too. O Lord, how hot it is!"

Killip sat still, fingering the fateful coin over and over, and moistening his lips spasmodically.



"You've got it, Killip!"

"Look here, old chap," he said at last, "I don't like this. Let's treat it as a joke and go to bed."

"No," said Hallett. "I stick to my word. It's no joke, but sober earnest; and I'm going to see that you carry it through. We'll settle all the details to-morrow. Meanwhile take the good the gods provide and be thankful. Good-night."

He turned to go; and Killip caught him by the elbow.

"Old man!"

"Well?"

"I say—I'm awf'lly sorry it isn't you. But I say, if ever I get a chance in the future—do you good turn—old scores—whatever you ask for—depend on me, you know."

Five minutes later the veranda was deserted, and the night passed on towards the dawn as though the fate of two young hearts had not been sought and found in its solitude. Only in an inner chamber a boy rocked himself backwards and forwards on the edge of the bed. He had a photograph in his hand, and he was covering it with kisses.

"My Kitty! Not this time, my dear one—not this time! It's all the better for you, perhaps; but oh, my darling, I want you now!"

It was a boy's cry, but it came from the depths of a lonely heart, and only God knows all it meant. And so the hours passed on until the East began to tinge with the blood-red colour that heralded a fierce and burning sun, and the squirrels ran nimbly down the thatch and peered into the room. They advanced boldly after the first timid venture, for Nature had done her work, and Hallett slept the sleep of a weary soul, with the photograph still clasped to his bosom.

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AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS FEAST.

Just in this nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

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AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS FEAST.

Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train-band,
Presented, and away.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

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A GLIMPSE IN THE GLOAMING.

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A CHRISTMAS IN THE VELDT.

By H. A. Bryden.

(*Author of "Gun and Camera in Southern Africa," etc.*)

Illustrated by Lancelot Speed.

AT six o'clock upon a hot morning of African December, Lieutenant Parton, of the Bechuanaland Border Police, came out of his bedroom at the Vryburg Hotel, equipped for a long two days' ride. He was a smart officer, and the cord uniform, big slouch hat, looped up rakishly at one side, riding boots, and spurs, became his tall figure well enough.

In itself the blazing two days' ride and the prospect of some trouble at the end of it, were hardly sufficient to warrant the air of deep thoughtfulness now gathered upon his dark and serious face; yet, as he strode across the little courtyard beneath the mean shade of the two or three straggling blue gum-trees, the grim knitting of his brows indicated that somehow he was not altogether pleased with the journey that lay before him.

But the lieutenant had some reason for his burden of care. The object of the expedition upon which he was setting forth was the arrest of some native cattle stealers at a Bakalahari kraal, far out to the westward, in the more desert portion of British Bechuanaland. There had been a sudden call for troopers of the Bechuanaland Border Police up in the northern protectorate, and it happened that the only man Parton could take with him as orderly upon this particular morning was the very last person in the world with whom he would have chosen to spend several days—probably a week or more—in the closest intercourse. Trooper Gressex, now waiting outside in front of the hotel, was that man.

Although the one was a lieutenant close upon his captaincy, the other plain trooper in the frontier force, the two men had once been social equals at home, and, at school and elsewhere, upon terms of considerable intimacy. Gressex (formerly known as Tom Mainwaring) had migrated from London society and a career of sport and pleasure after coming somewhat suddenly to the end of his financial tether. He had made his plunge into obscurity and had reappeared as an unknown trooper in the Bechuanaland Border Police.

Parton had quitted service in a line regiment in India, where he saw little prospect of promotion, and had accepted a commission in the same Border Police force. The two men had first encountered one another in their now altered circumstances some three months back. Upon the South African frontier such striking changes of condition are being constantly met with, and are borne by the less fortunate, almost invariably, with a good-humoured, if somewhat reckless, philosophy.

In this instance Parton's discovery of his old schoolfellow's altered lot had not been altogether a welcome one; and on this particular December morning he had, as has been hinted, a special reason for wishing any other trooper as his orderly upon the expedition in front of him.

The lieutenant entered the coffee-room of the squat, corrugated-iron hotel, and ate his breakfast. In ten minutes he appeared upon the street, ready for his horse. Trooper Gressex, who was leaning against the stoep, holding his own horse and Parton's, saluted as his officer came forth, and answered the formal "Good morning, Gressex" with an equally formal "Good morning, sir."

The two men mounted and rode away, no slightest sign having fallen to denote that they had ever occupied any other relations than those of officer and man.

Having ridden quietly half a mile out of the town, Parton lighted his pipe and set his horse into a canter. Gressex rode upon his flank, and the two steadily reeled off mile after mile of the vast sweep of grassy, undulating plains over which their route lay. Hour after hour they rode through the blazing day, off-saddling every three hours and giving their nags a brief rest, according to invariable South African custom. At night, having compassed more than fifty miles, they finally halted, and prepared to camp just within the shelter of a patch of

woodland which here broke the monotony of the grass veldt. The horses, after a longish graze, were tied up to a handy bush; the two men, having eaten a supper of tinned "bully beef" and brewed a kettle of coffee, lay upon their blankets and smoked by the pleasant firelight. The few scraps of conversation which they exchanged related solely to the expedition before them, Gressex having more than once made the journey to Masuna's kraal.

Aloft the infinite calm of the far-off dark-blue heaven, now spangled with a million stars, seemed to invite deep and peaceful sleep after a hard day's riding. A refreshing coolness now moved upon the veldt, the tender airs whispered softly through the long grasses, a cicada droned drowsily in the thorn-bush; all nature promised rest. At nine o'clock both men, lightly wrapped in their blankets, with their feet to the fire and their heads pillowed in their saddles, were fast asleep.

At one o'clock in the still, early morning Gressex was awakened by the sound of a voice. He rose softly upon his elbow and looked about him. The stars shone more gloriously than ever, but the Southern Cross had fallen from its erect position and now lay over upon its side. The veldt was perfectly quiet, save for the plaintive wailing of a far-off jackal, which had got their wind and was proclaiming the fact to his fellows. Even the cicada had ceased its weary drumming. As Gressex lay upon his elbow listening, he perceived that the sounds he had heard came from Parton, who was talking fitfully in his sleep. It is hard to follow a man whose tongue labours with the difficulties of a slumbering brain, and Gressex was not much interested in puzzling out the intricacies of his officer's drowsy speech, but one word fell upon his ear which instantly fixed his attention. That word was "Ella." "Ella," muttered the sleeping man, in a curiously sententious way, "I tell you I can't do it. It's not the least use thinking further about him. You'll never see him again; why harp upon a broken string? Some day I hope you'll be kind and give . . ."

Gressex had now small difficulty in following the halting speech of the sleeping man. He waited impatiently for other sentences, but the voice was hushed again. That one word "Ella" told him a good deal. It told him that, although in their long ride of the previous day Parton had not reverted in the slightest degree to their former friendship and its environments, his mind now, during the hours of sleep, was running busily in old channels. The name "Ella" and its associations roused many a pang and many a memory in the soul of Gressex, as he lay there under the silent stars. A hundred questions and doubts shaped themselves in the trooper's mind for the next hour or more. At last sleep again overtook him and he remembered no more till pale dawn came round and he awoke. Already the little coqui francolins —the prettiest of all the African partridges —were calling with sharp voices to one another near the pan of water fifty yards away, and an early sand-grouse or two were coming in for their morning drink. It was time to be breakfasting and away. The embers were blown up, fresh wood was put on, and the kettle boiled for coffee. The two men, after an exchange of "Good morning," breakfasted almost in silence, the horses were got in from their feed of grass, saddled up, and the journey was resumed.

The blazing morning passed, as in all these long veldt rides, in monotonous fashion. At three o'clock, in the hottest period of the afternoon, the two men emerged from a long two hours' stretch of bastard yellow-wood forest. Suddenly Parton, who was a little in front, reined up with a "Sh!" upon his lips. Gressex followed the lieutenant's glance and saw what had arrested his progress. Half a mile to the right, just outside the forest, a troop of noble hartebeests were resting beneath a patch of acacia thorn trees: some were lying down, some standing, but all, even the usually tireless sentinel nearest the waggon-track, were overcome by the heat, and—for such suspicious game—a little relaxed in their watchfulness. Such an opportunity was too tempting to be passed by. A plan of operations was quickly evolved as the two men withdrew their horses within the shelter of the wood. It was curious to observe how instantly the prospect of sport had broken down the thick hedge of reserve between them. They now whispered together rapidly and with intense animation.

Gressex turned his horse's head and rode back through the forest in a semicircle towards the game. Presently he dismounted, fastened his horse to a tree, and then with the greatest caution stole towards the troop. At last, from behind a screen of bush, he has the game well before his gaze. They are a hundred and fifty yards away; between them and the watcher's clump of bush is open grass veldt, and there is no possibility

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of getting a foot nearer. Gressex sits down, sidles very gently to the left hand, and now has in front of him a fair shot. Even now there is not a breath of suspicion among the dozen great antelopes out there in the open. Gressex can note easily their long, black, old-fashioned faces and corrugated horns. The shade of the acacias is somewhat scanty, and he can see plainly the splashes of the sunlight gleaming through the foliage bright upon their rich bay coats. Now he takes aim at the bull nearest, draws a long breath, and pulls trigger. The Martini-Henry bullet flies true, and claps loudly, as upon a barn door, on the broadside of the gallant buck. The hartebeest leaps convulsively forward and scours away up wind. In the same instant there is dire commotion among the troop; the recumbent antelopes spring up wildly, and with their fellows stretch themselves at speed—and few animals can rival the hartebeest in speed and staying powers—in rear of the stricken bull. Gressex hurriedly fires another shot and misses clean.

And now, as Parton had foreseen, his opportunity has come. The troop will cross his front within less than half a mile. He gallops full tilt from the sheltering woodland and rides his hardest to cut them off. He is perfectly successful—so successful that he cuts off the main troop from the two leading antelopes—and, while the animals stand for a moment in utter bewilderment, he jumps off and gets his shot. The bullet flies high, yet luckily. The vertebra of the big cow he aimed at is severed on the instant, and she falls in her tracks "moors dood," as a Boer would say—as dead as mutton.

At the report of Parton's rifle the troop scatters and flees again. Parton jumps into the saddle and scours after Gressex's wounded bull, which, three hundred yards in front, is manifestly failing fast. The stout pony, now thoroughly excited with the chase, gains rapidly; the hartebeest is pumping its life-blood from mouth and nostrils, and cannot stand up much longer. But, suddenly without warning, Parton's nag puts its foot into a deep hole hidden by the long grass and goes down. Parton is shot violently over its head and comes heavily to the veldt. In the next three seconds Gressex's hartebeest fails suddenly, and, sinking quietly to earth, breathes out its last.

Gressex himself is quickly on the spot and first applies himself to Parton, who now sits ruefully with his hat off, gathering his scattered senses and nursing a broken left arm. Gressex has once helped to set a man's arm in the hunting field, and instantly goes to work. First he cuts quickly from a piece of fallen wood two flattish splints, then he unwraps one of the "putties" from his legs. This winding leg gear makes an admirable bandage. Next he proceeds to set the damaged limb. Luckily it is the fore arm, and after a painful ordeal of pulling, endured with set teeth by Parton, Gressex adjusts the broken bone and binds on the splints. With the other "putty" a sling is then extemporised. Parton has some brandy in a flask in his saddle-bag. He takes a pull at this, and while Gressex cuts off the heads, tails, and some of the meat from the slain hartebeests and fastens them upon the saddles, he sits with somewhat more ease and contentment smoking a welcome pipe which the trooper has filled and lighted for him after the operation.

Half an hour later the journey was resumed again. It was a long twenty miles to the Bakalahari village to which they were travelling. The pace was slow, out of consideration for the wounded arm, and it was not until well on into the night that they rode into the beehive-like collection of round native huts, and called up the two Border policemen stationed there.

For two days the swollen and painful state of Parton's arm prevented him from taking further action in the affair of the cattle-stealers, which had necessitated his sudden patrol. Meanwhile he rested, gleaned quietly all the intelligence that was to be gleaned, and prepared for action.

He interviewed, ~~of course, Masuma,~~ the native chief settled here, and made a casual inquiry as to the stolen cattle, but he was careful not to let it appear that he had made a special journey on that account. The chief, it was well known, was not well affected to Government; but he protested that no stolen cattle or cattle-stealers had come into his country, and appeared to be anxious to aid in any inquiries that might discover the marauders. To lull his suspicions, Parton, on the second day of his arrival, requested him to send out runners to his various cattle posts, in order to ascertain whether fresh stock had lately come in. This the chief promised to do on the following day.

But Parton had meanwhile, thanks to the alacrity of the two troopers quartered in the town and to a native spy of theirs, gained exact information of the whereabouts of the stolen cattle and their thieves.

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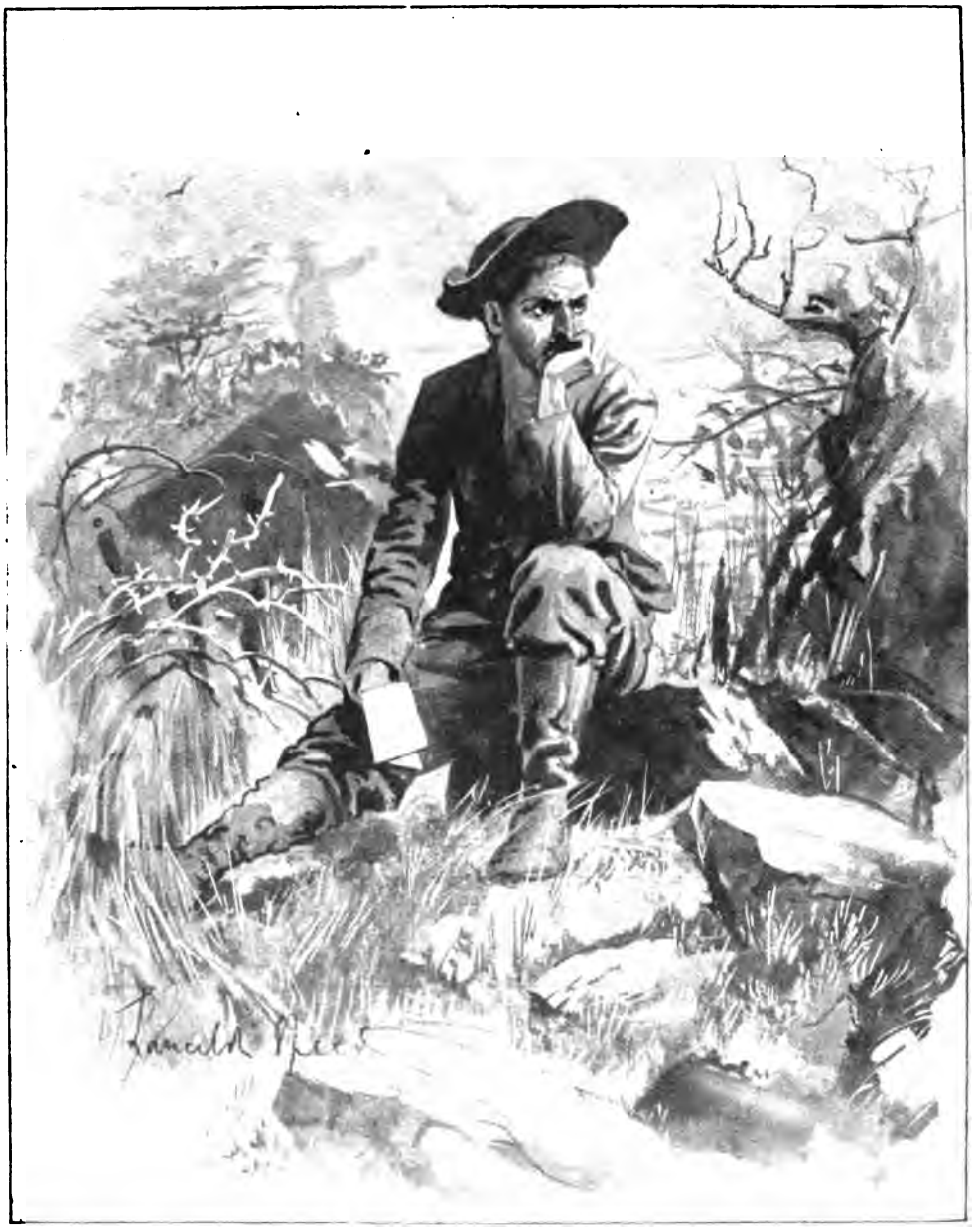
They stood at a remote and little known cattle post of this very chief, some twenty-five miles from the town, and Parton had now laid his plans to ride out during the night and make their recapture early next morning. There might be some resistance, and he settled therefore to take with him the two troopers stationed here, as well as Gressex and a couple of natives upon whom he could depend. Meanwhile, although busied in his official work, Parton had had time in these two days to be much exercised by the private anxieties that spurred incessantly at his mind. For several days he had borne their harassing companionship. Two letters, one read and re-read many times within the last



"Two letters, one read and re-read many times within the last five days, . . . contained the secret of all this mental disquietude."

five days, the other unopened and unread, which lay within the breast-pocket of his tunic, contained the secret of all this mental disquietude; these letters burnt upon his conscience much as a blister burns the flesh against which it is laid.

Since their arrival at the village, Parton's demeanour towards Gressex, which had suddenly altered after the episode of the hunt and the broken arm, had changed again. During the excitement of the chase and under the quick and kindly attentions of Gressex when his arm was broken, something of his old friendliness had reasserted itself. Twice the name Mainwaring had escaped his lips as he thanked his trooper gratefully for his ready and tender help. Upon that long evening's ride his manner had softened greatly, almost in the dim starlight he had gone back to the old days again.

Yet something within him had just stayed his tongue and had hindered a recognition which in itself would have been a mere act of grace, lessening no whit the discipline and respect ordained by their present difference in rank.

As for Gressex he had ceased to wonder at his old friend's curious demeanour. The mental exclamation that rose within him—"He's a proud devil, after all. I should hardly have thought it of Parton"—very well expressed his feelings, and he now made the best he could of the companionship of the two troopers—very good fellows they were—with whom he was quartered.

At twelve o'clock upon the third night of his arrival in the Bakalahari village, Parton, who had now made every preparation, rode very silently and with every circumstance of caution, out into the starlight. With him were his three troopers and the two native allies—one a Bushman, the other a Griqua—who had acted as his spies and were now to show him the road. His broken arm was by no means yet at ease; but Parton, whatever else his demerits, had plenty of pluck, and just now in his state of acute mental tension inactivity was a very curse to him.

The huts where they were quartered lay upon the outskirts, and the party quitted the village so silently that not even a native dog raised its alarm. Sometimes walking their horses rapidly, sometimes cantering—though the action caused Parton to grind his teeth with pain—they passed in less than five hours over the wilderness of grass and bush that lay between them and the cattle post they sought. The Griqua, who had a horse of his own, rode; the Bushman trotted always in front of the party, finding his way in the starlight with an unerring and marvellous precision. There were four huts at the cattle post. These were speedily rushed in the dim early morning, just as the faintest hint of dawn began to pale the night sky. The inmates were all asleep, but the final rattle of horse hoofs and the furious barking of the kraal dogs roused them. It was too late. Gressex and his fellow troopers each carried and secured without a blow their respective huts, which contained a few Bakalahari men, women and children.

Parton, by a stroke of ill-luck, happened to walk into a hut in which four Bechuanas—three of them the very cattle thieves he was in search of—lay together. These men were all disaffected and turbulent border ruffians, and they had arms ready at hand. In a few words of Sechuana the lieutenant, as he stood within the hut, called upon them to surrender. It was pretty dark, and the first reply Parton got to his summons was an assegai through his shoulder, which brought him down. His revolver went off uselessly, and in an instant he had three out of the four men on top of him. Gressex, in the next hut a few yards off, heard the shot and Parton's stifled cry, and, leaving the Griqua to take charge of his capture, dashed round to his lieutenant's relief. In five seconds he was in the fray. The three men struggling with the wounded officer were impeding one another, and beyond a gash or two with their assegais had done little injury. Gressex ran in among them, loosed off his carbine at the nearest man and settled him, struck another with his empty weapon a blow on the arm which broke it and disabled its owner, and threw himself upon the remaining native, who had Parton still by the throat. But in that instant the fourth occupant of the hut, who had been standing back in the dark shade watching the struggle, came in. He lunged with the assegai he had snatched up at Gressex's broad back. The sharp blade shore through the trooper's tough cord tunic and flannel shirt and drove deep into his right lung. At this moment another trooper appeared with a blazing wisp of grass. By the light of it, as he flung it upon the floor, he could take in the whole scene. His carbine was undischarged; he levelled it instantly at the man attacking Gressex and dropped him with a bullet through the heart.

Here then was the situation. The cattle post was captured, two of the thieves were

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"The first reply Parton got to his summons was an assegai through his shoulder."

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slain, another disabled, the rest of the dozen inhabitants of the kraal were safe under guard, the Bushman—delighted to pay off some old scores—standing sentinel over one hut with a long Martini in his hand and a diabolical grin of exultation on his face. The stolen cattle, as was presently ascertained, were safe in the ox-kraal, with the rest of the stock running at this post. But against this, Gressex was badly wounded and the lieutenant somewhat cut and battered.

Gressex stood stooping in the hut, the assegai sticking half a foot into his back. Despite that horrible thrust he had still all his wits about him.

"Welton," he said grimly through his teeth to the trooper, who still stood with smoking carbine, "thanks for settling that chap. Now pull this blessed thing out of me. Pull before I fall down. I feel a bit sick."

Welton laid hold of the assegai and, exerting his strength, managed to extract the spear head. A little torrent of blood poured forth. While Parton, who had now got to his feet, pressed his right hand upon the wound, Welton managed to strip off Gressex's tunic. Gressex was now very faint. They laid him upon his side, pulled away his flannel shirt, and then bound up the hurt as tightly as possible. Then from Gressex's flask they managed to pour some brandy between the wounded man's lips, from which blood was already oozing. There was only one thing to be done with the sufferer. The bleeding must be stopped somehow, and he must lie where he now lay. Only the extremest quiet could save him.

In an hour Parton had recovered from his own hurts. He had luckily received nothing worse than a nasty gash in his right shoulder and sundry cuts and bruises. His broken left arm was unhurt, thanks to Gressex's careful setting. The struggle seemed to have cleared the lieutenant's head. His eye was bright, his mind made up. Gressex had for the second time in a few days done him a great service. He had risked his very life this time for a man to whom he owed little enough, if he but knew all, and he now lay apparently at the point of death.

Parton's doubts and struggles had all vanished with the conflict. The fight and Gressex's ready bravery had braced him—as a fight braces always a good Englishman—and brought to the surface all his better nature, and he now sat down to write certain letters with a calm mind. He had his pocket-book and an indelible pencil, and, having seen that all his captives were secure, and the cattle safe in the adjacent veldt, where they were feeding under charge of the Bushman, he sat down in the red sand under the shady lee of the hut and began to write. Before his writing is completed it will be well to glance at those two letters in his breast pocket, of which mention has been previously made. Here is the opened letter, addressed to Lieut. B. F. Parton, Bechuanaland Border Police :—

"International Hotel, Capetown,
"12th December, 18—.

"Dear Mr. Parton,—The address of this letter will probably surprise you. I received your letter in London on the morning I left for South Africa, whither I have come with my uncle, Colonel Mellersh, and my cousin, Kate Mellersh, on a trip we have long planned. We are staying at Capetown for a few days, and are then going on to Kimberley to see the diamond mines, and perhaps make an expedition into the Transvaal or Bechuanaland.

"I must first reply to your letter. I am sorry, more sorry than I can express, that you should have reopened that old topic, which I quite thought and hoped, for the sake of your own peace of mind, had been finally dismissed, if not forgotten, nearly three years age. My mind is as fully made up as it was when I last saw you, nor is it ever likely to change in the way you seem to suggest and hope for. I grieve very much to have to again say this to one whom I respect and like, but it is better to make clear at once that there is not the slightest prospect of any change in my sentiments.

"I must tell you frankly that I have the very strongest of all reasons for this—the reason that my affections have long since drifted in another direction—the direction (I may as well at once say here) of our mutual friend, Mr. Mainwaring.

"You say in your letter that if ever you can be of service to me I may command you at any time. I take that expression to be a sincere one, and I am going to put it to a very severe test. Mr. Mainwaring, before he left England, purposely avoided seeing me—quite from a mistaken motive—but wrote me a letter telling me of his affection for me, and saying good-bye, as he supposed for ever. If he had seen me instead of sending that letter, a great deal of misery might have been avoided. I have been unable to glean the slightest hint of his whereabouts until a

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week before I left England. Mr. Mainwaring has within the last few weeks come into some considerable property from an old uncle (from whom he expected absolutely nothing) who has quite lately died, and has now no reason to remain in exile longer. For more than two years I have been moving heaven and earth to get at his whereabouts, and I only received a letter three days before I sailed from his cousin and family lawyer, Mr. Bladen, who had always refused absolutely before this to disclose his whereabouts, telling me that Mr. Mainwaring (under the name of Gressex) is a private in the Bechuanaland Border Police, stationed either at Mafeking or Vryburg. Mr. Bladen at the same time informed me of his cousin's piece of good luck, and assured me that he was only waiting for certain legal documents to write out to Mr. Mainwaring informing him of his legacy. As there seems a doubt about his actual address, I am now going to ask you to deliver the enclosed letter, *if possible, into Mr. Mainwaring's hands*, or if you cannot see him personally, to send it by special messenger or post it. I am asking I know a great deal from your friendship, but I trust to you to help me in this matter, which is to me of very vital importance. You know me sufficiently I think to be aware that I am not trying to find Mr. Mainwaring because 'his ship has come in.' I have—I am almost ashamed to say it—ample means of my own, and Tom's good fortune has nothing to do with the question. But I *do* want to find him *at once*, and I can only think of you, as an officer of his regiment, as the likeliest person to help me. Pray, pray, forgive me the double burden that I fear I may be putting upon you by this letter.

"We shall be at Kimberley on the 15th inst. Please address any letters or telegrams to me at the Central Hotel there. Believe me, yours always sincerely,

"ELLA HARLING."

Ella's letter, addressed to "Mr. John Gressex, Bechuanaland Border Police. (To be forwarded)," still lay unopened in Parton's pocket. It had remained there these five days past, although the man to whom it had been addressed had ridden and rested for some days within six feet of it. Fifty times a day had Parton cursed himself for a villain in detaining it, and yet—and yet—he could not give Ella up and help Tom Mainwaring, and so—even after the affair of the broken arm—it had stayed there within his tunic.

Parton's first note was to Ella Harling, telling her of Gressex's (Mainwaring we may now call him) serious condition, and begging her, if possible, to come up by rail at once from Kimberley to Vryburg and thence drive as rapidly as possible the hundred miles across the veldt to Masuma's-town, where she would find a trooper who would bring her out to the cattle post where Mainwaring lay. *That*, as Parton said to himself, was something off his mind. It was some little expiation for the wrong he had done Ella and his old friend, and he felt pounds better already.

His next letter was to the officer in command at Vryburg during his absence, reporting affairs, and requesting that two more troopers should be at once sent to Masuma's-town to aid in bringing in the prisoners and cattle, and to keep in check any attempt by the disaffected Masuma to create trouble. He requested also that a light waggon might be sent for the wounded man, with certain nursing comforts and drugs that might be useful. He begged that, if possible, a doctor should also be sent, as the case was an urgent and serious one. One of the troopers, mounted on the best horse—the lieutenant's—was despatched with these letters, with directions to put the note to Miss Harling into an envelope, carefully addressed, before posting it at Vryburg. The trooper was partially told Mainwaring's story, and put upon his honour not to read the contents of the letter, at present envelopeless. He was a good fellow, and made a big ride, covering the 120 odd miles to Vryburg in two days on the single horse.

For the next seven days Parton had his hands pretty full at the desert cattle post. He had to guard carefully his prisoners, to see that the cattle were not stolen or re-captured, and to overawe Masuma, who came out to know why his men were being killed and his cattle seized; and above all he had the heavy charge of nursing Tom Mainwaring, who for some days was spitting blood and in a state of high fever.

For three days and nights Parton nursed him most tenderly and carefully, feeding him with milk and thin mealie meal gruel, and beef tea made from a slaughtered ox.

Thanks to a sound constitution, Mainwaring turned the corner, and on the fifth day from the affray began slowly to mend. He was still so weak that Parton, burning though he now was to complete his expiation and ease himself of his remaining load of trouble, feared to risk the telling of strange and exciting news. On the morning of the

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seventh day, however, Mainwaring seemed so much stronger, and the arrival of Ella Harling, if she came at all, must be so near at hand, that Parton delayed no longer. He made a full confession of his delinquencies, told Mainwaring all that had happened, of his recent stroke of good fortune, and finally handed him Ella's letter.

"Tom," he said at the end, "I have behaved to you all through the piece like a perfect beast. You, on the other hand, have played the game like a man. You helped me over the broken arm, and finally saved my life in that night scrimmage—very nearly at the expense of your own. I think I must have been mad. I can only humbly beg your pardon and ask you to try to forgive and forget, and to remember that if I fell I was sorely tried and tempted."

Tom Mainwaring put up his hand—it had become a very thin hand in these few days, though the tan had not gone from it—and said in a husky voice, for he was very feeble—

"Don't say another word, old chap. You have made a mistake—ran out of the course a bit—but you're all right at the finish. And you've nursed me like a brick. I should have been a dead man by now if it hadn't been for all your kindness and thought. Don't let's ever have another word about the past. You've done the right thing, and few men would have cared to be tried as high as you have been. I've had the luck this journey; yours will come."

The two men shook hands silently, and the past, with its tortures, its miseries and mistakes, was almost wiped away.

It was now the 24th of December. Parton anxiously expected and hoped that Ella Harling and her friends would arrive during the day. He wanted some comforts too for Mainwaring, now that he was within hail of convalescence. All he had at the kraal was some mealie meal, milk, coffee, and sundry cattle—Tom's beef-tea as he called them.

All that day he watched and waited impatiently, sitting much with Tom Mainwaring, and keeping him as quiet as possible. At last, towards sunset, the little Bushman, who had been perched upon the hut roof as a lookout, cried excitedly that he could see a cloud of dust from the direction of Masuma's-town. In less than an hour quite a considerable cavalcade came in. Ella Harling, looking very beautiful, and, considering her journey, wonderfully spick and span, drove in with her uncle and pretty cousin in a Cape cart. The doctor and two fresh troopers rode alongside, and a light spring wagon, drawn by half a dozen mules, laden with many luxuries and comforts, followed no great way behind.

"The meeting between Ella and Tom Mainwaring was a very tender and yet a very pathetic one."

Parton led Miss Harling silently to Mainwaring's hut, and, with a wistful look on his face, turned round and quitted her side as she entered the open doorway. The meeting between Ella and Tom Mainwaring was a very tender and yet a very pathetic one—few more touching have ever taken place in the African wilderness. Presently the doctor came in; Tom was put under his care, and

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the little party proceeded to make themselves comfortable for Christmas. A tent was pitched for the ladies, another for the colonel and the doctor, the stores were got out, and the place made as cheery and as habitable as possible. The troopers had shot a buck and some partridges and guinea fowl, and an ox had been slaughtered, so that there was no lack of fresh meat.

Seldom has a stranger and yet a happier Christmas Day been spent in the veldt. Even Tom Mainwaring, weak though he still was, with Ella beside him and the prospect of long years of peace before them both, was as happy as a man with a big spear-wound in his back possibly could be. As for the rest of the company, they had a great and glorious time. There was rifle-shooting at targets in the morning, a big dinner under a shady giraffe-acacia tree at two o'clock, and yarns and much smoking all the afternoon and evening. Colonel Mellersh had thoughtfully loaded a case of champagne, some tinned plum puddings, several boxes of cigars, and some whisky, on the spring wagon, and nothing was wanting to complete the proper festivity of the season. Even Parton, having thrown aside his cares, resigned himself, almost with cheerfulness, to the inevitable, and did his best to contribute to the general happiness.

Tom Mainwaring and Ella Harling were married at Capetown within the next three months—so soon, in fact, as Mainwaring could get his discharge from the Border Police. He and his wife often recall that strange Christmas in the veldt, which, indeed, is not likely to be forgotten by any member of the gathering.

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THE SUBJECT I KNOW LEAST ABOUT:

I.—A CERTAIN MAN.

By Barry Pain.

IT is almost too obvious to be worth recording, but the subject of which you know nothing is not, of course, the subject of which you know least.

The subject of which you know least is the subject of which you are most mistaken in believing that you have knowledge. Suppose that A has no cigars and no delusions, and that B has a box of the "Reina Putrida," at thirteen to the shilling, and intends to smoke them. Then B is more really without cigars than A is—at any rate in the judgment of the thinking smoker. If you know absolutely nothing of hydrostatics, and have your own opinion of what the Government ought to do, the probability is that you know much less of what the Government ought to do than you know of hydrostatics. If you do not see and believe this, either go over it again slowly or smoke a "Reina Putrida" at the retail price quoted, or take any other way of ending the discussion and allowing me to get to the main point.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

MR. BARRY PAIN.

The main point, the subject of which I know least, happens in my case to be one of no interest to anyone and very little to other people. This is appropriate. When I speak of the subject of which I know least I probably do the least harm if that happens to be a subject of which no one is anxious to hear anything. Yes, there are ways of securing privacy for yourself even in the crowded pages of a popular magazine. I proceed without fear to say that the subject of which I know least is a man—a man of about the same age as myself.

I do not say that I know nothing about him. I could give his postal address. At one time I thought that I knew his name, but then an American paper told me that this was a *nom de guerre*, and gave me much other information about him that was news to me. What I do say is that there is nothing in the world about which I have more illusions, consequently there is nothing in the world of which I really know less. This is the more surprising because we have been together all our lives; he has shared my bad luck and my good, my sorrows and my joys. Our profession is the same, our tastes are identical; and yet it would be a mistake to say that we were friends. He has published much work—bad, hurried work—of which I entirely disapprove. In a thousand ways he has done me harm. He has been guilty of the most culpable and unbusiness-like neglect where my interests were concerned. When a man treats you like that it is certainly better not to continue to know him. But then I do not really know this man, indeed I am quite ignorant of him. I sometimes doubt whether, after his behaviour, I should continue to be quite ignorant of him.

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There are subjects on which I have permanently wrong beliefs. But as to this man my beliefs, though all wrong, are not permanent. I have—very occasionally—thought that he should have gone into business as a poet. I have sometimes felt sure that with a little more ability he might have done creditably as a bricklayer's labourer.

But though I do not know him at all, I am interested in him. There is no one, in fact, in whom I am more interested. I could go on talking about him for pages and pages, had not the Editor (with that supernatural prescience so common among editors) set me a limit. As it is I will say no more of the man but that an aged Greek proverb recommends me to know him thoroughly, and I wish I did.

II.—WATER.

By our Office Boy.

Water is composed of nitron and carbogen half and half, and is known in aljebrer as

O.H.[2] M.S. Its chief use is to put out fire with and to fish in and to make rain with. To much water is a blizzud and not enough is a famin we don't have no famins nor blizzuds in london. When you want water to sale a steamer in you has a river if its salt its the seaside and called southend. plants what grow at the bottom of the sea is called watercreeces, there flowers are called water lilies and if you Leave 'em under the warter long enough in hot countries the warter lilies turn into water melons. Water mellons is a penny a slice but I like pine appel. Drinks are made of water such as tea and corfee. water has different tastes accordin to color. when its brown its ail when its black its ink or else stout. You tells by the bottles. If its red green and yeller its a Kemmists. if its sticky and thickish its gum or paste. Warter tastes very funny after eating peppermints. If it boils to hard it busts the engine-boiler and the machines can't work and the magazine don't get printed and the Editor makes a beano of a row and evryone gits inter hot warter. water what's froze is ice its a treat mashed with rasberrys and costs a hapenny, but when its just warter froze ordinary like it makes the whether so awful cold that the gas Can't burn even and you can't drink it. It's all froze at the north Pole and that's why lyingchang had to come back to England cos when he got to the north pole their wernt a drop nowhere and his men all died of thurst till a ship came sailing along to the windwud and found 'em. A water fall is a fall er water cept when its called a fraud, and a fountin is a thing made of water that grows beside a shoeblack boy so as he can wet his blacking. people is fond of drowndin theirselves in water whenever they wantter kermit sueside. Water that comes down from the sky is called rain, water what comes up from the ground and fills up the road till The people can't get across means that the drains choked and a pleceman comes and theres no end of a lark. In wet wether they have 2 much water so they spread it on the roads. when the rodes is dry and dusty they arnt sech mugs. men that live on land have to carry umberellers men that live in the water are divers and mermades. Its a bally newsance when you upset the water-bottle Over the editor's papers he does make such a song of it though its fairly clean as a rule. Water is useful for cleaning things with thats how men have a fresh coller on of a monday. water is a thing what some people washes theirselves with sometimes but wheres the good? You gits dirty agin dereckly. *I* aint sech a idjut.

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III—WOMEN.

By G. B. Burgin.

It seems rather invidious to particularise when most subjects might be lumped together and one's ignorance taken for granted. However, if there is one subject on which I know less than any other it is that of woman, although at the age of fifteen I fondly flattered myself that I had mastered it thoroughly.

(*From a photo by Fradelle & Young.*)
MR. G. B. BURGIN.

Women, as a rule, know so little about themselves that it is difficult for a mere man to know more. And the reason for this is not far to seek. Man is a reasoning animal—sometimes; woman—never. She starts with a keynote and immediately loses the key. And the more one studies her the more of an enigma she becomes. "Woman!" once said an eloquent speaker at a public dinner, "where should we be without her?" And, never pausing for an answer, began to reel off a quotation which he had carefully prepared for the occasion. As it was after dinner, the quotation became mixed up with another and read as follows—

> O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But even this does not solve the problem. Every boy who loves his mother starts life with the belief that all women are like her. Presently this belief receives a rude shock when he wants to marry a woman fifteen years older than himself and she offers to be a sister to him. Had he wanted a sister he could have asked someone else or advertised; but the absurdity of the offer never seems to strike the beloved one. If a man wants to marry a girl he generally tells her so; but should a woman want to marry a man her one object in life is to conceal the fact. If one could reduce woman to a mathematical formula and deduce from given circumstances certain results, authors would have nothing to write about and their vocation would be gone. It seems to me, particularly in fiction, that you have only to tell a woman not to do so and so and she immediately wants to do it. "Don't, my dear," said a man to his wife, "ride the cow round the paddock this morning." "But I never have ridden the cow round the paddock," she protested. "Never mind whether you have or not. I don't wish you to do it." Then he went to town, and she looked at the cow, rode it round the paddock, scratched her face when she fell off, and he detected the wound beneath a coat of pearl powder in the evening.

But perhaps my ignorance of the subject may be occasioned by that airy femininity which declines to commit itself to any definite course of action beforehand. Men are "such male hogs in armour" that their grosser natures are unable to comprehend the fatal facility of the feminine point of view. Women's treatment of each other seems to me much easier to understand. It is simple, short, decided, unvarying; and there is sometimes a good deal of deliberate cruelty in it. "Why," I once asked a very beautiful woman, "did you sit next to poor, plain Miss —— all the evening?" "Oh," she answered nonchalantly, "I wanted a contrast." Perhaps that is the reason why women marry us, mend our socks, select our neckties, and are good to us generally. They have been told that this life is intended as a preparation for another, and so purge themselves in the preliminary purgatory of matrimony. Sidney Smith once told a young woman that the things she did not know would make a big book. If he had said the things that the average man doesn't know about the average woman would make an encyclopedia I feel certain that I for one could most heartily corroborate such a statement.

A dear old friend of mine was once pursuing a series of experiments with little insects called ant-lions, or something of the sort. These ant-lions were in a box with a glass top. They made little shelving pits in the sand which the box contained and hid themselves at the bottom of the pits. Then my friend the Professor introduced a fly, which walked round a little, slipped into the pit, and was gobbled up. "It is an interesting experiment," said the Professor musingly. "We have only to look around us to see parallel cases among ourselves—with this exception: these insects can only eat a certain number of flies, but wom——!" I fled before the Professor could complete his remarks. They seemed to me to savour of cynicism.

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IV.—CORDITE.

By W. A. MacKenzie,

WITH THE KIND ASSISTANCE OF "ELFRED."

I DESIRE to preface my contribution to this symposium of Culpable Ignorance by the payment of the very biggest compliment to the Editor of the WINDSOR. I want to say to him: "You *know* ME. Had you circularised me thus: '*Mon cher confrère*,—There is bound to be a number of subjects with which you are entirely unfamiliar. Turn me out such-and-such a number of words on any one of them you choose,' I would have scorned the allegation and despised the alligator. (Imagine a theme of

From a photo by] [*Morgan, Aberdeen.*

MR. W. A. MACKENZIE.

which the modern journalist is ignorant, or on which he cannot write reams! when a down-trodden, tax-paying public provides a British Museum to tell him all about everything!!) But you said, 'Discourse on the subject you know least about.' That touched me. I am grateful. Wherefore, although not without certain fears for my reputation, I make haste to join your proud band of Professed Dunces, and my choice is — Cordite.

In the concrete I know nothing whatever of Cordite; in the abstract I am familiar with it—through the contents bills of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A dear friend, now dead, once told me that it was the *fons et origo* of some very explosive articles in that detonating diurnal (could there have been a more inspiring *fons*, a more charming *origo*?). As I am a hard-working journalist and have but scant time to squander on frivolities I have not perused these *jeux d'esprit*; yet I am persuaded that Cordite is a thing of infinite humour, and one you cannot touch without going off in a roar.

I am indebted for this fact to the relatives of the above-mentioned dear friend, now dead. Another friend (unhappily not yet defunct) has assured me that Cordite is derived from the Latin *cor*, the heart, "being," so he said, "a deadly product of 'art." It is my misfortune, not my fault, that this friend is not happily defunct; he escaped me.

Feeling my gross ineptitude for dealing with this subject single-handed I have called to my assistance Elfred, my landlady's only son and heir. Elfred attends one of those malignant institutions where blissful Cockney youth is converted by a process of painful inoculation into a peripatetic aitchless encyclopedia of superfluous rubbish, and Elfred's attainments entitle him to be classed *x*VI., which means, I surmise, that his accomplishments are an unknown quantity multiplied sixfold.

"Elfred," I say to him as he brings in my evening paper—"Elfred, you are familiar with Cordite, I presume?" "Yuss," says Elfred. "Then," I say, "will you write me a brief dissertation, compendious but concise, humorous and yet not extravagant, on that fascinating theme. 'Twill help eke out my column for the WINDSOR." (Elfred demands polysyllables from me.) He nods. He writes. What follows in special type is Elfred's. The rush and hurry of the age is to be noted in the Pitmanesqueness of his diction.

CORDITE.

Cordite is a helevatin thing to think on it razes us to hier rejuns it is a lugshury but sun it wil be within the reech off evryboddy an then very lik no boddy wil be within the reech off anny boddy lik a drunk man it is daincherus wen on the bust it remins us off the planetiff pome off the pote "waffer anjels to the skis far abuv yon aijur plane" we sing it at skule englans darlin

You may wonder what "englans darlin" means; it is just my little friend's humour. He has had presented to him lately a copy of the Laureate's most recent contribution to the ancient classics. And Elfred has ideas.

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V.—THE TRUTH.

By Spencer Leigh Hughes.

All my friends agree that while there are very many matters about which I know next to nothing, my ignorance of truth, my inability to comprehend it, is colossal. I believe they are right, but the fault is not entirely nor even chiefly my own. It is the result of environment. These very friends, so ready with their criticism, have never given me the chance of contemplating the alleged beauties of truth. I don't speak the truth just as I don't talk Chinese, and for the same reason—because I have never heard it. My lot has been cast among the surroundings of journalism and politics, among editors and members of Parliament—need I say more?

Of course I have heard about truth, and now and then I have felt a sort of vague yearning towards it, just as an untravelled native of the tropics may sometimes think it would be jolly to skate. I have even read books on the subject. Indeed my friends tell me that I have talked about truth, read about it, dreamed about it, done everything in fact except speak it and write it. I remember, when reading Cudworth on "Morality" (another subject by the way on which I could write with pleasing effect from the point of view of ignorance)—the excellent Cudworth, I was just pointing out, in his observations on morality, remarks: "Truth is the most unbending and uncompliable, the most immutable and adamantine thing in the world." Now the man who would say that would say anything. Why, in my eager researches into the subject I find that the schoolmen speak of complex truth, contingent truth, formal truth, immediate truth, gospel truth, material truth, objective truth, physical truth, pure truth, real truth, secondary truth, and transcendental truth. And in the face of all this Cudworth has the impudence to say that it is adamantine and unbending!

I rather like complex truth, which is, I understand, truth as it exists in the mind as distinguished from reality. It strikes me that I have all unwittingly blundered into the use of this sort of truth sometimes, at any rate many of my statements can be easily distinguished from reality. Again there is something to be said for contingent truth, or truth which is not absolute but is contingent on something else. This is a good serviceable article and its utility can be certified by many political speakers. For instance a man often remarks amid loud cheers that two and two make five, and that black is white. When asked to substantiate these startling propositions he says that the truth of his remark may not be absolute, but is contingent on something else. You have to read the context, and as that generally consists of two or three columns about something else, you decline to do anything of the sort, and so the attack fails.

But after all my favourite is formal truth, which has been defined as agreement with possibility. This seems to be admirably adapted for the stumbling footsteps of a beginner. I believe that sometimes even I am equal to its requirements. It gives you a noble margin. Of course there are certain statements which cannot be claimed even as formal truths. Let me give an example. If you were to say—and in passing I may remark that it is surprising how a man in choosing an illustration takes it from the objects with which he is most familiar—if you were to say that a quart can go into a pint pot you would not only have trifled with a great subject but you would also have outraged formal truth, for the thing is impossible. On the other hand if you were to write of a public man that he broke his grandmother's heart by robbing the offertory bag in his parish church when a boy, and brought his father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by the depravity of his later years, it is no answer, so far as formal truth is concerned, for him to say that he has done nothing of the sort, for he might have done it. The thing agrees with possibility, and that is all that formal truth requires. Of course there is such a thing as the law of libel, but I am not writing about libel (though I could) but about truth. Upon the whole, therefore, if ever I indulge in truth it will be formal truth, though it is surprising how easily one engaged in journalism and politics can get on without truth of any sort.

(*From a photo by White, Ipswich.*)

MR. S. L. HUGHES.

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VI.—HOW A TABLE IS MADE.

By F. Frankfort Moore.

There are so many subjects upon which I possess a plentiful lack of information, it is rather difficult to say at a moment's notice upon which of them all my ignorance is most profound. There is, for instance, the Binomial Theorem. So much importance was attached to a mastery of the elements of this great verity by my early preceptors, I fancied that it would be impossible for me to go in after life to any dinner party—I looked forward to dinner parties as pleasures in those

From a photo by [*Russell.*

MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

days—and to take part in the casual chat with the lady who might sit beside me, unless I was capable of conversing freely and accurately—I had a great respect for accuracy in those days—on the Binomial Theorem. The consequence was that I applied myself for a considerable space of time to this subject to the exclusion of all others, and the result of my adoption of this course was my attainment of the most complete ignorance of the subject. I do not believe that even my mathematical master knew less about it than I did when I had finished my studies; and now at dinner-parties, when faces are flushed and bitter words are exchanged by men and women who take different sides on the great Binomial Theorem question, I am compelled to sit mute and mortified. Then there is Ibsen's "Master Builder." What it all means is a matter upon which I am as profoundly ignorant as I am upon the policy of the existing Sultan of Turkey—he is, I believe, in existence at the moment I write these lines, but I have not seen the evening papers. If, however, I were to give in order all the subjects upon which I am ignorant I should exhaust the limit allowed to me in these pages, to say nothing of the patience of my readers. After mature consideration I think that the one thing of which I know least is How a Table is Made. Having just demonstrated to my complete satisfaction and the equally complete dissatisfaction of the other members of my household my ignorance of the most elementary principles involved in the making of a table, I am in a position to state definitely that there is no human being—except perhaps a jobbing carpenter—who knows less about table-making than I do. It was originally a little desk of mahogany, and I thought it would be a good thing to turn it into a table. I fancied I saw clearly how it was to be done, and I was excessively angry when one member of my household smiled at the conclusion of my verbal explanation of the ease with which the conversion could be effected. Through the centre of the small flat top of the fabric the stem, which branched into three feet on the floor, projected, and on the summit of this projection the sloping board of the desk was fastened. I explained that I had only to saw across the projecting piece of wood as close as possible to the small flat top, and the transformation of the desk into a table would be immediate and satisfactory. (It was here that the smile came in.) Well, I got—after some little search—a saw and began the work. Even now, when I can think of the transaction from a purely academic standpoint, I affirm that my original contention would have been demonstrated but for the unfortunate snapping of the saw when exactly halfway through the wood. This was very awkward, for it upset all my plans. There was no other saw in the house, but there was a very serviceable cook's cleaver, and with this instrument—it was ominously like that employed for the purposes of murder on the stage—I attempted to complete the work of the saw. I had almost succeeded when, by a strange misadventure for which it would be impossible to account, I brought the cleaver down upon the edge of the top that

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was to be the table, splitting it badly. I saw however that it was not beyond repair, and I continued my work. When I had almost severed the piece of wood I thought that it should break off easily, and so, catching the legs, I struck the edge of the sloping desk on the side of the kitchen table. The third blow caused the wood to snap, and by a singular piece of ill-luck sent the desk part through a pane of glass. I was too late to stop its progress, though in attempting to do so I knocked over a jug containing milk. When the débris was cleared away, only a small percentage of the milk being recovered, I found that the top of the table—for it was now a table, only with a rather unsightly and jagged projection in the middle—was not so secure as it had been; so while the glue-pot (when found) was put on the stove I hammered a nail or two through the top to the stem to hold the top quite steady. It so happened however that the stress of this portion of my day's work loosened the three branching feet, and in making these fast the top broke right off. In replacing it the feet became loose once more, and in securing them off came the top again. I perceived that on this system of division of labour some time must elapse before the table would be finished. Fortunately, at this moment I noticed that the stem of the table was splintered beyond the hope of repair even by that most drastic of domestic remedies, glue, and at the same moment the glue-pot boiled over. Then I picked up the cleaver and chopped that table into Baltic billets, six inches long by one inch cube, and an excellent job I made of it. As however my original intention was not to make Baltic billets, I think that, taking one consideration with another, the subject about which I know least is How a Table is Made.

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Christmas Morn.

THE sun went redly down last night,
All day the winds had wailed forlorn,
But now the snowflakes, soft and light,
Have robed the earth in spotless white
For Christmas morn.

A-field no early toilers plod,
Where winter's handmaids deft adorn
With close-strung gems the homely sod,
'Midst stillness like the peace of God,
This Christmas morn.

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Facing the lucent East I stand ;
  Pale grows the young moon's silver horn,
And neath it, lo ! a baby hand
  Outstretched in blessing o'er the land
    This Christmas morn.

And in my heart sweet thoughts awake
  Of manger-bed and Child new born,
While humbly I essay to make
  A song of praise for the dear sake
    Of Christmas morn.

H. M. Burnside.

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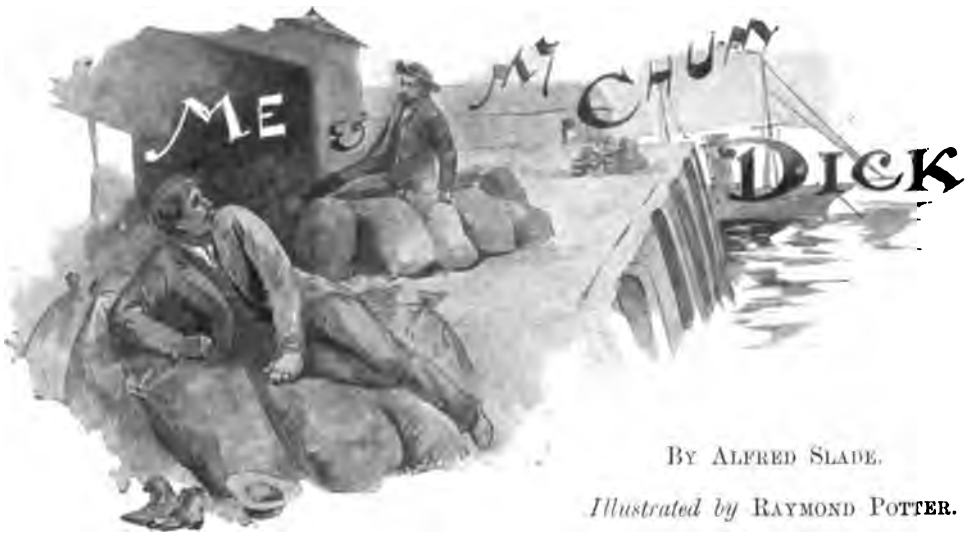

By Alfred Slade.

Illustrated by Raymond Potter.

"CHUM," I said, "I'm gittin' tired of bananas."

Chum was sleeping sound on his bundle of tater sacks, putting all his attention into snoring like a tugboat whistle in a fog; in consequence he couldn't waste none of his lung-force replying.

"Chum," I said agin, "I'm downright sick of bananas."

Chum was still a-sleepin' for all he was worth, and, as might have been expected under the circumstances, didn't make no sort of answer, unless you could call the hymn he was singing through his nose an answer, which I'd call a holy insult.

That settled it. I didn't like to use personal violence to no man, not even to a friend, but that sort of snore settled it right off. So I heaved the biggest-sized oyster shell I could reach to handy at his head and shouted out louder than before, "I say, Dick, I'm gittin' precious well full up of rotten bananas."

Dick woke this time; and turning upon his elbow answered quietly, "But they are not all rotten, old man."

"No," I said; "but when they ain't dead rotten they're hard green, and turn a man's vitals up either way."

I said that surly, for it wasn't likely as I was goin' to be in a good temper after I had taken all that trouble to rouse him out.

Dick laughed blinking in the sunshine as he said, "You ought to be a happy man, Jim, and yet you don't know it. This"—and he waved his hand all round the wharf—"this is the Garden of the Hesperides, and we are the fortunate mortals who get the golden pine-apples."

You could tell Dick hadn't been brought up in no charity school by the way he used to mount the monkey when he got struck that way.

"I don't know nothin' about the gentleman's garden what you're skiteing about," I replied, "but the gentleman's quite welcome to all them pine-apples and bananas too if he'd only give us a hunk of tough solid mutton and half a pound of tea."

Then all at once Dick became quite serious and said solemn like, "Jim, you're right. We can't live much longer on these natural fruits that we get thrown at us. Even now my stomach is clamouring for a change of diet. But—what do you propose to do about it?"

It wasn't the first time I had worried that question out, so I concluded to strike him all of a heap. "Go up country," I said, "quick."

"Agreed," said Dick, and turned on to his back and opened his mouth to go to sleep again.

That's where Dick made a mistake; for the sun was already clambering over the houses, and the men were beginning to move about the shipping. Down from the bay you could hear the ships' bells ringing their crews up on deck, and on the wharf the customs officers were opening up the sheds.

Dick didn't notice a stevedore was watching him; but I was lookin' at the stevedore, and when he saw my eyes was open he come over and tapped me middling dusty with his hook.

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"Gents," he said, "I hates to disturb any man's natural slumber, but all the same them there bags you're perched on 's got to go to Warrnambool afore breakfast, and the blessed boat can't wait all the blessed day to give you chaps time to get thoroughly rested."

So we cleared off and put our boots on. And Dick went over to the water-tap to wash himself.

Dick was mighty particular in some sort of things, Dick was—regular finnicking, I called it; used to wash himself a good few times in the course of a week, and always carried a bit of a comb in his pocket to part his hair with.

The stevedore didn't make no move to stow them bags away as he'd chased us off of; seemed to forget it, and started filling his pipe.

"Got a lucifer?" he asked me.

"Guv'ner," I answered politely, "I ain't seen a match for a month, nor a pipe of terbaccer neither."

He looked round at me curious like, and then says sudden, "Want a job?"

"That's my ticket," I told him cheerful, seeing 'ope on the 'orizon, as I once read in a book called "The Best Thousand Poems in the World for Sixpence," printed in Germany.

"Then catch hold of a hook and start helping me chuck down these here sacks you've been dossin' on."

"And my mate?" I asked, meaning Dick.

"The little finger over on the spout?" answered the stevedore. "He can come too if he likes. Only start quick and make a move lively."

He was a very nice man that stevedore was. He gave us half a plug of terbaccer apiece and lent us a knife to cut it with, and told us not to let the boss catch us smoking in the sheds, as it was strictly prohibited in big black letters.

That day we got graft enough for eight bob the two of us, more than we had seen for a precious long while, and we had a meat tea, mutton stew, and marmalade, and four big cups, and slept in a real bed with white sheets as good as clean.

Dick he went and wasted sixpence in a shave and hair-cut; I thought it was fairly throwing money away; but I didn't like to hurt his feelings, and so didn't say nothing; and that night I tell yer he looked real downright handsome.

Next day we had another square meal, and then blued the rest of the money in a couple of blankets and a good big billy-can, and started up country on the wallaby.

I didn't know much about Dick, and never asked. I didn't know why he'd come out to Australia, and never asked neither; but I'd have taken my gospel oath it wasn't nothing as he need be ashamed of. Once when he was a-dossin' on the wharf, and he thought I was fast a-sleepin', I saw him take a photo from his bosom and kiss it in the moonlight; from the wet sparkle in his eye I guessed it was a lady, but I never dared to look, and went to sleep again.

Anyone could see with half a blind eye that Dick wasn't the same sort as the rest of us that hung round the docks. He had a honest, handsome face, but proud even when it was laughing, and as for talking, he'd use words as even the tram inspectors couldn't tackle.

But we two had looked into each other's eyes, and gripped each other's hands, and reckoned to be chums through thick and thin.

As for me I was a common enough sort of fellow, and as it's got to come in the yarn some time or another, I may as well say it right now.

In the old country I was a gamekeeper on Sir Richard Grenville's place, like my father before me. Mother died when I was born; the poachers shot old dad, and I hadn't a friend in the world, except my dog, and they poisoned him afterwards.

Old Sir Richard lived up at the manor all alone with Lady Winifred, his daughter, and the only child he had left. There had been a son, a young Sir Richard, a wild reckless scamp—not bad, only foolish—who ran into debts that ruined the estate, took Lady Winifred's dowry to pay a fellow-officer's engagements, and at last, to save this same friend's honour, endorsed a bill that was forged. Then when it came to light he blew his brains out and broke his father's heart.

And this same friend that drove him to his doom was his own cousin, Lawley Grenville; nobody knew it but me, and young Sir Richard told me himself. He often used to come over to my lodge to have a chat about the dogs and the pheasants, for he knew that with all his faults I loved him.

Lawley was a good deal up at the manor after young Sir Richard's funeral, and folks said he came a-courting Lady Winifred. He had got rich all at once, on account of an uncle in India he said as had left him his fortune; but my belief was Lawley belonged to a good many clubs and—played cards at all of them.

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Sir Richard would have liked the wedding well enough. Down at the manor Lawley was a perfect saint, and now that he was rich and the next in succession, what could be better than for them to get married?

But Lady Winifred wouldn't hear of it; for little birds whispered that Lawley had a younger brother, Richard, christened after his godfather, handsome they said, though I never saw him—handsome and without a penny, and so of course just the man as a girl 'd throw herself away on.

Sir Richard he loved his daughter too much to force her to marry a man she didn't want to; but all the same he begged her, out of duty to him, and to save the estates, to wed her cousin Lawley. And then young Richard come down and said her father was right, and that she must marry his rich brother and forget him, and he would go away, even if it killed him. And sure enough he went away, and nobody heard anything about him afterwards: which was I thought carrying devotion a bit too far.

All the same Lady Winifred stuck out even against her own father (and I admired her for it), and though Lawley was always at the house now, she'd never so much as speak to him, except when she had to in company.

One day I was coming home through the wood by Dead Man's Lane when I caught sight of Lady Winifred walking in the road, with him (Lawley) a-following her. He overtook her and spoke, and it seemed to me tried to stop her; the wind was the other way and I couldn't hear what he said, but she raised her face in terror and ran from him faltering.

He caught her again, and with a hideous laugh on his face as she screamed in agony, took her by the wrists and kissed her.

I'm not a quick man generally, but by heaven that was more than I could stand; and before I thought what I was doing I had jumped the hedge, and with the butt-end of my fowling-piece felled him to the ground.

He was like most other London dudes, and must have had a very soft head, for he dropped senseless and never moved or spoke again.

Of course they jailed me for the murder, and wanted to hang me the quickest way they could. I confessed I had killed him, but wouldn't tell why, for it wasn't likely I was going to bring Lady Winifred's name into it; and then she came down to the court and told all she knew, with a lot of uncalled-for remarks about saving her honour, and things like that; so the jury

"Before I thought what I was doing I had jumped the hedge."

couldn't very well help themselves, and brought it in only plain manslaughter, and the judge talked down at me like a father, and was of the opinion that justice 'd be satisfied if he gave me twenty years, and then I could come out a free man, though he didn't say that, just in time to crawl into a workhouse to die snug.

All the same that didn't quite suit my ticket; so when they was a-takin' me in the railway carriage, and the two policemen was a-feelin' tired and sitting back to have a smoke, I took the liberty of jumping out the window.

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Naterally I hurt myself falling—that's why I always walk with a limp—but I managed to get clear off before they could stop the train, and lay low hidden in the woods. That was lucky for me. I was used to woods and could turn where nobody could follow; and that's the way I reached London, walking at nights and living on leaves and blackberries. But it took me a month to do it.

In London I was pretty safe; but anyhow I streakled down to the docks the first day I could, and stowed away on a barque I heard a bloke say was sailing that same night.

I stopped down the hold as long as I could manage, and when I couldn't suffocate much more without croaking altogether I commenced to tap on the hatches. I kept on tapping for about an hour, and then they knocked the battens off and hooked me out, and the captain kindly said as if he'd known it was only me he'd have let me rot there; but it seems he thought the cargo was on fire, and ordered the hold to be opened to see where it was.

So he put me in irons for a day or two, and after that allowed me to work for my tucker, thoughtfully promising that he'd hoist the police-flag for my benefit the first land we touched at, so as to learn 'em as his ship wasn't no hospital for stowaways.

But luckily we didn't sight land till we came to Melbourne, and that meant three months' tucker that I earnt and that I ate; and as soon as we made fast at Sandridge, and the skipper was ashore gittin' drunk, and the watchman enjoying his usual sleep on the gangway, I took the oppertunity of leaving the ship without saying good-bye even to the bosun.

When I reached Queen's Wharf I got a job lumping; that bought me breakfast, and I concluded I'd stop there at any rate for the present, for I didn't think the old man of the tea clipper 'd take any trouble hunting up a runaway stowaway (there were always too many of them), and just then I didn't know where else to strike for.

That was where I met Dick. We were both down the hold of a great big British India boat unloading, and the other lumpers saw Dick was a new chum and started putting on him. He was strong but not used to that rough sort of graft, so I got next to him and helped him all I could filling his ropes.

And then the other fingers commenced larking and letting things fall where they'd hit us easy; so Dick knocked one chap down and me another, and that squared matters at once.

We was chums right away after that, and used to hunt up jobs together and loaf on the wharves together, and eat together when we could get the packin', but that was precious seldom.

And I allowed him to come and bunk next to me in a very nice corner as I'd pegged out private behind shed No. 9, near the gas company's landing, where the moon was shaded, and the musketeers didn't come in such crowds as general.

But just before that day I was a-tellin' you about, when the stevedore stumped up the terbaccer, things had been downright middlin'. For two whole days we hadn't tasted the smell of tucker, waiting for the Queensland boat, and then we lived a week on the bananas they chucked away into the gutter.

That's why we went on the wallaby, and on the wallaby we were with a vengeance. We struck the blooming cockies at the wrong time of the year; they didn't want no harvesters for another six months, and so weren't very lively handing out tucker. I got tired talking to 'em; so while Dick was skiteing in front to the missus about a drink of tea, I'd go round quiet to the back and rob the hen-roost.

Horrible, ain't it? You wait till a man's hungry and see whether he won't eat anything he can get, and anyway he can get it.

After we had tramped about 400 miles of starvation and sleeping wet, we anchored up the Riverina, right in the middle of the shearing. Then, you take my tip, we did real ripping; thirty bob a week and five meals a day. Hard work of course and plenty of it, but sound sleep in a hut with a real iron roof, and all day Sunday for washing your clothes.

When that came to an end we'd got a tent and was pitched up by a creek not far from Bendigo. Dick had been listening to the shearers' yarns, and reckoned he was going to make a fortune gold-washing.

It's a good paying game sometimes. I knew a man from New South Wales who got three bob a week out of it clear and kept the profit up for ten months; but he was a Scotchman and didn't waste none of his earnings, not even on porridge.

Dick wasn't a grasping sort of chap, no way you like to put it; but lately he had come over real mean, hoarding every penny

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he could get hold of. I didn't know why till afterwards.

So we was pitched by this here creek. I didn't care any way, for we'd got enough notes to last us through the winter, and we could afford to sit back and smoke our pipes a bit. It was quiet enough too, and that was what I wanted: there wasn't a blessed soul in sight for five miles round, except a poor miserable Chinkie working on a deserted claim near by, earning a living where any other man would starve, and saving up the money to send his dead carcase back to China.

It was lonely and I liked it: I didn't work much now for I couldn't: I used to wander up the mountain where there was nothing but the blue sky between me and the living God, who knew I was innocent of the bloodshed.

When I came to my senses I had forgotten."

Dick was all the day and half the night up to his waist in water with his little tin dish, and in the tent was a bag nearly full of shining dust that he used to look over every night before he turned into bunk.

The bag grew bigger and bigger till one morning it was full; and Dick with his lip trembling took it on his shoulder to carry in to the town storekeeper. I sat down to wait for him to come back, impatiently and with pain, for my heart was beating as fierce as his. Not for the half of the gold he made me promise to take—gold wasn't much good to me now—but for his sake and the sake of the lady that he treasured in his heart as he treasured her photo in his bosom.

At sundown he came back without the bag, smiling and defiant.

"And the gold?" I asked him, as fearsome as a girl.

"Was mica, old man," he answered, "and not worth the trouble of carting."

He laughed, but a laugh that would make little children sob: then he knelt down where the bag used to be and did some kind of praying. He got up from his knees with a face like an angel, and forgetting I was there he took out the photo and kissed it fervently.

Then I caught sight of the face—it was the face of Lady Winifred Grenville.

Dick put the photo back reverently into his bosom, turned into bunk and went to sleep smiling like a child.

I, like the silly old fool that I am, rushed out of the tent into the night alone to make pretend as I wasn't crying. For now I understood it all. Dick was Richard Grenville, the brother of the man I had slain, and it was for Lady Winifred he was an exile—Lady Winifred that he loved and who loved him. He had gone away and had never known of his brother's murder, and all this while he was perhaps hoping that she was still waiting: for her he had toiled for the gold dust, for her he was breaking his heart this very night.

And I, his brother's murderer, was stumbling up the mountains among the rocks, never heeding where I went, only looking up to God to try to understand: when all at once my foot caught in a boulder and I was thrown heavily to the ground.

When I came to my senses I had forgotten: and gazing round distractedly to collect my thoughts I saw the stone I had fallen on glitter in the moonlight. I went up closer,

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and there sure enough, where my boot had scratched the dirt off the corner, the stone was shining—*yellow*.

I thought of Dick and his mica and held back my breath; I pinched myself for fear that I was dreaming, but all the while I knew that this was gold—gold, and a nugget as big as a man could carry.

Then I was afraid. Alone in the night, and with the awful silence of the wilderness upon the earth, a great fear came to me, and I drew back and tried to hide from it as it lay in the fading moonlight shining, sparkling through the dirt that covered it, a thing of evil or a spirit of good.

But with the first ray of the rising sun the light came to my heart, and all at once I knew what I had to do. I took up the stone and hugged it, and tossed it in the air with a shout, and ran back to the hollow as fast as I could travel.

I crept to the tent and peeped in. Dick was sleeping soundly, which was luck for me, and I waded to the middle of the creek and planted that nugget right where Dick used to work his washing. After that I felt better, and I slid in the tent like a wild cat and turned in quick without any noise.

None too soon; the sun was well up and Dick commencing to rub his eyes. That was my time for chipping in with a ghastly snore to show Dick how fast asleep I had been all night. The performance seemed to satisfy him too, for he shouted out as cheerful as he always was—

"I say, Jim, old man, it's not Sunday every day, you know."

I turned round surly, as if I didn't like being roused, and said—

"Why can't you let a man alone, Dick; there ain't no call for getting up what I'm aware of."

"You're right that time," answered Dick; and the way he spoke I felt sorry I'd said it.

"Jim," he said after a bit, "I must earn money; there's nothing but mica and gum-leaves to get here, so I vote we shift camp and get a job fencing."

"Shift camp when you like," I observed slow and careless like; "but there don't seem to me to be any hurry to start jogging while that half a sheep as we've got lasts out. Look here, Dick," I blurted out a bit awkward, "I had a curious sort of dream last night about what a black told me of this same here creek, and if you take my tip you'll just paddle in just the same as usual with the tin pan, till I can get fixed up to move the tent."

Dick had heard that tale too; a roust-about at the last shearing shed we were in got hold of a black gin and made her drunk, and she had pitched a yarn that made some of us fairly jump. Up in the mountains, she said, where she was born, the river sprang out of the ground right from the middle of the earth, and when any of the kings died they held a corroborree over him and dropped him clean down the hole slick to heaven—or the other place—and all round this here hole there was a ring of great nuggets of solid gold, which were sacred and didn't ought to be touched, and any man as went near as wasn't allowed got speared in the back.

Now I reckoned in my dream, as I told Dick, that all these corpses of kings sort of corked up the hole so as the river couldn't run up free, and at last there got so much water down there wherever it was, that it burst out like a bottle of beer as someone had shook too much, and came down in a torrent washing all them nuggets along with it.

I could see Dick was laughing, but he said he'd try it till breakfast-time just to satisfy me.

"I don't care, Jim," he said; "if you want any mica I'll get it for you; you go halves as usual, eh?"

I didn't like to say no, or else he might have suspected something, so I just stooped over and laced my boot up and Dick went out whistling and didn't see as my clothes were wringing wet.

I was trembling like a baby as I watched him through a slit in the canvas. He got to the edge of the creek and amused himself half an hour chucking stones at the rabbits on the other side, then turned his pants up and started in.

He struck that nugget first time; got it fair under his dish and lifted it. He looked at it curious and laughed; then turned it over and caught sight of the yellow corner as I had chipped. Then he laughed again, and got it on his shoulder to chuck it away; but I guess he thought he'd have the laugh on *me* and came over with it to the tent.

I made out as I wasn't taking any notice, and pretended I was mixing a damper, so he clapped me on the back and said—

"Here you are, Jim, the famous nugget you dreamt about. Ten tons of mica, and not worth threepence."

I took it up and pretended to look at it carelessly, and said: "So that dream's settled all right. Anyhow, it'll do to keep a corner

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of the tent down when there's too much of a wind."

And I went on punching the damper as if that job was jobbed. But I was thinking all the while, and I said, "Dick, there ain't no salt left for this blessed damper, you might nip over to the Chinaman and get a pinch."

And just as he was going out I added, as I knocked off a speck of the nugget with the iron tip of my boot, "And while you're there, just ask the Chinkie what sort of mica gets in nuggets." He took the dust and went over, and I continued kneading that theredamper, which was a miserable failure after all.

All of a sudden Dick burst into the tent, threw himself on his bunk and was blubbering like a baby.

"Jim," he cried, "Jim, it's gold, pure gold; Jim, it's gold, gold, gold!" And he started up dancing and singing out "Winnie, Winnie, Winnie!" and I thought the poor fellow had gone clean crazy for joy.

"I went over and shook hands with the Chinaman."

Then he took me by the shoulders, and with his eyes ablaze said, "Dear old Jim, our fortune's made."

"Your fortune you mean," I answered. "I never found the stone, and I don't want nothing to do with it."

"Jim," he said, quite stern, "we've been chums through thick and thin up to now, and if you don't take half of that nugget I'll throw it back in the river again."

Then he sat down beside me and told me he was in love with a lady named Winnie (as if I didn't know all that before), and he was too poor to ask her, but he knew she loved him all the same, and now he was going prospecting for the rest of those nuggets, and when he'd found them all he'd go back to England and marry her.

There might have been more nuggets up there—I can't say, for I never looked, and ain't never agoin' to; but I reckoned we had got enough and told Dick so.

I said as I reckoned he'd got quite enough money to marry on, and if the lady loved him he didn't ought to wait to get any more (for I knew he'd come into his brother's money too as soon as he got back home); and I pitched it in strong about how wretched the poor girl must be all alone, and how it was only his duty to go and see her right off, and how perhaps she was thinking he was dead or had forgotten her, and was crying her eyes out for lack of news.

That last settled Dick; and without saying any more we humped it into Bendigo with the nugget stowed in our swag and sold it at the bank for more thousands of pounds than I'd like to mention.

Then we spent our last night together—champagne and free drinks to everyone in the hotel—and before we went to bed I told Dick why I should stop in the bush because of the blood on my hands. But Dick was true even at that; and his lips were white as we gripped good-bye at the railway station next day.

I had to smoke a good many pipes when I got back to the tent again before I managed to eat much, and then I settled down quiet, mooning round the mountains, wondering how long it'd take me to die and trying to

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forget I had killed a man. The money that Dick had made me take would have kept a hundred men like me; I buried what I didn't want, and didn't speak to a soul except when I went to the store to buy my tucker.

I had got used to that sort of solitary life, and was beginning to sleep without dreaming, when one day a man rode up to the tent, a boundary-rider on the station, and shouted out—

"Jim Morris, that's your name, ain't it? Well then here's a letter for yer. Catch hold of it quick for I'm late; and a merry Christmas to you."

It was Christmas Day and I didn't know it; and he galloped off leaving the letter in my hands. It had English stamps on it, and opening it in the blazing sunshine, I read—

"Dear old chum Jim,

"I was married to my Winifred this morning.

"We are alone at last; but before we go to rest we are writing to you.

"We know now who you are; of the nugget; and of the other thing; and we are praying God to bless you for ever and ever.

"We shall never forget the hero dying alone by the dismal river at the other end of the world.

"God bless you!

RICHARD GRENVILLE."

And underneath in a lady's writing—

"I have kissed your forehead on the paper here."

There was no one else in sight, so I went over and shook hands with the Chinaman.

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[*Drawn by Herbert Railton.*

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.

Tennyson.

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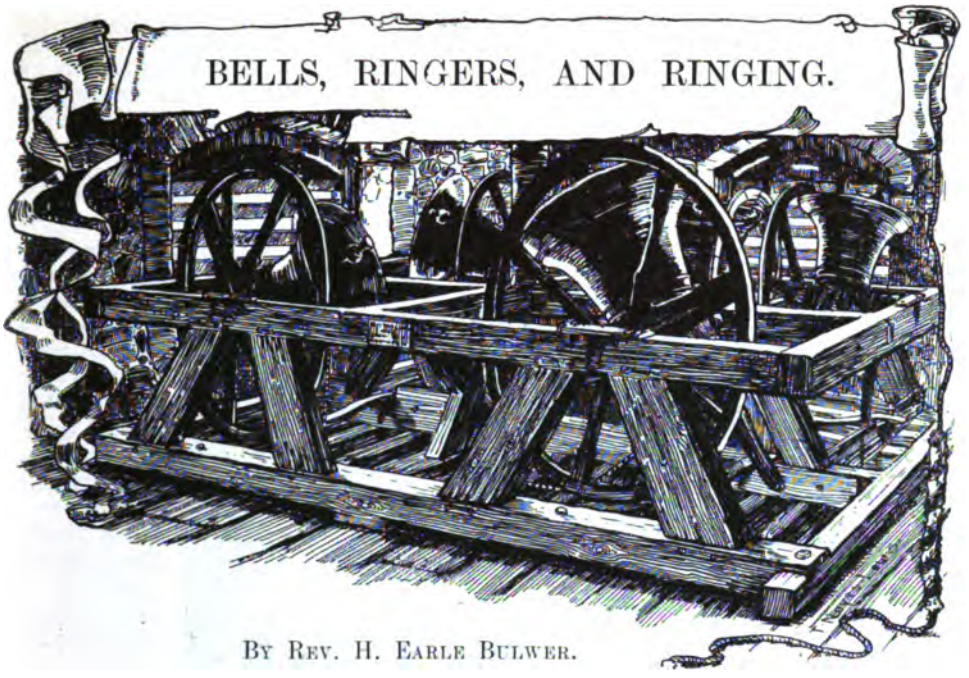
BELLS, RINGERS, AND RINGING.



By Rev. H. Earle Bulwer.

Illustrated by T. Noyes Lewis; *and from Photographs.*

OUTSIDE the ranks of ringers themselves a general ignorance seems to prevail of the whole subject included under the above title. Yet the general reader may approach the matter with every prospect of finding interest in it when divested of technicalities. To awaken that interest it should be sufficient to say that the art of scientific change-ringing is one exclusively English, and singularly fascinating to all who practise it. Treated usually as an unintelligible mystery, writers on other branches of bell lore are accustomed to dismiss change-ringing with a few contemptuous ill-tempered phrases as a noisy nuisance; while strangers to the art, watching skilled ringers practising, invariably confess that they can make nothing of it. Some attempt to elucidate the subject should not, therefore, be wholly unwelcome.

The late Mrs. Glasse, in her cookery book, prefaced a recipe for jugged hare with the sage advice, "first catch your hare," and with ever-increasing wisdom added, "then skin him"; and since, before anyone can ring a bell, he must have a bell to ring, and that bell must be properly hung for ringing, I also would say, first cast your bell, then hang her. (Don't quarrel with the pronoun, please; for although you may have your Great Tom, and your Great Paul, and your Big Ben, it is customary to regard them all as *shes*—like ships.)

Now the process of moulding and casting a church bell is one of considerable delicacy, requiring great skill and experience. The excellence of a bell as a musical instrument will depend upon the adoption of proper proportions in designing, accuracy in moulding, and care in mixing, melting and running the metal. The true principles to be observed in designing a bell are better understood now than in the days of the old founders, who probably worked more by rule of thumb than by any scientific system of calculation; hence their productions were frequently bad or indifferent, with only a few really good; for a good design would, more often than not, be marred by careless or faulty moulding, their methods and

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implements being of a rougher sort than would be tolerated in a modern foundry.

The curves for the inner and outer contour of the bell having been calculated and traced, are reproduced in sheet metal for attachment to a light iron frame of special construction, which has superseded the clumsy wooden boards generally used. This iron frame, with its interchangeable metal templates, is called the "sweep," and on its accurate adjustment the correct proportions of the bell to be cast will depend.

Formerly it was usual to build up the mould in three parts, called respectively the "core," the "thickness," and the "cope"; modern improvements however have abolished the thickness, thus saving a great deal of time and trouble in the process. The core is first built up on a cast-iron plate as a foundation; it consists of a hollow cone of brickwork, plastered over with suitable clay mixture, the last coat of which is carefully fashioned to the inside contour of the bell by means of the inner template on the sweep, which is mounted on an axis truly centred above and below the core. The modern development, which has superseded the old plan of a moulded thickness over the core, takes the form of a cast-iron cope-case, which is adjusted level in an inverted position, and with as much concentric precision as possible, over the lower centre of the sweep axis. Clay mixture is then plastered over its inside surface till a thickness of some inches is obtained. A last special coat is then applied, fashioned with the outer sweep, and worked up to a perfectly smooth, firm and uniform surface. The ornaments and inscription are impressed upon the finished surface by metal dies and stamps. It is essential that every part of the mould should be thoroughly dry before casting takes place, the drying being effected gradually as the moulding proceeds; or it may be hastened and finally completed by the employment of a hot-air chamber. The crown piece to contain the cannons (when such are required for the attachment of the bell to its stock) is moulded separately, a circular and central bed being formed in the cope for its reception. The cope in its case, when finished, is placed over the core with the utmost attainable exactitude to ensure a concentric position, the two parts being clamped firmly together. Here again, as well as in the adjustment of the sweeps, there is risk of error, which may be fatal to the prospect of producing a good bell. For although guiding flanges are moulded with both cope and core, a little dust or débris of plaster under the edge of the cope may cause a serious derangement in its position. Careful gauging, therefore, is employed to ensure equality of distance on all sides between the two parts of the mould. It is obvious that if the cope is not exactly concentric with the core, one side of the bell, when cast, will be thicker than the other, and the bell will be "out of tune with itself," and it will proclaim the fact by the beating or throbbing quality of its sound, with which everyone

A BELL HUNG TEMPORARILY ON SUPPORTS IN LIEU OF FRAME, TO SHOW WORKING PARTS.

a. cast-iron stock; *b.* wheel; *c.* stay; *d.* slider; *e.* guide pulley and box; *f.* sallie of coloured wools woven into end of rope; *g.* end of steel gudgeon.

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is familiar, so frequent is it, especially in old bells

It will be as well to explain this more in detail. The vibrating portions of the sound bow of a bell are four in number, separated from each other by four equidistant quiescent points, called the "nodes." Now if one of these vibrating quarters is thicker than the opposite one, it will produce more vibrations per second, i.e., it will sound a higher note, or, in other words, the sound-waves that proceed from it will be shorter than those coming from the thinner quarter. These two sets of waves, therefore, will only synchronise at stated intervals, imparting a momentary fulness to the volume of sound, which dies away again till another interval of discrepancy has been passed, thus producing upon the ear the sensation of a succession of beats or throbs, more or less rapid according to the difference in length of the two sets of sound-waves.

The actual process of casting is a comparatively simple affair. Copper and tin are the only metals employed, in the proportion of four to five of the former to one of the latter, the best brands being now used, though not so many years ago (as appears from an article in the *Penny Magazine* for March 1842) any scraps of ship-sheathing, old kettles and the like were thought good enough. Tin is more volatile than copper and melts at a lower temperature; it is not therefore put into the furnace till the copper is melted, sufficient time only being allowed before tapping the furnace to admit of a thorough admixture of the metals. Different methods of running the metal into the moulds are practised, the old and more common plan still being to sink the moulds in a pit, covering them up with loam, and conducting channels over the surface of the loam from the outlet of the furnace to the orifice left in the top of each mould for the admission of the metal. When cope-cases are used it is not necessary to sink the moulds at all, the metal being conveyed from the furnace in a ladle by the travelling crane.

The old founders, it is well known, would often travel from place to place where bells were wanted and conduct their moulding and casting operations on the spot, rigging up a rough shed or shelter in a corner of the churchyard or in some neighbouring field and melting their metals as best they might in a roughly-constructed furnace. It is a tradition that on such occasions contributions of silver were frequently offered by the wealthy towards the composition of the church bells. One does not like to regard this wholly as a fable, but it is certain that analysis of old bell-metal has not so far yielded any trace of silver, and one can only suppose that, if the devout lord or lady of the manor gave of the family forks and spoons for this purpose, they must have found their way into some receptacle other than the melting-pot.

It will be clear now that if church bells are wanted it will not do to give the order to any local brassfounder, however willing he may be to undertake it. An enterprising ironfounder once offered to cast a bell for me on advantageous terms. It was to be of the metal with which he was most familiar! The proposal was meant to be a tempting one, but I did not accept it.

It rarely happens that a bell issues from the mould possessed of exactly the musical pitch expected of it. The operation of tuning then becomes necessary. In common with other musical instruments a bell will always emit a composite sound, consisting of the fundamental, or key-note, and several overtones, as they are called. A good bell should possess among these overtones the third, fifth and octave above the fundamental, that is to say, it should sound the notes of the common chord in true relation to each other; and there is also the "hum-note," an octave below the fundamental. But these overtones are seldom found in true relation to each other, or to the fundamental; the tone of the bell consequently suffers in point of quality. How to bring these erring overtones into correct relationship is the tuning problem of to-day, towards the solution of which some recent investigations and experiments have made hopeful advance.

During a visit to Messrs. Taylor & Son's foundry at Loughborough lately, I was most courteously afforded an opportunity of observing the latest developments in bell-tuning, and in what I saw I gladly recognised a dawning prospect of getting church bells tuned on true scientific principles and with superior results. Messrs. Taylor have recently erected a very fine tuning machine in the shape of a vertical lathe. The bell which is to be tuned is clamped to the face-plate and revolves against a cutter-bar fixed to the slide-rest saddle; any part of the inside of the bell can thus be reduced as required. English founders have hitherto, as a rule, confined themselves to the correction of the fundamental notes of a ring of bells, leaving the overtones to take care of themselves. And since it is easier and less

prejudicial to the bell to flatten than to sharpen it, it is usual to take the flattest bell of a ring as the standard and tune the rest to it.

The principles of tuning are briefly these: if the sound is too sharp, showing that the vibrations per second are too numerous, the substance of the vibrating body is reduced in the direction of its thickness; if the sound is flat, showing the vibrations to be too few, the substance is reduced in the direction of its length, it being impossible to add to the thickness. To flatten a bell, therefore, the tuner cuts off a sufficient amount of metal uniformly all round the inside sweep of the sound-bow. To sharpen it (a process to be by all means avoided if possible) he removes a portion of the metal from the lip of the bell externally and uniformly all round the circumference. Tuning, however, should not be attempted by the inexperienced; indeed, whenever it has to be done it is better to send the bell to a foundry where it can be treated by the modern tuning machine. The common and inferior plan is to chip away the metal with a hard chisel and finish with the file. Fifty years ago a rougher method appears to have been in vogue, if one may judge by the article in the *Penny Magazine* already quoted, in which, speaking of tuning, the writer says: "This reduction is made by chipping away the metal with a sharp-pointed hammer!" And truly many bells present sad evidence in their hacked and hewn appearance of the ill-treatment they have suffered under the name of tuning. To illustrate the risks which attend the inexperienced tuner I may relate a story told some years ago of an individual, who shall be nameless, obtaining permission to tune a bell which needed it. The bell was too sharp, so he set to work with chisel and hammer and removed a goodly slice of the thickness from inside. On testing the tone it was found that his zeal had outstripped his discretion, and that the bell was now a good bit too flat. So he set to work again and chipped away the lip of the bell. Alas! it was now too sharp again. Nothing daunted, our hero of the chisel hacked away again manfully at the inside curve, only to find that he had yet again done too much, and the poor bell could only emit a feeble sound flatter than before. Another slice from the lip left it a wreck only fit to be pitched out of the bell-chamber window!

A BELL BEING TESTED IN TEMPORARY SUPPORTS.

From an instantaneous photograph taken at the moment of the clapper's impact, by Mr. J. W. Taylor, jun. The bright surface left by the operation of tuning is here well shown.

For ringing in the orthodox manner, bells must be specially fitted and hung in a rigid framework, which is constructed usually of oak, but preferably of iron or steel, on strong beams or girders. On the excellence of the hanging depends the easy action of the bell and much of the pleasure of ringing. Bell-hanging is a separate branch of trade, and none should be employed to hang bells

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but workmen experienced in it. The question is often asked, "Is not bell-ringing very hard work?" The answer is, it depends entirely on the condition of the fittings and frame, and the way in which the bells have been hung. The wood is well-seasoned oak, and a good many of the finest frames have come from Sussex. It is often harder work to ring a treble bell of 5 or 6 cwt. for half-an-hour, when badly hung in a crazy frame, than it is to ring a tenor of 2 tons weight for three hours when well hung in a rigid frame. It is impossible for even a strong man to ring some bells for any length of time, while others of greater weight might be rung by a child. Not long ago the treble of a ring of eight was rung successfully through a peal of 5040 changes by a young girl of fifteen. And there have been two occasions when eight men have rung uninterruptedly for over ten hours to accomplish a peal of nearly 17,000 changes. Bell-ringing therefore, under proper conditions, demands skill and a certain amount of staying power rather than physical strength.

The action of a bell when "rung up" consists in a complete revolution on its pivots or gudgeons, first in one direction then in the other, the swing being arrested at the summit of the circle by a sliding bar provided with stops, against which a stay attached to the stock of the bell impinges. A well-hung bell can perform this revolution by its own weight, and requires no pulling, the exertions of the ringer being confined to the few pounds weight alone necessary to control the bell at the end of each revolution. A large grooved wheel of special construction, fixed to the stock, carries the rope so arranged as to be wound upon about three-fourths of the wheel at one revolution, unwound and partially re-wound in the opposite direction at the next. Once off the balance in the direction of its swing, no power of the ringer can control the bell; he therefore allows the rope, after drawing the bell off, to pass freely up or down, resuming his grasp as the motion of the bell slackens at the end of the revolution. Here he learns by practice to "feel the bell on to the balance," and can check it, or allow it to draw a little, as may be required.

Our forefathers began the practice of placing bells in the highest section of the tower, and constructed large open windows on each side to allow free egress to the sound. But it was found necessary to keep out the weather, hence the adoption of the familiar louvre frames, which effectually prevented the free escape of the sound waves, the sloping louvre boards deflecting them downwards to the ground immediately surrounding the tower. Consequently we often hear very bitter complaints nowadays about the noise of bells. Our forefathers belonged to a more robust generation, and seem to have rather enjoyed a good healthy noise. We, I suppose, are more sensitive; and because the bells appear to some of us mere noisy nuisances, must clamour for the suppression of ringing altogether, without stopping to inquire into the possibility of less violent and selfish remedies. If our forefathers had been wise enough they would have placed the bells at a lower level, and kept the sound windows as high above them as possible, there would then have been no complaints, or very few. As matters stand however, if noise is complained of, the sound windows should be built up *inside* with substantial brickwork to a height well above the upturned bells, leaving only the few openings quite at the top of the windows for the sound to escape by. The sound will then take its natural course, travelling away through the upper air, ascending rather than descending, the bells will be heard at a greater distance, and the sensation of noisy clangour near by will be obviated. The brickwork stopping is not visible from outside, so there is no interference with architectural effect. Reversible louvres, after the fashion of venetian blinds, are also effectual in modifying the noise of bells. Instead of attempting to deprive ringers of the means of practising the art to which they are devoted, and which constitutes an otherwise harmless, healthy, and intellectual pursuit, it would surely be better to urge church authorities to adopt one or other of these remedies.

Although we have the bells themselves of all ages, from the thirteenth century downward, in our churches throughout the country, giving token of the antiquity of ringing in the English style, as distinguished from chiming, yet we have but few records, and these meagre, of what manner of men they were who handled the ropes previous to the middle of the seventeenth century. The history of ringing during the past 200 years is more ample, and from it we derive most of the information we possess concerning the ringers of other days. That many of them were of a type that would hardly pass muster to-day is more than probable; and it is certain that until quite recent times many abuses and objectionable practices disfigured

belfry meetings and tended to bring bell-ringing into disrepute. Still it would be a mistake and an injustice to assume that all ringers were alike in these earlier days. There were some at least against whom no reproach could be levelled, and the records prove that there have always been—at any rate for the last 150 years or more—gentlemen amateurs among the best ringers taking a leading part in developing the science of campanology. Within the past thirty years the old belfry abuses have been corrected almost everywhere. Nearly every county and diocese has its society of ringers, whose watchword has been from the first, "Belfry Reform," and that Reform has been for the most part successfully accomplished. Only where the influence of the society has not penetrated, or is defied, can the vestiges of the old evils be found. Ringers are now, for the most part, a highly respectable body of men, mindful of their responsibilities.

For the mere prosecution of the art of change-ringing societies have existed for nearly 300 years. The earliest metropolitan society appears to have been the "Scholars of Cheapside," founded in 1603, according to the late Rev. H. T. Ellacombe. The "Ancient Society of College Youths" succeeded it in 1637. Among those who founded it were Lord Brereton and Sir Cliffe Clifton. They used to practise on the six bells at St. Martin's, College Hill, whence the name "College Youths." It was to this society that Fabian Stedman in 1667 dedicated the earliest known book on change-ringing, and he also presented to them at Cambridge, where he lived, the sketch of his famous system of changes, known ever since as "Stedman's Principle," and to this day unsurpassed for beauty and ingenuity of construction.

Side by side with the College Youths there soon sprang up other societies. The "London Scholars," who afterwards, out of compliment to a certain victorious Royal Duke, changed their title to the "Royal Cumberland Youths," came into existence at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and were followed a few years later—about 1715—by the "Union Scholars," which society had a brief but glorious existence of about forty years. The College and Cumberland Youths are the two chief London societies at the present day, and between them they number in their ranks almost all the leading ringers in the country; but the first-named has by far the longest list of members.

Utter ignorance of the principles of scientific change-ringing has not hindered either scribes or artists from occasionally airing their ideas about it; the most ridiculous blunders have accordingly been sometimes palmed off upon an unsuspecting public as true presentations of the subject. I remember some years ago a picture appearing in the Christmas number of one of the illustrated papers, which was entitled "Ringing for Christmas," at one of the city churches—I forget which. This picture was truly a fearful and wonderful production. A ringer never lets go his hold of the extreme end of the rope while ringing, and controls its movement so that it shall rise and fall in a straight vertical path, otherwise he could not ring his bell in with others at all. But in this picture the dozen bell-ropes were flying all over the place; some snaking about on the floor, some twirling and twisting in the air to the imminent hazard of the necks of the operators. Not a single ringer was represented with a rope-end in his hand! Some were clinging frantically to the "sallies" or tufts, others crouched with arms and legs spread out, having apparently just flung away their ropes to go where they might. The serpentine contortions of the ropes and the agonistic attitudes of the men combined to make a lively scene; but it was all pure imagination, without a touch of realism about it. And some writers, devoid of the requisite knowledge, have not done much better. Let me endeavour to present something more reliable.

The art of scientific change-ringing does not seem to have been evolved before the beginning of the seventeenth century, the earliest systems in vogue being of the feeblest character, only a single pair of bells changing places at a time. About the year 1630 however the production of the first regular system for giving the full number of changes on five bells, to which its unknown author gave the name of "Grandsire Bob" (goodness knows why), paved the way for the rapid development of other systems. By 1667 Fabian Stedman had devised and sent out the very fine system for an odd number of bells which bears his name. Originally designed for five bells, it was speedily extended to seven, nine, and eleven, the nature of the system being such that this could readily be done without in any way disturbing the essential features of the method. There are now four or five main systems for producing the changes on any number of bells from five to twelve inclusive. The nature of the path pursued by the treble bell

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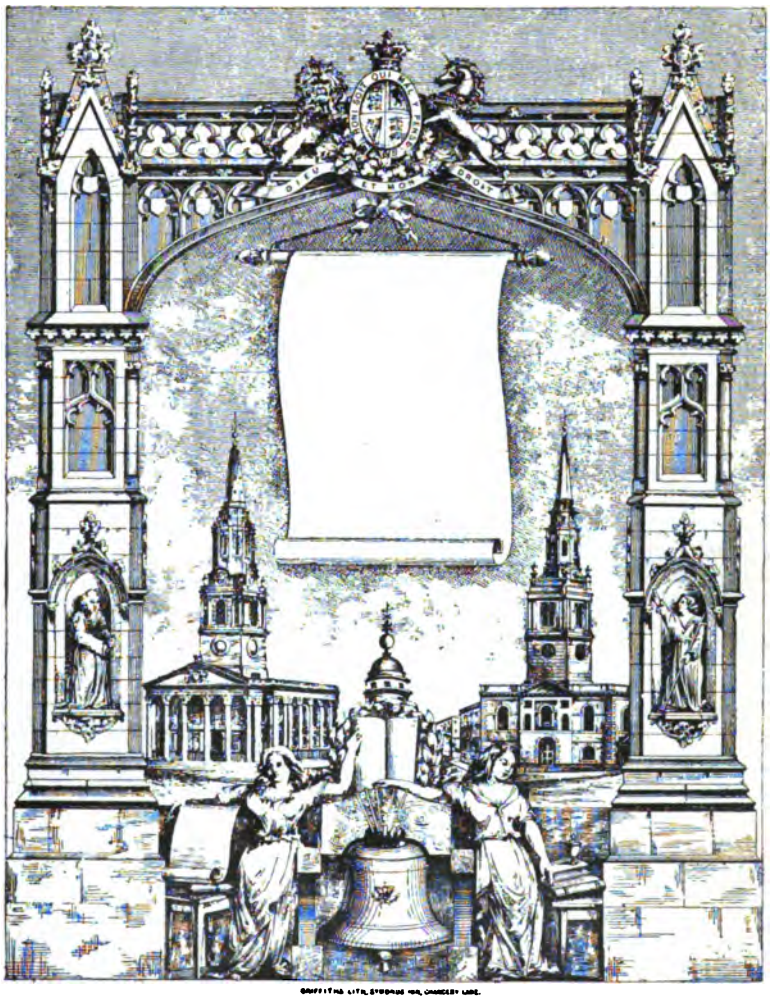
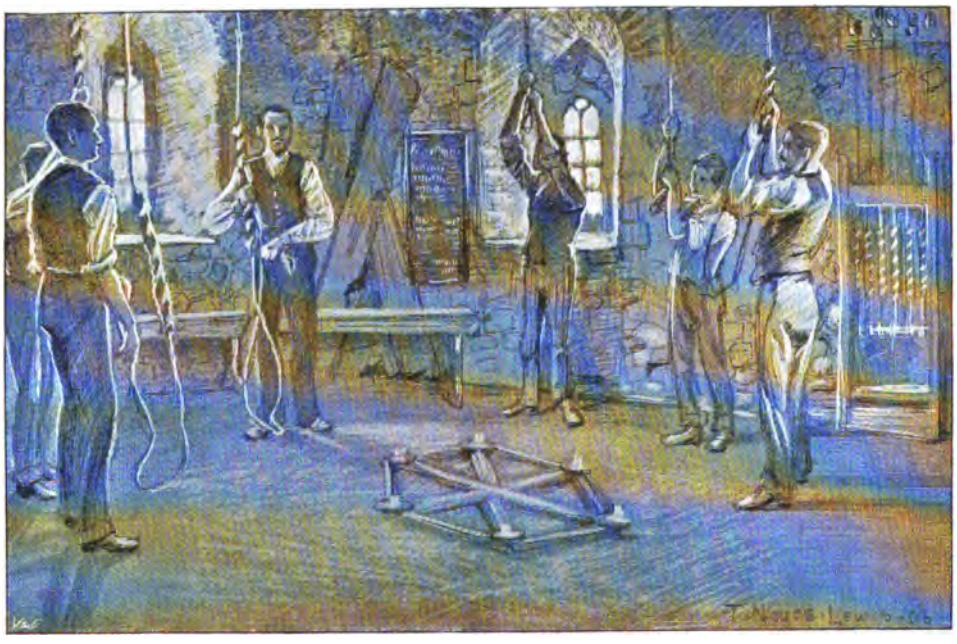
through the others, or of one other bell besides the treble, constitutes the distinction between the different systems. Thus we have the oldest system, "Grandsire," best adapted for an odd number of bells, in which the treble and one other bell pursue a straight path out and home again among the other bells; the "Plain Bob" system, in which the treble alone has a straight path; the "Court Bob" system is an offshoot from this, with more elaborate work for the other bells; Stedman's system, in which all the bells have a similar path; the "Treble Bob" system, so called because of the peculiar zigzag path pursued by the treble. To these has quite recently been added a fifth system, called "Alliance," in which the treble path is a combination of "Plain" and "Treble Bob" work. Under the head of each system there are several different methods of producing the changes, that is, several different ways of making the other bells work, some very simple, others very elaborate. These methods take their names mostly from localities where they were devised or first practised. All the systems and most of the methods are adaptable to any number of bells above four, the number being denoted by a distinctive title after the name of the method; thus, on the odd numbers, from three to eleven inclusive, the ringing is known, from the number of pairs of bells shifted at each change, as Singles, Doubles, Triples, Caters, and Cinques, respectively; and on even numbers, from four to twelve inclusive, as Minimus, Minor, Major, Royal, and Maximus, respectively. The full extent of the changes producible on each successive number of bells is computed by multiplying the last extent by the new number. Thus on two bells there are of course but two changes, 1, 2 and 2, 1. For three bells, multiply 2 by 3 = 6; for four bells, multiply 6 by 4 = 24, and so on. In this way we find that the extent on seven bells is 5040 changes, and this gives the measure for what ringers call a peal; nothing less than 5000 changes can constitute a peal, any less number being called a "touch."



CERTIFICATE OF THE SOCIETY OF ROYAL CUMBERLAND YOUTHS.

It would be impossible within the space at disposal here to initiate the general reader into all the mysteries of the art, all that can be done is to set down a few

elementary principles. The art consists of two branches, the one mechanical, the other intellectual, and there are few pursuits, if any, which give so free a scope for simultaneous mental and bodily exercise. The mechanical part lies in the management of the bell, and is of course the first thing to be learned. And although it is not every learner who becomes thoroughly skilled in even this initial stage, yet most beginners may hope, with a reasonable amount of practice under the supervision of an experienced ringer, to speedily acquire the mastery of a bell when not ringing with others. No one should essay to teach himself entirely, or some glimpses of the true art of ringing will begin to dawn upon the opening mind. In the case of the skilled ringer the management of the bell becomes by long practice an instinct, and gives him no trouble, unless a rickety frame and worn-out fittings above cause the bell to be uncertain and irregular in its action. With a bell that goes properly the ringer can concentrate all his attention on the motions of the other ropes, and the work of the method he has to follow, with a view to striking in his proper place with accurate evenness at each successive change; the great beauty of good ringing consisting in the rhythmical regularity of the striking.



RINGING A WEDDING PEAL AT MONKEN-HADLEY, MIDDLESEX.

he will get into difficulties and entanglements with the rope which will probably cause him to abandon the attempt abruptly. Let everyone therefore be content to be *taught* at first how to handle the rope properly—when to hold on and when to let go—that there may be no unnecessary collisions between the head of the operator and the ceiling of the ringing chamber. Further, while a tolerable amount of skill may soon be attained in ringing a bell by itself, it is another matter when it comes to ringing it evenly in company with four or five others. To do this well requires still further practice, in the course of which The rate of ringing in a peal of major, with bells of average weight, may be taken as twenty-six to twenty-seven changes per minute; and with eight bells to strike in each change, it will be seen that a small fraction of a second too soon or too late in the striking of any one bell becomes an appreciable portion of time, producing a broken effect in the ringing, which grates unpleasantly upon the ear. The mastery of the bell having been attained, the learner next turns his attention to the second stage of the art and learns the work of the method which he desires to ring. He studies on paper the path of a single bell

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through a sufficient number of changes to give the entire work, and observes its relation to the path of the treble bell, which in most systems may be taken as a guide. He must learn this work by heart, and also the variations liable to be made in it from time to time by the calls given by the conductor of the ringing. And then he must practice, practice, practice, till he can guide his bell accurately among the others, according to the rule of the method. He begins with a simple method, and progresses gradually, as he finds opportunity, to more elaborate ones.

Now all this is not so easy as it seems. The bell may give no trouble, and the work of the method may be thoroughly known, but it is at first, and perhaps for some time, a puzzling matter to find one's way among the other bells. Whoever thinks it would be easy, let him try it, and tell us what he thinks about it after the experiment. It requires a combination of excellent qualities to make a ringer, and it is not the least of the recommendations of change-ringing that it tends to encourage the development of these qualities: quickness of eye and ear, collectedness, presence of mind, patience, perseverance, ability to meet repeated failures and disappointments without being disheartened or disgusted, good temper, and the acquired faculty known as "rope sight"; all these are required in the practice of change-ringing, and the mixture is not found in every one.

True change-ringing must not be confounded with the wearisome repetition of one particular sequence and then of another, although this mode of ringing is much in vogue in certain localities under the name of change-ringing. In scientific ringing no repetition of any change is allowed, and the method, peal or touch which contains such repetition is said to be false. When the bells strike in their natural order, beginning with the smallest, the treble, and ending with the largest, the tenor, they are said to be ringing in rounds. When they are called into changes, each bell, as a rule, changes places with the one next to it, and from this point every swing of the bells produces a different change until the piece which is being rung is completed, when the bells fall into rounds again. Thus, to take the simplest way of producing the changes on six bells, from the sequence or row 123456, which is rounds, the first change is 214365. Now when a bell arrives at the first place in the sequence it is said to be leading, or at the lead, and strikes two blows in that position. Similarly, when a bell arrives in the last place, it is said to be behind, and strikes two blows there; thus the second change will be 241635, and so on. It will be seen that the principle of the mutations is for the odd numbers to work, place by place, to the end of the row, and the even numbers, place by place, to the lead. If this is followed out the order in which the bells successively come to the lead will be 2, 4, 6, 5, 3, 1, and at the last blow of the treble lead all will fall into their proper positions as in rounds. But this would be only twelve changes. Therefore, to prevent rounds coming up so soon, a slight variation in the work must be made. This is effected by the evolution known as "dodging," which consists in an extra interchange of places between the bells of one or more pairs, while the bell next the treble strikes two blows in second's place instead of the bell behind striking two blows there. Thus the first change of the treble's lead being 132546, the last will be 135264, instead of 123456, which it would be if the ordinary work were followed. From this new sequence another set of twelve changes, called a lead, can be regularly produced as before; the evolution being repeated at its close, a third set is introduced, and so on, the number of leads before the bells fall into rounds being one less than the number of bells engaged; and the whole block of sixty changes thus produced constitutes a plain course. In this method the treble is not concerned in the evolutions, but pursues a straight path out and home again five times, the others being the working bells, and the path they each pursue, including the evolution of dodging and place-making, is the same for all, and constitutes the work of the method. But these sixty changes are only one-twelfth of the total number obtainable on six bells. Therefore to get the full extent other alterations must be made at intervals. These are called for by the conductor arbitrarily. When he makes a call the ringers alter the work of their bells accordingly. Generally the alteration is confined to three bells, which manœuvre so as to take each other's places in the order of coming down to lead, known as the "coursing order." The call which effects this is named a "bob," the origin of which elegant term is wrapped in obscurity. Sometimes only two bells take each other's places, when the call is made known as a single. By the alterations of coursing order caused by the proper

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employment of these calls the full extent of 720 changes is produced without any repetition of any one change.

The arrangement of the calls to produce a peal on any higher number of bells of any length, or to possess certain musical qualities, is the province of the composer, whose work, and the knowledge necessary for it, is quite a distinct branch, constituting the science of campanology. Many of the best ringers know little or nothing of the principles of composition, and content themselves with performing the compositions sent to them by composers, or published in the ringing-books and periodicals. In the early days of the science there was keen competition among its professors to produce the best results and to solve the many difficult problems it presented. For years the production, by legitimate means, of the complete peal of Stedman Triples baffled the ingenuity and mocked the efforts of the most clever among the composers. Again and again the search was abandoned by successive workers, only to be taken up afresh by others, and pursued with dogged perseverance till the problem was solved. One J. Noonan, a composer in the early part of this century, used to declare that, in his search for the peal of Stedman Triples, he had used up as much paper as would cover the walls of St. Giles's Church! The history of these early efforts, and the tracking of the progressive steps by which the victory over this stubborn method was eventually obtained, is full of interest to the devotee, but would probably bore unutterably the general reader.

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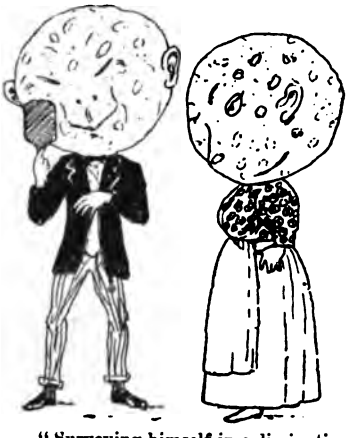
THE TOUCHING TALE OF A PLUM-PUDDING.

Written and Illustrated by BEATRICE MOLYNEUX.

"WELL, my dear, if you do not make a noble appearance at the Christmas dinner to-morrow, I don't know who will," chirped a big, tempting-looking plum-pudding, walking on tiptoe round an equally toothsome ditto, the object of her admiration, who was surveying himself in a diminutive hand-glass with perfect self-satisfaction depicted on every plum in his shining countenance. "Why," she added, "it isn't safe for you to go out alone."

"My love," said the other, holding his plum-pudding head high in the air, "I should like to behold the hand daring enough to pluck so much as a currant from off my brow. Where's the boy?" he asked, brushing away at a roguish little hat. "Oh, you're there, are you!" —as a dirty pasty pudding (a milk and watery production of stale groceries) dressed in page-boy garments, and carrying a liliputian plum-pudding robed in a long white dress, and who was howling lustily, came cringing into the room.



"Surveying himself in a diminutive hand-glass."

"That child is always bellowing," said Mr. Plumpudding, wrathfully glaring at the page, who forthwith became more pasty than ever.

"It's the almonds, sir, please."

"The what!" screamed Mr. and Mrs. Plumpudding.

"The almonds," repeated the page, in an awestruck voice. "He's been an' swallowed of 'em, an' they're sticking out tremendous like, all over him."

"Oh, why does that boy exist!" cried Mr. Plumpudding, waving with tragic gesture a scented handkerchief. "Oh, why is he allowed to torment me thus!"

"It warn't me," sobbed the small page.

"Cease, wretched youth; attire thyself instantly and follow me," said his master. "Wife, what's for supper?"

"Sparrow-pie—de-licious," answered Mrs. Plumpudding, smacking her lips.

"Ahem! Wife!"

"Yes, love?"

"Don't pick."

"It's the almonds, sir, please."

The pasty page, who meanwhile had enveloped his pale features in a huge muffler and sun-bonnet, now stood respectfully awaiting his master's pleasure.

"Boy, where's the infant?"

The page in utter bewilderment stared into vacancy, and muttered that "It might be up the spout!"

Mrs. Plumpudding sank in a fainting condition on a chair, murmuring feebly for something "hot and strong, and quick." While Mr. Plumpudding, having boxed the page's doughy ears, which stuck in flabby despair to his plumless head, tore in frantic alarm round the room, in his efforts to obtain all utensils that contained liquid, the contents of which he poured over his swooning spouse.

"In a huge muffler."

This remedy having the surprising effect of bringing her to in no time, there ensued a search for the missing heir, who was shortly discovered heels up in the coal-scuttle, making a hearty meal off the coal.

"I give that child up as a bad job," cried Mr. Plumpudding; "he will be the death of

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somebody when he comes to table, that's certain. Boy, attend me. Adieu, wife; I would salute you, but you have a dirty face." So saying, Mr. Plumpudding strutted to the door, followed by the pasty page.

"Making a hearty meal."

"What a magnificent night!" observed his master, proceeding to walk at a brisk pace down the brilliantly-lighted street, with the small boy trotting breathlessly behind.

The outward and visible sign of the season was seen everywhere that bright Christmas Eve—in the shape of sweets and savouries of all descriptions. Big plum-puddings, little plum-puddings stepped along with jaunty airs, well knowing their own value, for were not their brown bodies filled to bursting with groceries of the clearest water and warranted not gritty? Dainty mince-pies tripped by, whispering merrily of the coming festivities, in which they would bear no small part; ruddy bottles of wine, descended from the finest bin, were to be seen walking arm in arm, laughing gaily; saucy little hazel-nuts hopped up and down on the pavement, getting in everyone's way in their excitement, and being threatened by kingly joints that they would have their cheeky heads cracked if better respect was not shown to superiors. Lordly sirloins beamed upon all through golden collars of fat, while numbers of turkeys, already stuffed and roasted, passed, talking genteelly together.

"What an august spectacle!" exclaimed Mr. Plumpudding, pausing for a moment with folded arms to watch the animated scene. "Ha!" he continued. "It requires a mind such as mine to appreciate with sufficient admiration so magnificent a sight. What have you to say to this, boy?" he asked, looking down with lofty dignity at the pasty page.

"I should say, Mister," replied that pale youth, "that if so be as the human party as were a-lookin' at this 'ere 'ad no stomick like, 'e might hobserve without a-wantin' to stick a knife and fork into 'im."

"Oh, the vulgarity of the lower class!" cried Mr. Plumpudding. "They creep and they crawl in their ignorance, but never soar to more elevated regions. Oh, you—you—you animal!" roared he, backing away from the page, who meekly asked what he had "been an' gone an' done."

But Mr. Plumpudding at that moment was unable to speak, for he had come in violent collision with a bottle of port wine that was leaning upside down against a lamp-post, and nearly sent him sprawling on his aristocratic nose. Meanwhile the bottle of port wine, having with difficulty reared himself the right end up, reeled up to Mr. Plumpudding, and waving his arms to support his balance, said, with a tipsy giggle—

"My head'sh qui' cleash, but my legs are deshidedly intoxicated." Here he sank in a confused heap upon the pavement.

"Master," said the page in a tragic whisper, "I believe he's drunk and incapable."

At this remark the bottle of port wine once more staggered to his feet, and standing with inebriated legs very wide apart, glared indignantly in Mr. Plumpudding's face, and roared forth, "Notch so tipshy as you!" Here he again fell to the ground, for the forty-ninth and last time, where he remained, swearing horribly at the world in general, and his own tipsy limbs in particular.

"What a degrading exhibition!" said Mr. Plumpudding, turning away in disgust, and motioning to the small boy to follow; but the page could not resist waiting a minute to screw his face into a hideous grimace and stare at the recumbent form of the bottle of port, at the same time emitting

"My legs are deshidedly intoxicated."

a kind of whirring noise from his mouth, which appeared to have an extremely irritating effect on that gentleman, for he bubbled and frothed, and foamed in indignation, and

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certainly would have burst if the cork had not given vent to his outraged feeling by popping out with a bang, and hitting in the eye a huge round of beef, who happened at that moment to be driving past on a dish. The beefy monarch rose to his feet and shrieked out, "He'd be dished if he stood that!" But as he was dished already, it would be rather undignified to descend, chastise the offender, and then dish himself again; so he took the wisest course of remaining where he was, taking a little comfort by fixing his one uninjured orb fiercely on the bottle of port, who was rapidly disappearing in a cataract of foam.

The pasty page, alarmed at the result of his game, sneaked after Mr. Plumpudding.

"Why did you not come at once, boy?" he was sternly asked.

"Because, Mister," meekly replied the page, "I could not 'elp a-giving that 'ere degrader a bit of my mind, an' I told 'im you was so noble, as you did not know what it was to fetch a drop of water to wash your own 'ands, and as 'ow you 'ad 'eaps and 'eaps."

"Oh," said Mr. Plumpudding, somewhat mollified, "and what did the wretched creature say to that?"

"'E didn't say nothin'," answered the pasty page—"it seemed to squench 'im."

"Well, well," returned his master, "I must endeavour to forget him. We will now wend our way homewards; it is on the point of seven. At what hour did your mistress say the dinner would be served?"

"She said as 'ow at seven o'clock *precise* the sparrer-pie 'll be took out of the hoven," replied the page.

"By jabbers, she'll pick!" exclaimed Mr. Plumpudding, in an agitated whisper, striding rapidly in the direction of his home, while the pasty youth, smiling a bilious smile, hurried after him. This speed was continued in silence until they had traversed several streets, when Mr. Plumpudding, in turning a corner, stumbled over what appeared to be a grimy heap of rags squatting on the pavement.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Mr. Plumpudding, holding up his eyeglass. "What is this?"

"It's me," said a voice.

"Dear me, how very extraordinary!" ejaculated Mr. Plumpudding.

The heap of rags slowly rose, and disclosed a little loaf of bread, attired in an old top hat and high-lows very much the worse for wear.

"Please," whined the small loaf, "I ain't got nothing in my inside."

"Poor forlorn one," said Mr. Plumpudding, adjusting his eyeglass. "Page, my money-purse. This is sad, very sad indeed," he muttered. "Christmas-time and not even a currant in him. Here, forlorn one, take this and fill yourself instantly."

In great glee the small loaf commenced turning head over heels down the street, in the direction of the nearest grocer's, while Mr. Plumpudding and page went on their way, the former's heart expanding with warmth at having performed so magnanimous an act.

"I wonder if anybody saw me," he thought. "Boy, did you observe any pedestrians perambulating the street during my little deed of kindness?"

"No, sir; not one human bean."

"Of course not," said Mr. Plumpudding in an injured tone—"of course not. Slave," he added, stopping and listening, "hear you a strange fluttering in mid-air?"

"I do," replied the page in a frightened voice.

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Plumpudding, as a number of sparrows alighted on the pavement and popped gravely up to him.

"I ain't got nothing in my inside."

"I believe," said the foremost bird, who was dressed in deep mourning, "that I behold my enemy—the wretched creature who stole my beloved wife." Here he wept copiously in a black-edged handkerchief.

"This is very fearful!" exclaimed Mr. Plumpudding, streaming with perspiration. "Boy, stand in front."

"Oh, sir, I dursn't," whimpered the horrified page, retreating.

"See," continued the small bird, "he pales—my enemy pales. Oh, my sweet Maria Jane, to think that you should end your days in pie-crust. But I will be avenged!"

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Plumpudding, "this is getting frightful! Boy, defend your master!"

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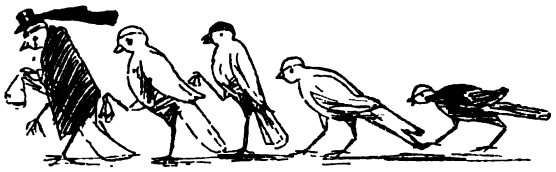
"Oh, sir, I can't, my legs are so slender," sobbed the page.

"Then there is nothing for it but flight; we must flee."

So saying, he commenced tearing down



"I believe that I behold my enemy."

the street, followed by the page holding tight to his master's coat-tails.

"Mates," called out the sparrow, "charge!"

"Loose me, loose me!" screamed Mr. Plumpudding to the page; but that pasty youth only clung tighter.

Away flew the sparrows after Mr. Plumpudding, and each as they came up to him picked out a currant.

"I shan't have a morsel left!" shrieked Mr. Plumpudding.

"Oh, oh, oh!" roared the page, as a sparrow alighted on his master's head and pecked out a huge almond.

"The pride of my life gone," wailed Mr. Plumpudding. "I will give in and die like a Briton!"

"No, no, sir!" panted the pasty youth. "Remember your hoffspring. I'm a-hegging of you on," he gasped, clinging in desperation to the coat of his unfortunate master; and thus in horror-stricken silence they raced on.

The revengeful sparrow with his mates fluttered excitedly about Mr. Plumpudding, twittering loudly as they fought over the fruity contents of his cranium; while the pasty page inwardly rejoiced that his own pale pate was so utterly devoid of the like delicacies.

The roast joints of meat they encountered in that headlong flight started aside in wonder and alarm as Mr. Plumpudding with the page tore past, surrounded by angry birds; the rich cakes and mince-pies thought their last hour had come; and the stuffed turkeys screamed hoarsely as they fluttered away in terror. I regret to say the little hazel-nuts were cracked most prematurely in the general confusion.

"I feel that fainty 'ot, Mister," whined the page, as at last they reached home and visions of nice resuscitating drinks rose before him; but Mr. Plumpudding answered never a word, but bursting open the door—which the pasty youth quickly barred and bolted—tumbled into the arms of his wondering wife.

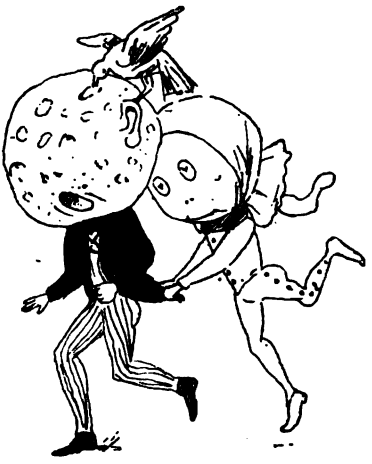
"I shall never hold up my head again," he wept.

"It was them sparrers, Missus," said the page, who was not hurt in the least; "an' if it 'adn't been for me a-shoving of 'im on he wouldn't 'ave so much as a bit of peel left, though I just did 'ave queer feels a-doing of it."

"Oh, dear," wept Mr. Plumpudding, "to think how noble I looked when I sallied forth, and see me now!"

This was too much. Mrs. Plumpudding began to sob, the small infant also howled dismally in some remote region, and the pasty page who wanted—for the first time in his meagre life—to laugh, exploded in a dish-cover, which had the effect of extreme grief.

The sparrows, fully satisfied with their revenge, chuckled as they heard the lamentations within, and the bereaved one, leaving his mates to finish the carols of jubilation, flew away to seek another bride.



"A sparrow pecked out a huge almond."

Mr. Plumpudding slowly emerged from his handkerchief, embraced his wife, and extending a hand to the page said—

"I bear no malice, and I hope all the readers of my direful tale will not pick the few remaining currants left me, and like the sparrows will spare my page."

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THE CREATOR OF "DR. NIKOLA":

AN AFTERNOON WITH GUY BOOTHBY.

By John Hyde.

Illustrated from Photographs by Ben Boothby.

THE readers of the Windsor Magazine have been so fascinated by the weird genius of "Dr. Nikola"—or rather of "Dr. Nikola's" creator, Mr. Guy Boothby—that there exists a widespread interest in Mr. Boothby's personality and work. Accordingly the present writer paid a visit to "Claverley," Mr. Boothby's pretty residence at Surbiton, where he received the heartiest of welcomes.

"As I have not a wide experience of—shall I say?—ordeals like the present," Mr. Boothby began jocularly, "I am rather at a loss how to proceed."

"The process is not so very terrible—nothing like the dentist," I replied. "All you have to do is to forget the printer's devil lurking in the background. I don't carry a notebook."

Thus reassured, Mr. Boothby made my task the lightest and pleasantest I have ever undertaken.

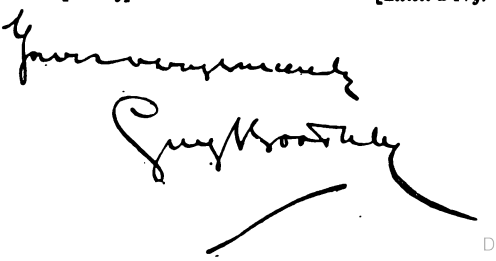
"I've just been over to Thames Ditton," he confessed, "seeing a new house I've taken. I have capital kennels there for my bull-dogs, for which, as perhaps you know, I have a great affection. In the days when I began to woo literature my unfailing friend was a faithful old bull-dog whom you shall see downstairs. Often when things looked a little dreary I would say to him, 'All right, old boy; we'll see it through together.' And he knew all about it."

"And you did see it through together, Mr. Boothby."

"Yes; he helped me wonderfully towards any success that may have come my way."

"How long, may I ask, have you followed literature as a profession?"

From a photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*



"Two years. Just now I am at work on my seventeenth novel. But come up to my study, won't you? We'll talk better there about work. My den is at the top of the house: you don't mind the climb?"

"Not at all. You prefer to work as near the sky as possible?"

"Yes; it has its advantages, I admit. By the way"—and Mr. Boothby paused on the landing and pointed to an etching of "The Hopeless Dawn"—"it may interest you to know that it was this picture that suggested to me the closing scene of my story, 'A Lost Endeavour.' The fine abandonment of grief in that female figure gave me just what I wanted."

"Is that your favourite among your works, Mr. Boothby?"

"I like it best," he replied as we settled ourselves in the study,

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a small and eminently cosy apartment. "I may perhaps, without vanity, tell you that Kipling, whose friendship has made him one of my sternest critics, likes it better than anything I've done. I cannot tell you what I owe to Kipling's kindness. In the days I've already alluded to he never failed to hearten and encourage me. Even amid his own great pressure of work he would sit down and write me long letters of encouragement and advice. Look at this one, for instance."

Mr. Boothby showed me four closely-written pages of foolscap in Kipling's beautifully neat and legible hand. "I think I must read you a portion of it," my host pursued, "for it contains the soundest advice a young literary man, 'red-hot to make his name,' could receive."

DICTATING TO MRS. BOOTHBY.

"One regrets that that advice couldn't be placed in the hands of every literary aspirant," I remarked as Mr. Boothby concluded the maxims of sound common-sense that were not dulled even by their setting of characteristic epigram. "Mr. Kipling bids you, when success has come, keep the ball rolling. May I suggest that the time has come?"

"Whether the time has come or no, the recruit has found his way to me. Would you believe it, I am inundated with letters from young authors asking the way. So these I endeavour, in my degree, to help as Kipling helped me. There's no use painting the struggle rose-colour. I tell the aspirant that if he is prepared to write for years without acceptance, just because he loves the labour, then he's on the high road. The next question I put is, 'Are you married?' If not, get married as quickly as possible, or at least fall in love. There's no incentive to work that will compare with this. My own engagement kept determination at white heat as nothing else would. And it doesn't end there, for now my wife's help in my work is priceless."

"Are your methods of working a state secret, Mr. Boothby?"

"I don't think so. I believe that the morning hour has gold in its mouth. In summer I am at work by five o'clock. Just now I am later, but certainly not later than seven. My average day is the orthodox eight hours."

"It goes without saying, considering the immense amount you have written in these last two years, that your daily task must be very considerable?"

"I should say that on an average I accomplish at least six thousand words a day. Of course part of that is dictated to my wife, who not only helps me in this way, but type-writes the final copy of all my work. But her assistance is not merely mechanical. Her interest in the development of my characters is unbounded. From the moment a character is outlined, my wife watches its growth with a sympathy and insight that mean more to me than I can well express."

"Do you arrange everything beforehand?"

"Provisionally, yes; but the characters always get the better of me in the end. They marry and otherwise dispose of themselves quite independently. I know no more what may happen than I know whether the work will win the public favour."

"You have many surprises, then?"

"Particularly in the latter case. The success of Nikola, for example, astonished me. But really this talk about myself is too much. I'd far rather hear about *your* work. My friends say in conversation I am a

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creature of digressions and sudden flights, always neglectful of the point."

"At present however it is my duty to keep you to it."

"Ah, there now, you remind me I am being interviewed."

"Then it must be my business to make you forget it. Now you see I have outlined my work for you, so we'll return to our theme with a very momentous question: Who *is* Dr Nikola?"

"That I am afraid I may not tell you, in view of future developments of that character. The name however was suggested to me one day in the train by seeing the name of Nicolo Tesla, the Italian electrician, in a public print. By the way, the Doctor's cat has won curious admirers. The other day a lady, quite unknown to me, wrote imploring me to tell her the name of Dr. Nikola's cat in order that she might call her own tabby after the 'dear creature.'"

The conversation drifted away pleasantly to the joys and sorrows of the author's post-bag, concerning which Mr. Boothby has many good tales to tell. Among its chief joys are kind remembrances from brothers of the pen. Many of these, in the shape of autographed portraits, adorn the walls of the study. Among the photographs are those of Walter Besant, Clark Russell, Robert Louis Stevenson, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard, and Rudyard Kipling. "Talk of the jealousy of authors!" he cried. "There surely never was a greater fallacy."

Then our talk went further afield. "You must tell me something of your Australian life and travels," I suggested.

"My first book, 'On the Wallaby,' as you are doubtless aware, contained a record of my journey across Australia in '92. You will see my course marked on that map. The journey was made with one companion, and occupied thirteen months."

"What means of transport had you?"

"At first some pack-horses, but these died off, then a rough bush buggy and a pair. They went blind latterly and we christened them Cyclops and Polyphemus. Once or twice we were at death's door, but somehow we pulled through. At the end of the journey we had a nine hundred mile row. Perhaps you'd like to see a relic of the expedition—which I always keep by me for old acquaintance' sake—my cooking pot," and from the corner Mr. Boothby produced the venerable utensil to which in a sense he no doubt owes his preservation.

Mr. Boothby's travels in the far East, New Guinea, and his sojourn in Thursday Island came next under review. Thursday Island is to him a place of many memories.

"Here," he continued, "are photographs

"Dr. Nikola." "The Beautiful White Devil."

MR. BOOTHBY'S BULL-PUPS.

of the pearl divers. There you see the huge oysters of these fisheries, valued not so much for pearls as for mother-of-pearl." Other photographs, too, Mr. Boothby showed me, photographs of places to which he has given a literary interest. "There," he remarked, "is the house where the scene of 'A Lost Endeavour' is laid, and this again is the scene of 'The Marriage of Esther.' Of the strange wild life of Thursday Island he has much to tell, but a novelist's incidental

anecdote is sacred, for it is doubtless the germ of the future book.

With every phase of Australian life Mr. Boothby is acquainted. As he turns over his photographs with the visitor he is brimful of graphic comment on every picture.

"Here," he remarked, "is a capital picture of a Queensland sundowner." The picture represented a solitary figure standing in pathetic isolation on a boundless plain.

"A 'sundowner'? I queried.

"Yes; the lowest class of nomad. For days they will tramp across the plains carrying, you see, their supply of water. They approach a station only at sunset, hence the name. At that hour they know they will not be turned away."

"Do they take a day's work?"

"Not they! There is an old bush saying that the sundowner's one request is for work, and his one prayer is that he may not find it."

The pathos of the Australian solitudes has entered into Mr. Boothby. He tells, as one who understands, how men who live apart—three hundred miles perhaps from the next neighbour—are steeped in the poetry of Adam Lindsay Gordon, whose verses they recite to lighten their solitary toil. The humour, too, of the life—rough and ready pungent humour—he has made his own. There is one grim joke of an arrest—but no, my lips are sealed. "I'm putting that into a story one day," said Mr. Boothby.

So the conversation flourished until at last Mr. Boothby arranged the pleasantest of interludes. "Come now," he said, "and let me introduce you to my wife," and a few moments later, in the enjoyment of Mrs. Boothby's charming company, I quite forgot my part of interviewer.

As we chatted on a multitude of themes

MR. BOOTHBY IN HIS "DEN."

my host suddenly surprised me by remarking, "Now you must see Dr. Nikola." The situation was exciting. I waited breathless for the coming revelation. Was the house uncanny, I wondered? Could the novelist really compel spirits and materialise the creatures of his brain?

"Nik, Nik!" he called mysteriously. "Nik!"

There was a pattering in the hall, and in bounded nothing more phantasmal than a very hearty bull-pup, of the friendliest disposition. He was clever too, for at his master's bidding he pretended to have a violent cold in his

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head, sneezed, said "wolf" with perfect articulation, and played endless other tricks.

Young Nik's great friend is old Nik, otherwise Beelzebub, an aged bull-dog of wonderful sagacity, and the hero of "The Beautiful White Devil," who entered next at his master's bidding. To little Dr. Nikola, alone of dogs, old Bel is kind and even fatherly. "Once in Nik's earliest puppy days," said Mr. Boothby, "Bel, the little one, had been playing with a bone in my wife's morning-room and had left it behind him when he followed her to the drawing-room. Presently he became very unhappy and began to whine, when the old dog rose from before the fire and went out of the room to return with the bone, which he placed before his little friend as if to comfort him." Then at the word of command Bel stood stock still while Nik jumped over him, backwards and forwards, not once but many times.

A visit to Mr. Boothby's aquariums followed, for my host is a collector not only of old books, but of rare and curious live fish, which he brings together from all quarters of the globe. One can only mention his rarest and most interesting specimens, the fish with rudimentary legs and hands from the deep lakes of Mexico city. One of these fish had a leg eaten off, but Nature repaired the damage, and now the new leg is in its place. "That other little fish," said Mr. Boothby, pointing to another tank, "I found one morning on his back, more dead than alive, but by way of experiment I gave him a good dose of brandy, and he soon was as lively as ever."

As we returned to the study Mr. Boothby told me of his early home at Salisbury.

"I was born in Australia," he remarked, "but at six years of age I came to England, where I was educated. I lived at Salisbury in a quaint house hundreds of years old. It was a strange old place, and the man who would have been impervious to its influence would not have been able to say much about his imagination. I used to weave wonderful stories about that house to myself then."

"The future novelist was making, I see."

"I have always been drawn to literature. I was always a scribbler. At sixteen I returned to Australia and began my real life."

"Of which your books are substantially the record?"

"More or less, yes. Some of my earlier short stories found their way into Australian papers. The very first I always keep by me as a salutary antidote to swelled head. When orders come in pretty freely one is sometimes tempted to feel a little elated, but a glance at that story conduces to plainer thinking."

"I should like very much to have a list of your principal works, if I may."

Mr. Boothby turned to consult a ponderous ledger.

"Well," he confessed with some reluctance, "if it interests your readers I am agreeable. In 1893 I wrote 'On the Wallaby,' in 1894 'In Strange Company,' in 1895 'The Marriage of Esther,' 'A Lost Endeavour,' 'A Bid for Fortune' and 'The Beautiful White Devil.' This year has brought forth 'Dr. Nikola,' and many other serials and magazine stories both in this country and in America and Australia. 'The Fascination of the King' is running in *Chambers's Journal*."

Thereafter, with no reluctance at all, Mr. Boothby produced another ponderous book, of which he seems fonder than he is of the ledger—the record of his favourite bull-dogs' pedigrees and performances, kept on a most ingenious system.

By the time we had exhausted that record the afternoon had slipped away, so after a word or two more on various subjects, a hearty laugh over a funny picture of the novelist and his illustrator, Mr. Stanley L. Wood (drawn by the latter), and an examination of the model stage on which my host is working out a new play, the moment of departure came, and I took cordial leave of Mr. and Mrs. Boothby.

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From a photo by] [*H. S. Mendelssohn.*

CYNTHIA.

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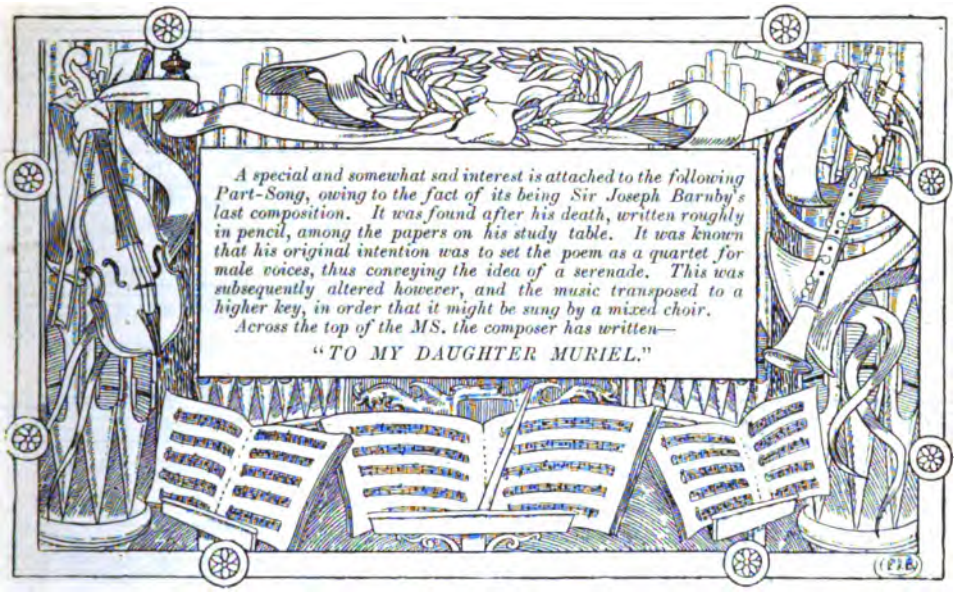

TO CYNTHIA,

ON HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

Words by WILLIAM TOYNBEE. Music by Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.

Moderato.

SOPRANO. *mf* Ah! could'st thou on - ly thus . . for ev - er stay, Just woo'd by

ALTO. *mf* Ah! could'st thou on - ly thus . . for ev - er stay, Just woo'd, by

TENOR. *mf* Ah! could'st thou on - ly thus for ev - er stay, Just woo'd, just woo'd by

BASS. *mf* Ah! could'st thou on - ly thus . . for ev - er stay, Just

PIANO. *mf*

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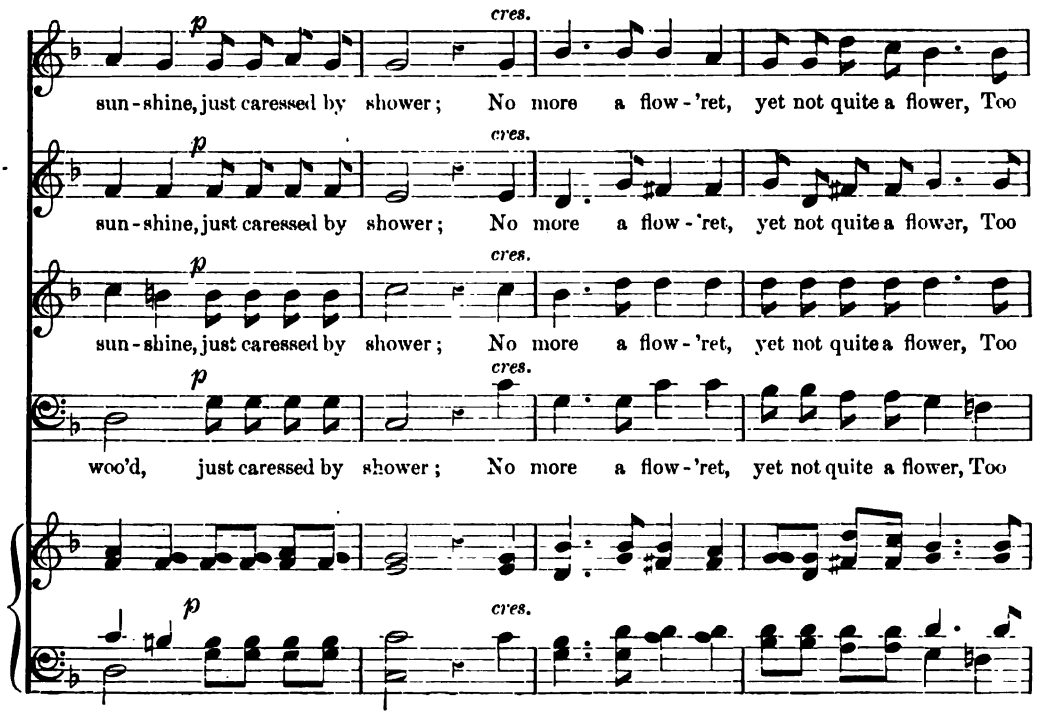

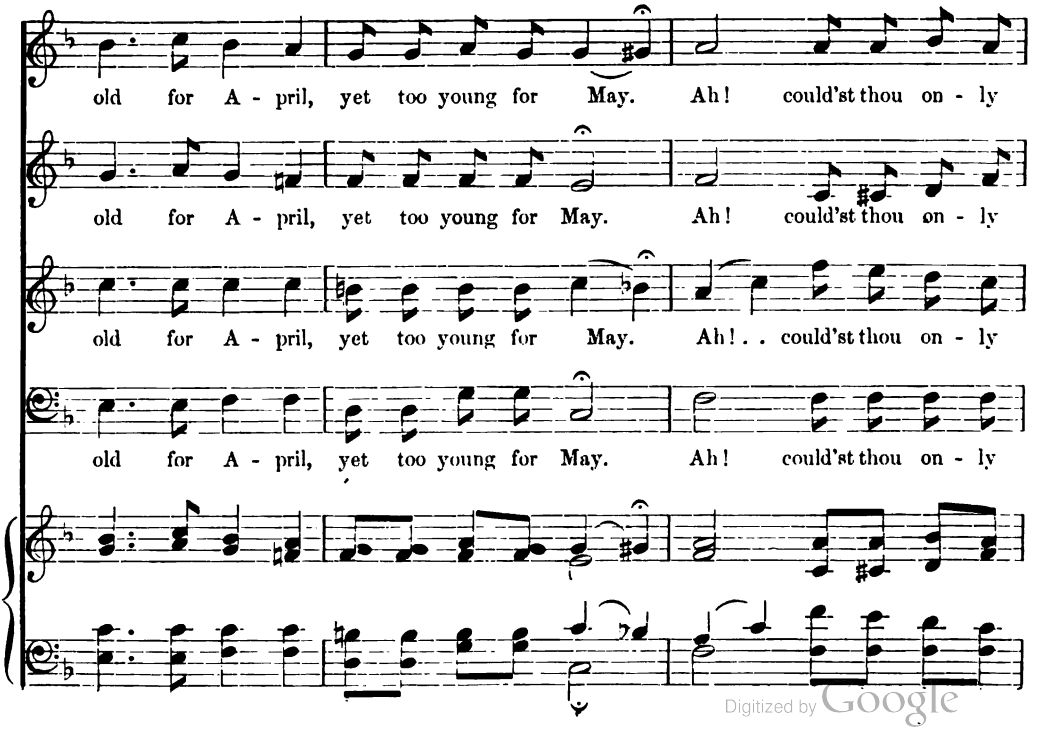

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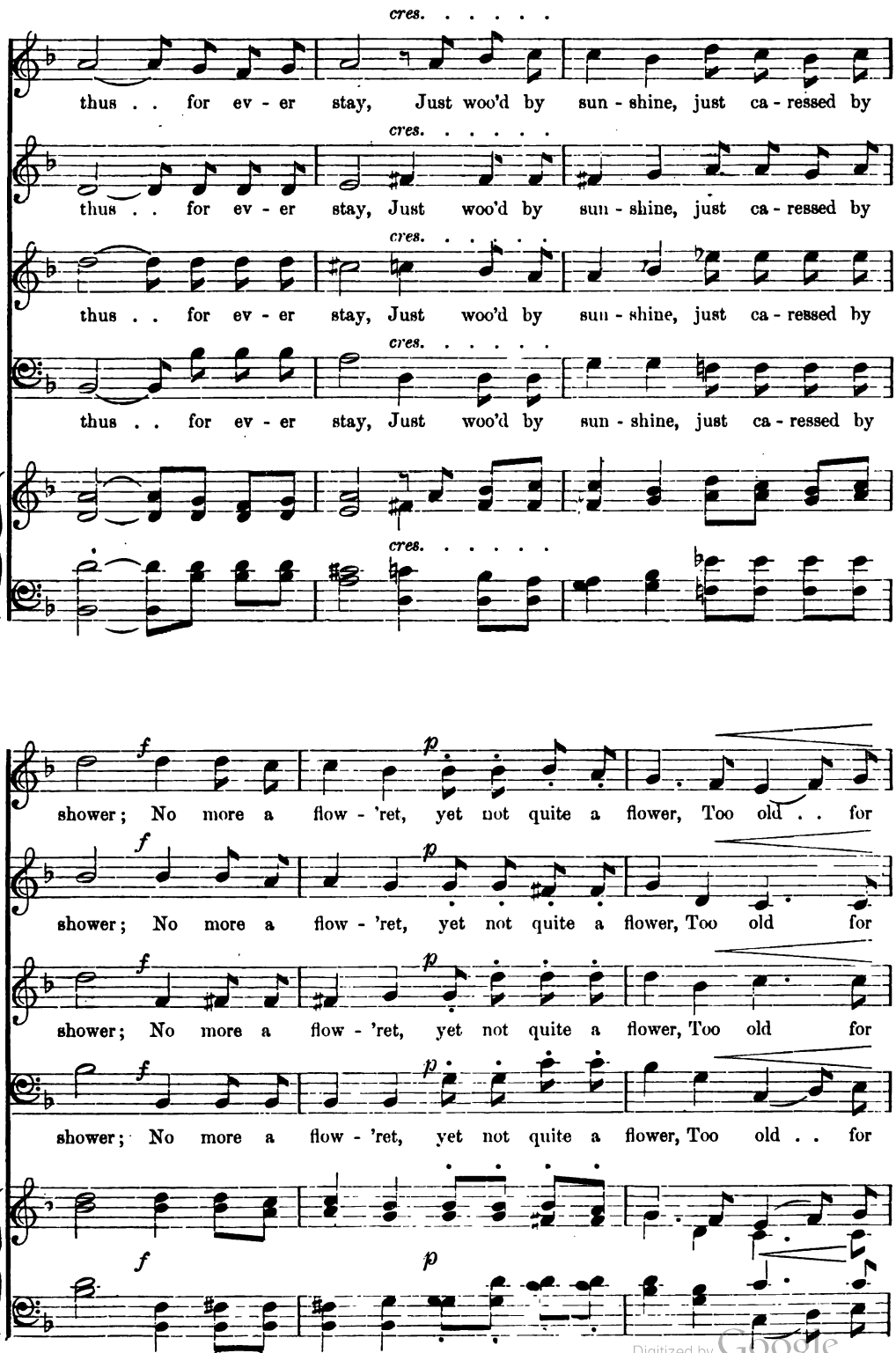

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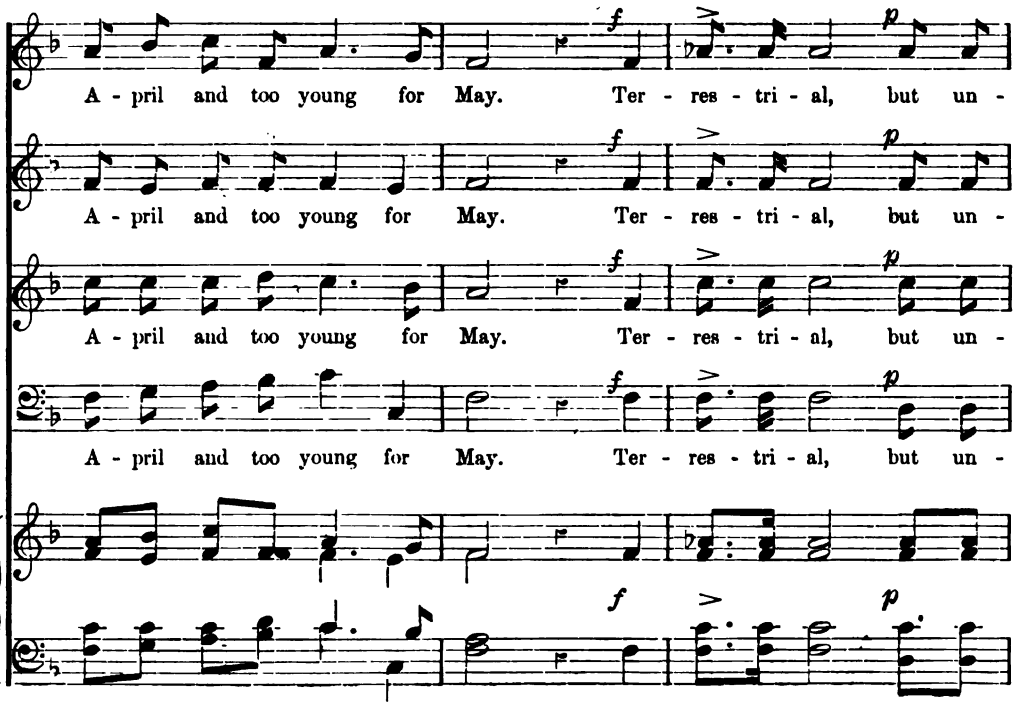

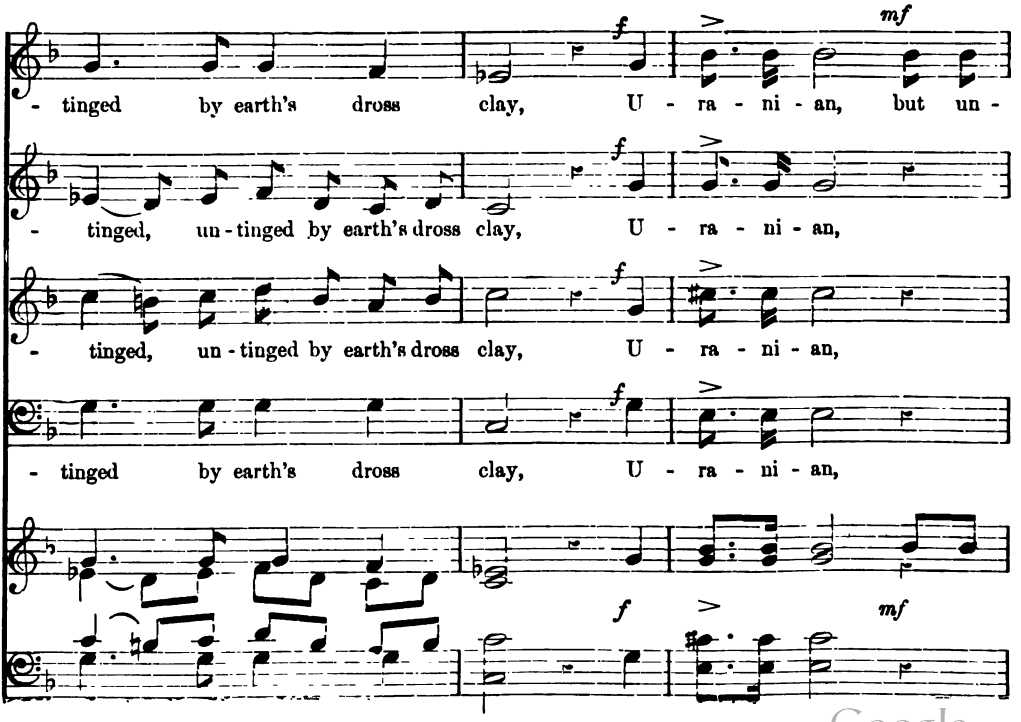

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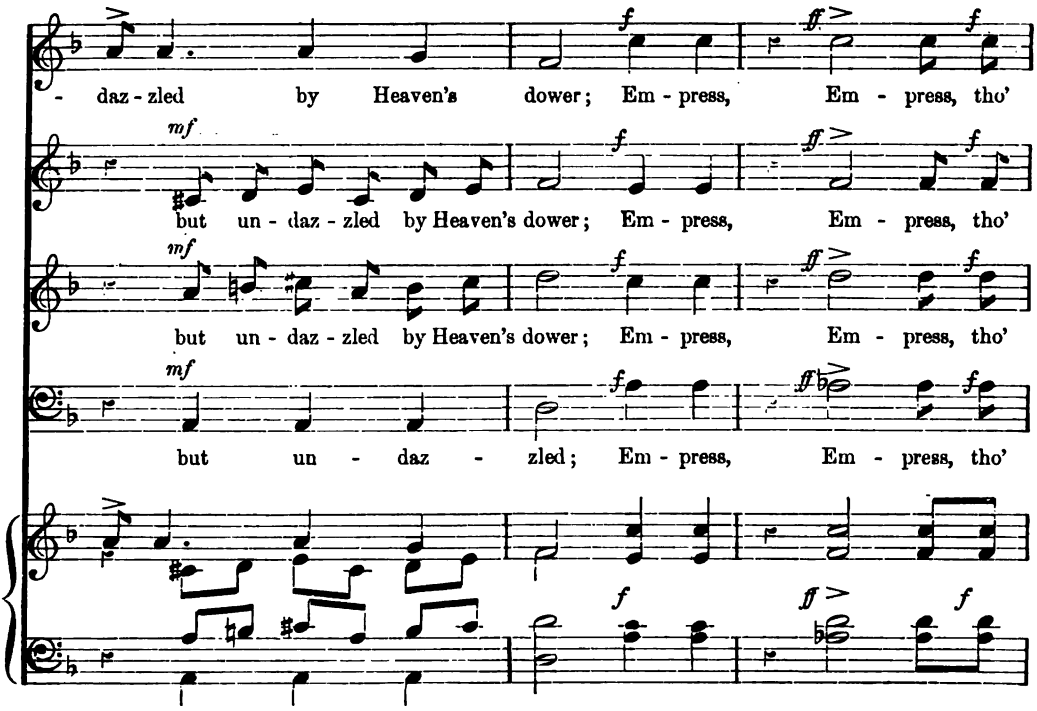

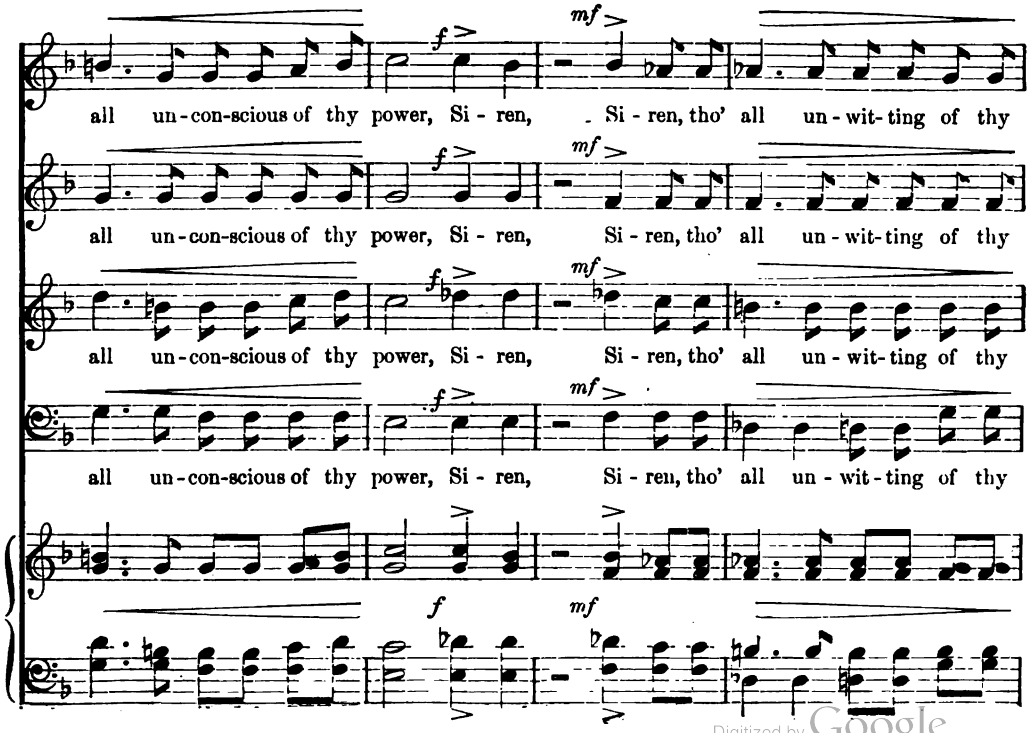

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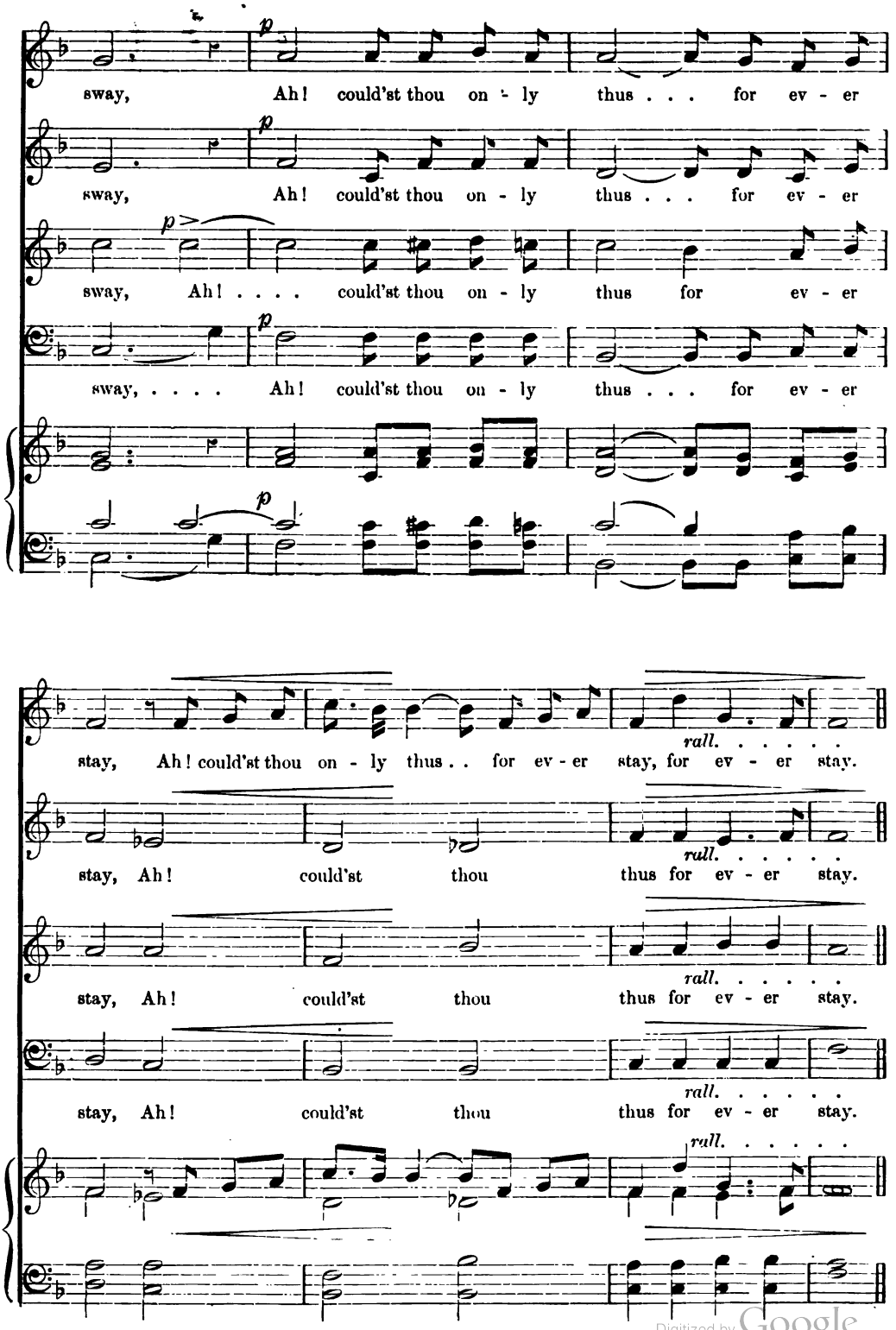

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"NOT yet, nurse, dear; don't let it be bedtime yet."

These words, spoken in a low quivering voice, stayed a hand which had been put forth to lower the shaded lamp-light, and the nurse, tired and weary with her day of care, stepped across to the white bed with its pale little occupant.

"You must try and go to sleep, Titmouse," she said, "because if you keep awake talking you will be too tired to sit up to-morrow in the big chair, and you want to get up on Christmas Day, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I do. I want to-morrow so badly, instead of the dark night. It is so lonely and so quiet," answered Titmouse, for such was the pet name bestowed upon her bright bird-like self; but she knew how useless it was to protest, for her little china clock, ticking such constant company upon the chimney-piece, had tinkled out the hour of seven, and with a kiss and a few comforting words nurse withdrew into an adjoining room.

Titmouse had been very ill, and those who loved her had almost despaired of seeing her smile or of hearing the sound of that merry voice again. Then they had been told that she would live, but many and long seemed the days of weary waiting for the time when she was pronounced strong enough to sit up; and it is on Christmas Eve, the night preceding that eventful day, that we first make the little girl's acquaintance, her father and mother a short time before having come to bid their darling a loving good-night. But sleep seemed a long way off from Titmouse. Perhaps the thought of the morrow, with all its accompanying joys, had been overmuch for one who was still so very weak. How many of us have lain, like Titmouse, with wide sleepless eyes fixed upon the shaded light of the sick chamber, longing for that faint gray light at the window heralding the dawn of day. She was nervously fanciful too. The pillow seemed hot, the bed hard. A thirst assailed her, she thought, and yet it was not thirst. She wanted she knew not what. Oh, for the morning! Alas! the night had but just begun. She sighed, she tossed, with rumpled hair clinging to burning cheeks, when suddenly there stole over the fever of her brow a cool perfumed breath, closing the tired blue eyes and banishing her restlessness, so that with a deep, quiet sigh, she lay, not sleeping, but conscious of a comforting presence—a being white and soft who bent and smoothed her tumbled pillow with the touch of a magic hand.

"Titmouse!"

"Yes," brightly answered Titmouse, and she opened her eyes and fixed them in wonder upon a fairy, for it was indeed a beautiful being from fairyland who stood there smiling with folded wings. Titmouse had never seen a face so beautiful, had never even imagined anybody so strangely lovely as this fair creature of white and gold.

She smiled, and the fairy smiled back at her—such a smile! Surely it was the Fairy Queen herself, thought Titmouse, and the fairy laughed as though in answer, and shook her head.

"I am the Fairy-of-the-Night," she said.

"O—h!" breathed Titmouse. "Will you stay with me, dear fairy?"

"I will stay with you, dear child, until my sister comes to take my place. She is called Fairy Sleep, and to-night she has much to do, therefore I will comfort you until she appears."

"Oh!" gasped Titmouse, happily. "What a kind, good fairy you are! Do you know, I have always longed to see a fairy, and now —— Oh, I am so glad!"

Fairy-of-the-Night smiled again and gently smoothed the child's hair with a hand as white as milk.

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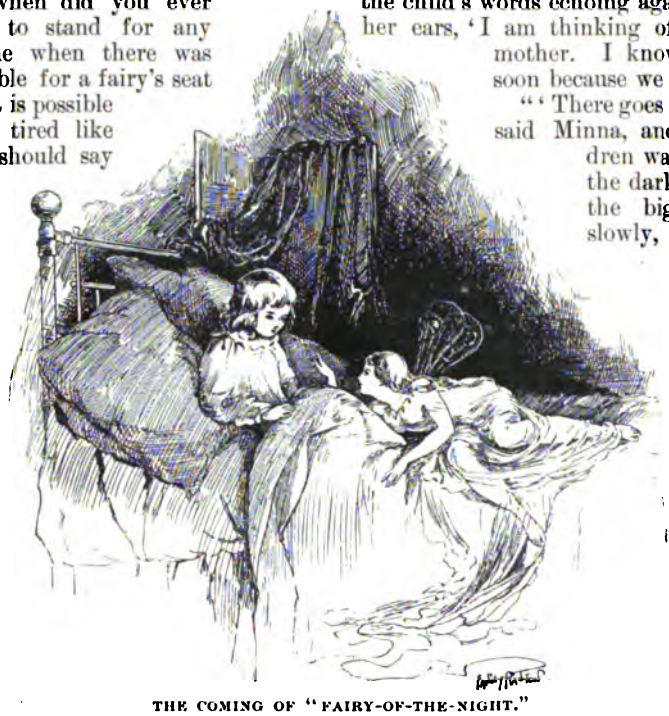
"I will tell you a story," she said. "That, I know, you would like. What shall it be about?"

But Titmouse could think of nothing but her wonderful visitor, and exclaimed, "O, dear Fairy-of-the-Night, tell me just anything nice!" and she got ready to listen with such a face of delight that would have astounded the doctor could he have stepped in at that moment and seen it.

Now you may or you may not have noticed, dear reader, that fairies, as a rule, are prone to take things very comfortably. When did you ever see a fairy in an awkward or an ungraceful position? Never. Or when did you ever know a fairy to stand for any length of time when there was anything suitable for a fairy's seat near by. If it is possible for them to be tired like other folks I should say that more often than not they are quite ready to take a rest at any moment. Not that this is at all surprising considering the amount of work they have to get through, and the long distances they have to travel in a short time, for the Fairy Queen has employment for them all, and is so bright and alert that nothing escapes her notice. She does a great deal of work herself too, but of course, being the queen, and having her kingdom to look after, she only has to do with very special business, and only travels any great distance on very important occasions.



THE COMING OF "FAIRY-OF-THE-NIGHT."

So Fairy-of-the-Night sprang lightly upon the bed, and reclining caressingly against Titmouse, thus began:—

"Two little sisters sat beside the sea talking of their father, who long ago had sailed away in a great ship. So long ago was it that they neither of them had any recollection of him, for at the time of his departure Minna was scarcely three years old, and now was eight, while Madge, now six, was then a tiny baby in her mother's arms. And ever their mother would talk to them of their dear father, and sometimes the great tears would fall down her cheeks when she thought that they might never see him again. And Minna would steal a soft arm round her mother's neck and comfort her in her gentle way, so thoughtful beyond her years was Minna. But Madge would run out petulantly into the sunshine and call for her sister to come and play in the rocks, and the mother would kiss Minna and send her, the child's words echoing again and again in her ears, 'I am thinking of him too, dear mother. I know he will come soon because we want him so.'

"'There goes a beautiful ship,' said Minna, and the two children watched it pass on the dark horizon, as all the big ships passed, slowly, slowly, into the misty distance, and was gone.

"'Madge! Madge! come to bed child!' called a well-known voice; and Madge arose and ran into the house. But Minna sat on alone in the closing shadows, with the little waves rippling to her feet.

"Then I, Fairy-of-the-Night, came to her. I came to her over the waves and took her hand, and bade her come with me. And she, in sweet astonishment, rose to do my bidding.

"I called up a fairy boat and sat her in it, and we sped with a gossamer sail to Africa, where a great ship stood ready to depart across the seas. I placed her upon the great ship's deck and she passed among the passengers unseen. Presently she saw in the crowd two men who stood together talking and laughing in a very joyful mood. And one of these was tall and bearded, with beautiful gray eyes like her own. He was browned with the African sun, and his pockets were heavy with gold.

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"'What happiness,' he cried, 'to be bound for home! How I long to clasp in these arms my dear wife and my little Madge and Minna!'

"'O father! father!' screamed Minna, and flew to him with outstretched arms. But the next moment, instead of her father, she found herself clasping a hard, cold rock, on the seashore, and her mother was calling her into the house.

"'Mother! father is coming home!' she cried, and rushed in sobbing with joy. 'A fairy has shown me my father, and when he comes I shall know him; oh, I shall know him!'

"'It is true,' said the mother solemnly. 'The child is inspired.'

"But Madge, when she heard of it, laughed her sister to scorn, for she was one

"MINNA."

of those who do not believe in our existence, and made great fun of what she called 'Minna's dream.'

"What a big silly you are, Minna,' she said. 'As if there are such things as fairies! *I* have never seen one,' and she laughed shrilly and took up a little basket of new-laid eggs to carry to the village.

"Some time after this the two children went to the village together, carrying with them the produce of their mother's garden to sell at the little greengrocer's shop.

"'I wish we were rich,' suddenly said Madge.

"'Father is bringing plenty of money,' said Minna.

"'O Minna, you are stupid!' cried Madge. 'I wish he would, indeed, then we shouldn't have to carry these tiresome baskets. We should have plenty of money all for our own selves and silk purses to keep it in. Mrs. Jones would then send for the things out of our garden, instead of expecting us to bring them. Yes, I wish father would come home with a lot of money!'

"'Dear Madge,' said Minna gently, 'I would carry baskets for ever and ever if father would come home and love us! And he *is* coming too. I saw him on the ship.'

"Now as they turned a corner in the dusty lane they saw coming quickly towards them a tall bearded man. The sun was hot, but he seemed not to heed it, his wide felt hat being pushed far back upon his head as he gazed eagerly around him. Then suddenly a basket of vegetables went flying into the road, a little figure stood before him, two little hands clung to his coat, and a pair of beautiful gray eyes gazed up into his.

"'You are father!' cried Minna. 'O dear father! dear father!'"

There was silence in the sick chamber, save for the ticking of the clock. Titmouse no longer tossed in fevered restlessness, but lay quietly gazing at Fairy-of-the-Night with a smile of restful happiness.

"And did you really take Minna all the way to Africa?" she asked.

"Certainly," responded the fairy; "but not in a visible form, nor indeed in a solid one!" she added laughing.

"And was their father really rich?" Titmouse next inquired.

"He was," replied the fairy. "He went out to the gold-fields, and after long perseverance he dug up ——"

"Sister, I am here!"

What was that? Another voice in the room? Titmouse turned her head and saw, standing at the other side of the bed, another fairy—a fairy with a sweet pale face, and wearing a long robe and hood of dusky blue.

"I am late, sister," she said; "I have but now left the children's hospital." She sighed, and a tear like a pearl dropped upon her robe.

"Why do you cry?" exclaimed Titmouse. "Oh, don't cry! Come to me, and let me kiss you better!"

She spoke in a soothing, caressing voice, very near to tears herself, but with an assurance of faith in her own ability to comfort that was strange and wonderful in so small a child. And Fairy Sleep turned a radiant face upon her.

"O my little one," she said, "you are so full of sympathy! How you will suffer, sweet, in the years that are to come!"

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There came a faint sigh upon the air, and the lamp grew dim. Fairy-of-the-Night was gone! So Fairy Sleep bent over the now drooping eyes of Titmouse and kissed her softly on the brow.

"Good-night, my sweet little one!" she murmured, "good-night." Then she too was gone, and the little girl was sleeping.

And then a curious thing happened. A door on the opposite side of the room to the one by which the nurse had gone out, opened suddenly and noiselessly to admit two figures who crept silently towards the bed.

It was the father and mother of Titmouse.

"She sleeps!"

"Yes, she is sleeping beautifully!"

"Where is the stocking? Oh, here, hanging ready—the darling child!"

"Hush! speak lower!"

After these whisperings came a faint rustling of tissue paper as a parcel was pressed into a little brown stocking hanging upon a knob of the bedstead.

"I should like to kiss her."

"No; better not."

"Yes; it might rouse her. She sleeps beautifully! Come!"

They crept back across the room and out at the door, closing it gently behind them. And the little china clock tinkled another hour nearer to Christmas Day.

THE COMING OF "FAIRY SLEEP."

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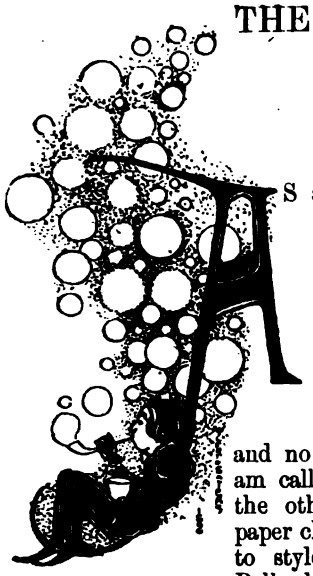
THE FAILURE OF PROFESSOR PALBECK

By Barry Pain.

Illustrated by Sydney Cowell.



AS a specialist in the cure of imaginative, conversational lying, I have incurred the dislike and distrust of the English medical profession. Because I have no English diploma, and no faith in drugs, I am called a quack. Only the other day a medical paper challenged my right to style myself Professor Palbeck. Well, my name is Palbeck, and I profess to cure conversational lying, and I suppose that a man who professes is a professor. I do not know what more the medical journals want. I do know—and I take this opportunity to remind the medical journals of it—that there is a law of libel and also a limit to my patience.

There are compensations however for the persecutions which I have to endure. The handsome silver salver on my sideboard is a testimonial from a well-known golf club. It is inscribed—

To Professor Palbeck,
in grateful recognition of his skill
in inducing
Algernon Muir McArthur McAnderson
to draw the line
somewhere.

Mr. McAnderson's was, I remember, a very obstinate case, though it yielded to treatment. There was a bad history: his uncle on the mother's side had been a journalist, and his paternal grandfather had been engaged in the manufacture of gas-meters. Naturally, as soon as Algernon McAnderson took to golf, the taint showed itself.

In addition to the testimonial the golf club paid my fees, which in this instance were considerable. There are many conversational liars in the world, and they make other people sick and weary, and then the other people are glad to pay me to intervene. The material prosperity that has rewarded me is some compensation, and to the gratitude of my fellow-men I attach an even greater value. This gratitude comes more often from the friends of patients than from the patients themselves. But there are exceptions, of course. The wife of a country vicar writes that she will never forget how I taught her to keep a spaniel without writing letters about its instinct to the papers in a manner unbecoming to one who had the temperance cause at heart. I still use the pretty beaded penwiper that accompanied her note. Then, in addition to the material prosperity and the gratitude, I have my scientific interest in my work and my happy consciousness that it is a good work. Compared with that, the mere money is nothing.

In one of the cures for dipsomania every article of food and drink supplied to the patient is flavoured slightly with brandy; his clothes, his bed, the air he breathes, are made to smell of brandy. One of my cures for lying is on the same principle; the patient is sent to a little country inn, chiefly frequented by anglers and golfers, the local talent being secretly reinforced by my own assistants, professional liars, acting under my direction. In both cures the aim is the same—by monotony to produce disgust. For hardened cases I have a more severe method, also involving the use of assistants. Here also strict secrecy is observed. The patient does not even know that he is being treated, and regards the assistants as the natural product of the society in which he happens to be moving.

Do I always succeed?

I will be perfectly frank in answering that question. If you know any man of sanguine habitual imaginativeness you may (if your means permit it) send him to me and I will guarantee a cure. The most heroic, illimitable, ebullient liar comes out of my hands as accurate as Bradshaw's time-tables. But I did once fail—though that failure has been the cause of much subsequent success.

I was sitting in my consulting-room one morning engaged in mapping out the work of my assistants—for I had several cases in hand—when my man brought me the card of Mrs. Hubert Spotter. As she had no

appointment I kept her in the waiting-room for twenty minutes before I ordered the man to show her in.

Mrs. Hubert Spotter was, as I could see by her dress, a widow. She looked troubled, and wealthy enough to pay my fees. She had a pleasant voice and was rather garrulous.

"Was it about yourself that you wished to see me, Mrs. Spotter?" I asked as she sat down in the chair opposite me.

"Oh no," she began. "I never—well, the usual—nothing more than anybody else does. You can't always say just what you mean, or you wouldn't have a friend left. And ——"

"Quite so," I said. "You needn't trouble yourself, Mrs. Spotter (and certainly I shouldn't trouble myself professionally), about trivial and occasional inaccuracies. That would be hypochondriacal. No moral constitution is perfect, and if it were it wouldn't be. An entire absence of abnormalities is in itself abnormal. Now who is the friend that ——"

"Is there—er—a congenital mendacious diathesis?"

"I am sorry to say it is my son—my only son."

"His name?" I inquired, with pencil and notebook in my hand.

"Harold Bitterwood Spotter, age twenty-one."

"Is there—er—a congenital mendacious diathesis?"

"I beg your pardon?"

'I mean, has he always been imaginative?"

"No, not at all. Even now he speaks the truth about most things. It's only come on since he took to bicycling."

"I must tell you," I said, "that I have found in my professional experience that the bicycling beginner frequently suffers from a profuse extravasation of mendacity. He says that he learned to ride in five minutes, could mount from the step in ten, and so on. Is that not so?"

"What my son says is that he never learned at all; that he thought out the whole theory of the thing before he touched a machine, and rode right away at once without any lesson or any assistance of any kind."

I gave a low whistle. "Yes," I said, "I am afraid that is serious. And may I ask, do you find in his case that the imaginative habit is general or localised?"

"He talks chiefly about bicycling; in fact I have noticed nothing apart from that."

"Localised," I replied; "which is just what I should have expected; a special irritation of the imaginative glands. Well that is generally quite amenable to treatment."

"His conversation is simply one string of the most tremendous—of statements that are very much so indeed. He is losing friends by it. A most satisfactory marriage had been arranged for him, and the lady will now break it off. He is spoiling all his chances in life. It is a terrible case."

"Serious, as I have admitted, but amenable. I prefer—I positively prefer to have the eruption pronounced and well-defined. The liar who lies by implication frequently gives me far more trouble. There is more chance for the wild golfing liar, for instance, than for the careful snob liar. In the latter case the disease tends to become chronic. The man who by some accident to his social apex has met a duke once and only once, and ever afterwards speaks of that duke as only the duke's intimate friends have a right to speak, that man is far more ill than he probably supposes. It *may* take an acute form, and end in company-promoting; but it may go on for years with little change, rendering the unhappy sufferer an object

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of contempt to all who meet him. Of your son now, from what you tell me, I have hopes. But of course I must see him, and he must have no idea of my purpose. Shall I be, for instance, the husband of an old school friend of yours and dine with you to-night?"

"That would be delightful. Strictly speaking I am dining out to-night, but I will write and say that I am ill and in bed —I would do far more than that to make poor Harold truthful. The time is very short, but I could find two or three other guests ——"

"Not necessary, thanks. I should prefer to meet you and your son alone."

Mrs. Hubert Spotter had rather a pretty house in South Kensington. As far as I could calculate she would be able to pay for a course of treatment for her son if it were not expensive or prolonged. The son, Harold Bitterwood Spotter, had more natural dignity than one often finds in so young a man. He was tall and handsome, with tired melancholy eyes. There was none of the vulgar liar's attempt to collar the conversation, and no trace of a noisy and boastful manner. He just waited until the occasion arose and then took it. Quietly and unostentatiously he told lie after lie, without hesitation and without hurry, smooth, massive, effortless lies. But his complaint was confined to bicycling; I do not think he would have told lies on any other subject, not though that subject had been his income and he had been filling up the income-tax return. Only one of his lies—and by no means his best—was about himself. I asked him if he had ever had any bad bicycling accident.

"I had rather a curious escape once."

"Do tell me about it."

"Well I don't want to bore you, and it was nothing very much—only rather curious. Last autumn I was bicycling in Morayshire. I was riding a machine without a brake along a precipitous, desolate road — very foolish of me. For three miles I had been bounding down hill with the machine completely beyond my power to stop. Coming suddenly round a corner I saw, a quarter of a mile away, a herd of black cattle on the road below me. There must have been at least fifty of them, and they were drinking at a shallow stream which here ran right across the road. In a fraction of a second I had realised that, what with the cattle and then the stream, I was a dead man, had determined in spite of that to live to the last second, and had rung my bell violently. The brutes started up, but at the pace I was going I was in among them before they could get away. They were mad with fright and dashing in all directions. To this day I can hardly tell how I steered through them. I have a vivid recollection of seeing a great black thing floundering in front of me, and then suddenly finding myself on the other side of the stream—one of the cattle had stumbled and fallen in the bed of the stream and his body had served me for a bridge. I had no sooner got through than the whole herd dashed after me. But of course at the pace I was going I soon left them far behind, and in another mile a sharp rise in the road enabled me to check my machine. I saw that I was safe, and immediately fell prostrate in the road. Nervous strain, I suppose. I was trembling so much that I was quite unable to ride back and had to walk my machine."

"He was tall and handsome, with tired melancholy eyes."

It was a fair lie of the robust type, hardly a specimen lie, as it wanted finesse. But even at this period I was struck by the manner of his lying. It was beautiful,

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quiet, and a little mournful. It was not common. I could see that he had a gift. And here I should like to give a word of warning to anyone who may be called upon to judge of the merits and demerits of a lie. Size is not everything. Suppose a man asserts, for instance, that he has swallowed the Albert Hall. There you have size without quality. It is a mere absurdity, with no claim to be called a lie at all. The best lie—that is to say, the worst lie—is that which combines the greatest amount of plausibility and the nearest approach to impossibility without being actually impossible. Briefly, it must satisfy both the æsthetic and the utilitarian critic.

But I must proceed to describe the methods by which I treated Harold Bitterwood Spotter. I am not in the least afraid of giving my secrets away. Any man may know my methods. For to carry those methods into practice requires a large staff of assistants of tact, secrecy, marked ability, and any social position required; it requires in their controller an audacity, a talent for organisation, and knowledge of the world and of human nature, that are not possessed together and in the same degree by any man except myself. No, I do not fear competition.

I own that I undervalued Spotter. I thought that he might be cured by a simple exhibition of public disproof in conjunction with ridicule. It was easy enough for me to put up an assistant of my own to meet Spotter at the club and take him out on the subject of times and distances. In the presence of my assistant and several other men, Spotter let himself go and gave rambling details of a circular tour ridden by his cousin, who, Spotter said, was rather over the average. My assistant carefully collected the statistics that Spotter from time to time let fall, stewed them down, so to speak, and extracted the result. The result was that—supposing the statistics were accurate—the distance from London to Maidenhead could not be less than two hundred and sixty-three miles, and Spotter's cousin had ridden this distance in fifteen minutes and an unimportant decimal. Where a poorer liar would have succumbed, Spotter triumphed. Firstly, he joined in the laugh against himself. Then he said, "But of course you've got your figures all wrong. Let me go over them again." In the manipulation of bicycling statistics he seems to have been unparalleled. He managed to preserve all the salient, picturesque features of his lie, making only such adroit alterations in detail as rendered the ridiculous deduction impossible.

The next day I received an urgent letter from Mrs. Hubert Spotter. Harold was much worse. In the presence of his uncle, the archdeacon, he had described bicycle polo. The archdeacon had looked much pained and surprised. When was I going to begin the cure? The archdeacon was Harold's godfather, and was quite expected to do something for him, and, Mrs. Spotter added, she could not bear to see her boy sacrificing all his chances in life for the sake of a little imagination.

I decided to get him into a home—that is, to get him to stop for a few days at that country inn. A little tact and suggestion were needed. A man at the club—one of my assistants, of course—mentioned that he had a first-class railway pass to the village in question, could not use it, and would gladly give it away. On the following night Harold Bitterwood Spotter was safe in the smoking-room of that inn hearing two of my experts discuss trick bicycling. He little knew that he was undergoing a course of treatment, but he was. He remained there for a week, and when he returned to London he appeared to be perfectly cured. Mrs. Hubert Spotter wrote me a most grateful letter, from which I quote the following passage:—

"And if it is any comfort to you to know it, dear Professor Palbeck, the blessing of a grateful mother is on your head. Harold is a changed man. He rarely mentions the bicycle, though he often rides it; and never does he allow himself to say anything on the subject that is not strictly and prosaically accurate. A reconciliation has taken place between him and the younger Miss Black-Brunswick (the lady to whom he was engaged), and he is trying to cure her of a habit of slight exaggeration. The archdeacon was lunching here the other day and turned the conversation (intentionally, I thought) on bicycling. For a moment I was afraid that Harold would be brilliant and imaginative again. But no. I know absolutely nothing about bicycles, but Harold was so dull and was so plainly trying to be interesting that I could see that he was speaking the truth. The archdeacon saw it too, and was obviously much pleased."

For the whole of one week during his stay at the inn Harold had never once heard the truth spoken about anything. A distaste for mendacity had by this means been created. He could not, his mother

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"He is trying to cure her of a habit of slight exaggeration."

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told me, even endure the usual formula, "Not at home." I was sorry to hear it; the strongest revulsion is rarely the most enduring. To speak accurately I was *not* sorry to hear it, for the longer the cure the larger the cheque—provided that in a sufficient number of cases you can cure promptly enough to make and keep your reputation. But I was not surprised when a few weeks afterwards I received the following telegram from Mrs. Hubert Spotter—

"Harold had terrible relapse. Come at once."

I went at once. "Professor Palbeck?" said the butler. "Mrs. Spotter is at home to you." There was a flattering accent on the 'you.'

I found her alone and almost hysterical. Harold Bitterwood Spotter had broken out again. The archdeacon had written to say that there was nothing to be done for a young man whose conversation consisted of one long string of cowardly and offensive lies on the subject of the bicycle. Miss Black-Brunswick (with twelve thousand of her own) had definitely broken off the engagement. The committee of his club had written to him to say that representations had been made to them with reference to his recent remarks on the bicycling mile record; that they desired to cast no imputations on his honesty, but they wished him either to resign or to guarantee all hats, coats and umbrellas that might be in the hall during any period when he was using the house.

"And he is *not* dishonest," gasped Mrs. Spotter. "It is only that his imagination runs away with him."

"Quite so," I said. "Very well; the imagination that runs away must be treated precisely as a horse that runs away. When it has finished running away on its own account it must be made to go on running on account of the driver."

"I don't understand you; and Harold is not a horse," said Mrs. Spotter. In her distress some of her normal suavity of manner had vanished.

"I will explain," I said. "I intend to hand over your son to what I call the Outlying Department. I had reason to suppose some time ago that your son was quite an exceptional liar—that he lied for the pure joy of lying and from no base and selfish motive. The braggart liar (one of the commonest varieties) would have been confounded and cured by public exposure. But your son is not a braggart liar. The liar by habit, again, would have been cured by a brief stay in a house where everybody lied, and would have found the habit nauseous. Your son is not merely the habitual liar, for though he was affected temporarily by this manner of treatment he was not cured. It only needed a strong suggestion to cause the relapse. At a guess I should say that your son had been in some thoroughfare where bicycle shops were frequent."

"True. He was in Holborn in the morning. In the evening we were dining out together, and there was nothing to show that there was anything wrong with him until—I hate to repeat it—but I heard him tell the girl whom he had taken down, that that afternoon he had seen a man ride a bicycle backwards through the traffic at Piccadilly Circus. I got him away as soon as I could, and I hope it wasn't noticed much. But, oh, you can imagine my distress! What are we to do?"

"Without the least delay he must meet a finer liar than himself. His spirit must be broken; his pride in his lies humbled; his joy in his best stories turned to bitterness. As I have said I feared a relapse. I also prepared for it. Within the last two months your son has made the acquaintance of a Mr. Watchet. To your son Mr. Watchet is a barrister and a very good fellow, with no practice, and with private means. As a matter of fact Mr. Watchet is in receipt of an annual salary of seven hundred pounds from myself. He is in my employ. He is quite the best man in my Outlying Department, and if any man in the world can outlie your son, it is Mr. Watchet. He has great talent—was at one time an interviewer for an American paper, and afterwards took charge of a financial column. I will put Watchet on, and if he fails then the case is hopeless."

"You couldn't do it yourself?" suggested Mrs. Spotter.

"I cannot lie," I replied.

"Nor I, nor I. Let it be Mr. Watchet, then. Warn him that Harold is exceptional. Tell him to be well prepared beforehand. Don't let him fail."

But he did fail. He met Spotter in the street and took him off to dine at the club—Watchet's club. Spotter had few engagements, and already his friends were dropping off. In the ordinary course Watchet should have called at my office on the following morning at ten o'clock to present his report. At twelve he had not come, and I felt so uneasy that I drove round to the flat where he lived.

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"Mr. Watchet is not well this morning," said the servant. "The doctor has been. I don't know ——"

"Oh, Mr. Watchet will see me," I replied, and entered his study. The first thing that met my eyes was a large panel portrait of Harold Bitterwood Spotter in the place of honour in the centre of the mantelpiece; the next was Watchet, prostrate on the sofa. He was a man of small physique, with pale yellow hair and childish, truthful blue eyes. He groaned to himself.

"Hallo, Watchet! what's the matter?" I asked.

He raised himself slowly. "Professor Palbeck," he said, "it's all over. We left the club at two o'clock this morning; and I have failed. Look!" He pointed to the portrait. "Look, and take off your hat, for that is a master! I persuaded him to send it me. I reverence it. And accept my resignation."

"Nonsense! You'll do better next time."

"No, my spirit is broken. I shall never do any really fine lying again. I can make a living somehow—write a column of racing chatter or something of that kind—but I am not fit for the Outlying Department." And then he tried to tell me what had happened.

'Look, and take off your hat, for that is a master!"

It appeared that Spotter began immediately after dinner with what he called "a curious thunder-storm experience that happened to my friend James Johnson." James Johnson was riding in Devonshire. It was a hot, close, thirsty day, and Johnson (who was a teetotaler) had taken a stone bottle of ginger-beer with him to refresh himself. The roads were lonely, and you might ride for miles without coming across a house or a human being. When Johnson essayed his ginger-beer the cork broke off about half-way down. He found himself unable to force the lower half of the cork into the bottle, and he had no corkscrew with which to draw it out. Johnson was disappointed, but he rode on in search of humanity and the chance to borrow a corkscrew. Just then the storm, which had for a long time been gathering, broke with awful violence. The rain swirled, the thunder roared, the skies were split with lightning. Johnson, who like most teetotalers was a singularly calm man, rode steadily on through the storm. At last there came a blinding flash and Johnson fell to the ground. The lightning had struck, not the man, but the bicycle. Johnson himself was absolutely uninjured. At first sight the bicycle also appeared to be uninjured, but on closer examination Johnson found that the lightning had torn out one spoke and twisted it into a spiral. "This is really very convenient," said Johnson to himself, and without the least hesitation used that spoke as a corkscrew, drank his ginger-beer and rode on.

On hearing this little story Watchet pulled himself together and remarked that a calm man like Johnson ought to have been able to pass the pin-test for straight riding.

"What is that?" Spotter asked.

"It's in use at some of the best cycling schools. They break an ordinary pin in half and fix the two halves lightly in a plank along which the competitor has to ride. The distance between the two halves is exactly the circumference of the front

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wheel. The first half is fixed with the point uppermost and the second with the head uppermost. Therefore if you ride *quite* straight the first half punctures the tyre with the point and the second half plugs the hole up again with the head, and you go on as if nothing had happened. A really first-rate man will do the trick twenty times running without missing."

At this juncture Watchet confidently expected that Spotter would give up. On the contrary Spotter smiled and then said—

"You remind me of what once happened to my cousin. On a downward slope of a hard road, with the wind helping him, he once did a mile in a minute with a hole in his front tyre the size of a threepenny bit. At the pace he was going the pressure of the atmosphere prevented the air from escaping and kept the tyre fully expanded, on the same principle as the ordinary railway brake."

"Yes," said Watchet, "that would be so, when the hole faced in the direction in which Spotter was going; but when, as the wheel revolved, it faced the other way, what then?"

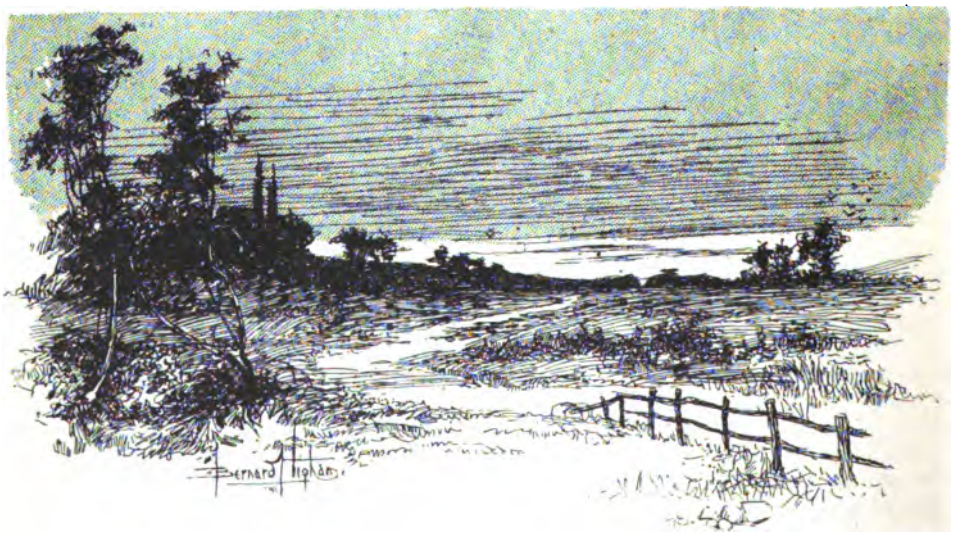
"Well then the force of the wind did the same thing. I told you the wind was in my cousin's favour. You can't do a mile in a minute without a wind to help you, you know."

I consider it greatly to Watchet's credit that he struggled on after this, lying as best he could, until two o'clock in the morning. But I accepted his resignation. I cannot afford to pay seven hundred a year to a man who fails.

I drove on to Mrs. Spotter's house. I changed my tone to her. I said that I had been unable to alter her son, and I was glad of it. He had a great gift, and it would be a pity to spoil it. I would make no charge for my services, and I would gladly employ her son in the Outlying Department at an annual salary of eight hundred pounds. The offer was accepted.

Spotter is invaluable to me. I have mentioned the case of McAnderson. Nothing did him any good until I handed him over to Harold Bitterwood Spotter. McAnderson was a fine golf liar, but he could not stand against Spotter. He came out cured after half an hour's interview. "I went in there," he told me afterwards, "with the idea that I knew what lying was, and I saw that the highest pinnacle to which I could attain was fathomless depth below his feet. He is a master! He does not lie, he soars! I need hardly say that I at once abandon any paltry attempts that I have made in that direction. I am but the smallest star; he is the sun!"

Yes, I failed to cure Spotter. But thanks to that failure, I shall never fail again.



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A FOREWORD FOR 1897.

By The Editor.

A.D. 1897. One of the new voices in literature has lately exclaimed, "The future is the only tense we have the power to change." That being so, it is more interesting and necessary to speak of

OUR PLANS FOR THE COMING YEAR

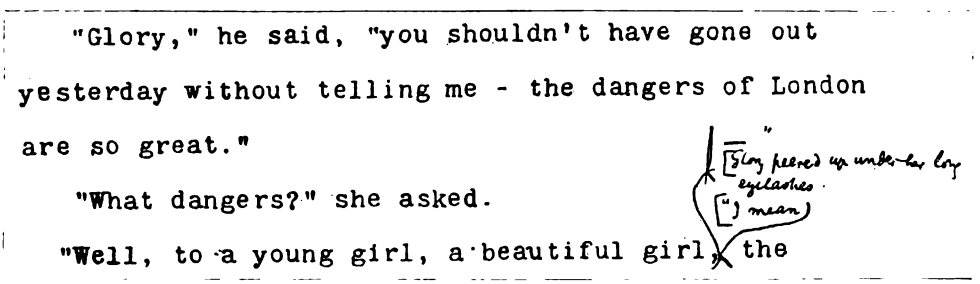
than to indulge in retrospect, however satisfactory may be the backward glance over the volume of the Windsor Magazine which has just closed.

Gratitude is due to the brilliant band of writers and artists who advanced so unmistakably the reputation of the Magazine in 1896. And it is both an assurance and a guarantee that we shall make the New Volume ever so much better when we say that all our most gifted helpers will be retained.

his journey. There is every reason to believe that

HALL CAINE'S GREAT STORY

will not only sustain his high reputation, but will enhance our own. The proprietors of the Windsor Magazine are paying an absolutely unprecedented sum for serial rights, and anticipate that "The Christian" will attract world-wide notice. It is a tale of modern life. Much of the plot is laid in London, the City of Secrets. Hall Caine has lived behind the scenes and has studied the strange phases which he describes. The impetuous heroine, Glory Quayle—a daughter of the author's beloved Isle of Man—the conscientious clergyman, John Storm, fighting against the world, the flesh, and the devil—are the prominent figures on the


"Glory," he said, "you shouldn't have gone out yesterday without telling me - the dangers of London are so great."

"What dangers?" she asked.

"Well, to a young girl, a beautiful girl, the

A FEW LINES OF TYPE-SCRIPT FROM HALL CAINE'S STORY "THE CHRISTIAN."

The Serials. Just as the British farmer is most anxious about his cereals, so the British reader is most concerned about his *serials*. The Windsor has been fortunate in the past in securing remarkable stories. The mere mention of Guy Boothby's "A Bid for Fortune" and "Dr. Nikola," of Henry Seton Merriman's "The Grey Lady," and of Coulson Kernahan's "Captain Shannon," prove this. In the New Volume now commencing we start "The Christian" on canvas painted by Hall Caine with all that brilliance of style which has made him famous. It will be fully and picturesquely illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

But in addition, There will be a new series of stories by Arthur Morrison, the author of "The Adventures of Martin Hewitt." In the January number the first of these appears. It is called "The Narrative of Mr. James Rigby," and secures

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your attention from the first to the last sentence. Then, to sustain the WINDSOR'S position as the

MAGAZINE WITH THE BEST FICTION,

the Editor has commissioned MAX PEMBERTON to write a splendid story of thrilling adventure. Judging by the rapid success of "The Impregnable City," "The Iron Pirate," and "A Puritan's Wife," there is an eager desire on the part of the public for Mr. Pemberton's work. He has quickly risen to the position of

THE BRITISH JULES VERNE.

Stories from the pen of "Ian Maclaren," Barry Pain, Percy Andreæ, Tighe Hopkins, Mayne Lindsay, and many other distinguished authors, will be presented in due course.

Special ideas. During 1897 there will be several articles of extraordinary value, which are bound to attract attention. They will deal with

From a photo by [*Russell.*

MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

PROMINENT PERSONAGES AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

statesmen, bishops, sportsmen, and artists will be subjected to the wiles of the interviewer. First in this series is an article, full of new information and fine portraits, on

THE GLADSTONES AT HOME.

The inner life of busy people will be cleverly described, and these sketches of humanity at work will include studies of men as varied as the politician, high in the council of the State, and the miner, toiling in the bowels of the earth.

Among other attractive features, as regards fiction,

LAUDER CAINE THE CONFESSOR

will tell curious stories of his experiences as a Jesuit, and among these narratives is the very remarkable account of the case of "The League of the Aigrette," one of the weirdest documents you could imagine.

Undergraduates. Everyone likes to read about undergraduates and their little ways. Men who have been undergraduates will renew their first love, and those who only know colleges from the exterior will learn the true life of the undergraduate for the first time. An amusing series of articles has been projected, and will commence immediately.

MUSICIANS

will, as usual, find in the WINDSOR several interviews and portraits of leading figures in the world of music, such as Madame Nordica, Sir A. C. Mackenzie, and Herr Mottl.

It will gratify a large section of our readers to learn that

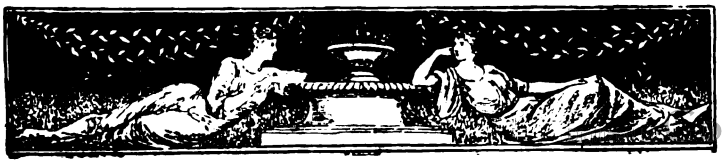
ETHEL TURNER'S STORIES,

which have been such a popular feature in the past, will be given due prominence in 1897. The gifted Australian writer has described most humorously "Bedtime at Brown's," and other sketches of child-life, in her accustomed graphic manner.

A WELL-KNOWN M.P.

will contribute some brilliant sketches of the world of politics and society, for which illustrations of special interest are being secured.

In Conclusion. This foreword is not intended to be a prospectus of the contents of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE for 1897, but only—to use a seasonable metaphor—a few of the gifts at the top of the Santa Claus stocking. The most effective appeal which we can make to our readers is to refer them to the January number, which will be brimful of the most brilliant literature and art in any sixpenny magazine.



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A CRUEL MURDER:

A STORY OF THE SEVERN TUNNEL.

By Portland Board Akerman.

Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington.

JACK WENTWORTH and I were touring on our bicycles in the West, and we had put up at Chepstow for the night. Rain was falling heavily, and there was promise of a wet morrow, so we fell to discussing the advisability of taking train to Bristol next day. Naturally our conversation turned upon the Severn tunnel.

"Of course you have been through the tunnel?" said Jack.

"Yes," I replied, "I have walked through it. Let me see," I mused, "it must have been in 1887, about two years after it was opened for traffic, and a very lively recollection I have of the occasion. I will tell you about it if you care to listen."

Jack, for reply, simply nodded assent, for he always was a good listener.

"You know I had to find something to write about at that time, otherwise my editor would have 'called me over the coals,' and I had heard so much about the difficulties the company had with the water when the tunnel was being bored that I determined, whilst in the neighbourhood, to do the journey on foot, and write a par or two about it. I had some little trouble in obtaining a guide, but correspondents as a rule know how to get over a brick wall, and I at last found a ganger who promised to take me through with him the next day. The man was known as Dick, and was a model type of working man—a tall, strong fellow, who I then thought looked as honest as the day, although I altered my opinion about him more than once afterwards. He wore a yellow stuff handkerchief round his neck—gipsy style—which set its massive mould off to perfection. I explained my mission to him, and we were soon upon good terms. Five o'clock next morning was the hour fixed for me to leave my lodgings. The landlady induced me to try a Buck rarebit that night—a Welsh rarebit, you know," I said by way of explanation—"made of Glo'ster cheese, with poached eggs on top. It was delicious, and I am sure you will agree with me when you taste the one I have ordered for to-night. I retired to rest early, but not before I had drawn aside the blind and ascertained that the sky promised a continuance of fine weather.

* * * * *

"It was one of summer's brightest mornings. The hour was so early when I walked past the few straggling cottages that there was no sign of the inmates stirring within—and they are early risers in these parts. The warm sun and cool fresh air sent a sensation through my veins such as I, a city man, had seldom before experienced. I soon reached the railway line and saw in front of me the cutting through the red stone that led to the opening of the tunnel. My friend of the night before was waiting for me at the entrance, and he touched his cap with an air of deference as I wished him a vigorous good morning.

"'Come, sir,' he said, 'you are a little late. I am afraid the early trains will be running before we are through, and they may make you nervous like.' I stopped to fill my pipe just for a moment, and asked him to light up the lamp I had seen him with on the previous evening. I had noticed that the lamp was of a curious make, much the same as one sees flaring outside a show at a fair, and I was taken somewhat aback, in view of the black mouth of the tunnel, when he said he had not brought it. 'I have a candle here which I will use presently,' he continued, reassuringly tapping his pocket at the same time. 'You see, sir, we must not let any of the workmen catch sight of us, for if the guv'nor got to hear of it I might lose my place.'

"'Oh, mum's the word!' I replied laughing. 'Lead on; I will follow close upon your heels. My eyes will soon perhaps become accustomed to the darkness.'

"For some minutes I walked on in silence in the centre of the permanent way, stepping from sleeper to sleeper with the ease and delight of a schoolboy, until the light from the entrance of the tunnel began to fail and I stumbled against the timbers, while my guide became simply a dark moving object,

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I kept looking back at the opening, which every moment grew smaller and smaller until at last it became perfectly obscured. I could not go any farther—a train might be coming towards us—and I shouted my fears to my companion in front.

"'No, sir, the first train will come towards us from Bristol. You'll hear it all in good time,' was the answer.

"'But I can't walk in the dark,' I went on, as my mind conjured up harrowing accounts of mangled platelayers. The man stopped, and I heard him striking a match which presently flared up and cast its dim but welcome reflection on the metals. The light could hardly be called brilliant, even when the wick of the candle was well alight. It enabled me just to see the nearest wall, but that was all, for the atmosphere was getting close and full of sulphurous fumes. However by following close behind I found it easier to make progress. For twenty minutes we continued to advance in silence. The sameness of the journey was getting monotonous, when suddenly the light stopped.

"The man vanished as suddenly as he had come upon us."

"'Here comes the ganger. Step off the line in here; don't speak, sir,' and my guide took hold of my arm and almost pushed me into a recess in the wall, blowing out the light as he did so.

"I was too surprised to say anything, and stood silently behind wondering what would happen next, for although I was not nervous I felt a little agitated by this hide-and-seek business. The waiting in the close air seemed hours; I could see nothing, and could only hear the occasional dropping of the water from the roof. Presently I saw a gleam of light and heard footsteps as a man passed by swinging a light from side to side. Involuntarily I found myself holding my breath, but the footsteps soon died away, and I saw my companion lean forward and peer out after the man who had vanished as suddenly as he had come upon us.

"'I thought you were the ganger,' I whispered presently.

"'So I am,' he replied slowly; 'he does the "ups" and I does the "downs."' We had what seemed to me another long wait; then the candle was brought into requisition again and a fresh start made.

"'Where was it the water came in that caused the company so much trouble when they were building the tunnel?' I asked after a while.

"'I'll show you soon; it's nearer the other side,' and again we stopped while the man turned and held the light high over his

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head so that I could see the black and damp roof.

"'This is half way,' he said, his voice sounding strangely solemn. I realised to the full the magnitude of this great engineering work beneath the river Severn, so that I only answered him abstractedly.

"'And it would take you just as long to get back the way you came as for you to walk out the other end. Perhaps *longer*,' he added, I thought somewhat sarcastically.

"'I suppose so.'

"'Come then, hand over that watch and chain of yours, and turn out your pockets, quick!'

"I looked up into the man's face in

"I had hold of the scarf round his neck."

astonishment, but the moment I saw his eyes I understood my position.

"'Look sharp!' he repeated, for I was like a bird looking at a serpent, I could not move nor take my eyes off him. 'Do you want me to help you?' he continued, a savage look coming over his face.

"My hand mechanically crept to my vest pocket and drew out my presentation repeater. I saw his eyes glisten as he looked down. This simple change of expression seemed to break the spell which bound my senses. 'Good heavens,' I exclaimed, 'here comes a train!' and I pointed excitedly over the man's shoulder with my disengaged hand. He turned his head. In an instant I had clenched my fist and struck him on the temple with all the force I could command, and the next I was at his throat and had hold of the yellow scarf round his neck. What I was doing I hardly knew for the candle had been dropped and we were in total darkness. I know we both fell struggling between the metals. I heard him try to speak as his grip tightened upon me, and the smothered utterance gave me a desperate hope. I twisted the scarf, and I felt his grasp loosen as tighter and tighter I twisted it until I could turn it no more. The man now remained as still as a log whilst I lay over him, my deep and laboured breathing being the only sound I could hear in the midst of that dreadful darkness.

"Presently the murky sulphurous atmosphere seemed to move and I heard a strange rumbling sound. I seemed to know it must be a train; and I was between the metals. Springing to my feet I rushed with my hands in front of me to the side of the tunnel. I touched the wall, but how near I was to the rail I could not tell, so I lay down with my head and back close against the cold stone. The train was upon me now. I shut my eyes.

"Safe! Yes, I was safe; it was passing me. The wheels seemed to fan my heated cheeks, and my eyelids were yellow with the reflected light from the carriages. The terrible suspense was not for long, and when I opened my eyes I could see the red tail-light of the train disappearing in the distance.

"How I found my way out of the tunnel I cannot say. I remember running my hand along the wet and slimy walls, but nothing more. I must have fainted on reaching the open air for when I came to my senses I was in a hospital and a policeman was sitting by my side with a warrant for my arrest for the murder of Richard Richards, a platelayer.

* * * * *

"The counsel for the prosecution, as he reviewed the evidence, had addressed the jury in what to me appeared a terrible and powerful speech. Richard Richards had left a widow and four children; he had lived in comfortable circumstances; the house he inhabited was his own; he had money in the savings bank; and one witness after the other had testified to his good character and to the respect in which he was held.

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Was it credible, urged the learned counsel with great force, that such a man should, in accordance with the statement of the prisoner, suddenly develop into a highwayman and attack him with felonious intent? It was incredible, like the other statement of the prisoner that the deceased carried no light, when the ordinary ganger's light was found in the tunnel close to the body. It was not his duty to secure a conviction against the prisoner, he said with a quiver in his voice as he turned and pointed at me, but only to place the evidence for the prosecution before them, the jury, for the purpose of assisting them to arrive at a just verdict in accordance with the evidence, and whatever might be the prisoner's social position they would not allow that to influence them in finding the prisoner guilty if they believed him guilty of the crime with which he stood charged.

"My counsel had decided to call no evidence, except as to my high character, and this course, I was told, would give him the much valued privilege of the last word with the jury. I need hardly say that one friend after the other had stepped into the witness-box to say things about me that only my terrible position prompted me to try and believe. My counsel in addressing the jury laid great stress upon the entire absence of motive in my case. The fact of the watch and chain and the money still being in my possession when arrested did not disprove my statement that robbery was intended. Then followed the summing up of the judge. There were three courses open to the jury, he explained in solemn and measured tones. If they believed the evidence of the prosecution, then undoubtedly a cruel murder had been committed, and it would be their duty to find me guilty upon the capital charge. If they believed that the fact of my being in a strange, dark and dismal place had so worked upon my imagination as to make me attack the deceased as a consequence of my state of mind at the time, then it would be their duty to find me guilty upon the second and minor count of the indictment, and bring a verdict of manslaughter only. If, on the other hand, there was a doubt in the case, then it would be their duty to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt, and their verdict would be one of not guilty.

"I fainted on reaching the open air.

* * *

"'If you don't get up, sir, you will miss your appointment.'

"'What—yes—is that you, Mrs. Brown?'

"I sat up in bed and saw the sun streaming in at the window. My feet were on the pillow and my head was against the cold iron of the bedpost at the bottom of the bed. The cold iron, the slimy wall, the twisted blankets, the murdered man's scarf, and the events of that dreadful dream, all came back to me."

"Did you go through the tunnel?" said Jack Wentworth.

"Why, certainly, Jack, my boy. Cut out the murder and you have my experiences, only Dick was Richard Richards, my guide."

"No wonder the jury found you guilty," said Jack laughing.

"Of murder or manslaughter?" I asked.

"No, temporary insanity. You are old enough to know that Buck rarebits lie heavy on the chest. You can have the rarebit tonight if you like, but for my part I shall stick to plain Glo'ster."

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DECEMBER 1, 1896.

AMONG the revenges which the whirligig of Time brings is the necessity for anticipating Christmas. Months before the seasonable snow has fallen, or the shop-windows have become bright with possible presents, the Editor is puzzling his brain about his Christmas Number. While the light-hearted readers of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE were playing lawn tennis, fishing in many a stream, or climbing mountains, the Editor was beginning to "serve" in the Printer's Court, to cast his line in the Stream of Ideas, and to mount that Hill from which the Land of Literature may be surveyed. But now his toils are over, and he is free to wish every reader

A Very Happy Christmas.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON once had an ebony cane presented to him. He stood while the spokesman of the donors made a speech that developed into an intolerably lengthy oration. A friend afterwards commented on the length of the speech. "Yes," returned Mr. Spurgeon, "he didn't want me to have the cane until I really needed it."

A Simple Sibilant Story.

SIR SAMUEL SMITHERS saw sweet Sara Saunderson swimming. Suddenly she seemed sinking. Sir Samuel stood stunned. Striding seawards, spurning shingle, Sir Samuel swam swiftly Sarawards. Sir Samuel skilfully supported swooning Sara; swimming shorewards Sir Samuel successfully succoured Sara. Seeming somewhat shaky, Sir Samuel sampled some spirits (special Scotch). Sara saw Sir Samuel's self-sacrificing spirit; Sir Samuel saw Sara's sweetness. Sir Samuel soon sought Sara. Striding slowly, Sara sighed softly. Sir Samuel seemed speechless. "Say something, Sir Samuel," said Sara. "Say Sam, Sara," said Sir Samuel. Sara, smiling shyly, softly said "Sam." "Sara—Sally," stammered Sir Samuel; "sweet Sara—sweetheart!" Sara solemnly surrendered.

MINNIE: Did you hear of Maud Edith's wonderful presence of mind?

MOUSIE: Dear me, no. What was the occasion?

MINNIE: Why, when her wheel began to run away downhill she pulled back on the handle-bars and screamed "whoa" as loud as she could.

MR. BILLUS: (looking over the household expense account) Maria, what does this item of £5 for 'church expenses early in October mean? I have no recollection of paying out any such sum for the support of the church that month.

MRS. BILLUS: That was what my harvest festival bonnet cost; and I think you're as mean as you can be!

RESPECTING the figure verses which appeared in the "Scrap-Book" for October, a correspondent writes:—"I was much interested by the three clever verses expressing phrases by figures. It may perhaps interest your readers to know that it is possible to construct a grammatical English sentence expressible by the prodigious number of eighty-eight (88) successive 8's. This sentence, which I have constructed in a hurry, and is perhaps capable of further elaboration, runs as follows: 'The eight A. Tates ate tête-à-tête eight dates at A. Tate's at 8.8.' Here 'A. Tate's' would be expressed by a group of eight successive 8's, and 'the eight A. Tates would be expressed by eight such groups of eight 8's. Thus 'the eight A. Tates' would be expressed by sixty-four (64) successive 8's. 'Eight dates' would be expressed by another group of eight 8's, making a total of 72 so far. 'A. Tates' would be another group of eight 8's, bringing the number up to 80. 'Tête-à-tête' will account for three more, and 8.8 for two more, making 85. 'Ate'=1, 'at'=1, 'at'=1, making a grand total of 88 successive 8's. I should think this establishes a record.

The eight A. Tates
the 88888888 88888888 88888888 88888888
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ate tête-à-tête eight dates
8 8 8 8 88888888
at A. Tate's at 8.8
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MY POETRY AND THE POLICE.

By Alfred Slade.

A CLOCK is an arbitrary thraldom that a man's stupidity imposes on his freedom; besides, it costs money and so smacks of the taint of corrupting wealth. I had improved on it: and on the wall at the foot of my bed, and facing the window, had painted in blacking an approximate sundial, the outcome of much thoughtful contemplation. And waking up blinking at it, I saw that it marked five-and-twenty minutes past eleven, before noon.

This was very early—unusually, unwarrantably early. Groping in my mind for the reason of such matinal wakefulness at the chronic period for my best refreshing rest, I became conscious of an energetic concussion against the door. So I turned over on the other side to go to sleep again, wondering the while to which of my preceding dreams this piece belonged. I was just beginning to get in that blissful state where nothing matters, when the rapping recommenced, and at the same time through the panels percolated a deep bass voice, "Open, in the name of the law!"

I was evidently dreaming out a very good idea: the story of a crime with, I hoped, a superhuman detective in it—fiction that is always marketable and does not wear out one's intelligence or style. I was dimly curious as to where my imagination would take me next; I remembered that my sun now marked ten minutes to twelve; and I realised in grateful anticipation that at twelve he would have disappeared altogether, as far as my window was concerned, and leave the room in darkness that allowed a slumber more tranquil still.

And then I remembered nothing at all more; until a great crash awoke me for the third time, and I found the door had fallen in and a gentleman was advancing through it. He was of middle height, with an iron-gray pointed beard, and a tightly buttoned rotundity of waistcoat that testified worth. I knew him of course—I had dreamt of him for years—he was the influential editor come to buy my manuscripts for their weight in bank-notes.

But as he came nearer I missed that obsequiousness I had expected. I noticed even that his look was fierce, one might almost say uncharitable; so I concluded it was the other editor whom I had seen in nightmare, the one to whom I sent my poetry, and who now came to visit me with an axe. But I was surprised he was looking so well, and had not grown thinner after all my verse he ought to have read.

Pausing melodramatically at the foot of my bed, the apparition halted; with one hand in the air he made a sign towards the entry, with the other he unbottoned his frock-coat and discovered the tricolour sash. I was not for the moment conscious of having merited any recompense at the hands of the Government; but I was grateful none the less for this delicate if unexpected attention, and I was about to beg the Commissary to place my Cross of the Legion of Honour on the mantelpiece when another interruption prevented me. Two policemen entered impressively, certainly not gracefully, and the procession was charmingly rounded off by the figure of my doorkeeper, who filled up the space where the door itself had previously been before its destruction.

I pinched myself to see if I was awake, or whether this was only a little spontaneous "copy." I *was* awake, for I caused myself such pain that I screamed aloud.

"A clear indication of guilt," muttered the Commissary, and the pallid policeman took out a pocket-book and placed the remark on record.

"Your keys," mildly bellowed the Commissary.

Strange demand! Did he take me for a banker—or an organist?

"I have none," I only answered.

"He refuses"—in confidence to his two confederates. "Then we will burst open his box and wardrobe." At which word the second policeman, a large beefy athlete, advanced prepared for action.

"You would fatigue yourself," I politely protested, "and I should never forgive myself for it. Especially as it is unnecessary. For I have no locks either."

The magistrate made a sign, his stouter satellite threw himself gaily forward and pulled open the front of the *armoire*.

"Ah," darkly hinted the Commissary, after making a rapid and disdainful examination of the inside. "Linen scant and unworthy of respect." And the uncalled-for condemnation went into the notebook with the rest.

With a disappointment they could not conceal, they turned to my old tin trunk, full to the brim, good measure and flowing over, with my papers, unfortunately mostly manuscript, all my fortune—in futurity. It seemed to interest them; even the two assistants were palpably touched, though I am sure they did not understand one word of English, while the magistrate himself seemed positively enchanted.

"Why," he cried, holding out about a couple of pounds of it, "it is poetry!"

I have not an ungrateful nature; I am sensitive and appreciate intelligence, so springing from the bed I grasped him warmly by the hand.

"It is," I said, "it is; and you are the first who has acknowledged it as such. Bless you, bless you, for this kind encouragement!"

He appeared surprised, and muttered some strange provincial oaths. Fearing that he was about to order me to be hit with a sword, I sank back on the bed disheartened.

"The formula," I mused to myself, but right out loud, "the formula that Frenchmen are polite is only a vulgar error, without any foundation in fact. Also, a French Commissary with his sash on, leads a stranger to ascribe him some connection with the Ancient Order of Foresters at a beanfeast."

"What does it mean?" he said, thrusting the folio in my face.

"That," I answered, "would be somewhat hard to explain. You see it is a symbolic poem. I wrote it after a heavy supper of lobster and white wine; it refers to destiny and most other things

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in life, but hasn't, I am afraid, any particular reason that an ordinary, everyday sort of mortal would properly appreciate."

"Hum!" from the Commissary. "And this?"

"A masterpiece," I explained; "more particularly, a tragedy in five acts and a prologue."

"Does Napoleon come into it?"

"Not very well," I said, "for the scene is laid in Pompeii, before the volcano asserted itself; and at that time the world was rubbing on without him."

"There is more," interrupted the larger policeman, pulling out about half-a-hundredweight" (it is my frequent intercourse with the butter merchant that leads me to reckon my works by weight avoirdupois) "there is much more of the stupid stuff."

"Pardon me," I interpolated with dignity, "the word 'stuff' passes as a technical term, but I strongly protest against 'stupid.'"

"What are these then?" asked the magistrate, trying a fresh pile.

"Rather a neat line in lyrics," I said, "especially adapted for English drawing-rooms. Marked down to thirty shillings the dozen sets."

"At last," he went on regardlessly, "at last we have something of importance—letters, and no doubt highly incriminating."

"Love letters," sniffed the pale policeman. And my *concierge*, who up to now had formed a picturesque background by the door, moved forward to help read them.

"Don't give yourself that trouble," I said to her; "they are none of them from *your* daughters. You see we meet too often to necessitate the foolishness of correspondence."

And I took the packet and hid it under my pillow.

"*I* must see them," said the Commissary.

"My dear sir," I pleaded, "I am sure you are too gallant a man to insist on violating these ladies' confidence."

"It is my duty," he answered firmly.

"All right then," I said in resignation; "take this one to go on with. It is from Lucille, a charming girl, with a most fascinating disregard for the first elements of orthography. We quarrelled, alas! six months ago."

"Blonde or brune?" anxiously inquired the man of law.

"Blonde, of course," I replied firmly — I am proud of my taste.

"Thank you. I myself like them so."

We shook hands over it, and the mollified magistrate addressed the full company thus—

"I see no ground for the charge made against Monsieur, and so we will withdraw.

"Meanwhile," he went on, pointing to the litter now on the floor, "I will take all these."

"Thank you," I cried in enthusiasm, "thank you. At the usual rates, I suppose, or even with a reduction for the quantity. And I should not feel insulted by a small trifle in advance."

"I will take all these," he placidly pursued, "to examine at my leisure. As far as I can see as yet, you have done nothing *legally* punishable, but"—impressively—"don't do it again."

And the procession filed out through the *débris* of the door, and so downstairs, with my doorkeeper dejectedly in front, while I got up and bathed my burning head in cold water. Then I realised. I had not paid my *concierge* her usual monthly *pourboire*; and she had denounced me to the police as an English spy.

AWFUL MOMENT FOR THE WAITS.

After walking four miles through deep snow to the vicarage, the leader finds that his fife has dropped through a hole in his pocket!

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M

It was at a bye-election meeting. He looked a breezy, enthusiastic elector; he looked an important man; and he looked as if he were fairly bubbling over with good material for an interview. So the reporter stepped up to him. "What do you think of the situation?" "What do I think? Young man, you utterly mistake the nature of my employment. I'm not here to think; I'm here to holler."

You did not kiss me when you went,
And I was stricken through with pain
To think that you could be content
To go and not look back again.

I sorrowed, then I stopped a trice,
(The Serpent in my brain did stir):
Thus Eve walked out of paradise—
Knowing that Adam followed her.

The late Master of Trinity was once approached by a young divine who had been preaching in the chapel, and asked by him what he had thought of the sermon. Jowett looked at him a moment and then said slowly: "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better sermons."

They were discussing the new boarder. "He slips in and out of the house so quietly," said the grass-widow boarder, "that I think he must have been a married man once." "Maybe it is that," said Mrs. Hashcroft, as a troubled look came over her face, "and maybe he is in the habit of getting behind with his board."

À propos of a certain ambassador's habit of monopolising conversation while at dinners, receptions, or in official intercourse, it is said that at a dinner-party recently this gentleman entertained the company with his views on a variety of subjects, including Japan. One of the guests was a member of the Japanese Embassy. After listening to a wordy discourse on Japan as long as he could, the artless young Japanese, turning to his fair American neighbour at the table, remarked: "What a wonderful man is your ambassador. He seems to know something about everything—except Japan!"

From the Autobiography of a Castaway.

"I was awakened in the dead of night by sounds as of many feet trampling wildly upon the deck. Shrieks of maddened men mingled fiercely with the agonised prayers of women. The ship shivered for an instant like a frightened cur, then, with a crackling of masts and groaning of timbers, plunged downward to her doom. There was not a moment to lose. Leaping from my berth, I groped blindly in the darkness for a life-preserver. Heavens, it was gone! I cursed the bitter fate which had left me to perish far from my happy home and kindred dear. Then it was that there came to me one of those inspirations which in moments of extreme peril breathe hope to every hardy soul. I tore open my valise, and, taking in each hand a cake of Spear's soap, glided calmly, fearlessly, into the unsounded waters of the deep."

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"HERE BEGINNETH THE FIRST LESSON."

(A portrait by Lallie Garet-Charles; engraved by H. Fitzner Davey.)

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THE CHRISTIAN.

By Hall Caine.
(*Author of "The Manxman."*)

Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

FIRST BOOK.—THE OUTER WORLD.

INTRODUCTION.

This story commenced in the December issue, wherein appeared the first nine chapters. For the benefit of those who are taking it up at this period a brief *résumé* of the narrative is given. In the opening chapters Glory Quayle, an unconventional, high-spirited girl, the granddaughter of a clergyman in the Isle of Man, says good-bye to the home of her childhood and enters a London hospital, intending to become a nurse. She is accompanied to London by a young clergyman and fellow-townsman, John Storm, the son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, Prime Minister of England. It had been originally intended that John Storm should follow a political career, but on his arriving at years of discretion he avowed his determination to enter the Church, the immense amount of suffering in the world around having appealed to the deeper side of his character. This announcement causes an estrangement between father and son. Meanwhile Storm obtains a curacy under Canon Wealthy in a fashionable West-End church, one of his duties being to act as chaplain to "Martha's Vineyard," the hospital in which Glory is a probationer. Finding that the spirit of the world rather than the spirit of Christ predominates in the Church, also that the Canon has no sympathy with his earnestness and enthusiasm, he is bitterly disillusioned. Glory, however, is enchanted with the novelty of her new surroundings, and makes friends with Polly Love, another nurse, who shows her about London, and introduces her to a friend of hers, Lord Robert Ure. Storm, who is really in love with Glory, sees the girls talking to Ure one evening in Piccadilly. He remonstrates afterwards with Glory, and expresses a disapprobation of her friendship with Polly. Glory, being headstrong and impulsive, resents the interference, and the interview terminates with a difference of opinion between the two, leaving Storm disheartened with life and his own endeavours.

X.

IN the following Tuesday evening two young men were dining in their chambers in St. James's Street. One of them was Lord Robert Ure, the other was his friend and house-mate Horatio Drake. Drake was younger than Lord Robert by some seven or eight years, and also beyond comparison more attractive. His face was manly and handsome, its expression was open and breezy; he was broad-shouldered and splendidly built, and he had the fair hair and blue eyes of a boy.

Their room was a large one, and it was full of beautiful and valuable things, but the furniture was huddled about in disorder. A large chamber-organ, a grand piano, a mandolin and two violins, pictures on the floor as well as on the walls, many photographs (chiefly of girls) scattered about everywhere, and the mirror over the mantelpiece fringed with invitation-cards, which were stuck between the glass and the frame.

Their man had removed the dishes and brought in the coffee and cigarettes. Lord Robert was speaking in his weary drawl, which had always the worn-out tone of a man who had made a long journey and was very sleepy.

"Come, dear boy, make up your mind, and let us be off."

"But I'm tired to death of these fashionable routs," said Drake.

"So am I," said Lord Robert.

"They're so unnatural—so unnecessary," said Drake.

"My dear fellow," said Lord Robert, "of course they're unnatural—of course they're unnecessary; but what would you have?"

"Anything human and natural," said Drake—"a game of quoits, a game of dominoes, a game of hop-skip-and-a-jump on the pavement outside—anything in the heavens above or on the earth beneath, instead of these wretched attempts at gaiety, where everything is hollow and empty; these meaningless crushes, where your only duty is to talk as fast as an express train and yet make no progress, to bow and scrape and smirk, to grimace agreeably, to yawn decorously, and to go through all the ordeals of being bored. I don't care a ha'p'orth about the morality of these things—not I—but I am dead-sick of their stupidity."

Lord Robert made languid puffs of his cigarette, and said, in a tearful drawl, "My dear Drake, of course it is exactly as you say. Who doesn't know it's so? It has always been so, and always will be. These things are the unavoidable circumstances of life, and it is really only your provincialism—

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yes, dear boy, your provincialism—which makes you imagine that there's anything extraordinary about them. In the depths of your soul you believe everybody ought *to work*. You do, don't you know, you really do. But what refuge is there for rich people but these diversions which you despise? And as for the poor leisured classes—well, they manage to make their play their business sometimes, don't you know. Confess that they do sometimes, now, eh?"

Lord Robert was laughing with an awkward constraint; but Drake looked frankly into his face and said—

"How's that matter going on, Robert?"

"Fairly, I think, though the girl is not very hot on it," said Lord Robert. "The thing came off last week, and when it was over I felt as if I had proposed to the girl and been accepted by the mother, don't you know. I believe this rout to-night is expressly in honour of the event, so it is impossible that I can be away from it. The little woman has bought me, I suppose—my name, my high-sounding title, or whatever it is—and I mustn't run away from my bargain."

He lay back, sent funnels of smoke to the ceiling, and then said, with a laugh like a gurgle, "I'm not likely to, though. That eternal dun, Roosevelt, was here again to-day. I had to tell him that the marriage would come off in a year certain. That was the only understanding on which he would agree to wait for his money. . . . Bad? Of course it's bad; but what would you have, dear boy?"

The men smoked in silence for a moment, and then Lord Robert said again, "Come, old fellow, for friendship's sake, if nothing else. She's a decent little woman, and dead-bent on having you at her house to-night. And if you're badly bored we'll not stay long. We'll come away early and—listen! —we'll slip across to the nurses' ball at Bartimæus's Hospital—there'll be fun enough there, at all events."

"I'll go," said Drake.

"Benson," shouted Lord Robert to their man, who was in the bedroom, "lay out the clothes at once, my lad!"

"In the depths of your soul you believe everybody ought to work."

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Half an hour later the two young men were driving up to the door of Mrs. Mackray's house in Belgrave Square. There was a line of carriages in front of it, and they had to wait their turn to approach the gate. Footmen in gorgeous livery were ready to open the cab door, to help the guests across the red baize that lay on the pavement, to usher them into the hall, to lead them to the little marble chamber where they entered their names in a list intended for the next *Court Circular* and to-morrow's *Morning Post*, and finally to direct them to the great staircase where the general crush moved slowly up to the saloon above.

In the well of the stairs, half hidden behind a little forest of palms and ferns, a band in yellow-and-blue uniform sat playing the people in. On the landing the hostess stood waiting to receive, and the guests moved past her in a rapid and babbling stream. She welcomed Lord Robert effusively, and motioned to him to stand by her side. Then she introduced her daughter to Drake and sent them adrift through the rooms.

The chambers were large ones with parquet flooring from which all furniture had been removed, except the palms and ferns by the walls and the heavy chandeliers overhead. It was not yet ten o'clock; but already the house was crowded, and every moment there were floods of fresh arrivals. The night was close and the atmosphere was hot and oppressive. At the farther end of the suite there was a refreshment-room with its lantern lights pulled open; but there the crush was densest and the commotion greatest. The click-clack of many voices cut the thick air as with a thousand knives, and over the multitudinous clatter there was always the unintelligible boom of the band downstairs.

Most of the guests looked tired. The men made some effort to be cheerful, but the women were frankly jaded and fagged. Bedizened with diamonds, coated with paint and powder, laden with rustling silks, they looked weary and worn out. When spoken to they would struggle to smile, but the smiles would break down after a moment into dismal looks of misery and oppression.

"Had enough?" whispered Lord Robert to Drake.

Drake was satisfied, and Lord Robert began to make their excuses.

"Going already!" said Mrs. Mackray. "An official engagement, you say? Mr. Drake, is it? Oh, don't tell me! I know—*I* know! Well, you'll be married and settled one of these days—and then!"

They were in a hansom-cab driving across London in the direction of Bartimæus's Hospital. Drake was bareheaded and fanning himself with his crush-hat. Lord Robert was lighting a cigarette.

"Pshaw! What a stifling den! Did you ever hear such a clitter-clatter? A perfect Tower of Babel building company! What in the name of common sense do those people suppose they're doing by penning themselves up like that on a night like this? What are they thinking about?"

"Thinking about, dear boy? You're unreasonable! Nobody wants to think about anything in such scenes of charming folly."

"But the women! Did you *ever* see such faded, jaded, worn-out dummies for the display of diamonds? Poor little women in their splendid misery! I was sorry for your *fiancée*, Robert. She was the only woman in the house without that hateful stamp of worldliness and affectation."

"My dear Drake, you've learned many things, but there's one thing you have not yet learned—you haven't learned how to take serious things as trifles and trifles as serious things. Learn it, my boy, or you'll embitter existence. You are not going to alter the conditions of civilisation by any change in your own particular life; so just look out the prettiest, wittiest, wealthiest little woman who is a dummy for a display of diamonds ——"

"Me? Not if I know it, old fellow! Give me a little nature and simplicity if it hasn't got a second gown to its back."

"All right—as you like," said Lord Robert, flinging out the end of his cigarette. "You've got the pull of some of us—you can please yourself. And here we are at old Bartimæus's, and this is a very different pair of shoes!"

They were driving out of one of London's crowded thoroughfares, through a groined archway, into one of London's ancient buildings with its quiet quadrangle where trees grow and birds sing. Every window of the square was lighted up, the leaves were pattering, and there was a low murmur of music being played within.

"Listen!" said Lord Robert. "I am here ostensibly as the guest of the visiting physician, don't you know, but really in the interests of the little friend I told you of."

"The one I got the tickets for last week?"

"Precisely."

At the next moment they were in the ball-room. It was the operating theatre of

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the hospital—a great circular hall with a gallery running round its walls, which were now festooned with flags, and roofed with a glass dome from which coloured lamps were hanging. Some four hundred girls and as many men were gathered there; the pit was their dancing-ring and the gallery was their withdrawing-room. The men were nearly all students of the medical schools, the girls were nearly all nurses, and they wore their nurse's uniform. There was not one jaded face among them—not one weary look or tired expression. They were in the fulness of youth and the height of vigour. The girls laughed with the ring of joy, their eyes sparkled with the light of happiness, their cheeks glowed with the freshness of health.

The two men stood a moment and looked on.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said Lord Robert.

Drake's wide eyes were ablaze and his voice came in gusts.

"Think of it!" he said. "It's wonderful! It's glorious!"

Lord Robert's glass had dropped from his eye and he was laughing in his drawling way.

"What are you laughing at? Women like these are at least natural, and nature cannot be put on."

The mazurka had just finished and the dancers were breaking into groups.

"Robert, tell me, who is that girl over there—the one looking this way? Is it your friend?"

Lord Robert readjusted his glass.

"The pretty dark girl with the pink-and-white cheeks like a doll?"

"Yes, and the taller one beside her; she's looking across now. I've seen that girl before somewhere. Now, where have I seen her? Look at her—what fire and life and movement! The dance is over, but she can't keep her feet still."

"I see—I see. But let me introduce you to the matron and doctors first, and then ——"

"I know now—I know where I've seen her! Be quick, Robert—be quick!"

Lord Robert laughed again in his tired drawl. He was finding it very amusing.

XI.

When Glory learned that all nurses eligible to attend the ball were by order to wear hospital uniform, being on day duty she decided to go to it. But then came John Storm's protest against the company of Polly Love, and she felt half inclined to give it up. As often as she remembered his remonstrance she was disturbed, and once or twice when alone she shed tears of anger and vexation.

Meantime Polly was full of arrangement and prediction, and Glory found herself day by day carried along in the stream of preparation. When the night came the girls dressed in the same cubicle, and Polly was prattling like a parrot; but Glory was silent, and almost sad.

It was a grief to both of them that a nurse's costume concealed a girl's neck, and also that dearest of a girl's charms—the sweet roundness of her dimpled arm. But it was some satisfaction that a nurse's sleeve concealed also the marks of the vaccination which hospital regulations had imposed upon probationers.

Being so far curtailed in the resources of fascination the whole battery of coquetry had to be brought to bear upon the head. By help of the curling-tongs and a candle, Polly did up her dark hair into little knowing curls that went in and out on her temples and played hide-and-seek around the pretty shells of her pink-and-white ears. Glory was slashing the comb through her golden red hair by way of preliminary ploughing, when Polly cried, "Stop! Don't touch it any more for goodness' sake! It's perfect! Look at yourself now."

Glory stood off from the looking-glass and looked. "Am I really so nice?" she thought; and then she remembered John Storm again, and had half a mind to tear down her glorious curls and go straight away to bed.

She went to the ball instead, and being there she forgot all about her misgivings. The light, the colour, the brilliance, the perfume transported her to an enchanted world which she had never entered before. She could not control her delight in it. Everything surprised her, everything delighted her, everything amused her—she was the very soul of girlish joy. The dark-brown spot on her eye shone out with a coquettish light never seen in it until now, and the warble in her voice was like the music of a happy bird. Her high spirits were infectious—her light-hearted gaiety communicated itself to everybody. The men who might not dance with her were smiling at the mere sight of the sunshine in her face, and it was even whispered about that the President of the College of Surgeons, who opened the ball, had said that her proper place was not there—a girl like that young Irish nurse would do honour to a higher assembly.

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In that enchanted world of music and light and bright young faces Glory lost all sense of time; but two hours had passed when Polly Love, whose eyes had turned again and again to the door, tugged at her sleeve and whispered, "They've come at last! There they are—there—directly opposite to us. Keep your next dance, dear. They'll come across presently."

Glory had looked where Polly had directed, and, seeing again the face she had seen in the window at the Horse Guards', something remote and elusive had once more stirred in her memory. But it was gone in a moment, and she was back in that world of wonders when a voice, which she knew and yet did not know, like a voice that called to her as she was awakening out of a sleep, said—

"Glory, don't you remember me? Have you forgotten me, Glory?"

It was her friend of the catechism class—her companion of the adventure in the boat. Their hands met in a long hand-clasp with the gallop of feeling that is too swift for thought.

"Ah, I thought you would recognise me! How delightful!" said Drake.

"And you knew me again?" said Glory.

"Instantly—at first sight almost."

"Really! It's strange, though. Such a long, long time—ten years at least! I must have changed since then."

"You have," said Drake—"you've changed very much."

"Indeed now! Am I really so much changed for all? I've grown older, of course."

"Oh, terribly older!" said Drake.

"How wrong of me! But you have changed a good deal, too. You were only a boy in jackets then."

"And you were only a girl in short frocks."

They both laughed, and then Drake said, "I'm so glad we've changed together!"

"Are you?" said Glory.

"Why, yes," said Drake; "for if you had changed and I hadn't ——"

"But what nonsense we're talking!" said Glory; and they both laughed again.

Then they told each other what had happened in that infinite cycle of time which had spun round since they parted. Glory had not much to narrate: her life had been empty. She had been in the Isle of Man all along, had come to London only recently, and was now a probationer-nurse at Martha's Vineyard. Drake had gone to Harrow and thence to Oxford, and, being a man of artistic leanings, had wished to take up music, but his father had seen no career in it; so he had submitted—he had entered the subterranean catacombs of public life, and was secretary to one of the Ministers. All this he talked of lightly, as became a young man of the world to whom great things were of small account.

"Glory," said Polly at her elbow, "the waltz is going to begin."

The band was preluding. Drake claimed the dance, and Glory was astonished to find she had it free (she had kept it expressly).

When the waltz was over he gave her his arm and led her into the circular corridor to talk and to cool. His manners were perfect, and his voice, so soft and yet so manly, increased the charm. In passing out of the hot dancing room she threw her handkerchief over her head, and, with the hand that was at liberty, held its ends under her chin. She wished him to look at her and see what change this had made; so she said, quite innocently—

"And now let me look at you again, sir!"

He recognised the dark-brown spot on her eye, and he could feel her bare arm through her thin print dress.

"You've told me a good deal," he said, "but you haven't said a syllable about the most important thing of all."

"And pray what is that?" said she.

"How many times have you fallen in love since I saw you last?"

"Good gracious, what a question!" said Glory.

His audacity was delightful. There was something so gracious and yet so masterful about him.

"Do you remember the day you carried me off—eloped with me, you know?" said Drake.

"I? How charming of me! But when was that, I wonder?" said Glory.

"Never mind; say, do you remember?"

"Well, if I do? What a pair of little geese we must have been in those days!"

"I'm not so sure of that—*now*," said he.

"You didn't seem very keen about me *then*, as far as I can remember," said she.

"Didn't I?" said he. "What a silly young fool I must have been!"

They laughed again. She could not keep her arm still, and he could almost feel its dimpled elbow.

"And do *you* remember the gentleman who rescued us?" she said.

"You mean the tall dark young man who kept hugging and kissing you in the yacht?"

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"'Glory,' said Polly at her elbow, 'the waltz is going to begin.'"

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"Did he?"

"Do you forget that kind of thing, then?"

"It was very sweet of him. But he's in the Church now, and the chaplain of our hospital."

"What a funny little romantic world it is, to be sure!" said Drake.

"Yes; it's like poetry, isn't it?" she answered.

Lord Robert came up to introduce Drake to Polly (who was not looking her sweetest), and he claimed Glory for the next dance.

"So you knew my friend Drake before?" said Lord Robert.

"I knew him when he was a boy," said Glory.

And then he began to sing his friend's praises—how he had taken a brilliant degree at Oxford, and was now private secretary to the Home Secretary, and would go into public life before long—how he could paint and act, and might have made a reputation as a musician—how he went into the best houses, and was a first-rate official—how, in short, he had promised land before him, and was just on the eve of entering it.

"Then I suppose you know he is rich—enormously rich?" said Lord Robert.

"Is he?" said Glory, and something great and grand seemed to shimmer a long way off.

"Enormously," said Lord Robert; "and yet a man of the most democratic opinions."

"Really?" said Glory.

"Yes," said Lord Robert; "and all the way down in the hansom he has been trying to show me how impossible it is to him to marry a lady."

"Now why did you tell me that, I wonder?" said Glory, and Lord Robert began to fidget with his eyeglass.

Drake returned with Polly. He proposed that they should take the air in the quadrangle, and they went off for that purpose, the girls arm-in-arm some paces ahead.

"That red-headed girl," said Lord Robert, "understands a man before he understands himself."

"She's as natural as nature," said Drake. "And what lips—what a mouth!"

"Irish, isn't she? Oh, Manx! What's Manx, I wonder?"

The night was very warm and close, and there was hardly more air in the courtyard. The sound of the band came to them there, and Glory, who had danced with nearly everybody within, must needs dance by herself without, because the music was more sweet and subdued out there, and dancing in the darkness was like a dream.

"Come and sit down on the seat, Glory," said Polly, fretfully; "you are getting on my nerves, dear."

"Glory," said Drake, "how do the Londoners strike you?"

"Much like other mortals," said Glory—"no better, no worse—only funnier."

The men laughed at that description; and Glory proceeded to give imitations of London manners—the high hand-shake, the "ha-ha" of the mumps, the mouthing of the Canon, and the mincing of Mr. Golightly.

Drake bellowed with delight; Lord Robert drawled out a long owlish laugh; Polly Love said spitefully, "You might give us your friend the new curate next, dearest"; and then Glory went down like a shot.

"Really," began Drake, "it's not hospital nursing, you know ——"

But there were low murmurings of thunder and some large splashes of rain, and they returned to the ball-room. The great doctors and the matrons were gone by this time; only the nurses and the students remained, and the fun was becoming furious. Somebody lowered the lights, and they danced in a shadow-land; somebody began to sing, and they all sang in chorus; then somebody began to fling about paper bags full of tiny white wafers, and the bags burst in the air like shells, and their contents fell like stars from a falling rocket, and everybody was covered as with flakes of snow.

Meantime the storm had broken, and, above the clash and clang of the instruments of the band and the rhythmic shuffle of the feet of the dancers and the clear and joyous notes of their happy singing, there was the roar of the thunder that rolled over London, and the rattle of the rain on the glass dome overhead.

Glory was in ecstasies; it was like a mist on Peel Bay at night with the moon shining through it and the waves dancing to a north-west breeze. It was like a black and stormy sea outside Contrary, with the gale coming down from the mountains. And yet it was a world of wonder and enchantment, and beauty and gay young faces.

It was three in the morning when the ball broke up, and then the rain had abated, though the thunder was still rumbling. The men were to see the girls back to the hospital, and Glory and Drake sat in a hansom-cab together.

"So you always forget that kind of thing, do you?" he said.

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"What kind of thing?" she asked.

"Never mind—*you* know!"

She had put up the hood of her outdoor cape, but he could still see the gleam of her golden hair.

"Give me that rose," he said—"the white one that you put in your bonnet."

"It's nothing," she answered.

"Then give it to me. I'll keep it for ever and ever!"

She put up her hand to her head.

"Ah, how sweet of you! And what a lovely little hand! But no, let me take it for myself."

He reached one arm around her shoulder, put his hand under her chin, tipped up her face, and kissed her on the lips.

"Darling!" he whispered.

Then in a moment she awoke from her world of wonder and enchantment, and the intoxication of the evening left her. She did not speak; her head dropped; she felt her cheeks burn red and she hid her face in her hands. There was a momentary sense of dishonour, almost of outrage. Drake treated her lightly, and she was herself to blame.

"Forgive me, Glory!" he was saying, in a voice tremulous and intense. "It shall never happen again—never, so help me, God!"

The day was dawning and the last raindrops were splashing on the wet and empty pavement. The great city lay asleep, and the distant thunder was rolling away from it.

XII.

THE chaplain of Martha's Vineyard had not been to the hospital ball. Before it came off he had thought of it a good deal, and as often as he remembered that he had protested to Glory against the company of Polly Love he felt hot and ashamed. Polly was shallow and frivolous, and had a little crab-apple of a heart, but he knew no harm of her. It was hardly manly to make a dead-set at the little thing because she was vain and foolish and fond of dress, and given to looking in the glass, and because she knew something of a man who displeased him.

Then she was Glory's only companion, and to protest against Glory going in her company was to protest against Glory going at all. That seemed a selfish thing to do. Why should he deny her the delights of the ball? He could not go to it himself, and he would not if he could; but girls liked such things—they loved to dance, and to be looked at and admired, and have men about them paying court and talking nonsense.

There was a sting in that thought, too; but he struggled to be magnanimous. He was above all mean and unmanly feelings, and would withdraw his objection.

He did not withdraw it. Some evil spirit whispered in his heart that Glory was drifting away from him, and he told himself that this was the time to see for certain whether she had passed out of the range of his influence. If she respected his authority she would not go. If she went, he had lost his hold of her and their old relations were at an end.

On the night of the ball he walked over to the hospital and asked for her. She had gone, and it seemed as if the earth itself had given way beneath his feet.

He could not help feeling bitterly about Polly Love, and that caused him to remember a patient to whom her selfish little heart had shown no kindness. It was her brother. He was some nine or ten years older, and very different in character. His face was pale and thin, almost ascetic, and he had the fiery and watery eyes of the devotee. He was threatened with consumption, but his case was not considered dangerous.

When Polly was about, his eyes would follow her around the ward with something of the humble entreaty of a dog. It was clear that he loved his sister and was constantly thinking of her. But she hardly ever looked in his direction, and when she spoke to him it was in a cold or fretful voice.

John Storm had observed this. It had brought him close to the young man, and the starved and silent heart had opened out to him. He was a lay brother in an Anglican Brotherhood that was settled in Bishopsgate Street. His monastic name was Brother Paul. He had asked to be sent to that hospital because his sister was a nurse there. She was his only remaining relative. One other sister he had once had, but she was gone—she was dead—she died. . . . But that was a sad and terrible story, and he did not like to talk of it.

To this broken and bankrupt creature John Storm found his footsteps turning on that night of the hospital ball when his own heart lay waste. But on entering the ward he saw that Brother Paul had a visitor already. He was an elderly man in a strange habit—a black cassock which buttoned close at the neck and fell below the knees, and was girded about the waist by a black rope that had three great knots at its suspended

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ends. And the habit was not so different from the habit of the world as the face of the wearer was unlike the worldly face. It was the face of a saint, a face full of spirituality, a face that seemed to invest everything it looked upon with a holy peace—a beautiful face, without guile or craft or passion, yet not without the signs of internal strife at the temples and under the eyes; but the battles with self had all been fought and won.

As John Storm stepped up the old man rose from his chair by the patient's bed.

"This is the Father Superior, sir," said Brother Paul.

"I've just been hearing of you," said the Father in a gentle voice. "You have been good to my poor brother."

John Storm answered with some commonplace—it had been a pleasure, a happiness; the brother would soon leave them; they would all miss him, perhaps himself especially.

The Father resumed his chair and listened with an earnest smile. "I understand you, dear friend," he said. "It is so much more blessed to give than to receive. Ah, if the poor blind world only knew! How it fights for its pleasures that perish and its pride of life that passes away! Yet to succour a weaker brother or protect a fallen woman or feed a little child will bring a greater joy than to conquer all the kingdoms of the earth."

John Storm sat down on the end of the bed. Something had gone out to him in a moment and he was held as by a spell. The Father talked of the love of the world—how strange it was, how difficult to understand, how tragic, how pitiful. The lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye—how mean, how delusive, how treacherous. To think of the people of that mighty city day by day and night by night making themselves miserable in order that they might make themselves merry; to think of the children of men scouring the globe for its paltry possessions, that could not add one inch to the stature of the soul, while all the while the empire of peace and joy and happiness lay here at hand, here within ourselves, here in the little narrow compass of the human heart! To give, not to get, that was the great blessedness, and to give of yourself, of your heart's love, was the greatest blessedness of all.

John Storm was deeply stirred. "The Church, sir," he said—"the Church itself has to learn that lesson."

And then he in his turn spoke also, and he spoke well. He spoke of the hopes with which he had come up to London, and how they had been broken down and destroyed; of his dreams of the Church and its mission, and how they were dying or dead already.

"What liars we are, sir! How we colour things to justify ourselves! Look at our sacraments—are they a lie or are they a sacrilege? Look at our charities—are we Pharisees or are we hypocrites? And our clergy, sir—look at these followers of the lowly Jesus taking the name of the Nazarene but living sumptuously every day, praying in the pulpit, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' but saying in their souls, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for the morrow, eat, drink, and be merry.' Surely some tremendous upheaval will shake to its foundations the Church wherein such things are possible—a Church that is more worldly than the world! Oh, how I am wounded, sir, by these sword-fish, these Pharisees, these publicans, every day and every hour! And then the woman-life of the Church, see how it is thrown away! That sweetest and tenderest and holiest power, how it goes to waste under the eye and with the sanction of the Church in the frivolities of fashion, in drawing-rooms, in gardens, in theatres, in balls ——!"

He stopped. His last word had arrested him. Had he been thinking only of himself and of Glory? Good God! had he himself been one of the liars he was denouncing? His head fell and he covered his face with his hands.

"You are right, my son," said the Father quietly, "and yet you are wrong, too. The Church of God will not be shaken to its foundations because of the Pharisees who stand in its public places or because of the publicans that haunt its purlieus. Though the axe be laid to the rotten tree, yet the little seed will save its kind alive."

Then with an earnest smile and in a gentle voice he spoke of their little brotherhood in Bishopsgate Street: how ten years ago they had founded it for their detachment from earthly cares and earthly aims and for hiddenness with God—how they had established it in the midst of the world's busiest highway, in the heart of the world's greatest market, to show that they despised gold and silver and all that the blind and cheated world most prizes, just as St. Philip and St. Ignatius had established the severest of modern rules in a profane and self-indulgent century to show that they could stamp out every suggestion of the flesh as a spark from the fires of hell.

And then he lifted his cord and pointed to the knots at the end of it and told what they

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were— symbols of the three bonds by which he was bound—the three vows he had taken: the vow of poverty, because Christ chose it for Himself and his friends; the vow of obedience, because He had said, "He that heareth you heareth Me;" and the vow of chastity, because it was our duty to guard the gates of the senses and to keep our eyes and ears and tongue from all inordinateness.

"But the lawful love of home and kindred," said John; "what of that?"

"God bless you, my son!"

"We convert it into what is spiritual," said the Father. "All human love must be based on the love of God if it is to be firm and true and enduring, and the reason of so much failure of love in natural friendship is that the love of the creature is not built upon the love of the Creator."

"But the love—say of mother and son—of brother and sister?" said John.

"Ah," said the Father, "we have placed ourselves above the ordinary conditions of life that none may claim our affections in the same way as Christ. Man has to contend with two sets of enemies—those from within and those from without; and no temptations of the tempter are more subtle than those which come in the name of our holiest affections. But the sword of the spirit must keep the tempter away. There is the Judas in all of us, and he will betray us with a kiss if he can."

John Storm's breast was heaving, and his breath was coming in gusts. He could scarcely conceal his agitation; but the Father had risen to go.

"It is eight o'clock, and I must be back to compline," he said. And then he laughed and added, "We never ride in cabs; but I must needs walk across the park to-night, for I have given away all my money."

At that the smile of an angel came into his old face, and he said with a sweet simplicity—

"I love the park. Every morning the children play there, and then it is the holy Catholic Church to me, and I like to walk in it and to lay my hands on the heads of the little ones, and to ask a blessing for them, and to empty myself. This morning as I was coming here I met a little boy carrying a bundle. 'And what is *your* name, my little man?' I said, and he told me what it was. 'And how old are you?' I asked. 'Twelve years,' he answered. 'And what have you got in your bundle?' 'My father's dinner, sir,' he said. 'And what is your father, my son?' 'A carpenter,' said the boy. And I thought if I had been living in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago I might have met another little Boy carrying the dinner of his father, who was also a carpenter, in a little bundle which Mary had made up for him. So I felt in my pocket, and all I had was my fare home again, and I gave it to the little man as a thank-offering to God that He had suffered me to meet a sweet boy of twelve whose father was a carpenter."

John Storm's throat was choking him and his eyes were blind with tears.

"Good-bye, Brother Paul, and God send you back to us soon! Good-bye to you, dear friend; and when the world deals harshly with you, don't wait to make a personal quarrel with it, but come to us for a few days in Retreat, that in the silence of your soul you may forget its vanities and vexations and fix your thoughts above."

John Storm could not help it—he could not resist the impulse—he dropped to his knees at the Father's feet.

"Bless me also, Father, as you blessed the carpenter's boy."

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The Father raised two fingers of his right hand and said—

"God bless you, my son, and be with you and strengthen you, and when He smiles on you may the frown of man affect you not! Father in heaven, look down on this fiery soul and succour him! Help him to cast off every anchor that holds him to the world, and make him as a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Come out of her, my people, says our God.'"

When John rose from his knees the saintly face was gone, and all the air seemed to be filled with heavenly calm.

Then the wandering eyes of Brother Paul on the bed brought him back to the atmosphere of the earth. While he had been kneeling for the Father's blessing he had been aware of a step on the floor behind him. It was his fellow-curate, the Reverend Golightly, and he was still waiting to deliver his message.

The Canon had been disappointed of one of his preachers for Sunday, and being himself engaged to preside over the annual dinner of a Dramatic Benevolent Fund to be held on the Saturday night, and therefore incapable of extra preparation, he desired that Mr. Storm should take the sermon on Sunday morning.

John promised to do so; and then his fellow-curate smiled, bowed, coughed, and left him. A small room was kept for the chaplain on the ground-floor of the hospital, and he went down to it and wrote a letter.

It was to the Parson at Peel—

"No doubt you hear from Glory frequently and know all about her progress as a probationer. She seems to be very well, and certainly I have never seen her look so bright and so cheerful. At the moment of writing she is out at a ball, given by the hospital authorities to all the nurses of London who do not chance to be on night duty. Well, it is a perfectly harmless source of pleasure, and with all my heart I hope she is enjoying herself. No doubt some form of amusement is necessary to a young girl in the height of her youth and health and beauty, and he would be only a poor sapless man who could not take delight in the thought that a good girl was happy.

As for myself, I have tried to carry out my undertaking to look after Glory, but I cannot say how long I may be able to continue the task. Do not be surprised if I am compelled to give it up. You know I am dissatisfied with my present surroundings, and I am only waiting for the ruling and direction of the pillar of cloud and fire. God alone can tell how it will move, but God will guide me. I don't go out more than I can help, and when I do go I get humiliated and feel foolish. The life of London has been a great and painful surprise. I had supposed that I knew all about it, but I have really known nothing until now. Its cruelty, its deceit, and its treachery are terrible. London is the Judas that is for ever betraying with a kiss the young, the hopeful, the innocent. However, it helps one to know oneself, and that is better than lying hidden in cotton wool. Give my kindest greetings to everybody at Glenfaba—my love to my father, too, if there are any means of conveying it—we are both of us lonely men now."

The letter took him long to write, and when it was written he went out into the hall to post it. There he saw that a thunderstorm was coming, and he concluded to remain until it had passed over. He stepped into the library and selected a book, and returned to his room to read it. The book was "St. John Chrysostom on the Priesthood," and the subject was congenial, but he could not keep his mind on the printed page. He thought of the Father Superior, of the little Brotherhood in Bishopsgate, and then of Glory at the hospital ball, and again of Glory, and yet again and again of Glory. Do what he would he could not help but think of her.

The storm pealed over his head, and when he returned to the hall two hours later it was still far from spent. He stood at the open door and watched it. Forks of lightning lit up the park, and floods of black rain made the vacant pavements like the surface of the sea. A cab slid past at intervals, with its driver sheeted in oil-skins, and now and then there was a tinkling omnibus full within and empty without. Only one other living thing was to be seen anywhere. An Italian organ-man had stationed himself in front of a mansion to the left and was playing vigorously.

John Storm walked through the hospital. It was now late, and the house was quiet. The house-doctor had made the last of his rounds and turned into his chambers across the courtyard, and the night-nurses were boiling little kettles in their rooms between the wards. The surgical wards were darkened, and the patients were asleep already. In the medical wards there were screens about

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certain of the beds, and weary moans came from the back of them.

It was long after midnight when John Storm came round to the hall again, and then the rain had ceased, but the thunder was still rumbling. He might have gone home at length, but he did not go; he realised that he was waiting for Glory. Other nurses returned from the ball, and bowed to him and passed into the house. He stepped into the porter's lodge, and sat down and watched the lightning. It began to be terrible to him, because it began to be symbolical. What doom or what disaster did this storm typify and predict? Never could he forget the night on which it befell. It was the night of the nurses' ball.

He thought he must have slept, for he shook himself and thought, "What nonsense! Surely the soul leaves the body while we are asleep, and only the animal remains!"

It was now full daylight, and two hansom-cabs had stopped before the portico, and several persons who were coming up the steps were chattering away like wakened linnets. One voice was saying—

"Mr. Drake proposes that we should all go to the theatre. I should like it above everything." It was Glory; and a fretful voice answered her—

"Very well, if *you* say so. It's all the same to *me*." It was Polly; and then a man's voice said—

"What night shall it be then, Robert?"

And a second man's voice answered, with a drawl, "Better let the girls choose for themselves, don't you know."

John Storm felt his hands and feet grow cold, and he stepped out into the hall. Glory saw him coming and made a cry of recognition.

"Ah, here is Mr. Storm! Mr. Storm, you should know Mr. Drake. He was in the Isle of Man, you remember ——"

"I do *not* remember," said John Storm.

"But you saved his life, and you ought to know him ——"

"I do *not* know him," said John Storm.

She was beginning to say, "Let me introduce ——" But she stopped and stood silent for a moment, while the strange light came into her gleaming eyes of something no word could express, and then she burst into a peal of noisy laughter.

A ward Sister going by at the moment drew up and said, "Nurse, I am surprised at you! Go to your room this instant"—and the girls whispered their adieux and went off giggling.

"What a glorious night it has been!" said Glory, going upstairs.

"I'm glad you think so," said Polly. "To tell you the truth, I found it dreadfully tiresome."

The two men lit their cigarettes and got back into one of the hansoms and drove away.

"What a bear that man is!" said Lord Robert.

"Rude enough certainly," said Drake; "but I liked his face for all that; and if the

"John Storm was striding home through the echoing streets."

Fates put it into his head to stand between me and death—well, I'm not going to forget it."

"Give him a wide berth, dear boy. The fellow is an actor—an affected fop. I met him at Mrs. Mackray's on Thursday. He is a religious actor. He'll do something one of these days, take my word for it."

And meanwhile John Storm had buttoned

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his long coat up to his throat and was striding home through the echoing streets, with both hands clenched and his teeth set hard.

XIII.

"Oh, Lord-a-massy! Oh, gough bless me sowl! Oh, my beloved grandfather! John Storm has done for himself at last! That man was never an author of peace and a lover of concord; but, my gracious, if you had heard his sermon in church on Sunday morning! Being a holy and humble woman of heart myself I altered the Litany the smallest taste possible, and muttered away from beginning to end, 'O Lord, close thou our lips'; but everybody on earth is now screaming and snarling at our poor Mr. Storm exactly as if he had been picking the pocket of the universe.

"It was all about the morality of men. The text was as innocent as a baby, 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.' And when he began in the usual way the dear old goodies in glasses thought he had been wound up like the musical-box and had just turned on the crank; so they cuddled in comfortably for forty winks before the anthem. There were two natures in man, and man's body might be good or bad according as spiritual or carnal affections swayed it, and all the rest of the good old change-for-sixpence-and-a-ha'penny-out, you know. But the lesson had been from Isaiah, where the unreasonable old prophet is indignant with the ladies of Zion because they don't want to look like dowdies, you remember, 'Tremble ye women that are at ease, strip you and make you bare and gird sackcloth upon your loins.' And off he went like a comet, with the fashionable woman for his tail. If matrimony nowadays didn't always mean monogamy, who was chiefly to blame? Men were generally as pure as women required that they should be; and if the lives of men were bad it was often because women did not demand that they should be good. Tremble ye women that are at ease, and say why you allow your daughters to marry men who in fact and effect are married already. In leading your innocent daughters to Courts and receptions you are only leading them to the auction-room. Last week some titled philanthropist had hauled up a woman in the East-End of London for attempting to sell her daughter. How shocking! everybody said. What a disgrace to the nineteenth century! But the wretched creature had only been doing the best according to her light for the welfare of her miserable child, while here—with their eyes open, with their cultured consciences—the wives of these same philanthropists were doing the same thing every day—the very same!

"Having gone for the mammies like this, he went for the dear girls themselves one better. Let them gird sackcloth on their loins and hide their faces. Why did they suffer themselves to be sold? The woman who married a man for the sake of his title or his position or any worldly advantage whatever was no better than an outcast of the streets. Her act was the same, and in all reason and justice her name should be the same also.

"Hey, nonny, nonny! I told you how he broke down before; but on Sunday morning, in spite of mine own amended Litany, I had just as much hope of the breakdown of the falls of Niagara or a nineteen-feet spring tide. You would have said his face was afire, and those great eyes of his were lit up like the red lamps on Peel pier.

"Pulpit oratory! I don't know what it was, only I never heard the like of it in all my born days. I begin to think the real difference between preachers is the difference of the fire beneath the crust. In some it burns so low that it doesn't even warm the surface, and you couldn't get up enough puff to boil the kitchen-kettle; but in others —look out! It's a volcano, and the lava is coming down with a rush.

"Mercy me, how I cried! 'Oh, my daughter, oh, my child, what a ninny you are!' I told myself; but it was no use talking. His voice was as hoarse as a raven's, and sometimes you would have thought his very heart was breaking.

"But the congregation! You should have seen the transformation scene! They had come in bowing and smiling and whispering softly until the church was a perfect sheet of sunshine, an absolute aurora borealis; but they went out like a north-east gale with mutterings of thunder and one man overboard.

"And John Storm having put his foot in it, of course Glory Quayle had to get her toe in too. Coming down the aisle some of the dear ladies of Zion, who looked as if they wanted to 'swear in their wrath,' were mumbling all the lamentations of Jeremiah. Who was he, indeed, to talk to people like that? Nobody had ever heard of him except his mother. And in the porch they came upon a fat old

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dump in a velvet dolman who declared it was perfectly scandalous, and she had had to come out in the middle. Whereupon Glory, *not* being delivered that day from all evil and mischief, said, 'Quite right, ma'am, and you were not the only one who had to leave the church in the middle of that sermon.' 'Why, who else had to go?' said this female Pharisee. 'The devil, ma'am,' said Glory, and then left her with that bone to gnaw.

"It turns out that the old girlie in the dolman is a mighty patron of this hospital, so everybody says I am in for nasty weather. But hoot!

My heart's in the Hielans,
My heart is not here,
My heart's in the Hielans,
Sae what can I fear!

"John Storm is in for it too, and they say his vicar waited for him in the vestry, but he looked like forked lightning coming out of the pulpit, so the good man thought it better to keep his rod in pickle awhile. It seems that the Lords of the Council and all the nobility were there, and it is a point of religious etiquette in London that in the hangman's house nobody speaks of the rope; but our poor John gave them the gibbet as well. It was a fearful thing to do, but nobody will make me believe he had not got his reasons. He hasn't been here since, but I am certain he has his eye on some fine folks, and whoever they are I'll bet 'my bottom dollar' they deserved all they got.

"But heigho! I haven't left myself breath to tell you about the ball. I was there! You remember, I was lamenting that I hadn't got the necessary finery. The nabobs of this Vineyard ordered that nurses should 'appear at the hospital ball in regulation uniform only.' So my cloak and my bonnet and my pink dress and my apron covered a multitude of sins..

"You should have seen Glory that night, grandfather. She was a redder young lobster than ever somehow; but she put a white rose in her carroty curls, and, gough bless me, what a bogh * she was, though! Of course she made the acquaintance of the 'higher ranks of society,' and danced with all the earth. The great surgeon of something opened the ball with the matron of Bartimæus's, and she went round on his arm like a dolly in a dolly-tub; but he soon saw what a marvellous and miraculous being Glory was, and after I had waltzed so beautifully with the ancient personage I had the hearts of all the young men.

"But the strangest thing was that somebody from the Isle of Man flopped down on me there just as if he had descended from the blue. It was that little English boy Drake, who used to come to the catechism class, only now he is one of the smartest and handsomest young men in London. When he came up and announced himself I am sure he expected me to expire on the spot or else go crazy, and of course I was trembling all over; but I behaved like a rational person and stood my ground. He looked at me as much as to say, 'Do you know you've grown to be a very fine young woman, and I admire you very much?' Whereupon I looked back as much to reply, 'That's quite right, my dear young sir, and I should have a poor opinion of you if you didn't.' So being of the same opinion on the only subject worth thinking about (that's me) I behaved charmingly to him, and even forgave him when he carried off my white rose at the end.

"Mr. Drake has a friend who is always with him. He is a willowy person who owns sixteen setters and three church livings, they say, and wears (on week-days) a thunder-and-lightning suit of clothes—*you* know, a pattern so large that one man can't carry the whole of it and somebody else goes about with the rest. His name is Lord Robert Ure, and I intend to call him Lord Bob, for since he is such a frivolous person himself I must make a point of being severe. I danced with him, of course, and he kept telling me what a wonderful future Mr. Drake had, and how the Promised Land was before him, and even hinting that it wouldn't be a bad thing to be Mrs. Moses. Fancy Glory making a tremendous match with a leader of society! And if I hadn't gone to that hospital ball no doubt the history of the nineteenth century would have been different!

"They are going to take me next week to something far, far better than a ball, only I must not tell you anything about it yet, except that I keep awake all night sometimes to think of it. But thou sure and firm-set earth, hear not my steps which way they walk!

"It's late and I'm just going to cuddle in. Good-night! My kisses for the aunties and my love to everybody! In fact, you can serve out my love in ladles this time—being cheap at present, and plenty more where this is coming from.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what happened when we returned to the hospital! It was half-past three in the morning and the gentlemen had brought us back; but there

* Dear.

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was our John Storm with his sad and anxious face waiting up to see us safely home. He was angry with me, and I didn't mind that in the least; but when I saw that he liked me well enough to be rude to the gentlemen I fell a victim to the crafts and assaults of the devil and couldn't help laughing out loud; and then Ward Sister Allworthy came along and lifted her lip and showed me her tusk.

"It was a wonderful night altogether, and I was never so happy in my life; but all the same I had a good cry to myself alone before going to bed. Too much water hadst thou, poor Ophelia! Talk about two natures in one, I've got two hundred and fifty, and they all want to do different things! Ah me! the 'ould Book' says that woman was taken out of the rib of a man, and I feel sometimes as if I want to get back to my old quarters.

GLORY.

"P.S.—I'll write you a full and particular account of the great event of next week after it is over. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou applaud the deed. You see I don't want you to eat your meal in fear—or your porridge either. But I am burning with impatience for the night to come, and would like to run to it. Oh,

> If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> It were done quickly!

See? I am going in for a course of Shakspeare!"

XIV.

A WEEK later Glory made her first visit to the theatre, and it was the turning-point of her life thus far. From first to last she was amazed and delighted, and when the play was over she was full of a great hope and aspiration.

Her companions were Drake, who was charmed with her *naïveté*; Lord Robert, who was amused by it; and Polly Love, who was annoyed and ashamed, and made little peevish exclamations.

As they entered the box which they were to occupy the attendant drew back the curtain, and at sight of the auditorium she cried "Oh!" and then checked herself and coloured deeply. With her eyes down she sat where directed in one of the three seats in front, Polly being on her right and Drake on her left, and Lord Robert at the back of the lace curtain. For some minutes she did not smile or stir, and when she spoke it was always in whispers. A great awe seemed to have fallen upon her, and she was behaving as she behaved in church.

Drake began to explain the features of the theatre. Down there were the stalls, and behind the stalls was the pit. The body? Well, yes—the body, so to speak. And the three galleries were the dress-circle, the family circle, and the gallery proper. The organ loft? No, there was no organ, but that empty place below was the well for the orchestra.

"And what is this little vestry?" she said.

"Oh, this is a private box where we can sit by ourselves and talk!" said Drake.

At every other explanation she had made little whispered cries of astonishment and delight; but when she heard that conversation was not forbidden she was entirely happy. She thought a theatre was even more beautiful than a church, and supposed an actor must have a wonderful living.

The house was filling rapidly, and as the people entered she watched them intently.

"What a beautiful congregation," she whispered—"audience, I mean!"

"Do you think so?" said Polly; but Glory did not hear her.

It was delightful to see so many lovely faces and to join in the low hum of their conversation. She felt happy among them already and quite kind to everybody, because they had all come together to enjoy themselves. Presently she bowed to someone in the stalls with a face all smiles, and then said to Polly—

"How nice of her! A lady moved to me from the body. How friendly they are in theatres!"

"But it was to Mr. Drake," said Polly; and then Glory could have buried her face in her confusion.

"Never mind, Glory," said Drake; "that's a lady who will like you the better for the little mistake. Rosa," he added, with a look towards Lord Robert, who smoothed his moustache and bent his head.

Polly glanced up quickly at mention of the name; and Drake explained that Rosa was a friend of his own—a lady journalist, Miss Rosa Macquarrie, a good and clever woman. Then, turning back to Glory, he said—

"She has been standing up for your friend Mr. Storm this week. You know there have been attacks upon him in the newspapers?"

"Has she?" said Glory, recovering herself and looking down again. "Which pew—stall, I mean——"

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But the people were clapping their hands and turning their faces to the opposite side of the theatre. Some great personage was entering the royal box.

"My chief, the Home Secretary," said Drake; and, when the applause had subsided and the party were seated, the great man recognised his secretary and bowed to him; whereupon it seemed to Glory that every face in the theatre turned about and looked at her.

She did not flinch, but bore herself bravely. There was a certain thrill and a slight twitching of the head, such as a charger makes at the first volley in battle—nothing more, not even the quiver of an eyelid. This was the atmosphere in which Drake lived, and she felt a vague gratitude to him for allowing her to move in it.

"Isn't it beautiful!" she whispered, turning towards Polly; but Polly's face was hidden behind the curtain.

The orchestra was coming in, and Glory leaned forward and counted the fiddles, while Drake talked with Lord Robert across her shoulder.

"I found him reading Rosa's article this morning, and it seems he was present himself and heard the sermon," said Drake.

"And what's his opinion?" asked Lord Robert.

"Much the same as your own. Affectation—the man is suffering from the desire to be original—more egotism than love of truth, and so forth."

"Right, too, dear boy. All this vapouring is as much as to say, 'Look at me! I am the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Thingamy, nephew of the Prime Minister, and yet——'"

"I don't at all agree with the chief," said Drake, "and I told him so. The man has enthusiasm, and that's the very salt of the earth at present. We are all such pessimists and Nihilists in these days. Thank God for anybody who will warm us up with a little faith, say I!"

Glory's bosom heaved, and she was just about to speak when there was a sudden clap as of thunder, and she leapt up in her seat. But it was only the beginning of the overture, and she sat down laughing. There was a tender passage in the music; and after it was over she was very quiet for a while, and then whispered to Polly that she hoped little Johnnie wasn't worse to-night, and it seemed wicked to enjoy oneself when any one was so poorly.

"Who is that?" said Drake.

"My little boy whose leg was amputated," said Glory.

"This Glory is so funny!" said Polly. "Fancy talking of that here!"

"Hush!" said Lord Robert, "the curtain is going up"—and at the next moment Glory was laughing because they were all in the dark.

The play was "Much Ado about Nothing," and Glory whispered to Drake that she had never seen it before, but she had read "Macbeth," and knew all about Shakspeare and the drama. The first scene took her breath away, being so large and so splendid. It represented the outside of a gentleman's house, and she thought what a length of time it must have taken to build it, considering it was to last only a single night. But hush! The people were going indoors. No; they preferred to talk in the street. Oh, we were in Italy? Yes, indeed, that was different.

Leonato delivered his first speeches forcibly, and was rewarded with applause. Glory clapped her hands also, and said he was a very good actor for such a very old gentleman.

Then Beatrice made her entrance, and was greeted with cheers, whereupon Glory looked perplexed.

"It's Terry," whispered Polly; and Drake said "Ellen Terry"; but Glory still looked puzzled.

"They are calling her 'Beatrice,'" she said. Then, mastering the situation, she looked wise and said, "Of course—the actress—I quite understand; but why do they applaud her—she has done nothing yet?"

Drake explained that the lady playing Beatrice was a great favourite, and that the applause of the audience had been of the nature of a welcome to a welcome guest, as much as to say they had liked her before and were glad to see her again. Glory thought that was beautiful, and, looking at the gleaming eyes that shone out of the darkness, she said—

"How lovely to be an actress!"

Then she turned back to the stage, where all was bright and brilliant, and said, "What a lovely frock, too!"

"Only a stage costume, my dear," said Polly.

"And what beautiful diamonds!"

"Paste," said Lord Robert.

"Hush!" said Drake; and then Benedick entered, and the audience received him with great cheering. "Irving," whispered Drake; and Glory looked more perplexed than before, and said—

"But you told me it was Mr. Irving's

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"'Hush, Glory,' whispered Drake. But she had risen to her feet."

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theatre, and I thought it would have been his place to welcome ——"

The vision of Benedick clapping his hands at his entrance set Lord Robert laughing in his cold way; but Drake said, "Be quiet, Robert!"

Glory, like a child, had ears for no conversation except her own, and she was immersed in the play in a moment. The merry war of Beatrice and Benedick had begun and as she watched it her face grew grave.

"Now, that's very foolish of her," she said; "and if, as you say, she's a great actress, she shouldn't do such things. To talk like that to a man is to let everybody see that she likes him better than anybody else, though she's trying her best to hide it. The silly girl—he'll find her out!"

But the curtain had gone down on the first act, the lights had suddenly gone up and her companions were laughing at her. Then she laughed also.

"Of course, it's only a play," she said largely, "and I know all about plays and about acting, and I can act myself, too."

"I'm sure you can," said Polly, lifting her lip. But Glory took no notice.

Throughout the second act she put on the same airs of knowledge, watching the masked ball intently, but never once uttering a laugh and hardly ever smiling. The light, the colour, the dresses, the young gay faces enchanted her; but she struggled to control herself. It was only her body that was up there, leaning over the front of the box with lips twitching and eyes gleaming; her soul was down on the stage, clad in a lovely gown, and carrying a mask and laughing and joking with Benedick; but she held herself in, and when the curtain fell she began to talk of the acting.

She was still of opinion that Leonato was excellent for such an elderly gentleman, and when Polly praised Claudio she agreed that he was good too.

"But Benedick is my boy for all," she said. In some way she had identified herself with Beatrice, and hardly ever spoke of her.

During the third act this air of wisdom and learning broke down badly. In the middle of the ballad, "Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more," she remembered Johnnie, and whispered to Drake how ill he had been when they left the hospital. And when it was over, and Benedick protested that the song had been vilely sung, she sat back in her seat and said she didn't know how Mr. Irving could say such a thing, for she was sure the boy had sung it beautifully.

"But that's the author," whispered Drake; and then she said wisely—

"Oh, yes, I know—Shakspeare, of course."

Then came the liming of the two lovebirds, and she declared that everybody was in love in plays of that sort, and that was why she liked them; but as for those people playing the trick, they were very simple if they thought Beatrice didn't know she loved Benedick. Claudio fell woefully in her esteem in other respects also, and when he agreed to spy on Hero she said he ought to be ashamed of himself anyhow.

"How ridiculous you are!" said Polly. "It's the author, isn't it?"

"Then the author ought to be ashamed of himself also, for it is unjust and cruel and unnecessary," said Glory.

The curtain had come down again by this time, and the men were deep in an argument about morality in art, Lord Robert protesting that art had no morality, and Drake maintaining that what Glory said was right, and there was no getting to the back of it.

But the fourth act witnessed Glory's final vanquishment. When she found the scene was the inside of a church and they were to be present at a wedding, she could not keep still on her seat for her delight; but when the marriage was stopped and Claudio uttered his denunciation of Hero, she said it was just like him, and it would serve him right if nobody believed him.

"Hush!" said somebody behind them.

"But they *are* believing him," said Glory, quite audibly.

"Hush! Hush!" came from many parts of the theatre.

"Well, that's shameful — her father, too ——" began Glory.

"Hush, Glory!" whispered Drake; but she had risen to her feet, and when Hero fainted and fell she uttered a cry.

"What a girl!" whispered Polly. "Sit down—everybody's looking!"

"It's only a play, you know," whispered Drake; and Glory sat down and said—

"Well, yes, of course, it's only a play. Did you suppose ——"

But she was lost in a moment. Beatrice and Benedick were alone in the church now; and when Beatrice said "Kill Claudio," Glory leapt up again and clapped her hands. But Benedick would not kill Claudio, and it was the last straw of all. That wasn't what she called being a great actor, and it was shameful to sit and listen to such plays. Lots

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of disgraceful scenes happened in life, but people didn't come to theatres to see such things, and she would go.

"How ridiculous you are!" said Polly; but Glory was out in the corridor, and Drake was going after her.

She came back at the beginning of the fifth act with red eyes and confused smiles, looking very much ashamed. From that moment onward she cried a good deal, but gave no other sign until the green curtain came down at the end, when she said—

"It's a wonderful thing! To make people forget it's not true is the most wonderful thing in the world!"

Lord Robert, standing behind the curtain at the back of Polly's chair, had been laughing at Glory with his long owlish drawl, and making cynical interjections by way of punctuating her enthusiasm; and now he said, "Would you like to have a nearer view of your wonderful world, Glory?"

Glory looked perplexed and Drake muttered, "Hold your tongue, Robert! For heaven's sake let the girl have some illusions left in life!" Then, turning to Glory, he said shortly, "He only asked you if you would like to go behind the scenes; but I don't think ——"

Glory made a cry of delight. "Like it? Better than anything in the world!"

"Then I must take you to a rehearsal somewhere," said Lord Robert; "and you'll both come to tea at the chambers afterwards."

Drake made some show of dissent; but Polly, with her most fascinating look upwards, said it would be perfectly charming, and Glory was in raptures.

The girls, by their own choice, went home without escort by the Hammersmith omnibus. They sat on opposite sides and hardly talked at all. Polly was humming idly, "Sigh no more, ladies."

Glory was in a trance. A great, bright, beautiful world had that night swum into her view, and all her heart was yearning for it with vague and blind aspirations. It might be a world of dreams, but it seemed more real than reality, and when the omnibus passed the corner of Piccadilly Circus she forgot to look at the women who were crowding the pavement.

The omnibus drew up for them at the door of the hospital, and they took long breaths as they went up the steps.

In the corridor to the surgical ward they came upon John Storm. His head was down, and his step was long and measured, and he seemed to be trying to pass them in his grave silence; but Glory stopped and spoke, while Polly went on to her cubicle.

"You here so late?" she said.

He looked steadily into her face, and answered, "I was sent for—someone was dying."

"Was it little Johnnie?"

"Yes."

There was not a tear now—not the quiver of an eyelid.

"I don't think I care for this life," she said, fretfully. "Death is always about you everywhere, and a girl can never go out to enjoy herself but ——"

"It is true woman's work," said John hotly—"the truest, noblest work a woman can have in all the world!"

"Perhaps," said Glory, swinging on her heel. "All the same ——"

"Good-night!" said John, and he turned on his heel also.

She looked after him, and laughed. Then with a little hard lump at her heart she took herself off to bed.

Polly Love, in the next cubicle, was humming as she undressed—

> Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
> Men were deceivers ever.

That night Glory dreamt that she was still at Peel. She was sitting up on Peel hill, watching the big ships as they weighed anchor in the bay beyond the old dead castle walls, and wishing she were going out with them to the sea and the great cities so far away.

XV

John Storm was sitting in his room next morning fumbling the leaves of a book and trying to read when a lady visitor was announced. It was Miss Mackray, and she came in with a flushed face, a quivering lip, and the marks of tears in her eyes. She held his hand with the same long hand-clasp as before, and said in a tremulous voice—

"I am ashamed of coming, and mother does not know that I am here; but I am very unhappy, and if you cannot help me ——"

"Please sit down," said John Storm.

"I have come to tell you ——" she said, and then her sad eyes moved about the room and came back to his face. "It is about Lord Robert Ure; and I am very wretched!"

Being little accustomed to the confidences of women he found it difficult to play the pastor to this beautiful girl in trouble, but at length he said—

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"Tell me everything, dear lady, and if there is anything I can do ——"

She told him all. It was a miserable story. Her mother had engaged her to Lord Robert Ure (there was no other way of putting it) for the sake of his title, and he had engaged himself to her for the sake of her wealth. She had never loved him, and had long known that he was a man of scandalous reputation; but she had been taught that to attach weight to such considerations would be girlish and sentimental, and she had fought for a while and then yielded.

"You will reproach me for my feebleness," she said; and he answered haltingly—

"No, I do not reproach you; I pity you ——"

"Well," she said, "it is all over now, and if I am ruined, and if my mother ——"

"You have told her you cannot marry?"

"Yes."

"Then who am I to reproach you?" he said; and rising to his feet he flung away his book.

Her dark eyes wandered about the room, and came back to his face again and shone with a new lustre.

"I heard your sermon on Sunday, Mr. Storm," she said in a softer voice, "and I felt as if there were nobody else in the church and you were speaking to me alone. And last night at the theatre ——"

"Well?"

"It is about Lord Robert Ure; and I am very wretched!"

He had been tramping the room, but he stopped.

"I saw him in a box with his friend and two—two ladies."

"Were they nurses from the hospital?"

She made a cry of surprise and said, "Then you know all about it; and the sermon *was* meant for me?"

He did not speak for a moment and then he said, with a thick utterance—

"You wish me to help you to break off this marriage, and I will try. But if I fail—no matter what has happened in the past, or what awaits you in the future ——"

"Oh," she said, "if I had your strength beside me I should be brave—I should be afraid of nothing!"

"Good-bye, dear lady," said John Storm; and before he could prevent her she had stooped over his hand and kissed it.

John Storm had returned to his book and was clutching it with nervous fingers, when his fellow-curate came with a message from the Canon to request his presence in the study.

"Tell him I was on the point of going down," said John; and the Reverend Golightly coughed and bowed himself out.

The Canon had also had a visitor that morning. It was Mrs. Mackray herself. She sat on a chair covered with a tiger-skin, sniffed at her scented handkerchief, and poured out all her sorrows.

Mercy had rebelled against her authority,

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and it was entirely the fault of the new curate, Mr. Storm. She had actually refused to carry out her engagement with Lord Robert, and it all came of that dreadful sermon on Sunday. It was dishonourable, it was unprincipled, and it was a pretty thing to teach girls to indulge their whims without regard to the wishes of parents.

"I have tried to bring her up properly," said the lady. "She doesn't read poetry and novels and that nonsense. I'm not that kind of woman myself, and I've brought up Mercy in the same principles—so where else can she have got it? No, it's this Mr. Storm. He has ruined the child. Here have I been two years in London, spending a fortune on the girl, and trying to do my best for her, and the moment I fix her in one of the first English families, this young man — this curate — this . . . Upon my honour, it's real wicked, it's shameful!" And the handkerchief steeped in eau-de-cologne went up from the nose to the eyes.

The Canon strutted a step and swung his pince-nez. "Don't put yourself about, my dear Mrs. Mackray," he said soothingly; "leave the matter to me. Miss Mackray will remove her objections and ——"

"Oh, you mustn't judge her by her quietness, Canon. You don't know her character. She's real stubborn when her mind's made up. But I'll be as stubborn as she is—I'll take her back to America—I'll never spend another penny ——"

"And as for Mr. Storm," continued the Canon, "I'll make everything smooth in that quarter. You mustn't think too much about the unhappy sermon—a little youthful *esprit fort*; we all go through it, you know. He is really a young man of excellent connections—that is, on his father's side; but his mother was nobody in particular, so the peasant blood in him you see ——" And the Canon lifted his eyebrows and the palms of both hands.

When Mrs. Mackray had gone, he rang twice for Mr. Golightly and said, "Tell Mr. Storm to come down to me immediately."

"With pleasure, sir," said the little man; and then he hesitated.

"What is it?" said the Canon, adjusting his glasses.

"I have never told you, sir, how I found him the night you sent me to the hospital."

"Well, how?"

"On his knees to a Catholic priest who was visiting a patient."

The Canon's glasses fell from his eyes and his broad face broke into strange smiles.

"I thought the Sorceress of Rome was at the bottom of it," he said. "His uncle shall know of this, and unless I am sadly deceived . . . but fetch him down."

John Storm was wearing his flannel shirt that morning, and he came downstairs with a heavy tread and swung himself, unasked, into the chair that had just before been occupied by Mrs. Mackray.

The perpendicular wrinkles came between the Canon's eyebrows, and he said: "My dear Storm, I have postponed, as long as possible, a most painful interview. The fact is your recent sermon has given the greatest offence to the ladies of my congregation, and if such teaching were persisted in we should lose our best people. Now, I don't want to be angry with you, quite the contrary—though I cannot be indifferent to anything that alienates my warmest friends and most generous supporters—but I wish to put to you, as your spiritual head and adviser, that your idea of religion is by no means agreeable to the needs and necessities of the nineteenth century. There is no freedom in such a faith, and St. Paul says, 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' But the theory of your religion is not more unscriptural than its application is unwholesome. Yours is a gloomy faith, my dear Storm, and what did Luther say of a gloomy faith?—that the devil was very apt to be lurking behind it. As for himself he married, you may remember; he had children, he played chess, he loved to see young people dancing ——"

"I don't object to the dancing, sir," said John Storm. "I only object to the tune."

"What do you mean?" said the Canon, not without insolence; and the perpendicular wrinkles became large and heavy.

"I mean, sir," said John Storm, "that half the young people nowadays—the young women in the west of London especially—are asked to dance to the 'Dead March.'"

And then he spoke of the infamous case of Mercy Mackray, how she was being bought and sold, and how scandalous was the reputation of the man she was required to marry.

"That was what I was coming down to speak about, sir—to ask you to save this innocent girl from such a mockery of holy wedlock. She is not a child, and the law cannot help her, but you can do so, because the power of the Church is at your back. You have only to set your face against this infamy and say——"

"My dear Mr. Storm" (the Canon was smiling condescendingly and swinging his

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glasses), "the business of the Church is to solemnise marriages, not to make them. But if the young lady comes to me I will say, 'My dear young lady, the conditions you complain of are more common than you suppose; put aside all foolish romantic notions, make a nest for yourself as comfortably as you can, and come back in a year to thank me.'"

John Storm was on his feet; the blood was mounting to his face and tingling in his fingers.

"And so these men are to make their wives of the daughters of the poor first, and then ask the Church to solemnise their polygamy ——"

But the Canon had lifted his hand to silence him.

"My dear young friend, a policy like yours would decimate the House of Commons and abolish the House of Lords. Practical religion has a sweet reasonableness. We are all human, even if we are all gentlemen, and while silly young things have white teeth and rosy lips ——"

But John Storm was out in the hall and putting on his hat to see Glory.

Glory had not yet awakened from her trance. While others were living in to-day she was still going about in yesterday. The emotion of the theatre was upon her, and the world of reality took the tone and colour of drama. This made her a tender woman, but a bad nurse.

She began the day in the Out-patient Department, and a poor woman came with a child that had bitten its tongue. The tongue had to be stitched, and the child's condition required that it should remain in the house a day or two. "Let me put the pore thing to bed, she's allus used of me," said the woman piteously. "Are you the mother?" said the Sister. "No, the grandmother." "The mother is the only person who can enter the wards except on visiting day." The poor woman began to cry. Glory had to carry the child to bed, and she whispered to the grandmother "Come this way," and the woman followed her. When they came to the surgical ward she said to the ward Sister, "This is the child's mother, and she has come to put the poor little thing to bed."

"She began to make imitations of Beatrice and Benedick."

Later in the morning she was sent up to help in the same ward. A patient in great pain called to her and said, "Loosen this bandage for me, nurse—it is killing me." And she loosened it.

But the glamour of the theatre was upon her as well as its sentiment and emotion, and in the space before the bed of one of the patients, at a moment when the ward Sister

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was away, she began to make imitations of Beatrice and Benedick and the singer of "Sigh no more, ladies." The patient was Koenig, the choirmaster of All Saints', a little fat German, with long moustaches, which he waxed and curled as he lay in bed. Glory had christened him "the hippopotamus," and at her mimicry he laughed so much that he rolled and pitched and dived among the bedclothes.

"*Ach, Gott!*" he cried, "vot a girl! Never—I haf never heard anyone so goot on de stage. Vot a voice, too! A leetle vork under a goot teacher, and den, mine Gott! Vot is it the musicians say?—the genius has a Cremona inside of him on which he first composes his immortal vorks. You haf the Cremona, my dear, and I will help you to bring it out. Vot you tink?"

It was the hour after breakfast when the patients who can afford it have their morning newspaper brought up to them, but the newspapers were thrown aside, every eye was on Glory, and there was much noisy laughter and even some clapping of hands.

Ward Sister Allworthy entered with the house doctor.

"What's the meaning of this?" she demanded. Glory told the truth and was reproved.

"Who has loosened this bandage?" said the doctor. The patient tried to prevaricate, but Glory told the truth again and was reproved once more.

"And who permitted this woman to come into the ward?" said the nurse.

"I did," said Glory.

"You're not fit to be a nurse, Miss, and I shall certainly report you for neglect of duty."

Glory laughed in the Sister's face.

It was at this moment that John Storm arrived after his interview with the Canon. He drew Glory into the corridor and tried to pacify her.

"Oh, don't suppose I'm going to do hospital nursing all my life," she said. "It may be good womanly work, but I want to be a human being with a heart, and not a machine called Duty. How I hate and despise my surroundings! I'll make an end of them one of these days. Sooner or later it must come to that."

"Your life has been deranged, Glory, and that is why you disdain your surroundings. You were at the theatre last night."

"Who told you that?—Well, what of it? Are you one of those who think the theatre ——"

"I don't object to the theatre, Glory. It is the derangement of your life I am thinking of, and if anybody is responsible for that he is your enemy, not your friend."

"You will make me angry again as you did before," and she began to bite her quivering lip.

"I did not come to make you angry, Glory; I came to ask you, even to entreat you, to break off this hateful connection."

"Because you know nothing of this—this connection, as you say—you call it hateful."

"I know what I am talking about, my child. The life these men live is worse than hateful, and it makes my heart bleed to see you falling a victim to it."

"You are degrading me again. You are always degrading me. Other men try to be agreeable to me, but you. . . . Besides, I cannot hear my friends abused. Yes, they *are* my friends. I *was* at the theatre with them last night, and I am going to take tea at their chambers on my next holiday. So please ——"

"Glory!"

With one plunge of his arm he had gripped her by the wrist.

"You frighten me."

"You are never to set foot in the rooms of those men."

"Let me go."

"You are as inexperienced as a child, Glory, and it is my duty to protect you against yourself."

"Let go, I say!"

"Don't destroy yourself. Think while there's time; think of your good name, your character."

"I shall do as I please."

"Listen! If I have chosen to be a clergyman, it's not because I've lived all my life in cotton wool. Let me tell you what the lives of such men really are—the best of them, the very best. He gets up at noon, strolls down to the club, skims the papers, walks in the park, takes tea with somebody, comes home to dress, grunts and groans that he must go to somebody's dinner-party, escapes to the Gaiety Theatre, sups at a so-called club, and gets home to bed at three."

"You mean Lord Robert, but what right have you to say ——"

"The right of one who knows him to be as bad as this, and worse—ten times worse. Such a man thinks he has a right to play with a girl if she is poor. She may stake her soul, her salvation, but he risks nothing. To-day he trifles with her, to-morrow he marries another, and flings her to the devil."

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"There's something else in this," said Glory. "What is it?"

But John Storm had swung about and left her.

She went in search of Polly Love, expecting to find her in her cubicle, but the cubicle was empty. Coming out of the little room she happened to see a piece of paper lying on the floor. It was a letter, carefully folded. She picked it up, unfolded it, and read it, hardly knowing what she was doing, for her head was dizzy and her eyes were swimming in unshed tears. It ran—

"You ask, do I mean to adopt entirely? Yes, to bring up just the same as if it were my own."

Glory could not understand what she was reading. Whose letter could it be? It was addressed "X.Y.Z., office of *Morning Post*."

There was a hurried footstep approaching, and Polly came in, with her eyes on the ground as if looking for something she had dropped. At the next moment she had snatched the letter out of Glory's hand and was saying—

"What are you doing in my room? Has your friend the chaplain told you to spy upon me?"

"Let go, I say!"

The expression of her face was appalling, and Glory, who had flushed up with shame, turned away without a word.

When John Storm got back to his room he found the following letter from the Canon on his table:—

"Since our interview of this morning (so strangely abridged) I have had the honour to visit your dear uncle, the Prime Minister,

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and he agrees with me that the strain of your recent examinations and the anxieties of a new occupation have probably disturbed your health, and that it will be prudent of you to take a short vacation. I have therefore the greatest pleasure in assuring you that you are free from duty for a week, a fortnight or a month, as your convenience may determine, and during your much-regretted absence I will do my best to sustain the great loss of your invaluable help."

On reading the message John Storm flung himself into a chair and burst into a long peal of bitter laughter. But when the laughter was spent there came a sense of great loneliness. Then he remembered Mrs. Callender, and went across to her little house in Victoria Square, and showed her the Canon's letter and told her everything.

"Lies, lies, lies!" she said. "Ah, laddie, laddie, to lie, to know you lie, to be known to lie, and yet to go on lying—that is the whole art of life with these fashionable shepherds and their fashionable flock. As for that woman—ugh! She was separated from her husband for two years before his death, and he died in a hotel abroad without kith or kin to comfort him, and now she wears his hair in a gold locket on her bosom. That's what she is! But all's well that ends well, laddie. The holiday will do ye good, for you were killing yerself with work. You'll no be spending it in your little island now, eh?"

John Storm was sitting with one leg across the other, and his head on his hand and his elbow on his knee.

"I shall spend it," he said, "in Retreat at the Brotherhood in Bishopsgate."

"God bless me, man, is that the change of air ye'll be going to gie yoursell? It may be well enough for men with water in their veins; but you have blood, laddie, blood! Tak' care, tak' care!"

XVI.

"QUITE right, dear Aunt Anna, the terms 'authority' and 'obedience' must be known and honoured. Only when it is a case of put a penny in the slot and out comes the word of command you can't exactly feel that way. The board of directors put the penny into the slot of this institution, and the word of command, so far as I am concerned, comes out of the mouth of ward Sister Allworthy. I call her the White Owl. She is five feet ten, and has big round cheeks, which sometimes I should dearly love to slap—as mothers slap their 'childers' when they administer a humiliating punishment.

"So you think you notice 'a certain want of aptitude'? Well, I don't think I am naturally a bad nurse, Aunt Anna. The patients like me, and they don't die of the dumps while I am about. Only I can't practise nursing by the rule of three, and as a consequence I get myself reported. Sister Allworthy has reported me three times, bless her! 'Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd,' and now she threatens to have me up before the matron. That dear soul has difficulties of locomotion, being buried under the Pelion on Ossa of a mountain of fat. She inhabits a cave of Adullam on the edge of the inferno (i.e. the theatre) below stairs, and has a small dog with a bad heart and broken wind always nagging on her knee. I call her the Chief Broker in Breakages, and Head Dealer in Diseases, and she is only seen once a day when she comes round to take stock. You have to be nice with her majesty, for she can haul you up at the weekly Board, and put a score against you in the black book, and send you away without a certificate. If that happens, a girl who expects to earn her living as a nurse has never any particular need to pray, 'In all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us!'

"But, oh, my dear grandfather, what do you think of our John Storm now? After uttering the lamentations of Jeremiah and predicting all the plagues of Egypt he has gone off to hold his peace, that is to say, he has gone into Retreat, which being interpreted means praying without ceasing, and also without speaking, eighteen hours a day, six days at a spell, and sometimes sixty. When he comes back reeking with all that holiness I shall feel myself such a miserable sinner ——

"Soberly I could cry to think of it, though, and when I remember that perhaps I was partly to blame ——

"It was this way. In that 'ter'ble discoorse' I told you he had scotched the snake, not killed it, and his vicar (I call him the crocodile), finding that his ladies and nobility went out like the Pharisees, one by one, told our poor John he was ill and stood in need of instant rest. It looked like it certainly, and the trouble must have been a sort of human rabies in which the poor victim bites at his best friends first. He came here with his lower lip hanging like an old dog's, and I was so stupid as not to see that he was being hunted like a dog

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"What fun it was!"

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too, and only told myself how ugly and untidy he had grown of late. But the sister had just before been showing me her tusks again, and being possessed with a fury I gave it him world without end. He was very unreasonable, though, and seemed to say that I must have no friends and no amusements that were not of his choosing. Being a woman of like passions with himself I had a 'ter'ble dust' with him on the subject, and the next I heard was that he was going into Retreat in a kind of English-church monastery somewhere in the City, where he would 'try to disentangle' himself 'from the world' and see what he 'ought to do next.'

"I thought you would remember Mr. Drake's mother, dear Auntie Rachel. Yes, he is fair also, and wears his hair brushed across his forehead, much as you see in the portraits of Napoleon. In fact he is a sort of fair-haired Napoleon in nature as well. He took me to the theatre the other evening, and that was the great event I intended to tell you about. It was quite a proper sort of place, and nobody behaved badly except Glory, who kept talking and preaching and going silly with excitement.

"Since then Mr. Drake's friend, Lord Bob, has taken us 'behind,' and we have seen a rehearsal. Things don't look quite the same behind as before, but nothing in the world does that, and I wasn't a bit disenchanted. In fact I found everything delightfully romantic and amusing—and really I do not think it *can* be so very wicked to be an actress. Do you?

"My friend, Polly Love, was with us—Polly is a probationer also, and sleeps in the cubicle next to mine,—and after the rehearsal we went to the gentlemen's chambers to tea. I can hear what Aunt Anna is saying, 'Goodness gracious, you didn't do that, girl?' Well, yes, I did though. In the interests of my sex I wanted to see how two boys could live in rooms all by themselves, and it's perfectly shocking how well they get on without a woman. Of course I whipped off my hat at once and began to put things straight for them, and then I made the tea.

"By this time the gentlemen had changed into their jackets, and I sent them flying around for cups and saucers and sugar basins. It turned out that they had only one tea-spoon in the place, and when anybody wanted to stir her tea she said, 'Will you oblige me with *the* spoon, please?' What fun it was! We laughed until we cried—at least one of us did—and eventually we managed to break the teapot and a slop basin, and to overturn a standing lamp. It was perfectly delightful.

"But the best sport was after tea was over, and Glory was called on for imitations of the people we had seen at the theatre. Of course she couldn't imitate a man while she was in a woman's frock, so being as bright as diamonds that night and twice 'as impudent as a white stone,'* she actually conceived the idea of dressing up in a man's clothes! Naturally the gentlemen were enchanted, so I hope Auntie Rachel isn't terribly shocked. Mr. Drake lent me his knickerbockers and a velvet jacket, and Polly and I went into the bedroom where she helped me to find the way to put them on. With my own blouse and my own hat (I am wearing a felt one now with a broad brim and a feather) and *of course* my own slippers and stockings I made a bogh of a boy, I can tell you. I thought Polly would have died of delight in the bedroom, but when we came out she kept covering her face and crying, 'Glory, how *can* you!'

"I'm afraid I sang and talked more than was good for the soul, but it was all Mr. Drake's doing. He declared I was such a marvellous mimic that it was simply a waste of time and the good gifts of God to go on hospital nursing any longer. And I do believe that if anything happened, and the need arose, he would——

"Only fancy Glory a public person, and all the world and his wife going down on their knees to her! But then it's fearful to think of being an actress, isn't it?

"After all such glorious 'outs' I have to go 'in' to the hospital, and then comes my fit again. Do you remember my little boy who said he was going to the angels? He has gone, and I don't think I like nursing children now. Oh, how I long to go out into the world! I want to shine in it. I want to become great and glorious. I could do it too, I know I could. I have got it in me, I am sure I have. Yet here I am in a little dark corner crying for the sunshine!

"How silly this is, isn't it? It sounds like madness. My dears, allow me to introduce you to someone ——

GLORY QUAYLE,
March Hare and Madwoman!"

* A Manx proverb.

(*To be continued.*)

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[*F. Rowlands, Hawarden.*

MR. GLADSTONE.

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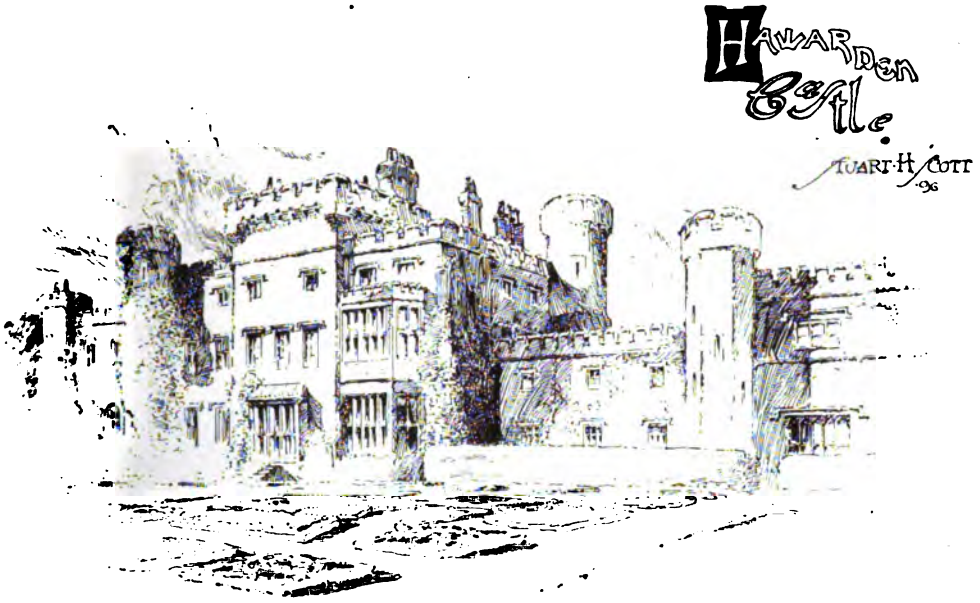

HAWARDEN, THE HOME OF THE GLADSTONES.

By Archibald Cromwell.

Illustrated by S. H. Scott; *and from Photographs.*

"EVER from youth up the beloved and admired of many personal intimates, always the foremost man, warm-hearted, earnest, hard working and religious, he had a following even in his teens." That is a description of William Ewart Gladstone culled from the autobiography of an opponent. None of his countrymen, whether they differ from or agree with him on great political questions, will probably deny the truth of this portrait or rebuke the interest which is naturally felt increasingly in Mr. Gladstone and all that concerns his life.

And so I am venturing to give an impressionistic sketch of my visits to Hawarden, the village whither the thoughts of the nation have been directed so often as the home of the Gladstones. Of course this title to fame has only belonged to Hawarden since the marriage of Mr. Gladstone, for Liverpool was his birthplace.

Sixty years ago "the beautiful Miss Glynnes" were well known in society. They were the daughters of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. The eldest daughter, Catherine, became Mr. Gladstone's wife on July 25, 1839, and has been, through all the strenuous years of his long life, the loving helpmeet of the great statesman. She has been linked with him in the affectionate regard of millions, and has accompanied him on his campaigns with an enthusiastic interest truly remarkable. The

Glynne family can boast of an ancestry dating back a thousand years. The elder branch settled at Hawarden, the younger

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gave London Richard Glyn, the eminent founder of the famous bank.

The present Hawarden Castle was built in 1752; part of the ruins of the former castle make a picturesque feature in the park. After the death of Mrs. Gladstone's brother the estate was bequeathed to Mr. Gladstone for life. Owing to the death of Mr. William Henry Gladstone, the next heir is the latter's son, William, of whom a portrait is given herewith. This little lad has already made one appearance in public, when he was the train-bearer to the Prince of Wales at the recent opening ceremony connected with Aberystwith University. He and his sisters live with their mother, the Hon. Mrs. W. H. Gladstone, in a house not very far from Hawarden village. Hawarden Castle had originally a brick exterior, but it was subsequently cased in stone and castellated. A block was added, and in this portion of the building is Mr. Gladstone's study. On the shelves of the bookcases are thousands of volumes all ready to the hand of their owner. In commemoration of the golden wedding the porch in front of the Castle was erected. It has greatly improved the entrance, and is furnished with lounge seats. In the south-west wing is the handsome drawing-room, from the windows of which a fine view is obtainable. Here again are plenty of volumes, testifying to the literary tastes of the Gladstones, and many portraits of political friends and opponents. Just as Lord Salisbury has on his drawing-room table a carved figure of Mr. Gladstone, so in the Hawarden drawing-room stands an excellent autographed portrait of Mr. A. J. Balfour, who has been a guest here more than once.

Master William Gladstone. (*Heir to the Hawarden estate.*) Miss Constance Gladstone. Miss Evelyn C. Gladstone.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LATE MR. W. H. GLADSTONE AND THE HON. MRS. W. H. GLADSTONE.

The dining-room has a fine painting of Mr. Gladstone and another of Mrs. Gladstone. It is a comfortable room looking out on to the park. Upstairs, on one of the landings, you will notice an organ which the

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late Mr. W. H. Gladstone was wont to play. It may have been forgotten that the eldest son of the family enriched our hymn books with some admirable tunes of his own composition. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is likewise fond of music and may be seen singing in the chorus when the Handel Society gives a concert in London.

Before leaving the house, with all its interesting contents, you will probably notice a large collection of axes and walking-sticks, presented to Mr. Gladstone by divers admirers. Nowadays he uses the walking-sticks more often than the axes.

Close to the park gates are Mrs. Gladstone's home for old ladies and her admirable orphanage for boys. The visitors' book at the latter institution contains many notable autographs, and the signature of the late Sir Andrew Clark, who was physician to the family for several years, occurs more than once. The inmates of the orphanage are trained to fill useful positions in the neighbourhood, becoming gardeners, stablemen, etc. They retain the warmest affection for Hawarden, and more than one in after years has sent a gift of money to benefit those who are receiving

MRS. GLADSTONE'S ORPHANAGE FOR BOYS, WHICH STANDS CLOSE TO HAWARDEN CASTLE.

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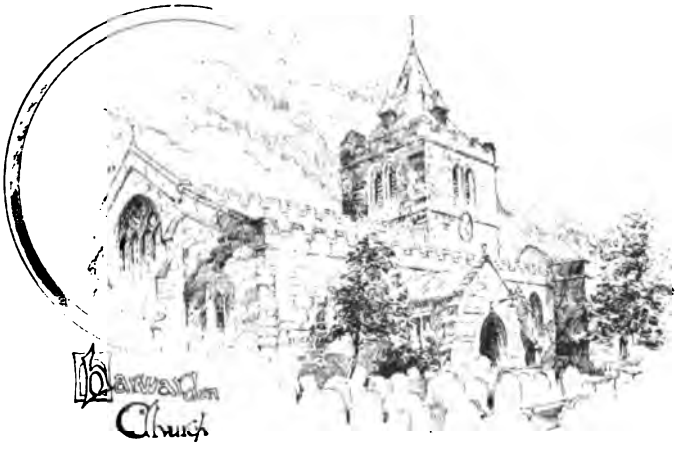
the same advantages as have benefited him.

Passing reluctantly from Hawarden Castle and its precincts, the village next engages attention. It consists of a single street half a mile in length. At the further end is the church, which is about one hundred and twenty years old. Part of its roof was destroyed by fire in 1857, causing a restoration scheme to be undertaken by Sir Gilbert Scott. Its list of rectors goes back as far as 1180, and the parish register to 1585. The Bible from which Mr. Gladstone has so frequently read the lessons is an old volume, which, by its quaint type, must please such a connoisseur every time he peruses it. It stands on the brass lectern so familiar to those who have seen Mr. S. P. Hall's famous picture. Among the memorials in the church is one to the late Mr. W. H.



Gladstone, and another is to a faithful matron of the orphanage. The rectory is near the church and lately possessed a mournful interest as the place where Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, died last October, after removal in an unconscious state from the church.

The Rev. Stephen and Mrs. Gladstone and their family have so often been included in photographic groups of the Gladstones that their faces are very familiar to the public. After attending service on Sunday morning it has been the custom of Mr. Gladstone to retire to the rectory in order to avoid the crowds which always await his departure from the church. Wagonettes bring numbers of sightseers from Chester and other parts of the district on purpose to catch a glimpse of the ex-Premier. Many of these visitors are unable to be accommodated in the church, and content themselves with the prospect of seeing the Gladstone party after the congregation has been dismissed. If Mr. Gladstone is visible, hats are raised as he passes—a compliment which he invariably reciprocates. During the last year it has been his habit to attend a service at the church each afternoon during the week at five o'clock. Formerly he would walk through the park to early celebration when most people were only rising for the day. Sometimes he would be the only participant in the service save the clergy. But now these early attendances have been suspended owing to advancing years. No inhabitant of the village is more punctilious in church-going than Mr. Gladstone, who, moreover, takes a thoroughly lively interest in every portion of the service, joining in the hymns, uttering the responses, and listening to the preacher with unvarying attention.

I noticed in the church a brass in memory of a bell-ringer who had lived to over ninety years of age. In the neighbourhood you will see many aged people, whose looks advertise the healthiness of Hawarden. One old dame with whom I conversed spoke cheerily of being as old as Mr. Gladstone, but added, "There, I'm not near as wonderful a woman for my age as Mrs. Gladstone! Our lady's wonderfuller than Mr. Gladstone himself, and so good!" The example of activity in old age set by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone inspired this veteran to run to the gate when I said good-bye, while her fluency in conversation was perfectly alarming. The inhabitants of Hawarden, while alive to the importance of the Gladstone family, cannot be called very alert politicians. They do not touch the outside world at many points, and often the stranger can inform them of incidents at Hawarden of which they are unaware. Despite the fact that many thousands visit the village, the provision for refreshments is ludicrously meagre. In some of the cottage windows the legend, "Hot Water," suggests either preparations for shaving, or a belief in this cure for dyspepsia! But you can hear a good deal of gossip if you take a modest meal of bread and jam and tea in one of these homes. On the mantelpiece and the walls are sure to be

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[F. Rowlands, Hawarden.

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MRS. GLADSTONE.

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portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and these are soon pointed out to you with pleasure and pride

The iron buildings of St. Deiniol's Library, which stand not far from the church, are of recent construction and interest. They are painted a rather sickly yellow colour, and have a neat entrance gate and path leading to them, with a well-kept lawn on one side. Entering the library you are confronted at once with several notices neatly written and signed by the Rev. Harry Drew, Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law, who acts as the warden (if one may use that title) of the hostel. Let me remove any misconceptions as to the purpose of this library. It is in no sense a public institution, but is intended to afford to clergymen or ministers an opportunity of quiet study under the happiest of conditions. Here are gathered thousands of volumes, carefully

selected by the most distinguished bookman living, representing an eclectic field of thought ranging over the whole area of human interests. The eye rests one moment on the familiar back of a Murray's Guide, and next it discovers that Doric classic, "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," by the late Dr. Wm. Alexander, of Aberdeen. The latter volume is adorned with Sir George Reid's admirable illustrations. By the side of some erudite work by a Churchman like Pusey you will discover a book by a Nonconformist like Dr. Dale, and no student in this library could complain of narrowness of choice when he can glean from such diverse literary harvests.

The volumes were in many cases brought to the library by Mr. Gladstone's own hands, and their arrangement on the shelves was under his direct superintendence. Many an afternoon he might have been seen walking through the park with a parcel of books, and for an hour or two the G.O.M. would be industrious in placing them on the shelves. The system of indexing is by means of cards, a method which I fancy we owe to America. At all events it saves a good deal of labour and permits additions to be made easily to the list. How tempting St. Deiniol's Library looked to me as the sunshine flooded the rooms, and shone on the thousands of books, making the idea of study under such conditions doubly delightful! Glancing at the visitors' book I saw the recently inscribed names of Mr. A. J. Balfour and his sister, the Bishop of Rochester, the Hon. Mrs. Henniker, Lord and Lady Tweedmouth. Already many men can look back with gratitude on happy and valuable times of study spent in the library, and as St. Deiniol's becomes better known there will be many more participants in its stores of learning. Not many paces from the library is the hostel, where students can be housed and boarded during their residence at Hawarden. The accommodation is modest but comfortable, and must add to the enjoyment of a visit.

From the hostel I went down the village street to the substantial building called the Hawarden Institute. Upstairs in the library I saw two volumes with characteristic inscriptions by Mr. Gladstone. One was on the fly-leaf of a Waverley novel, and was to this effect: "No local library should be without a set of Sir Walter Scott's novels in full. Accordingly I present this set to the Hawarden Institute." Then taking up the first volume of the "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," by George Barnett Smith, I saw these words written in Mr. Gladstone's firmest handwriting: "This work was not written by authority, but I believe it has a fair reputation; and I present it to the institute because it may be convenient to the members of that body to have at hand easy means of reference on points of detail concerning an old and attached neighbour." How characteristic of Mr. Gladstone in style and phrase! This institute has, besides many books given by the Gladstones, a host of volumes presented by the knight who prefers to sign himself "Eizak Pitman." The famous inventor of our most popular phonetic system is almost the contemporary of Mr. Gladstone, Sir Isaac Pitman being in his eighty-third year. But the institute seemed to me to

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lack modern volumes, and I suggested that visitors might be asked to send such books as mementoes of their pilgrimage to Hawarden. There is a capital billiard-room, a bath-room, and a reading-room to add to the attractions of the institute. The gymnasium, I understood, was not in quite so great demand as would satisfy the athletic member for West Leeds, who has shown generous interest in it. "Mr. Herbert," as he is called in the village, has always been popular at Hawarden, and spends a good part of his holidays at home. He may often be seen cycling in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Drew, his sister, is likewise a cyclist.

One last look at the Castle standing in its framework of foliage and our pilgrimage to Hawarden concludes. The personality of its chief resident seems all the greater by reason of this visit. May Time touch gently the great statesman, who has so recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday, and permit him to enjoy the evening of his long life in the happiness of his Hawarden home.

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HAWARDEN CHURCH AND ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY.

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LAUDER CAINE THE CONFESSOR.

By Percy Andreæ.*
(*Author of "Stanhope of Chester," "The Vanished Emperor," etc.*)

Illustrated by St. Clair Simmons.

II.—THE CASE OF THE JEALOUS WIFE.

IT has always been a matter of regret to me that, with one exception, to which I have already made allusion, circumstances have not permitted me to see the Confessor actually engaged in the pursuit of his interesting calling, that is to say to pass with him personally through the various phases of a difficult case, and watch his mind grappling with the intricacies of the problem presented to it. I once ventured to express this regret to him in the vague hope that he might be induced, should an occasion offer, to relax his stern principle of discretion in my favour. He received my hint with a smile.

"I can hardly conceive of a case," he said, "in the solving of which it would be possible for me to invite the co-operation, or even the mere companionship, of another. Still, if ever such a case should present itself to me, I will gladly bear your wish in mind. It is however scarcely necessary, I think, to be an actual participator in the solution of a problem in order to observe the method by means of which it is arrived at. As an example in point I will relate to you one of my most recent experiences. You will probably smile at its simplicity, perhaps even think it trivial and commonplace, yet as an instance of human blindness it is not devoid of some interest, and moreover it will enable you to follow, at least by inference, the process of reasoning by which a very simple yet hidden truth may be elucidated."

"She was a brunette of about four-and-twenty."

Needless to say that I eagerly availed myself of this

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unlooked-for offer, and the Confessor began as follows :—

"It is now some three weeks ago since I received the following letter:—

"'A lady, who has heard many favourable reports of the help afforded by Mr. Lauder Caine to those who have consulted him in their difficulties, would be glad if he would grant her an interview, as she is desirous of obtaining his advice in a matter which closely concerns her welfare and happiness. She is not able to disclose her name, but she is young, and of such rank and position as will enable her to compensate her adviser for any trouble he may be put to.'

"To this communication, to which was appended a London post-office address, I sent the following reply :—

"'Mr. Lauder Caine will be happy to receive the lady who has done him the honour to apply to him, any afternoon after three o'clock during the current week. He thinks it well however to add that, unless the lady comes prepared, not only to disclose her name, but to repose unreserved confidence in him whose advice she seeks, she will waste both her time and his.'

"The following afternoon my correspondent was ushered into my room. She was a brunette of about four-and-twenty, remarkably pretty, with quick flashing eyes and a certain self-possessed, yet vivacious manner peculiar to those of her sex who not only move much in what is called society *par excellence*, but are accustomed to shine in it.

"After an interchange of the customary civilities my visitor began at once by referring to the concluding paragraph of my letter.

"'I confess,' she said with a graceful smile, 'that it would have been more agreeable to me to have concealed my identity. But as you make it a condition that I should disclose it, I have no other alternative. I am Lady Gwendolyn Talbot.'

"'The daughter of Lord Samherst?'

"'No,' she replied. 'Talbot is my husband's name.'

"'Ah!' I said bowing, 'the wife of Lord Arthur Talbot of the 13th Hussars.'

"She blushed, and gave what appeared to be an affirmative nod.

"'Of Eaton Square?' I continued.

"'Do you know him then?' she exclaimed with a start.

"'Pardon me, madam,' I said, 'but a question is not an answer.'

"'I should really prefer ——,' she began in some confusion.

"'To remain unknown,' I said, concluding her sentence. 'I appreciate your delicacy, madam, but you could have surely attained that object without assuming a name which is not yours.'

"'Sir,' she said rising, with a fine show of offended dignity, 'you forget ——'

"'Not that I am speaking to a married woman,' I broke in again. 'Lord Arthur Talbot's wife may be Lady Talbot, or Lady Arthur Talbot, but not Lady Gwendolyn Talbot. Besides,' I added, 'there are other indications which show that the name is borrowed.'

"'Indeed?' she said, forcing a smile. 'I should be interested to learn them.'

"'The expression of your face, for instance, and the tone of your voice; indeed many others which it would be superfluous to mention,' I said. 'But are we not wasting time? I have not yet learned the nature of your trouble, and it may prove such as to render the information you are so reluctant to give me unnecessary.'

"She looked at me with a curious expression of interest. It is strange how closely neighboured are doubt and belief, confidence and distrust, respect and contempt, in us human beings. This woman comes to me in the confident belief that I shall be able to solve difficulties which have totally baffled her own wisdom, and yet she still has so small an opinion of my discernment as to fancy me capable of being deceived by the most ordinary and palpable device in the world. It is an experience I make daily. We are composed of contraries. There is no such thing as an absolute sense of anything in our natures, whether it be faith, doubt, trust, love, honour, truth, or whatever other sense you may name. Unknown to ourselves, doubt dogs the footsteps of faith, deceit lurks in the path of truth, shame slinks at the heels of honour, and so on through the whole category.

"'I was warned,' my fair visitor said after a short pause, with remarkable coolness, 'that it would be difficult to deceive you. I am sorry that I attempted to do so. When I have told you my story you will understand why I was anxious, if possible, to remain unknown. My real name then is Frances Hazeldean. I am the wife of Sir Thomas Hazeldean, of Brackenhurst in Surrey. When I married two years ago I was as happy as any wife can be who truly loves her husband and believes her love returned. Alas! I am no longer so, for I have strong reasons to suspect my husband's fidelity. This, in

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brief, is the trouble which is weighing upon my life and crushing it. I have as yet confided it to no one, not even to the person upon whose advice I have come here, and who fancies that my purpose in visiting you is merely to consult you on certain matters of conscience quite unconnected with my married life.'

"'If you possess proofs of your husband's unfaithfulness, madam,' I said, 'it seems to me that the proper course for you to pursue would be to consult a lawyer, not me.'

"'If I had such proofs as you allude to I should not be here,' she rejoined, somewhat petulantly. "I possess proofs indeed, but only such as are convincing to myself. It is for this reason that I have sought your advice.'

"'Pray proceed then madam,' I said. 'If my advice can be of service to you I shall not withhold it.'

"'These last six weeks,' she commenced in a low voice, 'my husband's manner towards me has undergone a total change. In the place of passionate affection I now meet with coldness and reserve. He makes no effort to conceal his altered feelings. My society has become distasteful to him, and he shuns it. But worse than that, he who a few months ago would never have quitted my side for an hour without a tender farewell, now frequently absents himself from home for several days at a time, merely sending me a few formal words from his club or elsewhere announcing his sudden departure on a journey. I have the evidence of my own senses that these journeys are fictitious, for I have twice seen him myself in town when he had led me to suppose that he was absent in the North of England.'

"'Alone?'

"'Alone.'

"'And did you on those occasions tax him with having misled you?'

"'When he returned I did.'

"'With what result?'

"'I received the cold reply that he did not intend to have his liberty interfered with; that he left me free to please myself, and that he would do the same.'

"'He said that?'

"'Those were his words.

"'And are these all the proofs you possess?'

"'By no means. I have reason to suspect that my husband carries on a secret correspondence.'

"'With a lady?'

"'You shall judge for yourself. I will come to that later. Let me tell you when my fears were first aroused.'

"'Your method is excellent, madam,' I said. 'I can only sit and admire.'

"There was a flash of gratified pride in her eyes.

"'You admit that I understand how to make myself intelligible?' she said with a smile.

"'I see that a secret must lie deep indeed to escape your penetration. Unfortunately,' I added, 'the secrets most difficult for us to discover are those we hide away in our own breast.'

"'I am at least not the vain, empty-headed girl my husband thinks he has married—a doll used to be petted, and good enough to be toyed with for a while and then cast aside. Listen! I have a friend, a cousin. She is of my own age; some say she resembles me. My marriage, I know, was a disappointment to her for it was an open secret, before my engagement, that she had lost her heart to Sir Thomas Hazeldean, who in fact had paid her a good deal of attention. But she bore the blow well, and our friendship, which dates from our school-days, continued unbroken. She has since been a constant visitor in our house, both in town and in the country, seemingly as attached to me as ever—until six weeks ago, when by chance the truth was revealed to me.'

"Her voice trembled a little, and she paused for a moment to recover her self-possession.

"'You learned that she still loved the man who had become your husband?'

"'I discovered that there was a secret understanding between them. It was one of those accidents which occur sometimes as if designed by Providence. My husband had left home at noon on a visit to a friend out of town and was not expected back until the evening. My cousin and I had arranged to go in the afternoon to a garden party, and from there with friends to pass the evening at a well-known place of open-air entertainment in the West. But when the time came my cousin complained of a violent headache, and at her urgent desire—for she would not hear of my staying with her—I went alone. I had already arrived at the house where the garden party was to be given when it flashed across me that I had forgotten something in my boudoir, and I ordered the coachman to drive me back—a distance of about twenty minutes.'

"'It was a matter of some importance then?'

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"'At my entry both started back in great confusion.'"

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"'Scarcely. But I am particular, and I preferred to rectify the omission. When I reached ——'

"'Pardon my interrupting, but may I inquire the precise nature of this omission?'

"'It has no bearing whatever upon my story.'

"'Nevertheless,' I persisted.

"She made a little gesture of fretful impatience.

"'It was the merest trifle,' she said. 'I remembered that I had left the key in my jewel drawer, and though I had no distrust of my servants ——'

"'You judged it kinder to put no temptation in their way. I understand. It was wise. Pray proceed.'

"'My boudoir lies on the first floor at the back of the house. Being in a hurry I ran upstairs quickly and entering the room stood amazed to find my husband there alone with my cousin. In itself even that circumstance would have aroused no suspicion in my mind, for I believed in my husband implicitly. But there were other circumstances which did. The attitude of the two was unmistakable. He was holding her hand, while she, with a gesture of passionate entreaty, was endeavouring to free herself. At my entry both started back in great confusion. Laura turned pale as death, and I thought she would have swooned. My husband bit his lip and looked for a moment as if he would have annihilated me. But he has a marvellous gift of self-control, and before I had time to recover from the shock of what I had witnessed he said coldly—

"'"Your cousin is not well, I think. You had better take her to her room." Then seeing that I was about to speak he added in the same cold tone: "We can discuss afterwards whatever you may desire to discuss."

"'I saw at a glance that Laura was seriously overwhelmed, and that in her then state it was useless to press her for an explanation of her conduct. Besides, what had I to do with her? Whatever her fault might have been it was he who had sinned against me and owed me reparation. Without uttering a word therefore I controlled my indignation with a strong effort and led Laura away. As we passed out of the door, which my husband held open for us, I noticed that he fixed his eyes on my cousin with so significant a look that I could have struck him. But I was resolved to avoid a scene and passed on.

"'I need not relate what took place between Laura and me when I found myself alone with her in her room. Whether she really felt sincerely penitent or merely feigned distress in order to shield herself from blame and perhaps regain my confidence, I am unable to say. Her talk was for the most part incoherent and consisted mainly in the reiterated assurance that she would rather have died than do me an injury. I believed her then, and judging it best not to let her see that I had any serious suspicions I treated her as one does an over-excited and hysterical patient, and left her at last quietly sobbing.

"'I found my husband downstairs in the morning-room, and having meanwhile had time to consider the matter from many sides, I waited for him to speak to me first. But he remained silent.

"'"Have you nothing to say to me?" I asked at last.

"'"Nothing whatever," he replied.

"'"Nothing in explanation of the scene I witnessed ten minutes ago?" I repeated, with difficulty restraining my wrath. "It was cleverly arranged, both on your side and on hers. But you surely do not think so meanly of my powers of perception as to believe you can still continue to deceive me?"

"'Instead of replying he looked at me for an instant in silence, then shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel with a laugh and left the room. I was so exasperated at this show of insolent indifference that I could hardly trust myself to speak, and before I had sufficiently collected myself to follow and detain him he had seized his hat and left the house.'

"'Since that day my life has become unbearable to me. Laura returned home that evening and I have not seen her again. My husband treats me with cruel callousness, refusing either to speak or listen to me. Yet I am certain that he still corresponds with her and no doubt contrives to see her.'

"'You have not told me what reasons you have for supposing that your husband carries on this secret correspondence,' I said when she paused. 'I presume that you see the letters that come to the house addressed to your husband?'

"'I have tried every means to do so, but it is impossible for he is incessantly on the watch to prevent me,' she answered, 'and it is this which confirms my suspicion. Once indeed, when I thought him engaged, I managed to slip to the letter-box after the postman had knocked and intercept the letters before the butler could answer the knock, but I had hardly laid hands on them when my husband himself was at my side and snatched them rudely from me.

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"He turned on his heel with a laugh, and left the room."

Glancing rapidly through them he selected those that were for him, then coolly handed me those addressed to me, and left me standing without a word.'

"'Are these all the facts so far as they are known to you?' I asked, seeing that she had finished her story.

"'All the material facts,' she replied.

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'There may be others, but none of any importance.'

"'If you will permit me,' I said, 'I will put a few questions to you, which you will be good enough to answer carefully, even if they seem superfluous or alien to the matter you have at heart.'

"She signified her readiness, and I began.

"'When you returned home so unexpectedly to find your husband alone with your cousin in your own boudoir, you came with the intention of locking your jewel drawer. Did you do so?'

"'I did.'

"'When?'

"'Immediately after leaving my cousin in her room, before I descended to speak with my husband.'

"'And you found nothing missing?'

"'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'you do not suspect that my cousin ——'

"'I suspect nothing, madam,' I answered. 'I merely ask if you found the contents of the jewel drawer intact.'

"'Absolutely.'

"'You are quite sure.'

"'Quite.'

"'May I ask how you can assert that so positively?'

"'Because I examined the drawer thoroughly.'

"'On that very occasion? I mean before you followed your husband downstairs?'

"'Yes.'

"'Why?'

"'The reason was obvious. There were jewels of considerable value in the drawer.'

"'Of greater value to you than your husband's love?'

"'I do not understand you.'

"'I ask because I wish to make sure that you are not mistaken as to the exact moment when you examined the jewel drawer. Excited as you were, and engrossed with one paramount thought—that of your husband's supposed deceit—it would seem more plausible if you had examined the drawer at some later time. I wish you to be particularly exact on this point.'

"'You may rely upon what I have said. But I don't see ——'

"'On the contrary,' I interrupted, 'the question is more vital than you think. How long were you alone in the room, occupied with this investigation?'

"'A minute or two. I was naturally anxious to get down to my husband.'

"'Of course. Could you state from memory what the principal contents of the drawer were?'

"'I am afraid it would be difficult.'

"'Would it take too long?'

"'I should not be able to remember.'

"'Yet notwithstanding you were able to assure yourself, in the short space of two minutes, that nothing was missing from the drawer?'

"'I have already said so.'

"'Speaking approximately, were there, say fifty different pieces of jewellery in the drawer?'

"'Probably double that number. I have never counted them.'

"'And mostly, I presume, enclosed in separate cases?'

"'Generally speaking, yes. But I think I can spare you any further questions on the subject. My cousin is very wealthy, and possesses far finer jewellery than I. Moreover her honesty is above so mean a suspicion.'

"'Frankly, madam, I fail to see that the suspicion of stealing a friend's husband is less degrading than that of stealing a friend's jewels. But I have no cause to doubt what you say. Your cousin is beautiful I presume?'

"'There are many who admire her,' she answered, with difficulty concealing her ill-humour at my somewhat blunt manner.

"'Indeed she must be endowed with quite exceptional charms to rival a wife like you, madam, in her husband's affections.'

"She flushed slightly.

"'You believe then in my husband's innocence?' she said eagerly.

"'I have not the pleasure of knowing him as I know you, madam,' I replied. 'Perhaps you will be good enough to describe him briefly. He is handsome?'

"'Very.'

"'Reserved in manner?'

"'To strangers, yes.'

"'But not to those who enjoy his confidence?'

"'No.'

"'Nor easily moved to a display of outward passion?'

"'On the contrary.'

"'Yet capable of passionate emotions—love, for instance?'

"'I think so'—with a touch of embarrassment.

"'Sensitively proud, even for one of his rank and station?'

"'I should say very.'

"'With a strict sense of honour?'

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"'I have always thought so.'

"'In fact an ideal aristocrat?'

"'It depends upon what your ideal of an aristocrat is.'

"'Precisely. Let us say then, the ideal you pictured to yourself six weeks ago.'

"'I have never thought my husband otherwise than a true gentleman.'

"'And until the day when you surprised him with your cousin he had never given you cause to doubt his love—had, in short, never shown you the slightest neglect?'

"'I noticed nothing of the kind. But I have thought since ——'

"'Pardon me, madam, I am not asking you what you have thought since, but what you thought then. There are certain events in our lives which obstruct our view of the path we have traversed like pieces of stained glass, which lend their colour to everything we see behind them. You had then no cause to complain of your husband's want of affection before that day.'

"'Maybe I did not. No doubt he acted his part well.'

"'Let us assume so. During the two years of your married life you have doubtless been much in society?'

"'A great deal.'

"'And your husband has shown pleasure in the part you have played in society. I mean he has never grudged you the homage naturally paid to one of your youth and attractions?'

"'Never. Why should he? If these questions,' she added with a bright little laugh, 'mean that you fancy my husband may have objected to his wife being admired, I can set your mind at rest. No man is of a less jealous disposition. If I ever thought him so I have obtained conclusive proof of the contrary during the last six weeks.'

"'Which I understand to mean that you have endeavoured to win back your husband's affections by giving him cause to be jealous. Madam,' I said earnestly, 'thank heaven that you did not succeed! To stimulate love by means of jealousy is like physicking a dying man with an irritant poison.'

"'But what can I do?' she burst out with sudden passion. 'My fate is too cruel to be endured.'

"'I have one more question to ask,' I replied. 'It is the most important one. Have you told me everything that occurred on that day from which you date your trouble? Did nothing else of consequence happen to you either on that or the preceding day? Pray consider well before you answer.'

"'There is no need for me to consider,' she replied. 'I have nothing to add to what I have said. I see,' she continued, rising from her seat with an air of petulant disappointment, 'that my story affords you no clue whatever, and that, if anything, you are inclined to believe that my husband is innocent.'

"'Would it grieve you then if that were my conclusion?'

"'Can you prove it? Can you?' she exclaimed, turning upon me with an eager look.

"'One moment's patience, madam,' I said, approaching the window and looking into the street below. There was a man stationed opposite the house gazing up at the windows. 'You have come here unaccompanied, of course?'

"'I came alone.'

"'Thank you,' I said. 'I think I may promise to obtain some light in this matter, provided you undertake to act as I shall direct. In the first place it will be necessary for you to absent yourself from home between the hours of two and six to-morrow afternoon. You will meanwhile receive a letter from me, directed to your town address, which you will be kind enough to give me. This letter will merely inform you of the time at which I desire to see you here again on the following day. Whatever that time may be you will understand it to mean exactly one hour later. Thus, if my letter appoints three o'clock, you will know that I mean four o'clock, and be careful not to be here a minute sooner. I cannot explain now why I make this apparently unnecessary stipulation. But it is essential, if I am to assist you successfully, that you should obey me to the letter. May I rely upon your doing so?'

"After some hesitation she gave me her assurance that she would do as I bade her, and having taken note of the requisite address, I bowed her out.

"From my window I watched her pass down the street, and, when she had disappeared from sight, saw the man I had observed before stationed opposite my house leave his post and follow swiftly in the same direction.

"The day after next I gave my servant the following instructions:—

"'I have an appointment this afternoon, between three and half-past, with a gentleman whose name I do not know. While he is here a lady will call. Show her into the adjoining room and come and inform me immediately of her arrival.'

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"It was nearly half-past three o'clock when my man opened my door and ushered in the first arrival with the words, 'Mr. Robertson, sir; by appointment.'

"The gentleman who entered was a fine figure of a man, about thirty-five years of age, with that air of dogged determination which we see sometimes in military men who have a long and honourable service behind them. Without a word of greeting, and scarcely waiting for the servant to close the door behind him, he advanced towards me with a threatening expression and said—

"'You have a lady here, sir. Where is she?'

"'I am sorry to disappoint you, Sir Thomas Hazeldean,' I replied, 'but I do not expect Lady Hazeldean until four o'clock. When I had the honour of communicating with you ——'

"'What do you mean, sir?' he exclaimed, taken aback.

"'Ah! true,' I said, 'I did not use the ordinary method of communication, but I had good reason to assume that any letter I might address to Lady Hazeldean would first pass through her husband's hands, and your presence here at this moment confirms the correctness of my assumption. When you have heard my motives for so acting you will, I am sure, forgive the practice of a slight ruse which, however distasteful to you, may at least claim the merit of success.'

"'And by what right, sir, have you thus taken it upon yourself to interfere ——'

"'I might reply, by the natural right of every human being to intervene when he sees a blind fellow-creature rushing headlong to the brink of a yawning precipice. But I have, if not a better right still, at least one that should commend itself to a man who is honestly desirous of learning the truth. I know that you suspect Lady Hazeldean, and I know that your suspicions are unjust.'

"'You will permit me to judge of that,' he said angrily, yet in a tone through which I could discern a note of bewilderment.

"'Certainly,' I rejoined. 'It is for the very purpose of affording you an opportunity of exercising your judgment that I have taken the liberty of making this appointment with you. In brief, Sir Thomas, Lady Hazeldean has done me the honour to consult me in her trouble, for I am, as you are presumably not aware, one of those humble mortals who now and then have occasion to prove useful to their fellow-beings in matters of doubt and difficulty. I know Lady Hazeldean's story. Yours I am only able to guess. It is of course in your option to refuse to listen to me, or to afford me any assistance in clearing up a mystery which affects the happiness and the honour of one whose innocence, if I gauge you rightly, must be dearer to you than your own life. If you do refuse, the responsibility will rest with you, but as a man and a gentleman you will not.'

"I saw that my words had produced an effect, though he was loath to show it.

"'You may ask whatever questions you please,' he answered. 'Whether I shall think fit to reply to them is another matter.'

"'If you will permit me then,' I said, 'I will shortly recapitulate the incidents which have led to this unhappy estrangement between yourself and your wife. You will no doubt correct me where I am wrong, and add such particulars as I may be ignorant of.'

"He threw himself into a chair and waited in an attitude of ill-concealed curiosity.

"'Until the day when Lady Hazeldean unexpectedly disturbed your conference with her cousin in her ladyship's boudoir,' I began, 'I may take it that there had never been the vestige of a cloud in your married life. You returned home that afternoon sooner than you anticipated, and came unawares upon your wife's cousin, who had for some reason or other entered Lady Hazeldean's boudoir?'

"'As a matter of fact,' he said, 'I thought it was Lady Hazeldean herself, for I had let myself into the house with my key. But I really do not see why I should enter into ——'

"'You will not regret it, I assure you, Sir Thomas, if you do. Would you object to tell me how you found this lady occupied?'

"'She was reading a letter, sir,' he said.

"'So I supposed. It was the letter Lady Hazeldean had returned home to lock away in her jewel-drawer, where you no doubt replaced it after your wife had left the room with her cousin. But what I am more interested to learn is how you yourself came to read this letter, Sir Thomas.'

"'I will even tell you that, sir,' he answered coldly. 'The girl had dropped it in her fright when I suddenly came up behind her, and picking it up, together with the envelope, I was about to hand them both back to her when the name on the envelope caught my eye, and I saw that it was addressed to Lady Hazeldean.'

"'Ah! exactly. I see, I see. And thinking now that you would forthwith proceed to

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read the letter the foolish girl probably grew wildly agitated, imploring you to give it her back, telling you she would kill herself if you read it, and, in short, acting generally like a person distracted—all of which naturally excited your suspicions and brought about the very event she was so anxious to avert. Thus it was that you came to read that unfortunate letter, and the nature of its contents ——'

"'The nature of its contents, sir,' he said, rising stiffly, 'is my business, not yours. No doubt, should you feel curious on the point, Lady Hazeldean will be able to enlighten you.'

"'Doubtless,' I said, 'and with your consent I propose that she shall do so presently in your own hearing.'

"He looked at me with a mingled expression of surprise and anger.

"'Have you still the hardihood to maintain ——' he began.

"'That your suspicions concerning Lady Hazeldean are unjust? I am more convinced of it than ever.'

"'Then she has told you ——'

"'Touching the fact of the letter, nothing whatever—at least not to her knowledge. Fortunately however her answers to my questions permitted me to form my own conclusions. Ah! you see, if the people who come to seek my advice were capable of telling me the whole truth concerning themselves and their troubles they would be equally capable of telling it to themselves, and my occupation would be gone. It is the merest grain of falsehood or concealment which vitiates a whole mountain of truth, for ourselves as well as for others. To discover and eliminate it is usually the task I find set me in cases like these. And the most surprising thing about them is the invariably trivial reason which has led to the deception. As, for instance, in the case of Lady Hazeldean. I am of course telling you nothing new when I say that your wife is one of those bright and impulsive natures who love amusement—especially if accompanied by a certain danger—for the mere amusement's sake. She is vain, as handsome women usually are, but proudly vain, slightly spoilt perhaps by an over-indulgent husband, and, like many with such attractions as hers, not entirely unsusceptible of flattery. Pray do not grow angry. It is my profession to be frank and outspoken, and you are at fault, Sir Thomas, gravely at fault, though you dare not admit it to yourself. You have known your wife such as she is for over two years, and loved and trusted her as such. Yet now, because an infamous society blackguard insults her by writing her a letter tempting her to that of which she is incapable, you instantly cast your love and trust to the four winds, spurn the woman whose chief moral support you should be, spy on her actions, intercept her letters, and, to crown all, have her watched by detectives!'

"'Sir,' he exclaimed, springing to his feet with flashing eyes, 'you do not know what you are talking about, or ——'

"'You would strike me for telling you the truth. Quite so. Even that would not astonish me, Sir Thomas Hazeldean. But you shall hear the truth notwithstanding.'

"'Do you suppose,' he said hoarsely, 'that this infernal scoundrel would have dared to write to her as he did without having received some encouragement?'

"'Do you believe he has received more encouragement from her than she has given to dozens of others, to your own knowledge, and before your own eyes? She was at fault perhaps. Thousands of women as pure and innocent as she is are similarly at fault, not for want of purity and innocence, but for lack of the knowledge that what—in spite of all their faults and frailties, their love of admiration and amusement, their thirst for unmeaning triumphs, their foibles and vanities—is pure and innocent to them, and may be so to honourable men like yourself, is liable to misinterpretation by those miserable pleasure-hunters, whose name is legion, who infest society of every class and grade, and arguing from the consciousness of their own depravity, that innocence and purity are but the mere lack of the opportunity to sin, look upon every woman without distinction as their lawful prey.'

"'You are an eloquent advocate indeed,' he rejoined with a sneer which was somewhat forced. 'And pray, why did my wife not show me that letter?'

"'Ah! there you ask a pertinent question—the only one to which the answer is still wanting. A woman as proud and sensitive to shame as Lady Hazeldean is naturally reluctant to confess that she has committed a mistake of this description. That was the reason she concealed the fact of the letter from me. But the same reason can scarcely apply in the case of her husband. Still I think the answer is evident. Do you happen, for instance, to have noted the date of this unfortunate letter?'

"'I do. It bore the date of the day on which I read it.'

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"'Is it possible? And this fact conveys nothing to your mind?'

"Before he could answer my servant entered and handed me a card.

"'Lady Hazeldean has arrived,' I said. 'Are you willing to hear from her own lips ——'

"'What, here?' he exclaimed.

"'No, I desire that whatever statement she may make shall be made in a manner that will carry conviction to your mind. I propose therefore to converse with Lady Hazeldean in the adjoining room. If you will remain at this door, through which I shall pass, and which I will leave ajar, you can follow the conversation between us as though you were present.'

"He acquiesced silently, but there was a look of intense anxiety in his face which told its own tale.

"'The ordeal, if I am not much mistaken, will be brief, Sir Thomas,' I said. 'There is only one counsel I would fain give you, and I do so now as I may have no other opportunity. It is that you should never let your wife know that you have had her watched by detectives. Nay, do not think I speak at random. She was followed to my own door two days ago by one of the spies whom you have engaged to dog her footsteps and fasten upon her a guilt of which, in your secret heart you yearn to acquit her. Your jealousy she will doubtless overlook, but your having exposed her fair fame to the prying eyes of professional scandal-hunters she would never forgive.'

"He turned away with an impatient gesture, but I saw, notwithstanding, the ruddy glow of shame mount to his brow. The next moment I stood confronting his wife in the adjoining room.

"She rose as I entered with a look of anxious inquiry, but I motioned her gravely to retain her seat.

"'Madam,' I said, remaining erect at her side, 'before we discuss the matter on which you have done me the honour to ask my advice I must acquaint you with a circumstance which affects your happiness even more closely. You have been followed to my house by the man who loves you.'

"'What?' she exclaimed, starting to her feet.

"'And who insists upon learning your answer to a certain letter received by you six weeks ago.'

"She sank back into her chair aghast.

"'It is presumably the letter you concealed in your jewel drawer, and which occasioned your sudden return home on the day you discovered your husband's understanding with your cousin. But such letters require an answer, madam, and it is usual that the answer should be conveyed through a man.'

"'Does he dare to assert that he has not received such an answer?' she cried.

"'Through whom, madam? Not surely through your husband?'

"'My husband? Had I then a husband?' she exclaimed. 'My God, at the very moment when I most needed him I found that he himself had raised an impassable barrier between us! But what is the meaning of this? Am I to understand ——'

"'Pray be calm,' I broke in. 'You received that letter I believe the very day of the incident between your husband and your cousin.'

"'It came a few minutes after my husband had left the house.'

"'And you locked it away in your jewel drawer ——'

"'For the purpose of placing it in my husband's hands when he returned home.'

"'It is unfortunate, madam, that you did not carry out this intention.'

"'That is a matter of opinion,' she replied haughtily. 'After what had occurred I preferred to act differently.'

"'You sent an answer ——'

"'I merely placed the letter in my brother's hands for him to deal with.'

"'Was your brother not surprised that you should have selected him for this task instead of your husband?'

"'Possibly. I do not know. I told him I had reasons of my own for leaving the matter in his hands, and no doubt he was satisfied that they were good ones. But frankly this subject is distasteful to me. If you can give no information respecting my husband's ——'

"'Your husband, madam, will doubtless answer for himself,' I said with a bow, for at that moment the door opened and Sir Thomas Hazeldean stood on the threshold.

"She gave a little cry, partly of surprise and partly of fright. But I did not stop to witness what then occurred. Passing quickly into the next room I closed the door upon the two young people and left them to make their own explanations.

"That they were not entirely unsatisfactory," the Confessor concluded, pointing to a superb vase of chased silver, "you may gather from that exquisite work of art over there. It came here a week afterwards with a card bearing Sir Thomas and Lady Hazeldean's grateful compliments."

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THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

ALL the way from Melbourne has come the beautiful portrait which adorns this page. If this is a "type of Australian beauty," the "beauties of Bassano" (*vide* a certain comic opera) will have to look to their laurels. Photography has probably done more to keep family affection aglow than any other phase of our civilisation. We get to know our colonial cousins by the aid of the camera, and this knowledge aids correspondence. T. H. Green was quite correct in calling sixpenny portraits the most remarkable product of this century.

THE following is an extract from a characteristic letter received from one of our artists: "When you suggest that I should 'set to work,' I am deeplytouched. Ah me! When a man sits up all night with Indian ink and a tube of vermilion, and goes home blear-eyed in the breaking dawn, and the editor does not even drop him a line to say he likes the drawing! Again I say 'ah me!' I want it understood that I'm not at present loafing, or smoking green cigars with my tender feet on the studio mantelpiece, as that phrase 'set to work' implies. Man wants but little here below, but he must have time to change his collar. Add to this that I have to do my own studio cooking, and—yes, manage to keep my hair brushed and wind up my watch, and you will understand that I'm about full up. However you shall have the drawings 'on time,' if my backbone and Rowney's pencils hold out."

From a photo by [*Mendelssohn, Melbourne.*

A MERRY MELBOURNE MAID.

A WOULD-BE contributor sends again a manuscript already declined, remarking that since its first despatch to this office he has corrected two errors in spelling. He also says that the War Office has under consideration a scheme of his, and he would like me to hurry them up!

SOME years ago there was a popular poem about a "proken-hearted Dutchman" who was so constantly confused with his twin brother that when the latter died he could not be sure whether he was tne survivor! There is apparently another Dutchman who is "proken-hearted," for quite a different reason. He writes pathetically asking whether Mr. Frankfort Moore means to respond to his challenge for a definition of "culture." I am quite sure our gifted contributor is equal to the task of expressing the meaning of "culture," but why my irate correspondent should add, "No English gentleman shrinks back when he has been challenged," I do not know. It is pathetic to think of our Dutch friend languishing for lack of a definition of "culture." He seems, too, to lack the culture itself, judging from his letter. Still, I am sorry I was not able to comply with his request conveyed in these words: "Please an (*sic*) give me an answer in the following part of December. Put only some lines at the back of the book, or under your Scrap-book, under the title of Correspondence." But perhaps this allusion will assure my Dutch reader that we have not overlooked his longing for culture to be epigrammatically defined. Culture itself is not very common; even less so are definitions of it.

MANUSCRIPTS which we have been unable to accept lately include a novel of 100,000 words and a poem of seventy verses.

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LONDON'S HALFPENNY PAPERS.

By Fred A. McKenzie.

Illustrated by W. H. Bunnett ; *and from Portraits.*

The London popular Press is yet in its infancy. Catering for a public of at least nine millions in the metropolitan newspaper radius, there are only seven halfpenny dailies, with a combined circulation on ordinary days of about nine hundred thousand copies. In America a single one-cent paper, in New York city, though having many rivals and appealing to a public less than one-third as numerous as here, claims a daily sale of seven hundred thousand copies. The largest London halfpenny journal gives eight pages ; a one-cent Chicago paper, the *Times-Herald*, often gives fourteen and sixteen big pages, equal in type and machining to the best London work.

The "Echo."

To the *Echo* belongs the honour of being the pioneer London halfpenny paper. It was started by Cassell & Co. in 1868, and was edited in its early stages by Sir Arthur Arnold, the present chairman of the London County Council. It was originally eight-paged, very similar in literary matter to the *Globe* of to-day ; and among its first leader-writers was Miss Harriet Martineau. When under the Cassells it did well, but after a time it was taken over by Baron Grant. Money was squandered with a free hand, until the financier got tired of his toy. Nothing can absorb so much money and show so little for it as a newspaper, as the Baron found to his cost. He looked about for a purchaser, and in 1876 Mr. Passmore Edwards secured the property for a few thousand pounds. Under him the office was revolutionised, and the paper so increased in value that early in the eighties he sold a two-thirds share to the Storey-Carnegie syndicate for £50,000. This syndicate had been formed to control English opinion by having dailies all over the country which should speak with united voice on public affairs. But the scheme fell through. Mr. Edwards and his partners did not get on well together, and in a short time he was glad to buy back the syndicate's rights at the rate of £100,000 for the whole paper.

John Passmore Edwards is one of the most distinct individualities in English journalism. He is an entirely self-made man, and is proud of the fact. His father was a very poor Calvinistic Cornishman, and when the son was eighteen he came to London to make his fortune. He secured a subordinate post in a publishing house, attended classes at the Birkbeck Institute to improve his education, lived in the simplest possible style, and saved every penny he could. By the time he was twenty-eight he had got together a few score pounds, and decided to venture out on his own account as publisher. He brought out magazine after magazine—one devoted to the peace question, one containing nothing but poetry, one for children, and the like. His papers had a small sale, barely enough, even with the most rigid economy, to pay expenses. The young publisher was his own clerk, his own packer, his own office-boy. He did all his own work, and half starved himself to keep things going, getting credit from his paper merchant and printer, managing by endless contrivances to meet his bills as they fell due, and every month finding things growing harder.

At last matters began to show signs of improving, and just then the greatest misfortune of his life befel him. He broke down under the long-continued strain and for weeks lay at the point of death. His whole business at once came to a stop and his creditors stepped in, sold all he had, and

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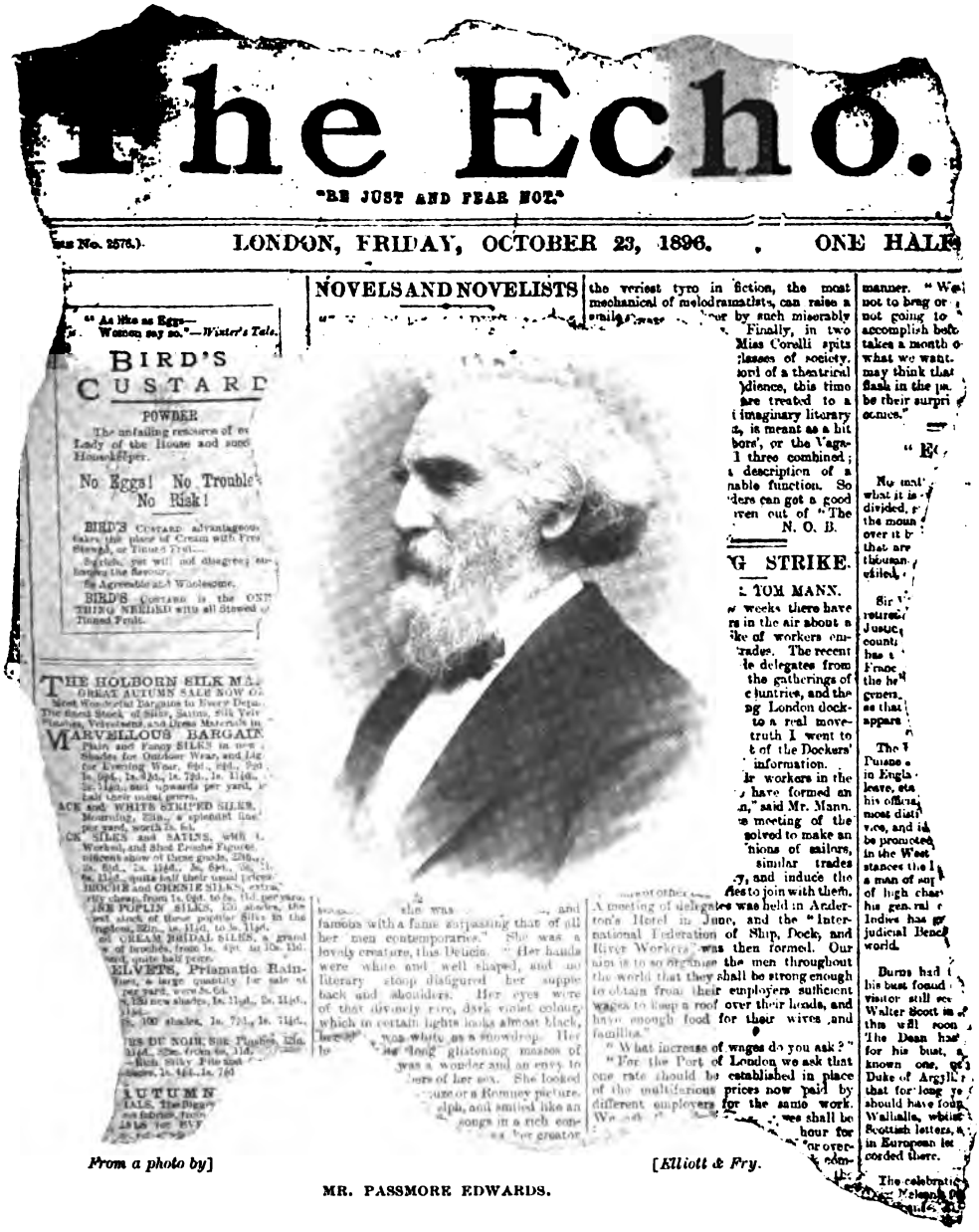
agreed to take a composition for their debts, at the same time passing a resolution that the failure was solely due to unavoidable misfortune.

Mr. Edwards slowly struggled back to health, and for a time was ready to give up everything. He felt that life was a failure. His credit was gone; his old business belonged to another; he had no work and no hopes. But he soon plucked up heart, and once more began the battle. He had now learned what the public wanted, and he ventured to produce a semi-scientific paper. This time success crowned his efforts. At the first opportunity he sent for his old creditors and paid them every penny that was due. Some of them bluntly told him that he was a fool, that he could not be compelled to pay another penny, and would have done better to put the coin to his



From a photo by] [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. PASSMORE EDWARDS.

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banking account. The young publisher replied that he would not feel free and able to look the world in the face until he had paid all he owed. His creditors gave him a banquet and presented him with a gold watch as a memento.

With prosperity Mr. Passmore Edwards has not attempted to unlearn the frugal habits of his youth. It may be questioned if he spends as much on his personal wants as many having not a tenth part of his income. He is almost a teetotaler and a vegetarian, and though seventy-three years old he works with a persistency that would wear out many men in their twenties. He hardly ever takes a holiday, save to go on a kind of triumphal procession through his native county opening public institutions he has provided. Every morning soon after half-past seven he is at his desk in Catherine Street, and there he stays till the afternoon, slaving at the routine work of a newspaper office—attending to correspondence, seeing visitors, and writing much himself. Every line of the literary matter that enters the *Echo* passes through his hands, and he writes many leaders himself. The *Echo* is pre-eminently a one-man paper, in the sense that everything which goes in it is made to express the views of the controlling mind.

For some time the *Echo* was strongly Gladstonian; it parted somewhat from Mr. Gladstone over the Egyptian war, and the final split came through the Home Rule Bill of 1885. Its politics now puzzle some; it is independent in a sense that no other London daily is; it praises and blames all parties with the utmost impartiality, and its editor seems utterly indifferent to considerations of circulation in fixing his policy. For some time he has excluded sporting tips entirely from the paper, and for a halfpenny evening sheet this step involves a heavy pecuniary loss. He has never spent a penny on advertising the *Echo*, and declares he never will; and every pound made from it since he bought it has been devoted to public charities. It is partly from the revenues of the *Echo* that Mr. Edwards has built the innumerable free libraries, convalescent homes and the like that bear his name all over the land. Unfortunately for this article Mr. Edwards persistently refuses to be interviewed, and declines to give any details about himself for publication.

From a photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

THE "STAR" OFFICES IN STONECUTTER STREET.

The *Echo* is the most literary of the popular evening papers; it gives a very large amount of room to book reviews and dramatic criticism and special articles. In the battle of the cheap press it had the immense advantage of being first in the field, and consequently was able to build up a solid circulation. No doubt in the street sales its abolition of sporting tips caused it to suffer somewhat, but it is probably still as much read in the home as any other evening paper.

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The "Star."

The *Star* owes its birth to the Home Rule controversy. In the great cleavage of the Liberal party in 1885 London Gladstonism was left almost unrepresented in the daily press, the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* being the only sheets that supported the new policy. The *Echo* being strongly Unionist, those who went with Mr. Gladstone determined to start a rival evening paper. Mr. T. P. O'Connor approached some Liberal capitalists, a private company was formed, and most elaborate preparations made to ensure the success of the new venture. The distributing department was arranged with a thoroughness till then almost unknown, and special agents were appointed everywhere within the newspaper radius of London. A number of old *Echo* men seceded to the new sheet, and on January 17, 1888, the *Star* began to twinkle. Its success was immediate and surprising, surpassing even the expectations of its founders; and on the first day 145,000 were sold. The "Confession of Faith," printed in the opening number, struck a key that vibrated in many hearts, and one passage of it has become almost a classic.

From a photo by [*Russell.*

MR. ERNEST PARKE.

"The policy which annexes even an empire, wins an immortal battle, raises this man or that to the premiership, sweeps the board at a General Election, shall appear to us infamous, not glorious, evil, not good, a thing to weep over, not to acclaim, if it do nothing towards making the lives of the people brighter and happier. On the other hand the policy will appear to us worthy of ineffaceable glory that does no more than enable the charwoman to put two pieces of sugar in her tea in place of one, and that adds one farthing a day to the wage of the seamstress or the labourer."

At the head of the literary department, besides Mr. O'Connor, were three men who have since won wide fame. Mr. O'Connor is not one who takes kindly to the unceasing drudgery of editorial routine, so a large amount of work fell on the shoulders of his assistant, a young Norwich man, Mr. H. W. Massingham. Mr. Massingham has since proved his mettle in other fields. Highly strung, impetuous, sensitive, a man of high ideals, of intense convictions, and a strenuous friend of labour, he found in his work a congenial sphere. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, then chiefly known as an eccentric young socialist who had written one or two extraordinary novels, was musical critic, and Mr. Clement Shorter, then in the Civil Service, won his spurs in a weekly literary column.

Mr. O'Connor reigned a little over two years, and the concluding months of his editorship were rather stormy. As he did not agree with some of the directors, Mr. O'Connor resigned. He felt himself very much injured—and even to-day nurses his grievance—at having to quit a paper that was the child of his own brain. But though he had a sentimental grievance he certainly had not a pecuniary one; he had secured a good agreement, and the directors were obliged to buy him out for £15,000 cash. Even in these days of princely salaries this cannot be considered an inadequate reward for two years' labour.

Mr. Massingham succeeded to the editorship, but did not hold it long. His socialism was too extreme for the directors and they called on him to moderate his tone; he refused, and after a reign of six months suddenly resigned. Since then there has been nominally no editor of the *Star*. But the editor *de facto* has been Mr. Ernest Parke, a young Stratford-on-Avon man, who first came to London as a sub-editor of the *Echo*, and was the first sub-editor of the *Star*.

Mr. Parke is an editor of the new school.

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He is not one of those who think they have done their duty when they superintend the purely literary matter and the leaders that go in the paper; he overlooks the news columns, he controls the management, and keeps in his hands all the strings. One of his friends tells me that not even a horse falls lame but he seems to know of it at once; and this, though perhaps a slight exaggeration, gives some idea of his activity. Under him the *Star* has gone on in a course of steady prosperity. To-day it has one of the best printing plants in London, capable of turning out 270,000 copies of the paper an hour, and now being increased to a capacity of 400,000 an hour. It can boast of having sold more copies of a single issue than any other evening journal, 362,000, and this one number consumed 150 miles of paper. Among its present staff are Mr. A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic; Mr. Willie Utley, musical critic; Mr. Joseph Pennell, "Artist Unknown"; Mr. Hugh S. Maclauchlan, and Mr. Richard le Gallienne.

A FAMOUS "STAR" POSTER.

The editorial policy of the *Star* has been and is frankly sensational. It was the first to popularise American headlines in England, and some of these have secured wide fame. On the resignation of Lord Rosebery it gave at the head of its article a few bars, in musical notation, from the song, "Say au revoir, but not good-bye." When a baby was born in Buffalo Bill's camp, at the time of the Wild West Exhibition, it heralded the news with the announcement, "The Luck of Cody's Camp;" on the death of the black Bishop Crowther it put above the intelligence, "Gone where the good niggers go." Many other instances might be quoted, but the best of all is the famous headline issued on the occasion of the Progressive victory at the second County Council election. This is reproduced herewith and speaks for itself.

The *Star* also popularised the personal paragraph in England. Its front page column, "Mainly about People," with its chit-chat on all the prominent people of the day, was at first regarded with horror by conservative journalists, but in a few months it was copied right and left by those who had abused it most. In politics the *Star* is still a firm advocate of what used once to be sneered at as "the policy of the parish pump." It devotes little attention to the minor details of foreign news, preferring to concentrate

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itself on the varied aspects of London life.

The "Morning Leader."

For long it was thought impossible that a halfpenny morning paper should succeed in London, but the *Star* directors determined that if there was to be such a paper it should be theirs. In the spring of 1892, when the *Star* directors heard that the halfpenny *Morning* would appear in a few days, they quickly decided to carry out their long-formed resolution; a staff was hurriedly got together, and there was a hot race between the *Morning Leader* and the *Morning* to see which would be issued first. The *Morning* changed its original date of publication and won by a day. Within ten days from the time the directors in Stonecutter Street decided to issue their new paper it was sprung on the world—a feat in daily newspaper production probably unequalled, and which would of course have been utterly impossible had there not been the *Star* staff, printing and distributing machinery to fall back on. Mr. Ernest Parke is chief of the *Morning Leader* as of the *Star*, and he says the staff of both papers is so good that he would "never be missed." The *Leader* in its policy and methods is less sensational than the *Star*, and caters especially for the home circle. It adopts the American plan of occasionally issuing greatly enlarged numbers, and one of these, on May 4 this year, ran to twenty-four pages, probably the cheapest ha'porth ever issued in London. 248,000 copies were printed, consuming over 311 miles of paper. The *Leader* has made a place for itself, and even the increased competition this year has not affected its circulation. Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes is the principal leader-writer of this journal, and his initials foot the humorous and genial gossip under the heading "Sub-Rosa."

Mr. Harmsworth's Journals.

When the writers of a classic "Anglican Nights" arise they will no longer make their hero jump from poverty to wealth by means of magic carpets, mystic rings, or lamps of Aladdin. More daring than Eastern fabulists, and yet more true, they will but have to say, "He started a successful penny paper and became a millionaire." If rash critics object, they need only point to the career of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth to justify themselves. Barely nine years ago Mr. Harmsworth was a struggling unattached journalist. When but twenty-two years old he started a penny weekly that took the public taste, and to-day, at an age when many a future successful barrister still waits for briefs, he is the largest newspaper proprietor in the world and the chief owner of four London and provincial dailies and fourteen weeklies, circulating over a million daily and bringing in a profit of above £140,000 a year. His success has been scored by his own energy, pluck and enterprise, and he shows no signs of having reached the limits of his activities.

THE STURDY BEGGAR OF HATFIELD.

A "STAR" CARTOON.

As a lad it was intended that Mr. Harmsworth should follow his father's profession, the law; but even when in knickers he was resolved to be a journalist. At school he started a paper for the delectation of his companions, and while preparing for Cambridge he began sending chance contributions to different journals. Some found favour, and soon Sir William Ingram offered the lad the assistant-editorship of *Youth* at 31*s.* 6*d.* a week, speedily increased to £200 per annum.

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He accepted, and after much family opposition he abandoned all idea of going to Cambridge, for neither university nor Inns of Court had any attraction for him. So determined was he in his intention that he practically "ran away from home," just as many a boy "runs away to sea." He was then not seventeen years old. During the next four or five years he led the usual life of a free lance. His income only once exceeded £500 a year, and was usually very considerably less; though this was by no means a bad result for so young a writer.

All this time he was full of the ambition—shared by most young journalists—to have a weekly of his own. The rage for papers of the *Tit-Bits* order was approaching its zenith, and hardly a week passed but some new *Bits* or *Cuts* was born, usually only to perish in a few months through lack of animation and feeble circulation. Mr. Harmsworth followed the fashion, though on different lines, and in 1888 *Answers to Correspondents* saw the light. Few experienced journalists would have said, from the first numbers, that the venture was likely to be very successful, but competition was by no means so keen as it is to-day; and though it is true that the new paper had little capital behind it, the editor had plenty of ideas and was content to live simply, spend little on office expenses and put most of his profits in his paper; and he was a good advertiser. Nearly all the *Bits* and *Cuts* perished, but *Answers* was one of the two or three that lived and held the field.

Journals of this kind, once they turn the corner, bring in considerable profits. The costs of production are comparatively small; paper was never cheaper than now, and advertisements yield large revenues. It may be roughly estimated that the profit on a paper of the *Answers* type is about £1 a thousand for all copies above 100,000 sold in England, and slightly less for the large colonial market. So when the circulation of the yellow-coloured weekly mounted up to hundreds of thousands Mr. Harmsworth suddenly found himself a rich man. His brothers joined him one by one, and now five of them manage the journals.

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH IN HIS ROOM AT TUDOR STREET.

This is not the place to fully describe the progress of the young editor, how he has added paper to paper, and covered the English-speaking world with his weeklies. But in 1894 he took advantage of his growing fortune to enter a more dangerous field—daily halfpenny journalism. He and his

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brothers purchased the *Evening News*, which had up to then been the poorest and least influential of all London dailies. There could be no better illustration of the risks and uncertainty of this kind of work than the plain story of the *Evening News*. Started in 1881 as a Liberal organ, it was soon bought up by a Conservative corporation, and at the end of thirteen years its chief claim to fame was that, despite keen management, it had succeeded in absorbing over a fifth of a million sterling and was deeply in debt. Sir Coleridge Kennard alone invested in all £140,000 in the paper, prominent Conservative politicians doled out supplies, able journalists like Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Charles Williams sat in the editorial chair, and loud boasts were made of the great circulation obtained. But *Evening News* shares could be had on the market in any number for threepence or fourpence each; the life of the manager was constantly enlivened by the receipt of judgment summonses and duns; angry creditors more than once threatened to foreclose and stop supplies; and many a morning there was anxious consultation about whether it would be possible to produce the paper that day or not. Yet its circulation was undoubtedly advancing, and it only needed capital and fresh blood to turn the corner. In 1894 the *Evening News* was about paying its way at favourable seasons, but it had no capital and it was £20,000 in debt. In August of that year it was necessary to sell the property, and several parties were approached with a view to purchase. The directors insisted that the political continuity of the paper should be maintained, thus excluding Liberal rivals. One of the shrewdest managers in London, the working head of an old evening paper, offered £16,500 for the whole concern, but that was not enough to pay the debts. Mr. Kennedy Jones, then on the staff of the *Sun*, made a careful inspection of the books and felt that there was money in the thing. He went to Mr. Harmsworth. "I have a speculation that will bring you in £30,000 a year profit," he said.

From a photo by [*The Parisian School.*

MR. KENNEDY JONES.

The editor had often heard of such speculations and at first was somewhat sceptical. "You must be a remarkably clever man if you have," he replied. "What do you want out of it yourself?"

"I want a share in the proprietorship," came the quick response.

In a few hours the Harmsworths bought the paper for £25,000 and gave Mr. Jones a seventh share in it. Since then it has almost earned its purchase money twice over.

The *Evening News* soon acquired a fresh lease of life. It had always been famous for its sporting intelligence, and this department and every other was greatly strengthened. A Free Meal fund for the starving, started in the terrible winter 1894-95, brought it great popularity, and the distributing department—one of the most important features of such a paper—was carefully reorganised. Its politics were made more aggressive, and its unflinching Imperialism, called by its enemies Jingoism, helped it enormously. It made a new departure in devoting columns daily to ladies (edited, be it said, by a man with a feminine *nom de plume*) and in issuing paper patterns to its readers. In many ways it so increased the public to which it appealed that the old-time failure was turned to a valuable property. Mr. Harmsworth believes it to be in its infancy.

There was however nothing in the *Evening News* to lead the public to anticipate what was coming when Messrs. Harmsworth announced in the spring of this year the appearance of a new halfpenny morning paper, the *Daily Mail*, for which they had been preparing for some years. We were promised a penny paper for a halfpenny, and the promise has been more than fulfilled. But the price is the least notable feature about this new venture, though there is hardly a manager in London who would not

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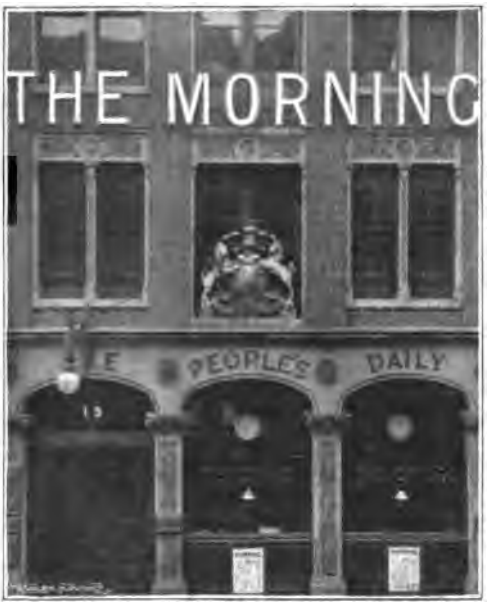
have laughed incredulously a year ago at the idea of producing a paper that size, and with so expensive a news service, for the money. It is even now an open question if it will be found wise to keep the price so low, but whether sold for two farthings or four the *Daily Mail* has won for itself a sure place in the public favour. In the dullest month of the year, August, its daily sale averaged over 222,000 copies, and its news is so fresh and up to date that it has become indispensable to every publicist.

The paper is edited under Mr. Harmsworth by Mr. Kennedy Jones, who now does the double task of conducting a morning and an evening paper every day. For some months he started work at seven in the morning and ended at one or two next morning, six days a week, and he finished up by nearly breaking down altogether and having to go on a holiday to America to regain tone. There are an editorial and reportorial staff of about forty, including several of the most promising of our younger literary men. Mr. Harmsworth and Mr. Jones have Mr. J. E. McManus at their right hands.



From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

THE "MORNING" OFFICES, ST. BRIDE'S STREET.

Perhaps the best feature of the *Daily Mail* is its excellent foreign and colonial intelligence. A decade back extra-English matters were treated in a most unsatisfactory way by nearly all papers. A journal would subscribe £1600 a year to Reuter and print the dry bones of the world's news supplied by it—dead matter interesting to none save those who had special knowledge. When Mr. Stead edited the *Pall Mall Gazette* he made a new departure which has since been largely followed, especially by the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* among London papers. The *Daily Mail* has carried this departure to its greatest length and has demonstrated beyond question that the average Englishman has a thought and care for the whole of the English-speaking world.

I had an interesting talk with Mr. Harmsworth in his private room in Tudor Street. The apartment proclaimed the man. There is little in it, save a small waste-paper basket, a few pencil sketches for reproduction and the pile of letters on the table awaiting attention, to tell that it is a business room. The ingle-nook at one end, the numerous engravings of Burne-Jones's maidens on the walls and the antique furniture would have delighted the heart of William Morris. A large portrait of Dr. Jameson occupies the place of honour, an Arctic map and the head of a walrus hang from the wall, some fishing tackle disputes the possession of a shelf with a pile of magazines, and a row of briar pipes stands within easy reach of the desk.

The first thing that struck me about the man himself was his surprising youthfulness. With his clean-shaven face and hair brushed down close on his forehead, he looks, as he sits toying with his cigarette, little more than a lad. But one cannot exchange many words with him without discovering that beneath the boyish exterior there lies a very strong individuality.

When I asked Mr. Harmsworth to what he attributed his remarkable success he modestly replied that the chief cause was his being a practical journalist possessing the support of a splendidly enthusiastic staff: Most proprietors of dailies have come in from outside and often never really understand the limitations and trials that hamper the pressman in his work. "I have gone through the mill," he said. "In my time I have, I think, filled almost every position a journalist can. I have been reporter, police court reporter, interviewer, descriptive writer, sub-editor, reviewer, editor. Interviewing was my forte. I have based fully a thousand articles on interviews myself and am still fond of the work."

He thinks the average journalist does not travel enough. His knowledge of foreign

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affairs is acquired by a short trip to Paris or Belgium; he is often hide-bound by traditions, and is content to go on the same conventional round year in and year out. The average man cannot treat the doings of the world properly because his view is limited by Fleet Street. Mr. Harmsworth's young men are obliged to travel. "We have always one crossing the Atlantic," he remarked. Mr. Harmsworth places emphasis on the facts that in his papers all work together and everyone has an interest in the pecuniary success of his sheet.

In his weekly papers the leading sub-editors receive no fixed salary, but so much on each thousand copies sold, and once a month Mr. Harmsworth spends a day with the head of each of these papers. In the work of the *Daily Mail* he takes an active part, constantly writing—and not always in the leading columns. Every man on the staff knows that the success of the paper means an increase in his income, for salaries go up as circulation rises. The staff constantly confer with each other on how they can improve the paper. They dine together and talk over things; every writer is filled with a strong *esprit de corps* that leads him to give the best that is in him for the work. In addition to his journalistic work Mr. Harmsworth has been a parliamentary candidate, and has fitted out the English Arctic expedition led by Mr. Jackson.

The "Morning."

In the summer of 1892 Mr. Chester Ives, an American journalist with considerable Parisian experience, conceived the idea of establishing an English *Petit Journal*, and the *Morning* was the outcome. It was soon found that it would not do to follow too closely the French model, as conditions differ widely in the two countries. The *Petit Journal* largely depends for its circulation on provincial readers, France having no extra-Paris papers worth mentioning; its great attraction is its continued stories; its politics are mainly hatred of England, and it has a carefully organised army of distributors, from the villages of Belgium to the Mediterranean coast. But in England the cream of the provincial circulation is taken by the great dailies of the North and West, and the organising of an army of retail agents who would exclusively serve one paper is impracticable.

The *Morning* tried having a continued story, and was at first neutral in politics. But fiction did not prove popular and was abandoned, and the neutrality soon developed into Unionism. The new sheet became a paper *sui generis*, standing half-way between the unbending gravity of the old penny dailies and the sprightliness of its halfpenny evening contemporaries. It does not attempt to be over strenuous, but is eminently readable; its sporting and City news are especially full, and it led the way in giving some columns daily of special interest to women. Its signed articles by such writers as Andrew Lang, J. F. Nisbet, G. R. Sims, and Mrs. Lynn Linton have proved specially popular.

The *Morning*, though it has been in existence only a little over four years, has already had three editors. Mr. Ives found himself not in agreement with the proprietors, so he sold out his interest to them. He was succeeded by Mr. Rowe Bennett, whose reign was brief. The present editor is one of the busiest and most widely read of English journalists. He is a prominent dramatic critic, a leader in Sunday journalism, a constant contributor to the magazines, the author of some popular psychological books, and much more. How he finds time to accomplish all this and yet edit a daily, is a marvel which is not explained even by the fact that he dictates all his copy and saves himself all possible mechanical labour.

The *Morning* made a novel departure for a newspaper in having a Graphology column, but the success of this killed it. The letters for the column amounted to some hundreds daily, and to deal with them all would have meant occupying half the paper with this one subject. Many of the inquirers were men, and large numbers of letters were received from young people, enclosing portions of communications from their sweethearts and asking to have their characters delineated. Often two young people would each send the other's handwriting by the same post, unknown to one another.

The "Sun."

When Mr. T. P. O'Connor left the *Star* in 1890 he was bound by agreement not to publish another evening paper in London for three years. He kept to his agreement, but the day it expired his new paper, the *Sun*, made its appearance. For weeks beforehand almost every hoarding in London and the home counties had displayed great advertisements, illustrated with the smiling face of the Anglo-Irish journalist, and proclaiming the glories of the coming paper. For the

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first few months the *Sun* was undoubtedly a very bright sheet, containing large numbers of excellent special articles by leading writers, and making liberal provision for the needs of its readers. Then came a check in its progress. It was an open secret in Fleet Street that funds ran very low, and the management did not clearly see their way ahead. "If I knew that a rival paper was about to be started, and had only £100,000 capital," the very shrewd manager of a London evening paper once told me, "I would laugh at it, for I know its money would be gone before it could make a place for itself." How much capital the *Sun* had I cannot tell; but after a time economy became the order of the day. At last fresh capital was obtained, and a few months ago Mr. O'Connor was able to declare that his property had turned the corner and was more than paying its way. Few pressmen will not rejoice that the genial "Tay Pay" has steered his barque into safe quarters.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., AT THE "SUN" OFFICE.

From a photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

THE "SUN" OFFICE.

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THE RED NIGHT AT RAGLAN:

BEING A TALE OF MASTER ROGER SELBY, ONCE ESQUIRE IN THE SERVICE OF HIS GRACE THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

By Anna Robeson Brown.*

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

PART I.

THOSE of my lord marquis's household who like myself were noble, or at least gentle born, were wont to serve him at his meat, and to remain in attendance until my lord went into his closet. This was at high noon; therefore it chanced oftentimes that Scudamore, Clough, and others among my mates were not risen from their meal until three of the clock. In faith on this July eventide, 1645, 'twas nigher four when we saw the tables bare and set to play at bowls in the lower pleasance. The troublousness of the times, rumouring his majesty's defeat, kept us within bounds, and the confinement which it occasioned caused us heaviness of spirit, so that the sport went but tamely. Truth to tell, I was as deep in the dumps as well could be, a stout lad of seventeen, and was idly kicking my ball over the clipped turf when one of the pages came to the wicket crying that peddlers were at the great gate with news of the war. At the word we were all off, spurning the grass with our heels, nor were we late at the feast, for on near approach we found old Cooke, the gatekeeper, two men-at-arms, and a score of idle grooms holding parley with the chapmen. Scudamore and I stood aside hearkening to the fellow's tale, which, as we saddened to learn later on, was a very tissue of lying, but which then, as it spoke of victory to the king's forces, warmed us to the heart. We of Raglan had been perforce so well kept within wall that we were wearied out and so gave the tale more credence than at busier moments. Yet even I, although I held the fellow's words in a fair belief, did not spare my doubts by reason of his villainous appearance and shifty eye, and was no less inclined to credit him for the glibness of his tale. Moreover I fell to inward laughing at the simplicity of his audience, who stood about with their mouths agape swallowing the tale as 'twere their small beer, and breaking in with reverential "oh!" "ah!" "marry now!" as though the peddler were no less than Prince Rupert.

Cooke was such an old shrew that I was not loath to behold him so gulled, and fell to much laughter when the peddler was borne off to revel in the Kitchen Tower. Strangers were not readily admitted to Raglan in those days, nor perchance would this one have been had my Lord Charles or my Lord of Worcester himself been stirring to see him pass. But earlier that day despatches had been brought in haste to the marquis; he had at dinner shown much preoccupation of countenance, and was even now closely conferring with my Lord Charles and Dr. Bailey, so that 'twas no great wonder he was not about to behold the peddler's triumph.

I was deeper than ever in my dumps, and was returning slothfully to my distasteful pastime when Moyle, my lord's usher, called to me that I was looked for instantly in the closet. So thither I turned my steps, glad of any occupation, and tapped respectfully upon the panel.

'Twas my lord himself bade me enter, and the instant I closed the door behind me I felt a plucking at my heart that told me that this was no trivial errand; that here lay my chance to make or mar my fortunes. For my lord's voice rang deeper than with its accustomed garrulous pipe of age, his brow was deeply ploughed with thought, and when he fixed me with his eye 'twas with a dreadful probing gaze, as 'twere to challenge my fidelity, very different from his usual habit of jesting tolerance.

Mine honoured master, then gray in years, was a man of girth and great bulk, much enfeebled by his infirmities, so that he rarely stood or walked about, but sat continuously in a great chair by the window. Dr. Bailey, his chaplain, sat over against him, and made

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a squint at me to express reassurance, for my lord's sternness of visage had cast me into a hurried self-catechism as to my misdoings.

My lord began without preliminary, hearkening at once to the core of the matter.

"Roger Selby," he said, folding before him one withered hand, "Dr. Bailey here has given me such hopes of you that I have on his advice chosen you from those of my household for an especial service."

This preface so gladdened and amazed me that I could make him no adequate answer beyond bowing and murmuring my fidelity.

"You are, I know, a hardy and active youth," proceeded my lord in the same deepened voice. "I have the assurance of Dr. Bailey that you are faithful and brave. That you are discreet I have voucher by your bearing in my household. This is, above all, an opportunity for your discretion and despatch. If you are content to do my bidding with swiftness and exactitude, asking no questions, seeking to know no more than what is under your nose, and keeping a close tongue in your mouth afterwards, now is your chance equally to serve me, your king and country."

"I thank your lordship," I made reply. "In this matter I shall move as your lordship's hand. Will you tell me your lordship's desire?"

"You make no protestations," he said, knitting his brows at me.

"There is no need, my lord. They will but make my weakness apparent should I fail your lordship, and they honour me but little if I do well."

"Then to work," pursued my lord in kindlier tones, as one not ill pleased with my reply. "Hearken to me, lad. This night upon eleven of the clock I receive a visitor of whose coming no soul in Raglan must be cognisant save our three selves. It will be your task to conduct this person to me. You know the hill beyond Raglan village, where the thorn hedge grows?"

I signified assent.

"Good!" My lord's voice grew sharp and commanding. "Leave Raglan when ten o'clock has sounded by the secret passage in the Yellow Tower. Your departure must of course be swift, and unchallenged by friend or foe. Bear a lantern with you, but take heed you set it not alight till you are well under the brow of the hill beyond Raglan walls. There wait by the roadside till you are accosted by a mounted cavalier, to whom you shall address the words, 'Whose horse ride you?' If he reply 'The king's,' 'tis very well; take you the bridle-reins and lead him instanter to the door of the passage, where he will dismount; thence lead him straightway here to me. You can use a sword?"

"On occasion—yes, my lord," I replied, gaining more assurance; and Dr. Bailey interposed, lauding my swordmanship with such praise as—minding me of many a bygone trick on the good man—my cheeks reddened to hear.

"Then remember that on this occasion you must use it well," my lord cried out, shaking one gouty hand at me. "Should you be stayed or questioned—I care not by whom—'tis a turn of your sword, I say. Bear it naked before you, and never let past the thought that you are the safeguard of him you lead."

"I will bear a brace of pistols likewise, an' your lordship think it well."

"I do assuredly; but with this armament, my cockerel, be not reckless either, but bear yourself with the caution of a man-at-arms."

I entreated my master to repeat his instructions, which I had felt tolerably sure of, and on this I bowed and left him, containing my excitement, and with as unmoved a face as ever I wore in my life. The one question I longed to put I choked into my teeth, namely, why he had chosen me, a lad, for so important a mission when he was surrounded by old and tried servitors. Upon reflection however I made a shrewd guess that my lord would rather trust to the enthusiasm and youthful romance of a boy than to the keener sight and calmer brains of one who bore knowledge of his affairs.

'Twas among the softest of July days, and the sweet summer air breathed on my forehead as I crossed the court. All things looked fair to me. I was touched with pride. My pulse beat with adventure and my heart with loyalty in imagining I beheld myself early in advancement, guerdoned with the trust of my superiors. What the service signified to which I was bidden I hazarded no guess; my lord had forbidden such conjecture. Nevertheless I could not but surmise, from the secret manner of this embassy, that it concerned some weighty business of State, some turn of fortune's wheel for King or Parliament, some anchor for the storm-tossed bark of the Stuarts; and my soul glowed at the thought that I, Roger Selby, bore a part in this, and that perchance the roll of history might bear my name among those greater.

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Plunged into high thoughts, I shunned my mates, and among the fragrant paths of the pleasance wandered musingly until sundown.

Now I was by nature studious, given to spending my hours over Tacitus or Sully, so it was remarked of none present that I drew apart after the evening meal and got me to my chamber. From my window-pane the Fountain Court seemed a blazing checker-work of light; music flowed forth in snatches on the night air; and although dark clouds had risen to gloom the heavens, all Raglan glowed like a beacon. Speedily as might be I got me into my buff coat and riding breeches, buckled on my sword-belt and tried my weapon, and fitted a tallow dip into the horn lantern Dr. Bailey had caused to be placed in my room. Thus equipped I bent my spirit to patience for more than an hour, which time of waiting I passed in fitting meditations, and in

"Flinging myself before it, I drew my sword."

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the repetition of my lord's instructions. As time sped on, light after light glimmered out, the music ceased, the velvet soft turf was overhung with a pall of blackness, and night seemed to brood over Raglan like some mighty bird. When the hour had struck I rose, opened cautiously the door of my chamber, and was down the great stair, across the court, and in at the Yellow Tower without the tap of a footfall. The hidden passage by which I was to make my sortie was no secret to the inmates of the castle, being but lately digged at my lord's command, and leading under the moat of the keep to the highway beyond the outer wall. The bolts, I found, had been touched with oil, and it opened without a creak of the hinges. In our good days, many a time had I raced through the blackness of it, so that the procedure had naught of novel for me. I stepped firmly, knowing each step, and laying my hand without fail on the knob which led me out into the night air.

I now stood under the curve of the hill, up to my knees in mire, for the door opened upon a ditch, and out of gaze of the castle shrouded in its veil of trees. No sound of man smote my ears as I stood a-listening, naught save the whistle of the night-wind that had set up his pipe at sundown. This wind made a pretty crackling and rustling among the thorn-bushes, and blew bits of straw into my face as I strove to shield the wick of my lantern while setting it alight. This done I clambered to the thorn-hedge, the wind's noise leading me to it, and there sat me down to wait. The highway curled by me, going uphill on my left hand and downhill on my right; the wind flowed cold along it, but I was sheltered by the kindly thorn-bush and did not feel it unduly. There was no moon nor even a star, so I was fain to turn from the heavens to my own lantern, wherein the flame twisted and swayed.

Thus sat I for what seemed a long space, when suddenly the breeze brought to my ears a faint and steady sound—the tread of horses—more than one, and stepping slowly. My heart rang loud in my ears at this, and I thrust my tell-tale lantern deep into the thorn-bush till I should know what this portended. The sound came nearer, climbing up the hill towards me, then ceased a little way off, and I could hear the shifting of the horses as they rubbed and muzzled each other. This continued for a space, along with the whisperings of men's voices, then over the brow of the hill, dark against the one clear quarter of the sky, grew the figure of a man on horseback, one who rode with drooping head and slack rein. He came on slowly, looking to right and left, until he all but overrid me; but I rose under the horse's foot and thrust out my lantern so that he might see the light.

"I fairly flew."

PART II.

"FAIR sir, whose steed ride you?" I asked with as much firmness of tone as I could muster. A very gentle voice made answer to me, "The king's."

Upon this there fell a silence, for, as I had made no manner of guess at the rank of my accoster, I was put to it what title to address him. He himself spoke the next word.

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"I am at your leadership, sir. I follow you."

I slipped to the horse's head and took his bridle-rein, and doing this the lantern's light fell clear on me, for the gentleman moved in the saddle, saying, "My Lord of Worcester has in good sooth chosen a young messenger!"

"And therefore the better to serve him with all my strength," I answered.

"Yet methinks for so dangerous an errand he has more fitting and tried esquires?" The voice remained gentle, and emboldened me in replying: "Mayhap he thought it best if there be danger that these should not suffer it, my lord."

The man sighed, and we spoke no further.

We gained the ditch, fighting the now arisen wind, and I assisted the cavalier to alight, opened the door for him and put the lantern into his hand, bidding him enter. This he did with firm step, while I tethered the horse to a near stump and returned bearing my bared sword. The night was quiet, yet I felt a shiver of distrust.

"You go well armed," said he as we prepared to set forth.

"There may be need," I replied. "Will your honour permit me to be your candle-bearer?"

In this manner we set forward, I going first with the light held aloft and naked blade cleaving the darkness of the passage. 'Twas of necessity a slower journey than when I had come alone, for my companion stumbled at the irregularities of the way, groped somewhat fearfully with his hands, and muttered under his breath. Although I turned on moments to aid him, yet I never clearly saw what manner of man I was conducting, save that he wore fair hair curled over the lace collar of his buff coat, and was in figure thin, not much over my own height. His dress was that of a simple cavalier, but there was wrought gold-work at his sword-hilt; at his ear I caught the gleam of a great pearl, and on his breast hung the miniature of a lady, richly encased and rimmed with brilliants. The hand that caught betimes at my shoulder or the wall was white and delicate, but of the face under the shadow of his beaver I saw not a feature.

We passed on, neither speaking—save a word on my part to charge him of a step or pitfall—till we came out in the gallery of the keep, and thence upon the drawbridge, where, to be sure, I snuffed my lantern. The castle lay in utter silence, as 'twere empty of life; in my lord's closet not the tiniest spark showed that we were stayed for. But my heart sang as we crept upon the stair, and I thought at once to taste the sweetness of my patron's praise. This as it turned out I was not yet to have, for when we stood, the visitor and I, before my lord marquis's door, 'twas open to my companion only, and I was bidden by Dr. Bailey in a few short words to remain in attendance in the antechamber. This, to make no lies about the matter, very greatly disconcerted me. I had been appointed to a place of trust, responsible actions had been thrust into my hands, and I looked, foolishly, for something further—to enter where the other had entered, to share with him the counsel of my betters. Instead of which I was here, on the wrong side of the door, like any wardrobe page, bidden to stand like a child till I was spoken to. Such was my vanity, and such its discomfiture. Nevertheless as I stood on guard in the silence of the sleeping-room my head began to hum with visionary honours. I saw myself foremost in the turmoils of war, a belted knight at the feet of his majesty. Then the excitement which had throbbed till now in my veins flowed out, leaving me weak and weary; I recalled that the hour was past midnight, and in my despite mine eyes began to glue together.

The opening of the door, against whose panel I had leant my heavy head, started me broad awake as a man came forth, the strong light of the wax torches beating against his face. He stood regarding me, and in that gaze, kind, weary, and unutterably sorrowful, by the high forehead, the flowing hair, I saw in a flash it was no other than the king himself. Dazed as I was by sleep and bewilderment, this conviction struck me, like a hand on the shoulder, to my knees, saying no word.

"Ah," said Charles playfully, "it is our candle-bearer."

Still I spoke not, for my voice would not come.

"Your majesty must assuredly be fatigued; will you not at once to your chamber?" said my lord's voice. "Alas! that circumstances forbid my offering your majesty a suitable train. Myself as waiting-gentleman and the good doctor for usher, but for sewer and page ——"

"Good friend," broke in the king, "I am too proud after this night that you should serve me as a waiting-gentleman. Get you to your rest we beseech you. And bethink you, my lord, we are now soldier; we live in tents; we have cast aside the ceremonious

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"The murderer . . . pitched head foremost."

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trapping of a court. This lad here will serve my turn as page, that is," he continued, "if he will consent, even for a night, to exchange your service for that of an unhappy gentleman who has no gold nor preferment to offer him." He tendered me his hand as he spoke, and I set my lips to it, though indeed I found it icy cold. A few broken words only could I say, but they caused him to smile on me the kindlier.

"Then let us forward," said the king more cheerfully, turning once more to his host. My lord had, by the help of Dr. Bailey's arm, gotten to his knees, his face, as I could see, looked strange and sad as he strove to kiss his majesty's hand, but the king prevented him.

"Old and tried servant," he said, and the sweetness of his tone accounted at once for the devotion of his friends, "between thou and I this night there must be none of this. Age and good deeds should kneel to God alone."

My lord was, as I could see plainly, affected by this to the breaking point of tears.

"Sire," he said, as Charles helped him once more to his feet, "I have not a thought in my heart that tends not to the service of my God and you!" Upon this he waived us away that we might not behold him weep.

Dr. Bailey lighted the king in silence to his chamber, which he had oftentimes occupied, the casement thereof opening upon a fair wide sweep of field and park. In this prospect his majesty had been wont to take much delight, and 'twas a token of his heavy spirit that he said no word of it on entering.

The king unbuckled his sword upon a table and flung himself silent into an arm-chair, while the doctor, having set down the waxen candles, respectfully withdrew. I, as page, stretched myself before the arras till I should be needed, for the king had refused all proffers of our respectful assistance, and now sat in his chair, head on hand, sorrow visibly widening upon his brow, the very picture of one who had abandoned hope.

I was no fool, and knew better than to intrude on his privacy, but my throat swelled with tears at his desolate plight and the gentle kingliness of his countenance. Yet even at this hour and in this place I must have slept an hour or so, for when I looked again dawn showed a shrunken face at the casement, the candles spluttered pale upon the table, and the figure of his majesty sat where it had been, sleeping perchance, or sunk deep in bitter waters of thought.

I was stiff, and I was shifting foot, but warily so as not to annoy him, when on a sudden my heart leapt to my throat and there stuck. The door behind the king's back, leading into the antechamber, moved very gently, a face peered into the crack, no other face than that of the lying Roundhead peddler with his evil eye. Then a hand came through, curled about the hilt of a great knife, such as cooks use, and this made a pass in the direction of the king's back. All this was so noiseless that I took myself to be dreaming until I saw the creature make a stealthy step forward. At that, without more ado, I leapt to my feet and flung open the door, crying shrilly, "Run, sire, for God's sake!"

The king started to his feet with a violent movement, glanced behind, and saw the murderer between him and the table whereon lay his sword, and then sprang, but not too soon, for the blade sawed in the air and stood upright, quivering in his chair's silken cushion. Ere the man could recover it the king was through the door, which I had closed after him, flinging myself before it. I drew my sword and held it in readiness, but my fingers were limp upon the hilt. I am not certain what was in my mind at the time; I know my throat was dry, and that I commended my soul to God, thinking that my last hour drew near.

But the villain's affair was not with me, he gripped me by the elbows and dashed me, sword and all, against the wall, while he sped into the gallery after the king, the clatter of whose flying heels met mine ears on the opening of the door. Blood gushed from my nose at the blow, but I was after them in a thrice, cursing the slippery floor whereon I slid and faltered. I was light-heeled, yet that vile rascal's feet were winged, and I saw that soon must the king come to grips with him, for he gained rapidly. Down the long dark gallery sped the king, his fair hair streaming from his head, faster and growing close followed the wild beast, after them both the wilder I, screaming for help as I ran. So sunken are men in sleep just before the dawn that all this passed unnoted, and 'twas many seconds ere all Raglan began to hum with an alarm.

At the end of the gallery were two doors; the king whipped through one of them, up the stone stair, and so out on the battlement, where he doubtless looked to be seen of the men-at-arms. His pursuer was at his very heels. I put forth my best. A sob broke in my throat as I saw the man so close. I fairly flew; never had I run to such purpose.

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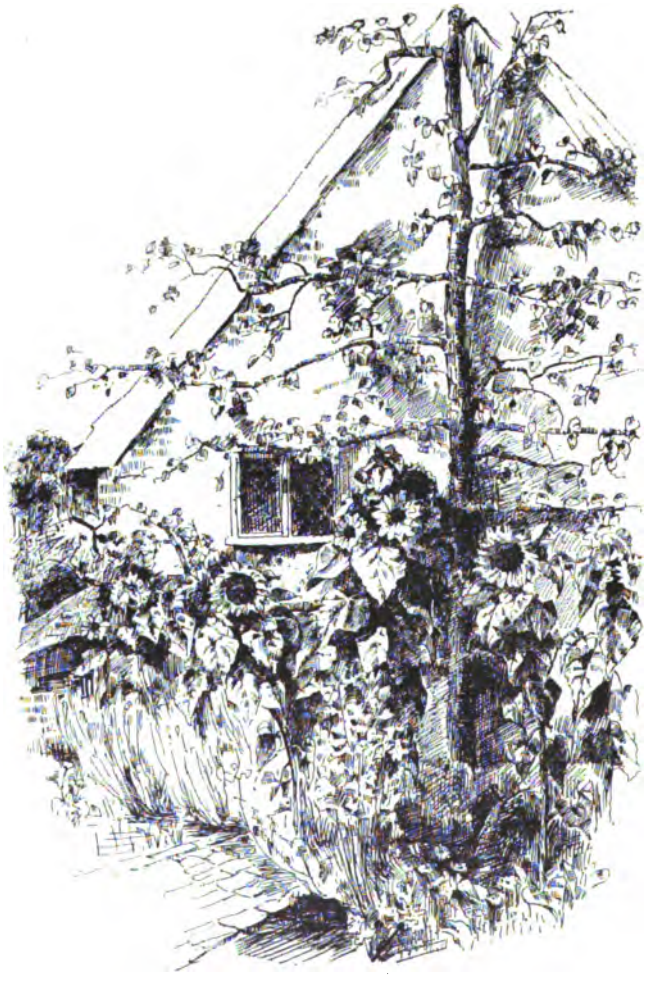
Just as I sprang into view on the battlement the king doubled, turned, and took his assailant by the wrist. He was no wrestler. There was his opponent slashing the air with that ugly knife. But I was on them now, and beat my fist on the man's face as I would hammer a stone. With the knife he cut at me, laying open my shoulder. The king's quick breathing in my ear fired me; I stooped and pulled the man's ankles while the king twisted the wrist that held the knife. And all the time were we pulling him to the edge of the battlement. I heard shouts and the clang of mailed feet on the stone stairs just as with one wrench I toppled the man into space, the knife making a glittering arc as it fell. The murderer gripped desperately at the stone edge, failed, slipped, and pitched head foremost far below, where he lay still.

The blood on my face and shoulder had dyed my hands, and my eyes were dizzy. The castle walls wavered before me like a candle flame, and only the king's arm kept me from falling.

When I awoke from my swoon I was in my chamber, and my Lord Charles's face bent over me. It was eventide; the king had ridden forth again in haste; I did not know it was to his death. At the head of my bed and falling to my pillow was a broad blue ribbon and a sparkling jewel, my greatest treasure, and the treasure of my children, the king's own "George" which he had left for me. Of my lord's goodness to me, here is no fitting place to speak, that and my "George" remain to me; but all else has passed into oblivion of what was known in the country-side as the "Red Night at Raglan."



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THE AVERAGE HOSTESS, FROM AN AVERAGE GUEST'S POINT OF VIEW.

By Charlotte O'Conor Eccles.

With Allegorical Illustrations by Leslie Willson.

APPARENTLY but few women realise the difficulty of the task they undertake when they venture to play the hostess. Like Émile Girardin, they go to war with a light heart. If they grasped the fact that their duties included something more than collecting a certain number of people in one place on a given date, surely their guests would have a better time than usually falls to their lot.

As it is, when a matron invites her acquaintances to her house, crams them into drawing-rooms too small for their comfort, provides a crush on the staircase, a draught in the corridor, light refreshments in the dining-room, and indifferent artists to sing, play, or recite all over the place, she not infrequently says that she has "entertained" her guests.

Confident creature!

One invitation may bring a man to an "At home," but twenty cannot make him be entertained unless he finds the wherewithal.

Truisms are truths that nobody acts on. While theoretically everybody knows that to the hostess—to her tact, sympathy, good sense, good breeding, and power of attracting an agreeable circle round her—is due the success of any party, in practice we assume that a crowd and a supper constitute an agreeable evening, and that the hostess may be either a block or a busybody. Wealth cannot ensure enjoyment, except in so far as it facilitates matters, and enables the wheels to run smoothly, and experience proves that it is not at houses where the most money is spent that one always has the best time. Herein is to be found one of the compensations of comparative poverty.

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What is more galling than to be rich, ambitious, and a social failure? If poor people are dull they have at least the consolation of fancying that, if they were rich, things would be different. To be rich and dull, however, forces the conclusion that the fault must lie with oneself, and nothing is more disagreeable than to have to blame oneself.

So far as entertaining in its real sense goes, the average London hostess is a failure. If she succeeds now and then it is not by premeditation but by a happy accident. She has not studied the alphabet of her

"Amusements that to them may be charming, but to their acquaintances are a weariness of the flesh."

business, nor learned the simple secret that people are best entertained by meeting those who to them are entertaining, and by doing such things as they desire to do. Only this and nothing more. Of social commandments this is the first and greatest. Ignoring it, she continues to invite unmusical people to her musical parties, and non-dancers to her balls, introduces the clever to the stupid and the gay to the dull.

Too many hostesses please themselves but not their guests, and provide amusements that to them individually may be charming, but that to their acquaintances are a weariness of the flesh. They have yet to realise that one should go to other people's entertainments for enjoyment. In one's own house it is the enjoyment of the guests that must at all costs be secured. Too often a hostess is to be seen amusing herself immensely, while round the room sit many of her acquaintances seeking to divert themselves with photographic views. It is not to look at photographic views that one spends money on white gloves, patent leather shoes and cab hire. They may be seen in Regent Street any day for nothing.

The average hostess goes so far as to endeavour to equalise the number of men and women invited. Let it be accounted to her for righteousness, though she does not always succeed. As individuals however she rarely considers them, nor decides the main point as to who would like to meet whom. She is satisfied with herself and thinks that her "At homes" are all that can reasonably be desired. If she could she would constrain people to be happy, for she feels that after her exertions, after her expenditure, after her daughter's music, after her excellent tea, coffee and ices, only an ingrate could go away uncheered. Much work and little wind, as the Spaniards say. She provides everything except the essentials, and confounding good cheer with good company considers a costly supper of greater importance than congenial society.

Not for her claret-cup and *petits fours*, her quails in aspic and champagne, agreeable as these undoubtedly are, not for these alone does the *blasé* party-goer accept her invitation. Generally speaking he can get as good at home. What he hopes for is to be amused, to meet men and women who will interest him, at least for the time. We all desire to add acquaintances to our circle who will be agreeable, or useful, or both, and even venture to think that amongst them we may find some who will in time become friends. In this often-deceived expectation we accept invitations only to be disappointed. That we go to the same houses again and again, proves, like a second marriage, the triumph of hope over experience.

A story is told of the landlady who remarked acidly, "You seem to be very fond of coffee, Mr. Smith," to the boarder who passed her his cup for the sixth time. "I must be, Madam," was the reply, "since I am willing to drink so much hot water to get a little!"

To discourage conversation between her guests would seem to be the aim of the

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average hostess. To this end she introduces the wrong people, abstains from introducing the right, and arranges, as often as she can, for such forms of amusement as impose silence on the audience. If some feminine Napoleon would arise to provide music for the musical, conversation for those who like to converse, dancing for those who prefer to dance, and recitations for the stage-struck, who might perform in turn, and endure each other in the intervals, she would be the social conqueror of her time. That this would involve many small parties instead of one large, most people would consider

"She introduces the wrong people."

an advantage, since the large party, except under unusually favourable conditions, is the dullest show on earth. As things are, we get, not what we like, but whatever our hostess thinks is good for us.

Of course I am dealing here only with hostesses who, either through their own talents, or charms, or position, or the talents and position of their husbands, get interesting people to come to their houses. Dull people with dull friends may do as they like, but I hate to see good material wasted.

Bad hostesses may be divided into two great classes—those who do not introduce at all, and those who introduce too much. And first I hold that in a vast society like that of London, and with shy, cold-mannered people like the English, introductions at large gatherings are indispensable, save within a limited circle. It is absurd to take it for granted that every guest who comes to your house will know every other. The chances are that amongst them each may know one or two, or five or six, not particularly congenial people; and to their society he or she will be confined for the entire evening if the hostess does not introduce. No matter what ridiculous ideas as to "good" or "bad form," may obtain at any given time as to introductions, everyone knows that where you meet no pleasant acquaintances, and are not introduced, you have not a very enjoyable time.

As for saying that when people meet at the house of a "mutual" friend—pardon the adverbial adjective—they should take each other for granted, at least for the time being, and talk without more ado—that may answer on the Continent, but in England it does not work. English people cannot, or will not, talk to strangers. They naturally hate strangers; and the impulse to "'eave 'arf a brick" is still strong, even in civilised breasts. And anyhow, one is at a disadvantage in

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conversing with a bystander whose name, position and antecedents are unknown. A remark on some topic of the day—a new book, a railway accident, a Government crisis, a *cause célèbre*—may have the most painful consequences if addressed to the wrong person.

Amongst the exclusive aristocracy of Vienna or St. Petersburg, where the *nouveau riche* is practically unknown, and where most of the members are related, not to know argues oneself unknown. In provincial society too, where everyone is familiar with everyone else, at least by sight, introductions may be out of place, and result in forcing an undesired acquaintanceship. In London, however, these conditions do not exist.

With our vast colonies, our growing relationship with America, and a society that throws open its doors freely to wealth and talent, we stand on a totally different footing. It is the merest affectation to pretend that one knows all the nice people and desires to know no more. In Upper Bohemia especially men and women are forever "arriving," and yet amongst the literary set, who are individually the most sociable and eager to talk "shop," no introductions is often the rule of the evening. But literary people, and literary hostesses in particular, should remember that for the most part it is not as aristocrats but as writers they are known. Few of them have any other *raison d'être*. Their invitations are accepted simply because they are expected to be interesting. Their guests hope to converse with them, or, if that be impossible, to meet entertaining people at their house.

The literary hostess, however, is not always a good hostess. She talks to the lions herself and allows the shy stranger to mope in a corner. Sometimes she tells him of the number of interesting people who are assembled in the same room. He can only stare around him, wondering who is who, and wishing they were labelled. One may go to half a dozen different houses and not make a single new acquaintance, meeting over and over again the few indifferent folk with whom one is already acquainted.

If this were said to one of the hostesses in question she would probably reply that as everyone would want to know celebrities, it is for the protection of these she refrains from introducing. She would be mistaken. To many, if not to most, a celebrity is a rather alarming personage, while the Mesdames Leo Hunter and their kind are sufficiently pushing to scrape up an acquaintance with or without introduction. Celebrities apart, there are in London numbers of interesting people who would be pleased to meet, but who never get a chance because hostesses are at no pains to consider their guests individually.

As bad as, if not worse than, the indifferent hostess, is the too anxious hostess. She precipitates people one upon the other. She prowls about with restless eye and hurried smile on introductions bent. She cannot let well alone. It would really seem that if she perceives by any chance a man and woman getting on nicely she interferes to separate them, hastening to bring up another man who will not suit, till each individual has met everyone in the room. As well might she insist on her guests partaking of a single spoonful of every dish on the supper-table. She is not infrequently, moreover, a woman who collects around her a very miscellaneous assortment of guests. Her large-hearted charity embraces all the doubtful people, and she is sympathetic to everyone, unless she believes them to be "respectable" and "good," which with her are terms of reproach. To impeccable virtue, however amiable, she is openly antagonistic, so that if anyone of unblemished reputation wanders through her halls, he or she must have been invited by accident. Such stray sheep find themselves at times in very strange company, and before they know where they are, discover that they have been presented to the heroine of the latest society scandal, a man of fascinating manners who lives by his skill at cards, a lady who writes immoral pamphlets in defence —save the mark!—of morality, a shady company promoter, a damaged countess, and others of the same stamp. Now people should have some say in the matter of whom they will or will not know.

A hostess with the introduction mania upon her never consults either party. She springs them on each other like so many Jacks-in-the-box, hurrying them into the arms of their dearest enemy, and forcibly making people acquainted who have hitherto spent their lives in avoiding each other as a calamity.

There is a hostess who combines the faults of the other two. She introduces a stranger to one person and leaves each to the mercy of the other for the evening. Now this may be very pleasant, but generally it isn't.

A friend of mine once told me that when she was utterly bored she always abused the royal family. I felt sorry for the royal family. At the same time the idea

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has merit. If a code of signals could be arranged between guest and host or hostess, a little private flag of distress, as it were, run up when one has been boarded by a pirate, some friendly craft might steer to one's relief. When no such signal was displayed the hostess might know that all was well, and refrain from interfering.

The ideal hostess is the woman who gathers round her a small, but not too small, party of people who suit each other. If the party is very small, conversation must be general, and this is not always agreeable. She remembers just what each person likes, and in so doing delicately flatters. She does not worry overmuch about her refreshments, while seeing that these are the best of their kind and abundant. She allows no one to feel neglected. Bores she does not invite.

The ideal hostess has no easy time of it. Her eyes and ears must be everywhere. She must monopolise no one, and be prepared to fill every gap. The only enjoyment she need expect to get out of her entertainments is that arising from the consciousness that everything has gone off well, and that her guests are pleased.

"She talks to the lions herself."

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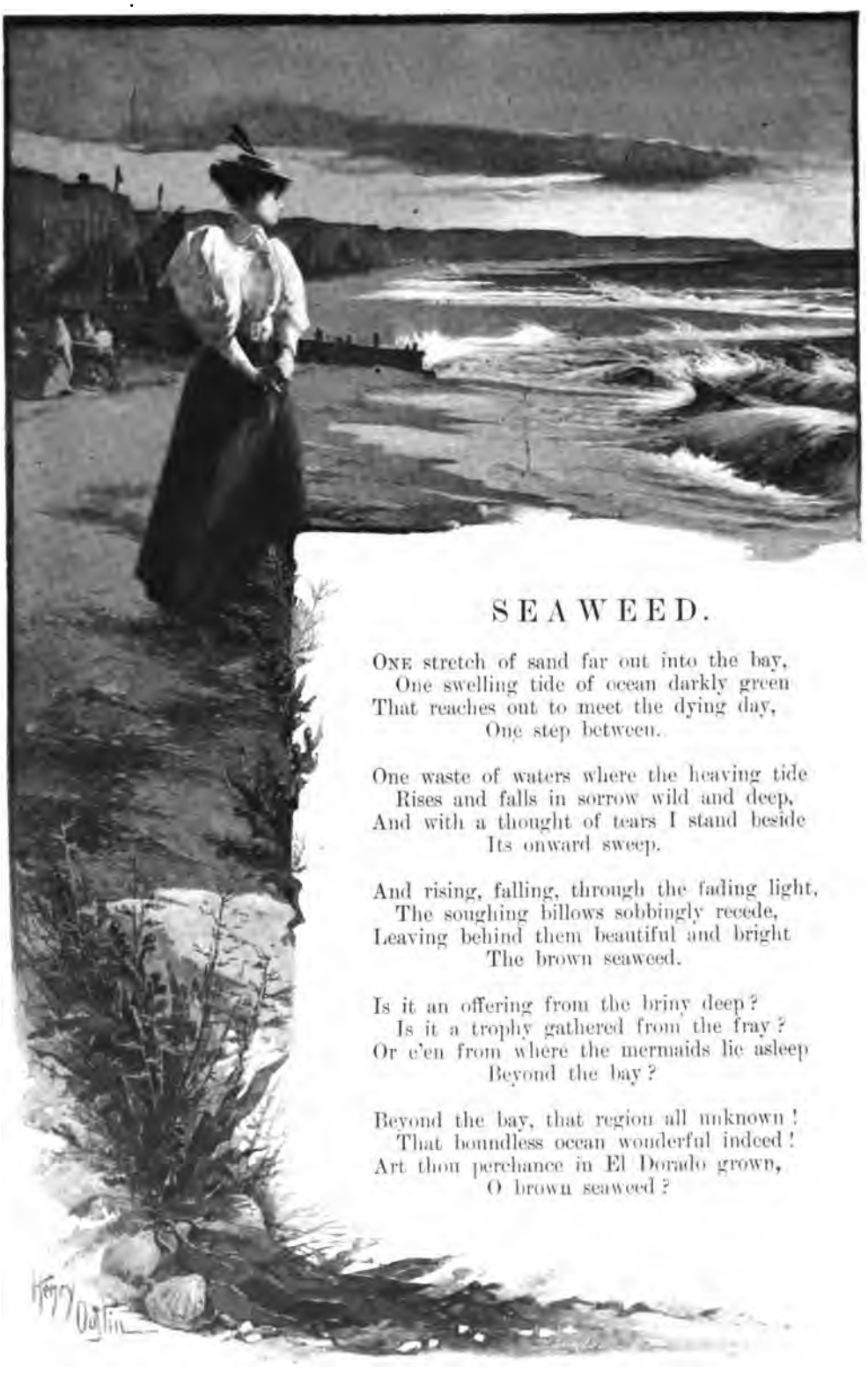

SEAWEED.

One stretch of sand far out into the bay,
One swelling tide of ocean darkly green
That reaches out to meet the dying day,
One step between.

One waste of waters where the heaving tide
Rises and falls in sorrow wild and deep,
And with a thought of tears I stand beside
Its onward sweep.

And rising, falling, through the fading light,
The soughing billows sobbingly recede,
Leaving behind them beautiful and bright
The brown seaweed.

Is it an offering from the briny deep?
Is it a trophy gathered from the fray?
Or e'en from where the mermaids lie asleep
Beyond the bay?

Beyond the bay, that region all unknown!
That boundless ocean wonderful indeed!
Art thou perchance in El Dorado grown,
O brown seaweed?

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I see thee dimly, for the blinding tears
  Have hotly swelled at touch of memory keen,
Which whispers softly down the bygone years
    What might have been.

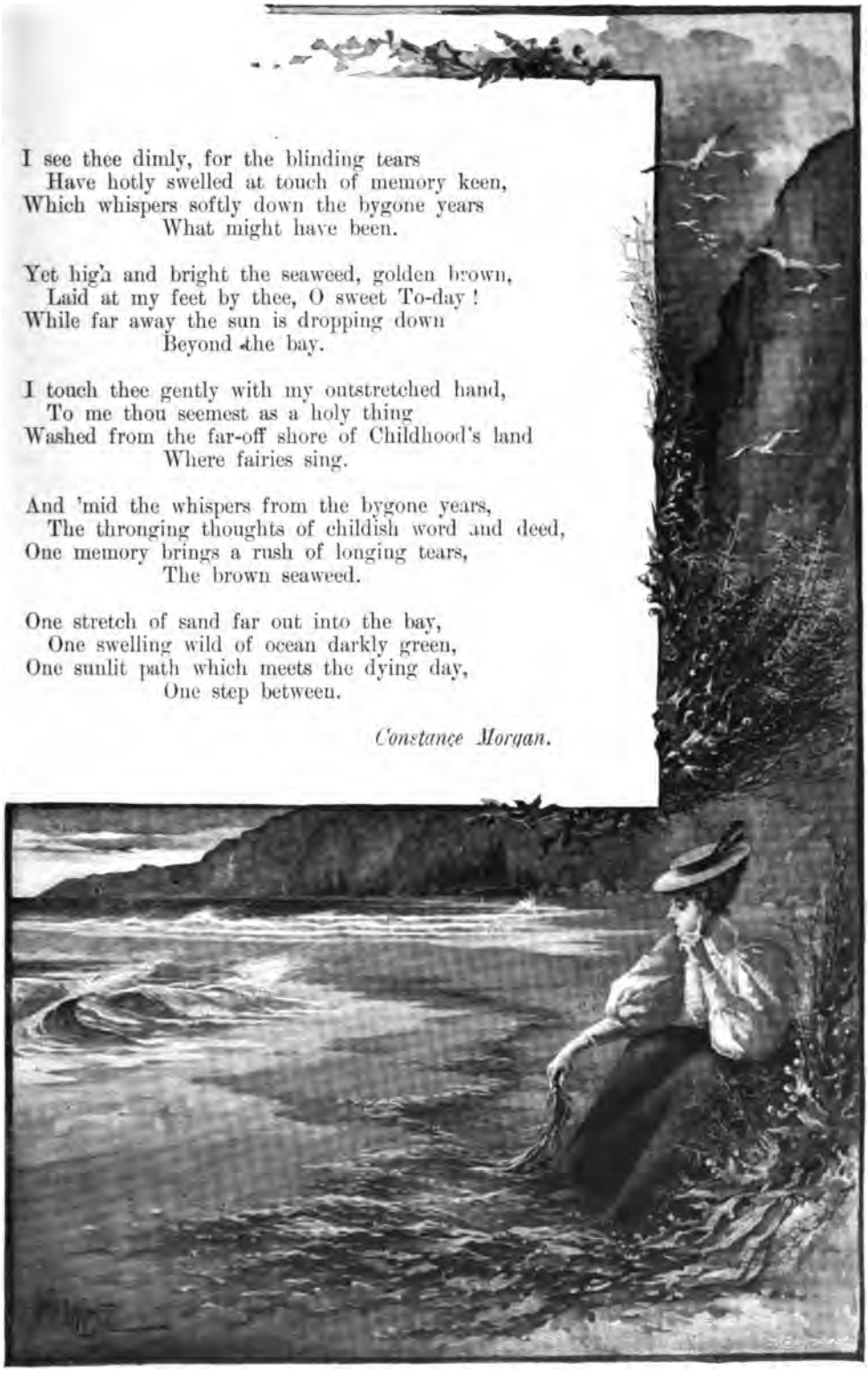
Yet high and bright the seaweed, golden brown,
  Laid at my feet by thee, O sweet To-day!
While far away the sun is dropping down
    Beyond the bay.

I touch thee gently with my outstretched hand,
  To me thou seemest as a holy thing
Washed from the far-off shore of Childhood's land
    Where fairies sing.

And 'mid the whispers from the bygone years,
  The thronging thoughts of childish word and deed,
One memory brings a rush of longing tears,
    The brown seaweed.

One stretch of sand far out into the bay,
  One swelling wild of ocean darkly green,
One sunlit path which meets the dying day,
    One step between.

Constance Morgan.



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SIR A. C. MACKENZIE, Mus. Doc.

Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London.

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MOMENTS WITH MODERN MUSICIANS:

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE AT WORK.

By F. Klickmann.

THE MAJORITY of our "Moments" have been spent with musicians when they were at home. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, however, was at the Royal Academy of Music, in the midst of his work, when I recently interrupted him to discuss matters musical and personal—this article being prominently in the foreground of my mind.

If it be true that a man unconsciously reveals character by his every movement, then Sir Alexander must have a large amount of activity yet waiting to be reduced to black and white notes on MS. music-paper, for the whole of the time that he was talking to me he never ceased walking to and fro across the room, a kind of suppressed energy in every step.

"It is a strange thing," he began, "that, though I am usually credited with being a Scotchman to the backbone, some of my earliest reminiscences are German. My father was a musician of wide reputation in his time. I was born in Edinburgh, but when I was nine my father took me to Germany—where he himself had also been trained—to study music. Now it is a very queer thing, but for some time after my arrival in Germany my life is on the whole a blank page to me. I can't fix definitely on anything until one day, when I remember I could speak German as glibly as could the other boys with whom I was studying. I know I must have spent some time acquiring the language, but however long or short it was I have no recollection whatever. I spent five years altogether studying in Germany. When I ultimately came to England I was a helpless foreigner, knowing practically no English, and during my student days the other fellows at the Royal Academy used to tease me unmercifully about my broken English and my terrible accent."

"How long did you remain at the Royal Academy?"

"Over two years; though I only paid fees for the first three months. It was not my original intention to study at the institution. My father had been a pupil of Sainton, and I wished to follow his example. It was Sainton himself who suggested that I should enter the Academy. He had also seen one or two of my attempts at composition—and feeble things they were! He advised me to try for a scholarship shortly falling vacant, and in the end I was elected 'King's Scholar.'"

"Which did you find the more interesting country to work in, Germany or England?"

"At *that* time, most decidedly Germany. Things were so entirely different in England then to what they are nowadays. I had been a pupil of Ulrich Stein, a marvellously clever man, who was Kapellmeister at Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, a town not very far distant from Weimar; that was from 1857 to 1862, when Liszt was in his zenith, you must recollect—when Weimar was the centre of that musical revolution that was fast spreading throughout Germany, though it had scarcely touched England. I was fortunate in very soon obtaining an appointment in the ducal orchestra, and many of the works we performed there were at that time unheard of in this country. For example I well remember Liszt bringing over his 'Mazeppa' in MS. for us to try through. This was the first time it was ever played. He brought it to Sondershausen because Stein's orchestra was better than the one at Weimar. I also played in a performance of Gounod's 'Faust,' before the work had been heard in England.

"Then again, Sondershausen was the second town in which a performance was given of 'Lohengrin.' It was a great success there, and did much to cheer Wagner, who was in St. Petersburg at the time, and in low water. Liszt's 'Faust' Symphony was another work in which I was fortunate enough to take part at that period.

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"Therefore, having been accustomed to play all the newest and most advanced of modern works, and having lived in an atmosphere that was simply saturated with Liszt, Berlioz and Wagner, you will easily understand that the musical life in London seemed to me to be a trifle behind the times when I entered upon an orthodox curriculum at the Academy."

From a photo by [*W. H. Bunnett.*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TENTERDEN STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

"Then you think it advisable that musical students should spend a certain number of years abroad before their education is completed?"

"No, not as things are now in England. Thirty-five years ago matters were different, very different. In the present day there is not the slightest occasion to go further than London; everything that is worth having can be had here. It is the greatest mistake to think that anything beyond the language is to be gained by going to a foreign country. I do not say this because I am myself interested in an English school of music. I should say precisely the same thing if I were non-interested, and residing abroad, as I was for some time before I became officially connected with the Royal Academy."

"Were you living in Germany at that time?"

"No, I was in Florence. I had become thoroughly run down through overwork, and had to leave everything and try what a complete rest would do for me. Some great friends of Liszt's, the Hillebrands, were living in the same house that I was staying at in Florence; and here I renewed my former acquaintance with the great pianist. Naturally I had altered since he had seen me a boy at Sondershausen, but he remembered me. Curiously enough this meeting was actually the cause of Liszt's last visit to England, though in a somewhat roundabout way.

"I had been invited to lunch with the Hillebrands one day when Liszt was there and several other musicians. At the table I was telling some story which greatly amused those near me. Liszt was getting deaf—though he hated to have to own to it; he heard the laughter, but the only word he had caught was 'Tausig.' He immediately jumped to the conclusion that I had been ridiculing Tausig—who had been a great favourite of his—in some way. He got very angry; but our host explained matters to him and endeavoured to mollify him. Then Liszt apologised to me, saying he was slightly deaf, and had misunderstood me. This was a trifling incident, and most people would not have given it a second thought; but Liszt was an unusual character, and it seemed as though the little *contretemps* had quite upset him. He was annoyed with himself that he should have 'given himself away,' so to speak, in public; he was vexed that he had misjudged me, and irritated that he had had to make an apology. Actually there was no occasion for him to have done so, considering the trivial circumstances;

From a photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE LATE ABBÉ LISZT.

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nevertheless his high sense of honour compelled him to do so.

"After lunch he was restlessly ill at ease, and said he would go and pay some calls. I went back to my own rooms and determined to stay there. When Liszt returned to the house supper was ready, but he said no, he wanted to hear the two compositions I had brought up earlier in the day. I was not there, so he turned to Sophie Menter and asked her if she couldn't play the duet arrangement of my Scottish Rhapsodies with him. They played one, and then Hillebrand insisted on his having some supper. After the meal was over he said now he would have the other work. Madame Hillebrand came down to me and begged me to join them. 'It will smooth everything over if you come now, and Liszt keeps on asking for you,' she said. I went up again, and directly I entered the room Liszt asked me if I had the full score of the work, as he wanted to see it. I fetched it, and he said, 'I am going to Pesth, and I shall take this with me and have it performed there.' This was the man's keen sense of honour; he was anxious to make reparation a hundredfold for an injustice which he imagined he had done me.

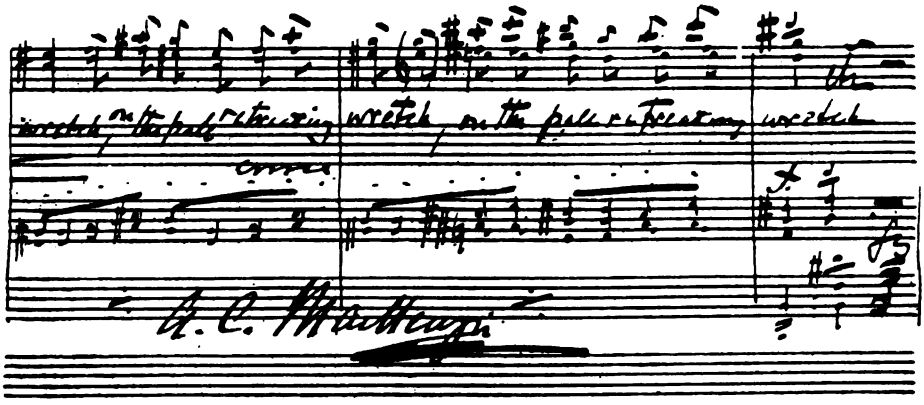
"He took the score to Pesth, but the people there were more conservative than he had calculated for, and were not too anxious then to produce the work of a foreigner. The work was not given there, and Liszt was so annoyed that he did not go near the town again for three years."

"But how did this affect his coming to England?"

"I was going to tell you that. Liszt was evidently still anxious to do anything he could for me. The managers of Novello's choir contemplated giving a performance of his 'Saint Elizabeth,' and the idea occurred to us that it would be a splendid opportunity to invite him to come here again. I had but little hope that he would come however, he had refused so many other invitations. Still, we wrote and asked him, and, as you know, he came. I am always very glad he had the enjoyment of that visit here (for it *was* an enjoyment to him); it was like a final blaze of fireworks for him. He had been out of public life for some little time, and it was refreshing to him to a certain extent, to taste it once again."

"But was not the excitement rather much for him at his age?"

"No, I don't think it would have been too much for him had he been content to do less. But there was no keeping him back.



FACSIMILE OF MS. BY SIR A. C. MACKENZIE.

He wanted to do twice as much as his strength would have allowed. And then you must recollect that he had already lived through what would have made three lives for ordinary men. Some people said that the visit to England was the cause of his death; but he was not at all well when he came, and in the ordinary course of events could not have lived very much longer. When I think of the vast amount of vital nervous energy that man was spending broadcast all his life, the marvel is to me how he ever lived to the age he did. I remember how he would be up before six in the morning when he was going to Rome. We would go with him to the station in the cold mornings and see him off by the seven o'clock train. And he would travel second-class—never first. He grudged spending money on himself; but was always giving it away to other

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people Even now I can recall his cigars; they were wretchedly bad. He would have considered it waste to spend his money on expensive ones. That was the great difference between Wagner and Liszt. Wagner lacked that unselfish disregard for personal wants. Far from travelling second-class, when the clouds on Wagner's horizon cleared sufficiently to enable him to do it, he would engage a special saloon carriage to take him on his railway journeys."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie was devoted to Liszt, and the virtuoso entertained a great regard for the Scotch musician. The last music he ever wrote was a few bars of a transcription he had contemplated of Mac-

From a photo by] [*W. H. Bunnett.*

PROFESSOR WALTER MACFARREN GIVING A LESSON AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

kenzie's "Troubadour." The MS. was found after his death just where he had left it. The remembrance of this prompted me to ask—

"What is your opinion of Liszt as a composer?"

"I think he seldom has a fair chance here. Directly his name is mentioned critics with one accord invariably raise a howl against him. He has written some inferior stuff, I admit; but then he has also written some beautiful music, so beautiful that it ought to be allowed to atone for the other."

"How about Wagner?"

"He was wonderfully great, but he is not everything. I think he was the finest stage-manager that ever lived; but his music is essentially the music of the theatre, and should be judged from that standpoint. When he spoke of founding a new religion with 'Parsifal,' I think he went somewhat beyond the line of common sense. It is likewise a mistake, in my humble judgment, to attempt to compare two such men as Wagner and the mighty Beethoven, and to decide which is the greater. Their lives, their environments, and their personalities were so entirely dissimilar. We do not know what Beethoven might have done had he lived in the feverish age of Wagner and spent his life in the atmosphere of the stage. For myself, the longer I live the more and more I am enamoured of Mozart. When I was younger I went through an acute Schumann period, but Schumann had gradually given way to Mozart. In fact for *recreation* give me Mozart and Auber."

"Turning to purely personal matters, may I ask what has recently led you in the direction of comic opera?"

"Several things. In the first place I consider a composer should be an all-round worker, able to deal with any subject. But in addition to this, if you desire me to be strictly truthful, composers are but human after all, and they require the wherewithal to live."

"Then is comic opera a profitable form of composition?"

"If it be successful, yes. At present matters stand like this: One writes folios and folios of, we will say, orchestral music, which may perhaps be performed a few times. But as to its even paying for the paper it is written upon——! Nevertheless we continue as we began. For instance, I spent last winter's leisure in writing a Scottish concerto for Paderewski. Again, the composer may write oratorios, which the various festival committees may from time to time be kind enough to include in their programmes. In many cases he pays his own expenses, goes to the festival, wherever it may be held, spends several days over the rehearsals and the performance—all for the cause of art, and for the personal gratification it may be to himself. That it is a gratification I do not deny. No man is

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so utterly disinterested in himself, I presume, not to be glad to know that his works are getting a hearing; only sometimes he wishes there were 'performing rights,' or some other financial advantage, to be discerned in their near vicinity.

"Now a successful opera has a bigger field to run in. It is not confined to England, as are most oratorios, but may go the round of the theatres abroad. There is just a chance that it may make money, you see; whereas if it does not it is only in the same predicament as the other forms of classical composition. Taken all round, a composer has but small chance of making money nowadays, and therefore, unless a man has independent means, he has to do something else in addition to his composition."

"Do you tell your students all this?"

"Oh, no. On the contrary, I try to smooth matters for them, where I can. But so many of them want to begin at the wrong end. They start upon an orchestral composition, such as 'Satan's Apostrophe to the Sun,' or some equally involved theme, and then are surprised if the result is not entirely satisfactory! Besides, those at the Royal Academy of Music who devote themselves entirely to composition are necessarily in a minority. Our chief aim is to make good all-round musicians of our students. Composers must 'dree their own weird'!"

"Have you any special theories in regard to the training necessary for musical students?"

"I think they should certainly have the most thorough, all-round education possible, and that not only in music, but in all other things beside. For instance, a musician cannot have too much of good literature. I think that it is a mistake to lay down a hard and fast rule as to the methods of teaching the professors should adopt. If the men are capable of teaching, and worthy of being on the staff of such an institution as ours, then it is an insult to suppose that they are not the best judges as to the individual requirements of the various students. One ought to have sufficient confidence in them to allow them a free hand. In Paris, for instance, all the professors have to teach according to a fixed plan, which must be irksome, I should think.

"There is another point I would like to mention. While I am naturally most anxious to favour the adoption of anything tending to improve the training and future position of our students, I must confess that I think there is a tendency to overdo the public appearances of musical students. At the Royal Academy we give every year seven public performances, namely, three chamber concerts, three orchestral concerts, and an organ recital at Queen's Hall. In addition, we usually give two concerts at the Imperial Institute during the winter season. I fancy you will agree with me that these are ample for the good of the students. If to these were to be added obligatory and costly public operatic performances, I think it would not be to their advantage, since the preparation of an opera for *public* performance involves a vast amount of labour, which diverts the attention of those who participate in it from their ordinary studies, and in some cases encroaches upon the time of the students for an entire session. In no other country is so much attention given to the public appearance of students as such; yet at the same time I am sure that in no other country are the performances of students of such excellence as they are in England. Still, we do not neglect the very important branch of musical study, operatic performance, and as an aid to it we have added still further classes to the school's curriculum. We have stage dancing, fencing, and physical drill, and we have quite lately established a dramatic class, under the direction of Mr. William Farren, the actor."

Here our conversation was brought to a close by a call to the orchestral practice, which is the one and only department of the school's work in which Sir Alexander himself actually teaches. During the rehearsal one had ample opportunity to endorse the remarks the Principal had so recently made; and it would be difficult to find students' performances of a higher degree of excellence.

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THE DORRINGTON DEED-BOX.

By Arthur Morrison.*
(*Author of "Adventures of Martin Hewitt."*)

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

I.—THE NARRATIVE OF MR. JAMES RIGBY.

SHALL here set down in language as simple and straightforward as I can command, the events which followed my recent return to England; and I shall leave it to others to judge whether or not my conduct has been characterised by foolish fear and ill-considered credulity. At the same time I have my own opinion as to what would have been the behaviour of any other man of average intelligence and courage in the same circumstances; more especially a man of my exceptional upbringing and retired habits.

I was born in Australia, and I have lived there all my life till quite recently, save for a single trip to Europe as a boy, in company with my father and mother. It was then that I lost my father. I was less than nine years old at the time, but my memory of the events of that European trip is singularly vivid.

My father had emigrated to Australia at the time of his marriage, and had become a rich man by singularly fortunate speculations in land in and about Sydney. As a family we were most uncommonly self-centred and isolated. From my parents I never heard a word as to their relatives in England; indeed to this day I do not as much as know what was the Christian name of my grandfather. I have often supposed that some serious family quarrel or great misfortune must have preceded or accompanied my father's marriage. Be that as it may, I was never able to learn anything of my relatives, either on my mother's or my father's side. Both parents, however, were educated people, and indeed I fancy that their habit of seclusion must first have arisen from this circumstance, since the colonists about them in the early days, excellent people as they were, were not as a class distinguished for extreme intellectual culture. My father had his library stocked from England, and added to by fresh arrivals from time to time; and among his books he would pass most of his days, taking, however, now and again an excursion with a gun in search of some new specimen to add to his museum of natural history, which occupied three long rooms in our house by the Lane Cove river.

I was, as I have said, eight years of age when I started with my parents on a European tour, and it was in the year 1873. We stayed but a short while in England at first arrival, intending to make a longer stay on our return from the Continent. We made our tour, taking Italy last, and it was here that my father encountered a dangerous adventure.

We were at Naples, and my father had taken an odd fancy for a picturesque-looking ruffian who had attracted his attention by a complexion unusually fair for an Italian, and in whom he professed to recognise a likeness to Tasso the poet. This man became his guide in excursions about the neighbourhood of Naples, though he was not one of the regular corps of guides, and indeed seemed to have no regular occupation of a definite sort. "Tasso," as my father always called him, seemed a civil fellow enough, and was fairly intelligent; but my mother disliked him extremely from the first, without being able to offer any very distinct reason for her aversion. In the event her instinct was proved true.

"Tasso"—his correct name, by the way, was Tommaso Marino—persuaded my father that something interesting was to be seen at the Astroni crater, four miles west of the city, or thereabout; persuaded him, moreover, to make the journey on foot; and the two accordingly set out. All went well enough till the crater was reached, and then, in a lonely and broken part of the hill, the guide suddenly turned and attacked my father with a knife, his intention, without a doubt, being murder and the acquisition of the Englishman's valuables. Fortunately my father had a hip-pocket with a revolver in it, for he had been warned of the danger a stranger might at that time run wandering in the

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"His assailant fell dead on the spot."

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country about Naples. He received a wound in the flesh of his left arm in an attempt to ward off a stab, and fired, at wrestling distance, with the result that his assailant fell dead on the spot. He left the place with all speed, tying up his arm as he went, sought the British consul at Naples, and informed him of the whole circumstances. From the authorities there was no great difficulty. An examination or two, a few signatures, some particular exertions on the part of the consul, and my father was free, so far as the officers of the law were concerned. But while these

"Tying up his arm as he went."

formalities were in progress no less than three attempts were made on his life—two by the knife and one by shooting—and in each his escape was little short of miraculous. For the dead ruffian, Marino, had been a member of the dreaded Camorra, and the Camorristi were eager to avenge his death. To anybody acquainted with the internal history of Italy—more particularly the history of the old kingdom of Naples—the name of the Camorra will be familiar enough. It was one of the worst and most powerful of the many powerful and evil secret societies of Italy, and had none of the excuses for existence which have been from time to time put forward on behalf of the others. It was a gigantic club for the commission of crime and the extortion of money. So powerful was it that it actually imposed a regular tax on all food material entering Naples—a tax collected and paid with far more regularity than were any of the taxes due to the lawful Government of the country. The carrying of smuggled goods was a monopoly of the Camorra, a perfect organisation existing for the purpose throughout the kingdom. The whole population was terrorised by this detestable society, which had no less than twelve centres in the city of Naples alone. It contracted for the commission of crime just as systematically and calmly as a railway company contracts for the carriage of merchandise. A murder was so much, according to circumstances, with extras for disposing of the body; arson was dealt in profitably; maimings and kidnappings were carried out with promptitude and despatch; and any diabolical outrage imaginable was a mere matter of price. One of the staple vocations of the concern was of course brigandage. After the coming of Victor Emanuel and the fusion of Italy into one kingdom the Camorra lost some of its power, but for a long time gave considerable trouble. I have heard that in the year after the matters I am describing two hundred Camorristi were banished from Italy.

As soon as the legal forms were complied with, my father received the broadest possible official hint that the sooner and the more secretly he left the country the better it would be for himself and his family. The British consul, too, impressed it upon him that the law would be entirely unable to protect him against the machinations of the Camorra; and indeed it needed but little persuasion to induce us to leave, for my poor mother was in a state of constant terror lest we were murdered together in our hotel; so that we lost no time in returning to England and bringing our European trip to a close.

In London we stayed at a well-known private hotel near Bond Street. We had been but three days here when my father came in one evening with a firm conviction that he had been followed for something like two hours, and followed very skilfully too. More than once he had doubled suddenly with a view to confront the pursuers, who he felt were at his heels, but he had met nobody of a suspicious appearance. The next afternoon I heard my mother telling my governess

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(who was travelling with us) of an unpleasant looking man, who had been hanging about opposite the hotel door, and who, she felt sure, had afterwards been following her and my father as they were walking. My mother grew nervous, and communicated her fears to my father. He, however, pooh-poohed the thing, and took little thought of its meaning. Nevertheless the dogging continued, and my father, who was never able to fix upon the persons who caused the annoyance—indeed he rather felt their presence by instinct, as one does in such cases, than otherwise—grew extremely angry, and had some idea of consulting the police. Then one morning my mother discovered a little paper label stuck on the outside of the door of the bedroom occupied by herself and my father. It was a small thing, circular, and about the size of a sixpenny-piece, or even smaller, but my mother was quite certain that it had not been there when she last entered the door the night before, and she was much terrified. For the label carried a tiny device, drawn awkwardly in ink—a pair of knives of curious shape, crossed; the sign of the Camorra.

Nobody knew anything of this label, or how it came where it had been found. My mother urged my father to place himself under the protection of the police at once, but he delayed. Indeed I fancy he had a suspicion that the label might be the production of some practical joker staying at the hotel, who had heard of his Neapolitan adventure (it was reported in many newspapers) and designed to give him a fright. But that very evening my poor father was found dead, stabbed in a dozen places, in a short, quiet street not forty yards from the hotel. He had merely gone out to buy a few cigars of a particular brand which he fancied, at a shop two streets away, and in less than half an hour of his departure the police were at the hotel door with the news of his death, having got his address from letters in his pockets.

It is no part of my present design to enlarge on my mother's grief, or to describe in detail the incidents that followed my father's death, for I am going back to this early period of my life merely to make more clear the bearings of what has recently happened to myself. It will be sufficient

"The sign of the Camorra."

therefore to say that at the inquest the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown; that it was several times reported that the police had obtained a most important clue, and that being so, very naturally there was never any arrest. We returned to Sydney, and then I grew up.

I should perhaps have mentioned ere this that my profession—or I should rather say

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my hobby—is that of an artist. Fortunately or unfortunately, as you may please to consider it, I have no need to follow any profession as a means of livelihood, but since I was sixteen years of age my whole time has been engrossed in drawing and painting. Were it not for my mother's invincible objection to parting with me, even for the shortest space of time, I should long ago have come to Europe to work and to study in the regular schools. As it was I made shift to do my best in Australia, and wandered about pretty freely, struggling with the difficulties of moulding into artistic form the curious Australian landscape. There is an odd, desolate, uncanny note in characteristic Australian scenery, which most people are apt to regard as of little value for the purposes of the landscape painter, but with which I have always been convinced that an able painter could do great things. So I did my feeble best.

Two years ago my mother died. My age was then twenty-eight, and I was left without a friend in the world, and, so far as I know, without a relative. I soon found it impossible any longer to inhabit the large house by the Lane Cove river. It was beyond my simple needs, and the whole thing was an embarrassment, to say nothing of the associations of the house with my dead mother, which exercised a painful and depressing effect on me. So I sold the house, and cut myself adrift. For a year or more I pursued the life of a lonely vagabond in New South Wales, painting as well as I could its scattered forests of magnificent trees, with their curious upturned foliage. Then, miserably dissatisfied with my performance, and altogether filled with a restless spirit, I determined to quit the colony and live in England, or at any rate somewhere in Europe. I would paint at the Paris schools, I promised myself, and acquire that technical mastery of my material that I now felt the lack of.

The thing was no sooner resolved on than begun. I instructed my solicitors in Sydney to wind up my affairs and to communicate with their London correspondents in order that, on my arrival in England, I might deal with business matters through them. I had more than half resolved to transfer all my property to England, and to make the old country my permanent headquarters; and in three weeks from the date of my resolve I had started. I carried with me the necessary letters of introduction to the London solicitors, and the deeds appertaining to certain land in South Australia, which my father had bought just before his departure on the fatal European trip. There was workable copper in this land, it had since been ascertained, and I believed I might profitably dispose of the property to a company in London.

I found myself to some extent out of my element on board a great passenger steamer. It seemed no longer possible for me in the constant association of shipboard to maintain that reserve which had become with me a second nature. But so much had it become my nature that I shrank ridiculously from breaking it, for, grown man as I was, it must be confessed that I was absurdly shy, and indeed I fear little better than an overgrown schoolboy in my manner. But somehow I was scarce a day at sea before falling into a most pleasant acquaintanceship with another passenger, a man of thirty-eight or forty, whose name was Dorrington. He was a tall, well-built fellow, rather handsome, perhaps, except for a certain extreme roundness of face and fulness of feature; he had a dark military moustache, and carried himself erect, with a swing as of a cavalryman, and his eyes had, I think, the most penetrating quality I ever saw. His manners were extremely engaging, and he was the only good talker I had ever met. He knew everybody, and had been everywhere. His fund of illustration and anecdote was inexhaustible, and during all my acquaintance with him I never heard him tell the same story twice. Nothing could happen—not a bird could fly by the ship, not a dish could be put on the table, but Dorrington was ready with a pungent remark and the appropriate anecdote. And he never bored nor wearied one. With all his ready talk he never appeared unduly obtrusive nor in the least egotistic. Mr. Horace Dorrington was altogether the most charming person I had ever met. Moreover we discovered a community of taste in cigars.

"By the way," said Dorrington to me one magnificent evening as we leaned on the rail and smoked, "Rigby isn't a very common name in Australia, is it? I seem to remember a case, twenty years ago or more, of an Australian gentleman of that name being very badly treated in London—indeed, now I think of it, I'm not sure that he wasn't murdered. Ever hear anything of it?"

"Yes," I said, "I heard a great deal, unfortunately. He was my father, and he *was* murdered."

"Your father? There—I'm awfully sorry. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it; but of course I didn't know."

"Oh," I replied, "that's all right. It's so

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far back now that I don't mind speaking about it. It was a very extraordinary thing altogether." And then, feeling that I owed Dorrington a story of some sort, after listening to the many he had been telling me, I described to him the whole circumstances of my father's death.

"Ah," said Dorrington when I had finished, "I have heard of the Camorra before this—I know a thing or two about it, indeed. As a matter of fact it still exists; not quite the widespread and open thing it once was, of course, and much smaller; but pretty active in a quiet way, and pretty mischievous. They were a mighty bad lot, those Camorristi. Personally I'm rather surprised that you heard no more of them. They were the sort of people who would rather any day murder three people than one, and their usual idea of revenge went a good way beyond the mere murder of the offending party; they had a way of including his wife and family, and as many relatives as possible. But at any rate *you* seem to have got off all right, though I'm inclined to call it rather a piece of luck than otherwise."

Then, as was his invariable habit, he launched into anecdote. He told me of the crimes of the Maffia, that Italian secret society, larger even and more powerful than the Camorra, and almost as criminal; tales of implacable revenge visited on father, son and grandson in succession, till the race was extirpated. Then he talked of the methods; of the large funds at the disposal of the Camorra and the Maffia, and of the cunning patience with which their schemes were carried into execution; of the victims who had discovered too late that their most trusted servants were sworn to their destruction, and of those who had fled to remote parts of the earth and hoped to be lost and forgotten, but who had been shadowed and slain with barbarous ferocity in their most trusted hiding-places. Wherever Italians were, there was apt to be a branch of one of the societies, and one could never tell where they might or might not turn up. The two Italian forecastle hands on board at that moment might be members, and might or might not have some business in hand not included in their signed articles.

I asked if he had ever come into personal contact with either of these societies or their doings.

"With the Camorra, no, though I know things about them that would probably surprise some of them not a little. But I have had professional dealings with the Maffia—and that without coming off second-best, too. But it was not so serious a case as your father's; one of a robbery of documents and blackmail."

"Professional dealings?" I queried.

Dorrington laughed. "Yes," he answered. "I find I've come very near to letting the cat out of the bag. I don't generally tell people who I am when I travel about, and indeed I don't always use my own name, as I am doing now. Surely you've heard the name at some time or another?"

I had to confess that I did not remember it. But I excused myself by citing my secluded life, and the fact that I had never left Australia since I was a child.

"Ah," he said, "of course we should be less heard of in Australia. But in England we're really pretty well known, my partner and I. But, come now, look me all over and consider, and I'll give you a dozen guesses and bet you a sovereign you can't tell me my trade. And it's not such an uncommon or unheard-of trade, neither."

Guessing would have been hopeless, and I said so. He did not seem the sort of man who would trouble himself about a trade at all. I gave it up.

"Well," he said, "I've no particular desire to have it known all over the ship, but I don't mind telling you—you'd find it out probably before long if you settle in the old country—that we are what is called private inquiry agents—detectives—secret service men—whatever you like to call it."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed. And I think I may claim that we stand as high as any—if not a trifle higher. Of course I can't tell you, but you'd be rather astonished if you heard the names of some of our clients. We have had dealings with certain royalties, European and Asiatic, that would startle you a bit if I could tell them. Dorrington & Hicks is the name of the firm, and we are both pretty busy men, though we keep going a regiment of assistants and correspondents. I have been in Australia three months over a rather awkward and complicated matter, but I fancy I've pulled it through pretty well, and I mean to reward myself with a little holiday when I get back. There—now you know the worst of me. And D. & H. present their respectful compliments, and trust that by unfailing punctuality and a strict attention to business they may hope to receive your esteemed commands whenever you may be so unfortunate as to require their services. Family secrets extracted, cleaned, scaled, or

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stopped with gold. Special attention given to wholesale orders." He laughed and pulled out his cigar-case. "You haven't another cigar in your pocket," he said, "or you wouldn't smoke that stump so low. Try one of these."

I took the cigar and lit it at my remainder. "Ah, then," I said, "I take it that it is the practice of your profession that has given you such a command of curious and out-of-the-way information and anecdote. Plainly you must have been in the midst of many curious affairs."

"Yes, I believe you," Dorrington replied. "But as it happens, the most curious of my experiences I am unable to relate, since they are matters of professional confidence. Such as I *can* tell I usually tell with altered names, dates and places. One learns discretion in such a trade as mine."

"As to your adventure with the Maffia, now. Is there any secrecy about that?"

Dorrington shrugged his shoulders. "No," he said, "none in particular. But the case was not particularly interesting. It was in Florence. The documents were the property of a wealthy American, and some of the Maffia rascals managed to steal them. It doesn't matter what the documents were—that's a private matter—but their owner would have parted with a great deal to get them back, and the Maffia held them for ransom. But they had such a fearful notion of the American's wealth, and of what he ought to pay, that, badly as he wanted the papers back, he couldn't stand their demands, and employed us to negotiate and to do our best for him. I think I might have managed to get the things stolen back again—indeed I spent some time thinking a plan over—but I decided in the end that it wouldn't pay. If the Maffia were tricked in that way they might consider it appropriate to stick somebody with a knife, and that was not an easy thing to provide against. So I took a little time and went another way to work. The details don't matter—they're quite uninteresting, and to tell you them would be to talk mere professional 'shop'; there's a deal of dull and patient work to be done in my business. Anyhow, I contrived to find out exactly in whose hands the documents lay. He wasn't altogether a blameless c eature, and there were two or three little things that, properly handled, might have brought him into awkward complications with the law. So I delayed the negotiations while I got my nets effectually round this gentleman, who was the president of that particular branch of the Maffia, and when all was ready I had a friendly interview with him, and just showed him my hand of cards. They served as no other argument would have done, and in the end we concluded quite an amicable arrangement on easy terms for both parties, and my client got his property back, including all expenses, at about a fifth of the price he expected to have to pay. That's all. I learnt a deal about the Maffia while the business lasted, and at that and other times I learnt a good deal about the Camorra too."

Dorrington and I grew more intimate every day of the voyage, till he knew every detail of my uneventful little history, and I knew many of his own most curious experiences. In truth he was a man with an irresistible fascination for a dull home-bird like myself. With all his gaiety he never forgot business, and at most of our stopping places he sent off messages by cable to his partner. As the voyage drew near its end he grew anxious and impatient lest he should not arrive in time to enable him to get to Scotland for grouse-shooting on the twelfth of August. His one amusement, it seemed, was shooting, and the holiday he had promised himself was to be spent on a grouse-moor which he rented in Perthshire. It would be a great nuisance to miss the twelfth, he said, but it would apparently be a near shave. He thought, however, that in any case it might be done by leaving the ship at Plymouth, and rushing up to London by the first train.

"Yes," he said, "I think I shall be able to do it that way, even if we are a couple of days late. By the way," he added suddenly, "why not come along to Scotland with me? You haven't any particular business in hand, and I can promise you a week or two of good fun."

The invitation pleased me. "It's very good of you," I said, "and as a matter of fact I haven't any very urgent business in London. I must see those solicitors I told you of, but that's not a matter of hurry; indeed an hour or two on my way through London would be enough. But as I don't know any of your party and ——"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow," answered Dorrington, with a snap of his fingers, "that's all right. I shan't have a party. There won't be time to get it together. One or two might come down a little later, but if they do they'll be capital fellows, delighted to make your acquaintance, I'm sure. Indeed you'll do me a great favour if you'll come, else I shall be all alone, without a soul to say a word to. Anyway I *won't* miss the

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twelfth, if it's to be done by any possibility. You'll really have to come you know—you've no excuse. I can lend you guns and anything you want, though I believe you've such things with you. Who is your London solicitor, by the way?"

"Mowbray, of Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Oh, Mowbray? We know him well; his partner died last year. When I say *we* know him well, I mean as a firm. I have never met him personally, though my partner (who does the office work) has regular dealings with him. He's an excellent man, but his managing clerk's frightful; I wonder Mowbray keeps him. Don't you let him do anything for you on his own hook; he makes the most disastrous messes, and I rather fancy he drinks. Deal with Mowbray himself; there's nobody better in London. And by the way, now I think of it, it's lucky you've nothing urgent for him, for he's sure to be off out of town for the twelfth; he's a rare old gunner, and never misses a season. So that now you haven't a shade of an excuse for leaving me in the lurch, and we'll consider the thing settled."

Settled accordingly it was, and the voyage ended uneventfully. But the steamer was late, and we left it at Plymouth and rushed up to town on the tenth. We had three or four hours to prepare before leaving Euston by the night train. Dorrington's moor was a long drive from Crieff station, and he calculated that at best we could not arrive there before the early evening of the following day, which would however give us comfortable time for a good long night's rest before the morning's sport opened. Fortunately I had plenty of loose cash with me, so that there was nothing to delay us in that regard. We made ready in Dorrington's rooms (he was a bachelor) in Conduit Street, and got off comfortably by the ten o'clock train from Euston.

Then followed a most delightful eight days. The weather was fine, the birds were plentiful, and my first taste of grouse-shooting was a complete success. I resolved for the future to come out of my shell and mix in the world that contained such charming fellows as Dorrington, and such delightful sports as that I was then enjoying. But on the eighth day Dorrington received a telegram calling him instantly to London.

"It's a shocking nuisance," he said; "here's my holiday either knocked on the head altogether or cut in two, and I fear it's the first rather than the second. It's just the way in such an uncertain profession as mine. There's no possible help for it, however; I must go, as you'd understand at once if you knew the case. But what chiefly annoys me is leaving you all alone."

I reassured him on this point, and pointed out that I had for a long time been used to a good deal of my own company. Though indeed, with Dorrington away, life at the shooting lodge threatened to be less pleasant than it had been.

"But you'll be bored to death here," Dorrington said, his thoughts jumping with my own. "But on the other hand it won't be much good going up to town yet. Everybody's out of town, and Mowbray among them. There's a little business of ours that's waiting for him at this moment—my partner mentioned it in his letter yesterday. Why not put in the time with a little tour round? Or you might work up to London by irregular stages, and look about you. As an artist you'd like to see a few of the old towns—probably, Edinburgh, Chester, Warwick, and so on. It isn't a great programme, perhaps, but I hardly know what else to suggest. As for myself I must be off as I am by the first train I can get."

I begged him not to trouble about me, but to attend to his business. As a matter of fact, I was disposed to get to London and take chambers, at any rate for a little while. But Chester was a place I much wanted to see—a real old town, with walls round it—and I was not indisposed to take a day at Warwick. So in the end I resolved to pack up and make for Chester the following day, and from there to take train for Warwick. And in half an hour Dorrington was gone.

Chester was all delight to me. My recollections of the trip to Europe in my childhood were vivid enough as to the misfortunes that followed my father, but of the ancient buildings we visited I remembered little. Now in Chester I found the mediæval town I had so often read of. I wandered for hours together in the quaint old "Rows," and walked on the city wall. The evening after my arrival was fine and moonlight, and I was tempted from my hotel. I took a stroll about the town and finished by a walk along the wall from the Watergate toward the cathedral. The moon, flecked over now and again by scraps of cloud, and at times obscured for half a minute together, lighted up all the Roodee in the intervals, and touched with silver the river beyond. But as I walked I presently grew aware of a quiet shuffling footstep

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some little way behind me. I took little heed of it at first, though I could see nobody near me from whom the sound might come. But soon I perceived that when I stopped, as I did from time to time to gaze over the parapet, the mysterious footsteps stopped also, and when I resumed my walk the quiet shuffling tread began again. At first I thought it might be an echo; but a moment's reflection dispelled that idea. Mine was an even, distinct walk, and this which followed was a soft, quick, shuffling step—a mere scuffle. Moreover, when, by way of test, I took a few silent steps on tip-toe, the shuffle still persisted. I was being followed.

Now I do not know whether or not it may sound like a childish fancy, but I confess I thought of my father. When last I had been in England, as a child, my father's violent death had been preceded by just such followings. And now after all these years, on my return, on the very first night I walked abroad alone, there were strange footsteps in my track. The walk was narrow, and nobody could possibly pass me unseen. I turned suddenly, therefore, and hastened back. At once I saw a dark figure rise from the shadow of the parapet and run. I ran too, but I could not gain on the figure, which receded farther and more indistinctly before me. One reason was that I felt doubtful of my footing on the unfamiliar track. I ceased my chase, and continued my stroll. It might easily have been some vagrant thief, I thought, who had a notion to rush, at a convenient opportunity, and snatch my watch. But ere I was far past the spot where I had turned there was the shuffling footstep behind me again. For a little while I feigned not to notice it; then, swinging round as swiftly as I could, I made a quick rush. Useless again, for there in the distance scuttled that same indistinct figure, more rapidly than I could run. What did it mean? I liked the affair so little that I left the walls and walked toward my hotel.

The streets were quiet. I had traversed two, and was about emerging into one of the two main streets, where the Rows are, when, from the farther part of the dark street behind me, there came once more the sound of the now unmistakable footstep. I stopped; the footsteps stopped also. I turned and walked back a few steps, and as I did it the sounds went scuffling away at the far end of the street.

It could not be fancy. It could not be chance. For a single incident perhaps such an explanation might serve, but not for this persistent recurrence. I hurried away to my hotel, resolved, since I could not come at my pursuer, to turn back no more. But before I reached the hotel there were the shuffling footsteps again, and not far behind.

It would not be true to say that I was alarmed at this stage of the adventure, but I was troubled to know what it all might mean, and altogether puzzled to account for it. I thought a great deal, but I went to bed and rose in the morning no wiser than ever.

Whether or not it was a mere fancy induced by the last night's experience I cannot say, but I went about that day with a haunting feeling that I was watched, and to me the impression was very real indeed. I listened often, but in the bustle of the day, even in quiet old Chester, the individual characters of different footsteps were not easily recognisable. Once however, as I descended a flight of steps from the Rows, I fancied I heard the quick shuffle in the curious old gallery I had just quitted. I turned up the steps again and looked. There was a shabby sort of man looking in one of the windows, and leaning so far as to hide his head behind the heavy oaken pilaster that supported the building above. It might have been his footstep, or it might have been my fancy. At any rate I would have a look at him. I mounted the top stair, but as I turned in his direction the man ran off, with his face averted and his head ducked, and vanished down another stair. I made all speed after him, but when I reached the street he was nowhere to be seen.

What *could* it all mean? The man was rather above the middle height, and he wore one of those soft felt hats familiar on the head of the London organ-grinder. Also his hair was black and bushy, and protruded over the back of his coat-collar. Surely *this* was no delusion; surely I was not imagining an Italian aspect for this man simply because of the recollection of my father's fate?

Perhaps I was foolish, but I took no more pleasure in Chester. The embarrassment was a novel one for me, and I could not forget it. I went back to my hotel, paid my bill, sent my bag to the railway station, and took train for Warwick by way of Crewe.

It was dark when I arrived, but the night was near as fine as last night had been at Chester. I took a very little late dinner at my hotel, and fell into a doubt what to do with myself. One rather fat and very sleepy commercial traveller was the only other customer

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"I made a quick rush."

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visible, and the billiard room was empty. There seemed to be nothing to do but to light a cigar and take a walk.

I could just see enough of the old town to give me good hopes of to-morrow's sight-seeing. There was nothing visible of quite such an interesting character as one might meet in Chester, but there were a good few fine old sixteenth century houses, and there were the two gates with the chapels above them. But of course the castle was the great show-place, and that I should visit on the morrow, if there were no difficulties as to permission. There were some very fine pictures there, if I remembered aright what I had read. I was walking down the incline from one of the gates, trying to remember who the painters of these pictures were, besides Van Dyck and Holbein, when—that shuffling step was behind me again!

I admit that it cost me an effort, this time, to turn on my pursuer. There was something uncanny in that persistent, elusive footstep, and indeed there was something alarming in my circumstances, dogged thus from place to place, and unable to shake off my enemy, or to understand his movements or his motive. Turn I did, however, and straightway the shuffling step went off at a hastened pace in the shadow of the gate. This time I made no more than half-a-dozen steps back. I turned again, and pushed my way to the hotel. And as I went the shuffling step came after.

The thing was serious. There must be some object in this unceasing watching, and the object could bode no good to me. Plainly some unseen eye had been on me the whole of that day, had noted my goings and comings and my journey from Chester. Again, and irresistibly, the watchings that preceded my father's death came to mind, and I could not forget them. I could have no doubt now that I had been closely watched from the moment I had set foot at Plymouth. But who could have been waiting to watch me at Plymouth, when indeed I had only decided to land at the last moment? Then I thought of the two Italian forecastle hands on the steamer — the very men whom Dorrington had used to illustrate in what unexpected quarters members of the terrible Italian secret societies might be found. And the Comorra was not satisfied with single revenge; it destroyed the son after the father, and it waited for many years, with infinite patience and cunning.

Dogged by the steps, I reached the hotel and went to bed. I slept but fitfully at first, though better rest came as the night wore on. In the early morning I woke with a sudden shock, and with an indefinite sense of being disturbed by somebody about me. The window was directly opposite the foot of the bed, and there, as I looked, was the face of a man, dark, evil, and grinning, with a bush of black hair about his uncovered head, and small rings in his ears.

It was but a flash, and the face vanished. I was struck by the terror that one so often feels on a sudden and violent awakening from sleep, and it was some seconds ere I could leave my bed and get to the window. My room was on the first floor, and the window looked down on a stable-yard. I had a momentary glimpse of a human figure leaving the gate of the yard, and it was the figure that had fled before me in the Rows, at Chester. A ladder belonging to the yard stood under the window, and that was all.

I rose and dressed; I could stand this sort of thing no longer. If it were only something tangible, if there were only somebody I could take hold of, and fight with if necessary, it would not have been so bad. But I was surrounded by some mysterious machination, persistent, unexplainable, that it was altogether impossible to tackle or to face. To complain to the police would have been absurd—they would take me for a lunatic. They are indeed just such complaints that lunatics so often make to the police — complaints of being followed by indefinite enemies, and of being besieged by faces that look in at windows. Even if they did not set me down a lunatic, what could the police of a provincial town do for me in a case like this? No, I must go and consult Dorrington.

I had my breakfast, and then decided that I would at any rate try the castle before leaving. Try it I did accordingly, and was allowed to go over it. But through the whole morning I was oppressed by the horrible sense of being watched by malignant eyes. Clearly there was no comfort for me while this lasted; so after lunch I caught a train which brought me to Euston soon after half-past six.

I took a cab straight to Dorrington's rooms, but he was out, and was not expected home till late. So I drove to a large hotel near Charing Cross—I avoid mentioning its name for reasons which will presently be understood—sent in my bag, and dined.

I had not the smallest doubt but that I was still under the observation of the man or the men who had so far pursued me; I

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had, indeed, no hope of eluding them, except by the contrivance of Dorrington's expert brain. So as I had no desire to hear that shuffling footstep again—indeed it had seemed, at Warwick, to have a physically painful effect on my nerves—I stayed within and got to bed early.

I had no fear of waking face to face with a grinning Italian here. My window was four floors up, out of reach of anything but a fire-escape. And, in fact, I woke comfortably and naturally, and saw nothing from my window but the bright sky, the buildings opposite, and the traffic below. But as I turned to close my door behind me as I emerged into the corridor, there, on the muntin of the frame, just below the bedroom number, was a little round paper label, perhaps a trifle smaller than a sixpence, and on the label, drawn awkwardly in ink, was a device of two crossed knives of curious, crooked shape. The sign of the Camorra!

I will not attempt to describe the effect of this sign upon me. It may best be imagined, in view of what I have said of the incidents preceding the murder of my father. It was the sign of an inexorable fate, creeping nearer step by step, implacable, inevitable, and mysterious. In little more than twelve hours after seeing that sign my father had been a mangled corpse. One of the hotel servants passed as I stood by the door, and I made shift to ask him if he knew anything of the label. He looked at the paper, and then, more curiously, at me, but he could offer no explanation. I spent little time over breakfast, and then went by cab to Conduit Street. I paid my bill and took my bag with me.

Dorrington had gone to his office, but he had left a message that if I called I was to follow him; and the office was in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. I turned the cab in that direction forthwith.

"Why," said Dorrington as we shook hands, "I believe you look a bit out of sorts! Doesn't England agree with you?"

"Well," I answered, "it has proved rather trying so far." And then I described, in exact detail, my adventures as I have set them down here.

Dorrington looked grave. "It's really extraordinary," he said, "most extraordinary; and it isn't often that I call a thing extraordinary neither, with my experience. But it's plain something must be done—something to gain time at any rate. We're in the dark at present, of course, and I expect I shall have to fish about a little before I get at anything to go on. In the meantime I think you must disappear as artfully as we can manage it." He sat silent for a little while, thoughtfully tapping his forehead with his finger-tips. "I wonder," he said presently, "whether or not those Italian fellows on the steamer *are* in it or not. I suppose you haven't made yourself known anywhere, have you?"

"Nowhere. As you know, you've been with me all the time till you left the moor, and since then I have been with nobody and called on nobody."

"Now there's no doubt it's the Camorra," Dorrington said—"that's pretty plain. I think I told you on the steamer that it was rather wonderful that you had heard nothing of them after your father's death. What has caused them all this delay there's no telling—they know best themselves; it's been lucky for you, anyway, so far. What I'd like to find out now is how they have identified you, and got on your track so promptly. There's no guessing where these fellows get their information—it's just wonderful; but if we can find out, then perhaps we can stop the supply, or turn on something that will lead them into a pit. If you had called anywhere on business and declared yourself—as you might have done, for instance, at Mowbray's—I might be inclined

"A little round paper label."

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to suspect that they got the tip in some crooked way from there. But you haven't. Of course, if those Italian chaps on the steamer *are* in it, you're probably identified pretty certainly; but if they're not, they may only have made a guess. We two landed together, and kept together, till a day or two ago; as far as any outsider would know, I might be Rigby and you might be Dorrington. Come, we'll work on those lines. I think I smell a plan. Are you staying anywhere?"

"No. I paid my bill at the hotel and came along here with my bag."

"Very well. Now there's a house at Highgate kept by a very trustworthy man, whom I know very well, where a man might be pretty comfortable for a few days, or even for a week, if he doesn't mind staying indoors, and keeping himself out of sight. I expect your friends of the Camorra are watching in the street outside at this moment; but I think it will be fairly easy to get you away to Highgate without letting them into the secret, if you don't mind secluding yourself for a bit. In the circumstances, I take it you won't object at all?"

"Object? I should think not."

"Very well, that's settled. You can call yourself Dorrington or not, as you please, though perhaps it will be safest not to shout 'Rigby' too loud. But as for myself, for a day or two at least I'm going to be Mr. James Rigby. Have you your card-case handy?"

"Yes, here it is. But then, as to taking my name, won't you run serious risk?"

Dorrington winked merrily. "I've run a risk or two before now," he said, "in course of my business. And if *I* don't mind the risk, you needn't grumble, for I warn you I shall charge for risk when I send you my bill. And I think I can take care of myself fairly well, even with the Camorra about. I shall take you to this place at Highgate, and then you won't see me for a few days. It won't do for me, in the character of Mr. James Rigby, to go dragging a trail up and down between this place and your retreat. You've got some other identifying papers, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have." I produced the letter from my Sydney lawyers to Mowbray, and the deeds of the South Australian property, from my bag.

"Ah," said Dorrington, "I'll just give you a formal receipt for these, since they're valuable; it's a matter of business, and we'll do it in a business-like way. I may want something solid like this to support any bluff I may have to make. A mere case of cards won't always act, you know. It's a pity old Mowbray's out of town, for there's a way in which he might give a little help, I fancy. But never mind—leave it all to me. There's your receipt. Keep it snug away somewhere, where inquisitive people can't read it."

He handed me the receipt, and then took me to his partner's room and introduced me. Mr. Hicks was a small, wrinkled man, older than Dorrington, I should think, by fifteen or twenty years, and with all the aspect and manner of a quiet old professional man.

Dorrington left the room, and presently returned with his hat in his hand. "Yes," he said, "there's a charming dark gentleman with a head like a mop, and rings in his ears, skulking about at the next corner. If it was he who looked in at your window, I don't wonder you were startled. His dress suggests the organ-grinding interest, but he looks as though cutting a throat would be more in his line than grinding a tune; and no doubt he has friends as engaging as himself close at call. If you'll come with me now I think we shall give him the slip. I have a growler ready for you—a hansom's a bit too glassy and public. Pull down the blinds and sit back when you get inside."

He led me to a yard at the back of the building wherein the office stood, from which a short flight of steps led to a basement. We followed a passage in this basement till we reached another flight, and ascending these, we emerged into the corridor of another building. Out at the door at the end of this, and we passed a large block of model dwellings, and were in Bedfordbury. Here a four-wheeler was waiting, and I shut myself in it without delay.

I was to proceed as far as King's Cross in this cab, Dorrington had arranged, and there he would overtake me in a swift hansom. It fell out as he had settled, and, dismissing the hansom, he came the rest of the journey with me in the four-wheeler.

We stopped at length before one of a row of houses, apparently recently built—houses of the over-ornamented, gabled and tiled sort that abound in the suburbs.

"Crofting is the man's name," Dorrington said as we alighted. "He's rather an odd sort of customer, but quite decent in the main, and his wife makes coffee such as money won't buy in most places."

A woman answered Dorrington's ring—a woman of most extreme thinness. Dorrington greeted her as Mrs. Crofting, and we entered.

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"We've just lost our servant again, Mr. Dorrington," the woman said in a shrill voice, "and Mr. Crofting ain't at home. But I'm expecting him before long."

"I don't think I need wait to see him, Mrs. Crofting," Dorrington answered. "I'm sure I can't leave my friend in better hands than yours. I hope you've a vacant room?"

"Well, for a friend of yours, Mr. Dorrington, no doubt we can find room."

"That's right. My friend Mr."—Dorrington gave me a meaning look—"Mr. Phelps, would like to stay here for a few days. He wants to be quite quiet for a little—do you understand?"

Mrs. Crofting.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dorrington, I understand."

"Very well, then, make him as comfortable as you can, and give him some of your very best coffee. Have you got any cigars?" Dorrington added, turning to me.

"Yes; there are some in my bag."

"Then I think you'll be pretty comfortable now. Good-bye. I expect you'll see me in a few days—or at any rate you'll get a message. Meantime be as happy as you can."

Dorrington left, and the woman showed me to a room upstairs, where I placed my bag. The furniture of the place was of the sort one expects to find in an ordinary lodging house—horsehair sofas, loo tables, lustres, and so forth.

At two o'clock the dinner came, and I was agreeably surprised to find it a very good one, much above what the appointments of the house had led me to expect. Plainly Mrs. Crofting was a capital cook. There was no soup, but there was a very excellent sole, and some well-done cutlets with peas, and an omelet. I had heard a heavy, blundering tread on the floor below, and judged from this that Mr. Crofting had returned.

After dinner I lit a cigar, and Mrs. Crofting brought her coffee. Truly it was excellent coffee, and brewed as I like it—strong and black, and plenty of it. It had a flavour of its own too, novel, but not unpleasing. I had not read six lines of my book before I was asleep.

I woke with a sensation of numbing cold in my right side, a terrible stiffness in my limbs, and a sound of loud splashing in my ears. All was pitch dark, and—what was this? Water! Water all about me. I was lying in six inches of cold water, and more was pouring down upon me from above. My head was afflicted with a splitting ache. But where was I? Why was it dark? And whence all the water? I staggered to my feet, and instantly struck my head against a hard roof above me. I raised my hand; there was the roof of whatever place it was, hard, smooth and cold, and little more than five feet from the floor, so that I bent as I stood. I spread my hand to the side; that was hard, smooth and cold too. And then the conviction struck me like a blow—I was in a covered iron tank, and the water was pouring in to drown me!

I dashed my hands frantically against the lid, and strove to raise it. It would not move. I shouted at the top of my voice, and turned about to feel the extent of my prison. One way I could touch the opposite sides at once easily with my hands, the other way it was wider—perhaps a little more than six feet altogether. What was this? Was this to be my fearful end, cooped in this tank while the water rose by inches to choke me? Already the water was a foot deep. I flung myself at the sides, I beat the pitiless iron with fists, face and head, I screamed and implored. Then it struck me that I might at least stop the inlet of water. I put out my hand and felt the falling stream, then found the inlet and stopped it with my fingers. But water still poured in with a resounding splash; there was another opening at the opposite end, which I could not reach without releasing the one I now held! Oh, the devilish cunning that had devised those two inlets, so far apart! Again I beat the sides, broke my nails with tearing at the corners, screamed and entreated in my agony.

In the height of my frenzy I held my

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breath, for I heard a sound from outside. I shouted again—implored some quicker death. Then there was a scraping on the lid above me, and it was raised at one edge, and let in the light of a candle. I sprang from my knees and forced the lid back, and the candle flame danced before me. The candle was held by a dusty man, a workman apparently, who stared at me with scared eyes, and said nothing but, "Goo' lor'!"

Overhead were the rafters of a gabled roof, and tilted against them was the thick beam which, jammed across from one sloping rafter to another, had held the tank-lid fast. "Help me!" I gasped, "help me out!"

The man took me by the armpits and hauled me, dripping and half dead, over the edge of the tank, into which the water still poured, making a noise in the hollow iron that half drowned our voices. The man had been at work on the cistern of a neighbouring house, and hearing an uncommon noise, he had climbed through the spaces left in the party walls to give passage along under the roofs to the builders' men. Among the joists at our feet was the trap-door through which, drugged and insensible, I had been carried, to be flung into that horrible cistern.

With the help of my friend the workman I made shift to climb through by the way he had come. We got back to the house where he had been at work, and there the people gave me brandy and lent me dry clothes. I made haste to send for the police, but when they arrived Mrs. Crofting and her respectable spouse had gone. Some unusual noise in the roof must have warned them. And when the police, following my directions further, got to the offices of Dorrington and Hicks, those acute professional men had gone too, but in such haste that the contents of the office, papers and everything else, had been left just as they stood.

The plot was clear now. The followings, the footsteps, the face at the window, the label on the door—all were a mere humbug arranged by Dorrington for his own purpose, which was to drive me into his power and get my papers from me. Armed with these, and with his consummate address and knowledge of affairs, he could go to Mr. Mowbray in the character of Mr. James Rigby, sell my land in South Australia, and have the whole of my property transferred to himself from Sydney. The rest of my baggage was at his rooms; if any further proof were required it might be found there. He had taken good care that I should not meet Mr. Mowbray—who, by the way, I afterwards found had not left his office, and had never fired a gun in his life. At first I wondered that Dorrington had not made some murderous attempt on me at the shooting place in Scotland. But a little thought convinced me that that would have been bad policy for him. The disposal of the body would be difficult, and he would have to account somehow for my sudden disappearance. Whereas, by the use of his Italian assistant and his murder apparatus at Highgate I was made to efface my own trail, and could be got rid of in the end with little trouble; for my body, stripped of everything that might identify me, would be simply that of a drowned man unknown, whom nobody could identify. The whole plot was contrived upon the information I myself had afforded Dorrington during the voyage home. And it all sprang from his remembering the report of my father's death. When the papers in the office came to be examined, there each step in the operations was plainly revealed. There was a code telegram from Suez directing Hicks to hire a grouse moor. There were telegrams and letters from Scotland giving directions as to the later movements; indeed the thing was displayed completely. The business of Dorrington & Hicks had really been that of private inquiry agents, and they had done much *bonâ fide* business; but many of their operations had been of a more than questionable sort. And among their papers were found complete sets, neatly arranged in dockets, each containing in skeleton a complete history of a case. Many of these cases were of a most interesting character, and I have been enabled to piece together, out of the material thus supplied, the narratives which will follow this. As to my own case, it only remains to say that as yet neither Dorrington, Hicks, nor the Croftings have been caught. They played in the end for a high stake (they might have made six figures of me if they had killed me, and the first figure would not have been a one) and they lost by a mere accident. But I have often wondered how many of the bodies which the coroners' juries of London have returned to be "Found Drowned" were drowned, not where they were picked up, but in that horrible tank at Highgate. What the drug was that gave Mrs. Crofting's coffee its value in Dorrington's eyes I do not know, but plainly it had not been sufficient in my case to keep me unconscious against the shock of cold water till I could be drowned altogether. Months have passed since my adventure, but even now I sweat at the sight of an iron tank.

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THE SEE-SAW OF TIME.

From a photo by] [*Chancellor, Dublin.*

THE OLDEST IRISH JUDGE
MR. JUSTICE WARREN.
(AGED 79.)

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT RICHARD WARREN, who is the oldest judge in Ireland, was called to the Irish Bar as long ago as 1839. He took silk nineteen years later, after distinguishing himself in several intricate cases. For one year he enjoyed the distinction of being a Member of Parliament, representing Dublin University in the Conservative interest. During this period he held the office of Solicitor-General for Ireland, and subsequently that of Attorney-General. Mr. Warren was sworn a member of the Irish Privy Council in this same year, 1867. He was appointed judge of the Probate, Matrimonial and Admiralty Division in 1868, an office he still adorns, despite his advanced age.

From a photo by] [*Lafayette, Dublin.*

THE YOUNGEST IRISH JUDGE
MR. JUSTICE GIBSON.
(AGED 49.)

THE RIGHT HON. J. G. GIBSON, the youngest judge in Ireland, is a son of Mr. William Gibson, of Rockforrest, co. Tipperary, and a younger brother of Lord Ashbourne. He was educated at Trinity College, and was called to the Bar in 1870. Ten years later he became a Q.C. In 1885 he was appointed Sergeant-at-Law, and was Solicitor-General for Ireland 1885 to 1887. He entered the House of Commons as Conservative member for the Walton division of Liverpool in 1886, but his parliamentary experience, though brilliant, was brief. For about a year he was Irish Attorney-General till 1888, when he was appointed judge of the Queen's Bench Division in Ireland. He is an able speaker and a careful judge.

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COLONIAL PROSPECTS:

CHATS WITH AGENTS-GENERAL.

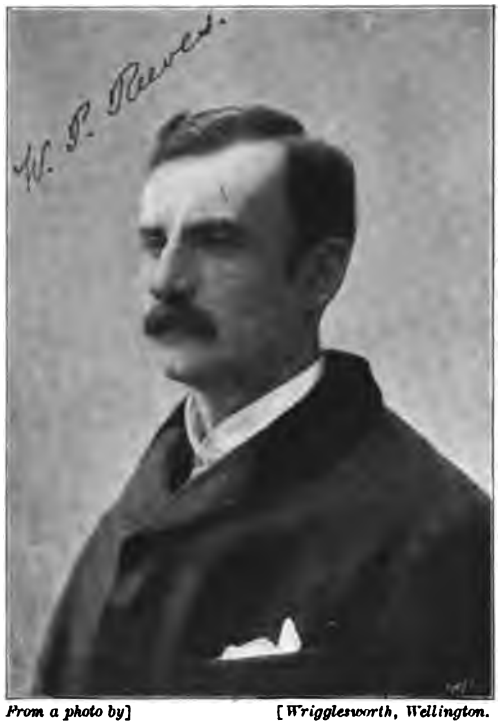
By Campbell Terriss.

IN the purlieus of Westminster, almost in the shadow of the old abbey, there stands a fine block of buildings bearing on the various doorways large plates of polished brass signifying to all the world that within are the offices of the various Agents-General for our Colonies in the sunny South. This is, in fact, the scene of labour of a small but able body of men whose activities cover an incredibly wide surface of affairs, and whose functions amount almost to the office of an ambassador.

A chat with a few of these representatives has elicited some very interesting facts concerning their invaluable office, and some equally interesting information concerning some of our Colonies in the most distant regions of the South.

To be asked for every inconceivable kind of information about the Colonies by people who would fain write books about them without ever visiting them; to be consulted by high officials in the various departments of the home Government; to be cross-examined by financial magnates or persons interested in frozen meat; and ever and anon to be sought by humble emigrants for advice—such are a few of the experiences in the life of an Agent-General.

On the other hand he is liable to be cajoled into lecturing to institutions on "Greater Britain" and our cousins over sea; to be called upon to make brilliant speeches at public dinners; and always to be available for a chat with colonials visiting England, to supply them with the latest news, and, in short, be a guide, philosopher, and friend to them—such is the life of an Agent-General in another direction.



From a photo by [*Wrigglesworth, Wellington.*

THE HON. W. P. REEVES.

The Hon. W. P. Reeves.

My first call was paid to the Hon. W. P. Reeves, the able gentleman who has recently been appointed Agent-General for New Zealand. He spoke very hopefully of his colony. "It is not only a place to live in but to enjoy life in. As to the climate, it varies in different parts but on the whole is scarcely equalled in the world. The famous hot springs and geysers in the northern island, and the Alpine and Norwegian scenery in the southern are matchless of their kind. Speaking of the country being essentially one to live in, the death rate is the lowest of the Australasian Colonies, and oscillates between nine and eleven per thousand. Still, New Zealand offers one sad picture, for beside the rapid growth of the Anglo-Saxon race there we see the once great race of the Maoris fast dying out, fully five per cent. of their number disappearing during the last five years. And in some little islands near there is a kindred race failing before the white man's advance. In the Chatham Isles there are only left eleven men and nine women of the interesting Moriori race."

New Zealand being a very large exporter of frozen meat, this subject was entered into

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with interest by Mr. Reeves. The shipments from New Zealand to this country during the first half of 1896 were at the rate of 157 million lbs. a year. These vast quantities of meat were sold at Smithfield at 2¾*d.* to 3½*d.* per lb. wholesale. As Mr. Reeves observed, "Any householder who compares these prices with his butcher's bill cannot fail to observe the part played by the middleman." Knowing the general excellence of colonial meat, one has a right to suspect and reject any inferior article that is palmed off as from New Zealand.

Alongside of the great fields being opened up in West Australia there has recently been a great development in New Zealand gold mining, and from the last return in Mr. Reeves' possession the annual value of gold yielded was over a million sterling. This development presents a remarkable instance of the instantaneous effect of a scientific discovery on the wealth of a country, for before the recent introduction of the cyanide gold-extracting processes gold mining was at a very low ebb. Despite the great increase of gold production, the wonderful developments of the meat trade, the abundant wheat-harvest and the coal mines, New Zealand still exports wool more than anything else, and yet retains some for her own growing manufactures.

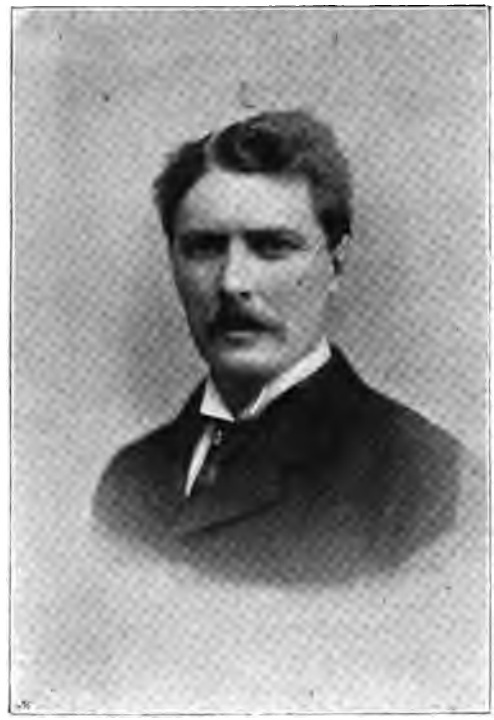
In reply to a question as to what class of emigrants should seek this favoured clime, Mr. Reeves admitted that bone and muscle are hardly sufficient qualifications nowadays. The labour market is full, and the Colonies of Australasia present a remarkable picture of emigration from colony to colony, as each one passes through its vicissitudes of progress and development. New Zealand, though increasing steadily in population, has suffered slightly by the West Australian discoveries of gold. Still, for willing men with a small capital, assisted passages are procurable, and if steady they can usually succeed.

The office of an Agent-General being absolutely non-political, and Mr. Reeves being much more ready to advertise his colony than himself, we are bound to leave his interesting personality undiscussed, and to refrain from questions touching women's suffrage, and other matters that absorb the attention of politicians in the "Britain of the South."

Sir Westby Perceval.

After such profitable discourse with Mr. Reeves I made my way to the office of Sir Westby Perceval, the Agent-General for Tasmania, and himself, as I found, a native of that colony. With her insignificant public debt, her superb climate, and her quiet capacity for minding her own business, this beautiful island is very apt to be overlooked by both emigrant and traveller. But fortunately the strategic importance of places like Hobart is not forgotten, and great progress has been made under the scheme of colonial defence in rendering the island a fit base of warlike operations.

From her temperate and genial climate Tasmania is more eminently fitted than



From a photo by [*Walery.*

SIR WESTBY PERCEVAL.

almost any Australasian colony for a residence for Englishmen. Here is one of the few corners of the world where one can seek and find a quiet life away from the terrible hurry of modern life in Europe. With cheap food, beautiful landscape, a very Eden of fruit and flowers, every facility for the finest English sports, the Tasmanian, born and bred under the beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross, has much to be thankful for.

Though Tasmanian affairs make but little stir in the outer world there is activity enough in her political life, and she is, if the

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smallest, not the least staunch in support of the federated Australasia that promises soon to be an accomplished fact. Side by side with the temptations of all Tasmanians to enjoy the *dolce far niente* in almost the only place where it is procurable, there is yet an enormous field for the employment of capital and labour in the vast mines of such districts as Mount Bischoff and Mount Lyell, where large quantities of gold, copper, tin and silver are dug from the earth, and here the Tasmanians are finding an ever-widening scope for their commercial activities. As in the case of some other of our distant Colonies, emigration is a small item in the progress of the island of Tasmania. The colonists find themselves well able to fill the labour market of all ranks of life and quietly to carry on their great trade in fruit and minerals. Besides which a new development is taking form in the export of hard wood for paving, and of this branch of trade very good illustrations are to be found in the shape of wooden pavements in some parts of London, notably at Paddington, Lambeth, and in Cannon Street.

From a photo by [*Window & Grove.*

SIR MALCOLM FRASER.

With a firm conviction that when interviewing is played out one might do worse than try Tasmania, I bade adieu to Sir Westby Perceval.

Sir Malcolm Fraser.

The last, but not least, victim of the insatiable interviewer was Sir Malcolm Fraser, Agent-General for Westralia, as people are beginning to call the western portion of Australia. He expressed himself very willing to talk about the golden colony, that was until recently the laggard of the five sisters of Australia. Now however every mail brings news of fresh finds of gold, and to all appearance Western Australia has donned the seven-league boots of progress, and in productiveness may even outrival any colony of Australasia. A glance at the map shows what a vast territory it is, running far north and south and embracing a wide variety of soil and climate. Despite the sandy wastes inland and the occasionally drought-smitten stretches in its centre, the climate on the whole is excellent, while in parts it is nearly perfect.

As to trade, Sir Malcolm spoke most cheerfully. The pastoral and agricultural interest go in the front rank, and there is still room for any number of farmers. There are flourishing pearl fisheries on the north-western coast; there is much valuable timber in the forests southward; the gold fields are enormously increasing trade in all branches of imports, and profitable attention is paid in some parts to the cultivation of vines and various kinds of fruit, for which both climate and soil are in every way adapted.

Altogether Western Australia, with all her future before her, and with the lessons that may be learnt from her more precocious sisters, is one of our most wealthy and desirable possessions in the southern seas. She is very happy in her choice of an Agent-General, the value of whose capacity in watching over her growing and widening importance cannot be overrated.

There was never a time when the need for strengthening the "crimson thread of kinship" was felt so keenly by politicians of all parties as the present. The Colonies have reciprocated our most friendly sentiments, and in any hour of emergency we may rely on the same generous and spontaneous support as that accorded to Great Britain by Greater Britain in the past. Our cousins in Australia follow with increasing interest all our political, literary and artistic developments; while we, on our part, wish for them in 1897 the best of prosperity and success.

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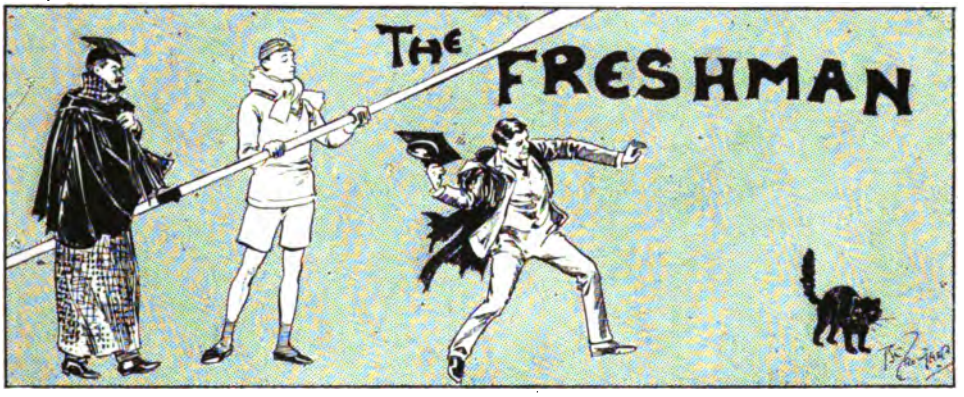
VARSITY TALES: UNDERGRADUATES I HAVE KNOWN.

By Max Pemberton.

Illustrated by T. S. C. Crowther.



IT is growing dark when the freshman puts on his gown for the first time and steals forth timidly from his rooms in the Market Place to dinner in the great hall of his college at Cambridge. There are lights in the streets of the old town then; chapel bells are ringing, cooks' men are busy by roaring fires, undergraduates of all years and sizes are strolling toward the oak-panelled chamber, wherein so many generations of the forgotten dead have dined—where so many generations of the centuries to come will dine in their turn, and in their turn be forgotten also. But the freshman thinks of none of these. And who shall blame him for his lack of imagination? Yesterday he was a boy, a school-boy perchance, wearing the fetters which habit puts upon the school-boy's life; to-day he is a man, the master of an attic, the victim of an allowance—beyond all, the wearer of a gown.

He wears it lightly, that gown—yet like a burden it rests upon his shoulders. To be unconscious of it, to ignore the rim of the tasselled hat, to assume, as though of long acquaintance, the right to be at ease in it is work enough for this night, and for nights to come. Yet even such a task may not blind his eyes altogether to the new scenes, the new shapes, the new life about him. Small indeed must his mind be if these great buildings, these darkening cloisters, these flitting figures of deans and dons and lesser dignitaries awake no ambitions, stir no impulses. Pitiful indeed his imagination if he forget that mighty roll of dead from Bacon to Byron—of dead who trod these silent avenues and thought within those looming walls. Who can wonder if he stand a moment spell-bound and entranced; who can wonder if an exclamation is drawn at last from his lips as another of his kind greets him: "Let us have a bitters at the 'Pig,'" he says. Oh, wonderful youth! Oh, beloved *alma mater*!

* * * *

I have known many freshmen, but the memory of one is strong in my mind. "The Lurcher" was the name in which we baptized him; and I remember now that he stood six feet four in his shoes, and that his voice was six feet four when at Ditton many a time he abandoned all hope of salvation for the crew he coached. In all things he was a man, even to his argument; which, discarding the nicer shades of antithesis or indirect inference, was limited to the plain proposition, "Get out!" Carry to this good fellow what news you would, speak to him of fame or fortune, flatter him or dispute with him, he would assume that bland smile and invite you to "get out." It is recorded that such a habit of speech made him a stranger for ever to the

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friendship of Corcoran, the little tutor of Paul's, who, when Lurcher was a freshman, took to himself the unnecessary task of lecturing upon Seneca. Corcoran, who was the smallest and the most conceited man in the 'Varsity, loved to linger upon the line, "An avenging God closely follows the haughty." He had repeated it three times on one October morning when the Lurcher intervened. "Get out!" said he unconsciously. The two were strangers from that moment.

* * * *

Longfellow, when writing "Hyperion," was

"The master of an attic."

moved to raptures upon the vocal powers of man. "Oh, how wonderful is the human voice!" he says. I never read this line but I recall the voice of the Lurcher when first I heard it in the court of Paul's college. We were coming out of Hall, two hundred coffeeless men, when we espied this giant freshman high above the throng of an admiring circle of his kind. We did not wish to intrude upon his privacy or to listen to his words; but we could not help ourselves, for his voice was sonorous, penetrating, and to be heard at the Pitt Press a quarter of a mile away.

"You fellows," he roared, addressing two or three of his intimates, "come to my rooms in Green Street and have some coffee!"

Ten minutes later the tramp of a mighty army awakened Green Street. The two hundred who had heard this invitation bawled in stentorian tones, marched as one man for the coffee of the freshman. They filled the street, they filled the house, they sat on the kerb, on the roof, on the lanterns of the street lamps. "Coffee!" they roared. And the man only smiled blandly. "Get out!" he said.

* * * *

The Lurcher's voice had many moods—now like a siren deep above the baying of a storm, now dulcet like a flageolet into which a hurricane breathes, or again merely questioning, like the hail of one skipper to another. They tell you that when little Batt, the Dean of Univ., was lecturing upon the Gospel of St. John in the hall of King's, the clock was not more regular in its bells than Lurcher in his attendance. Silent, absorbed, with his eyes on the table before him, he sat in the dim religious light of the hall. He and his three companions were indeed conspicuous in that chamber, for Batt was not a waking lecturer, and many a fool slept the eighth hour while John was expounded. One such occasion is fresh in my mind—nor ever to be forgotten. It was an occasion when Batt, aware suddenly that his flock had strayed from the paths of attention, paused awfully in a question and glared upon the slumbering sheep.

"And what," he asked with terrible emphasis, "and what is the answer of the Evangelist to the question I have put to you?"

"Trumped, by thunder!" was the answering whisper of the Lurcher from his dark corner by the buttery door.

But Batt knew nothing of the mysteries of halfpenny nap, and he couldn't see why other men should play it during his lectures upon John.

* * * *

October is the month sacred to the freshman, and the practised eye will soon pick him out, be it in the street or on the river. His gown is so new, his checks are so big, his attitude is so humble. It was not so, perhaps, when a faithful tutor carried him to the brink of the great 'Varsity sea and pushed him off, well equipped in word and grammar and quantity for the voyage before him.

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He had fine notions then of the dash he would cut and the deeds he would do. But kind and generous friends sent him, on his very first day in Cambridge, to breakfast with the dean—who had not asked him—and afterwards to church at the Pitt Press on the Sabbath, and that chilled his fervour of self. He has come to think that the shape of the Pitt building should be altered at once, so that confiding freshmen may not shiver on its doorstep in their surplices for an hour on Sunday mornings, in the belief that it is a church (as that gay dog Solomon told them), and that the University requires their attendance there. I remember well how Solomon tried this trick on my giant friend—a little to Solomon's cost, for when he returned to his room at midnight on the day of the hoax he found his sheets and blankets, and other requisites for the toilet of the night, fluttering in the breeze a hundred feet above the pavement. The Lurcher had climbed from his attic with the treasures, and there had roped them to the highest chimney. "You sent me to church at the Pitt Press," he wrote in apology, "so I've sent your linen to the wash!"

"We sent him shilling razors by parcels post."

* * * *

And this reminds me. It is curious and not to be explained, and beyond understanding, that of every hundred freshmen coming up in the October term one at least will awake in the minds of his brethren doubts as to the regularity of his ablutions. I can recollect in my own year that this most unjust assumption destroyed for ever the chances which a Scotchman—whom we styled MacDougal—seemed to possess when first he came among us. A rough-haired, grim and fierce-looking man he was, who heard the music of the sweetest song in the rhythm of *r* to the *nth*, and asked of life nothing more than a system in which *x* and his own name should go thundering down the ages. MacDougal came from Edinburgh, and had been with us only three days when it was obvious that he was about to grow a beard. We sent him shilling razors by parcels post and atoms of soap so delicately adorned with ribbons that the heart even of the strong man might have been led to woo them. But MacDougal went on his way unwon, unwooed; day by day we watched the advance of that harvest of bristles for which our razors yearned with the yearning of youths for a maid. One night these feelings carried us away. We shaved MacDougal with the hoop of a barrel and a bucketful of soft soap. And then only peace came unto Israel.

* * * *

I have referred above to the number of private tutors who accompany freshmen to

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Cambridge. Prone, we may assume, to exclaim with Claudianus. "Teneris, heu, lubrica moribus aetas," the Spaldings from many a rectory come up in the first days of October to point out to their charges the dangers with which even the straight and narrow way is hedged about. For two or three days these worthies adorn King's Parade and the Market Place, accompanied always by interested lads who listen to tutorial tales of "my time," and are taught that tailors are the very devil. Later on Master Spalding, splendid in the master's gown, will stretch his legs under the high table and survey from that lofty situation the "seats of his youth," and recall the days when "every sport could please." Sometimes, of course, his recollections are a little painful to the dons *in esse*, who are ever careful to hide from impulsive boyhood history of a time when even a dean could paint the town a mild red and shout like an Indian at First Post corner. I recollect well the meeting in the court of Paul's between the private tutor of my friend Solomon and the venerable dean of my own college, rightly anxious to maintain the dignity of deanhood before the awestruck freshman. The dialogue which ensued was much like this :—

Private Tutor: "Oh, my friend, this is indeed a glad day, to stand in the old courts again, to enter the old rooms, and to see the old faces! Dear me, dear me! do you remember those three young ladies who used to live ——"

Dean (horrified): "Hush, my dear sir!"

"Arm-chairs, deep and sleep-giving."

Private Tutor (in a melancholy voice): "Yes, I never had any chance there. Let me see, what was the name of the one you were —— ?"

Dean (aghast): "The one I ——!"

Private Tutor (mournfully): "Yes; we used to call her 'The Rosebush.' Dear me! do you remember that Sunday when her father —— ?"

(*Hurried exit of the Dean, who has an appointment.*)

* * * *

But let us have a look at the daily life of

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the freshman when at last he is left alone and the tutor has gone back, with his recollections, to the unwelcome obscurity of his village. The new life has much to charm, bringing as it does a sense of manhood new found and of freedom from the narrower control of home and people. It is possible that our freshman will not be in college during his first year, but will have rooms found for him in one of the registered lodging-houses near by. In college or out, however, the régime is the same, the furniture of his apartment unchanged. A chimney-piece laden with pipes, and the pictures of leading ladies nicely clothed in gilt frames; two arm-chairs, deep and sleep-giving, a sofa of like excellence; a mysterious bookcase, with cupboards for jam on either side of it, so that you may find Alcestis with marmalade on her back; a piano, from whose worn heart "The Gay Tomtit" will be wrung forty times a day; a pedestal table, not yet littered with bills; a few photographs of school teams or school eights; a few pots won upon playing-fields; a little row of the classics or the mathematics, according to the taste and fancy of the student. In this den the first of the merry three years to come will be spent; here friendships, to end with death perchance, or perchance to be broken at the outset of the sterner life, will be begun; here many a rattling breakfast will be given; here awful voices will bawl in unutterable crescendoes the terrible history of Abdul-a-Bulbul Ameer. Yet few there are to whom the memory of these rooms is not an affectionate one, enduring beyond and through the turmoil of the after-battle for success.

The freshman has not been long a member of the University before the daily curriculum becomes familiar to him. He is quick to learn that the buttery of his college sends every morning to his rooms an allowance of milk, and bread and butter, ample for the needs of the common day. Excellent bread it is, and succulent butter nicely cut in inches, whereof two of a similar diameter are the daily allowance in many colleges. Beyond this simple fare you get so much as you will from the kitchens of your own college, or of any college nearest to your rooms, paying the cook at the end of the term, or sooner, if your tutor arrives one day at the conclusion that you are going it. Wonderful men are these cooks, the husbanders of wonderful fortunes. Ours at Paul's would drive up to the kitchens regularly in a carriage and pair. Every voice was stilled as he came, every head was bent. "Hush, there is the cook!" was the cry.

You can breakfast in Cambridge of many things cheap and dear. Sausages hot from the kitchens were 2*d.* each in Paul's in my time; porridge cost no more; two cutlets were 10*d.*; soles *à la maître* were 1*s.* 4*d.* You made your own coffee, of course, and might acquire a reputation in the art. Indeed Solomon, our little one-eyed friend, who at nineteen was as old in the cult of Bohemia as many a man of forty, owed all his supremacy and his brilliant career to his skill in manipulating the coffee-pot and in warming Burgundy to a nice temperature. Criticise him as you would, complain that he could talk about nothing but French novels, abuse him for swinging out of the boat at bow—your fellow gossip would answer always, "Yes; but he *can* make coffee!" With this reputation he went forth to fight the world. The last I heard of him was from Homburg, where, at the ripe age of twenty-eight, he was being wheeled in a chair to the water cure.

Breakfast being done, even a boating "fresher" may pause a moment to remember that he was sent to Cambridge with other than purely aquatic ideas. He may, over his morning paper and his pipe, recall the fact that his senior tutor—who with his junior and the dean practically governs the college—will shortly lecture upon the Second Book of the Aeneid, and that afterwards a person, big in mathematics, is to trouble himself needlessly about the exertions of two men and a boy who, for some reason best known to the author of the "Arithmetic," are about to run from London to Yarmouth. Our freshman is young yet and too timid to cut lectures. Reluctantly he puts on his boots and goes over to Hall, where he nods his head awhile, or draws upon the paper before him a picture of Dido at the moment when Aeneis had spoken his last farewell. He will label it, "Now we shan't be long," and pass it round for the delectation of other freshmen, while the lecturer is perspiring in a surpassing effort to catch the niceties of "Atque signant ora discordia sono." Such exertions as these call for a hearty lunch of chops and steaks, and old beer foaming from the buttery barrels; and scarce is this swallowed when the river makes good her claims, and off goes our freshman to the terrors of the "tub" and the anger of a pitiless coach.

* * * *

A decade ago or more, during a burlesque in the Theatre Royal, a Hall man sang a

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boating song which always seemed to me very typical of the freshman's sorrows during his first days upon the "ditch," as the Cam is ever called in the town which bridges it. Writing from memory, the verse went something like this :—

Freshman : Now when I was a freshman and an addle-headed cub,
Chorus : Oh, poor young fellow !
Freshman : I found myself in no time on the river in a tub !
Chorus : Oh, poor young fellow !
Freshman : At the sweetly-scented water I made a fearful grab—
Chorus : Oh, poor young fellow !
Freshman : But I found I'd caught in no time what boating people call a crab !
Chorus : Oh, poor young fellow !
Freshman : And the man within the boat shouted from his lusty throat :
Bow, you're hurrying ! bow, you're late !
Bow, you're bucketing ! bow, swing straight !
Bow, you're back's out ever so far !
Hang it, what a consummated crock you are !

The scene upon the Cam in the early days of October is, despite the mental and bodily agony of the freshman, altogether a pleasing one. For this is the season of the coxswainless four, when dashing crews from the Hall and Third, and Caius and First flash by on their way to Baitsbite ; and coaches on nags, which a guinea might buy, roar objurgations with the lusty vigour of Sâleh's camel ; and trial eights crash into other trial eights ; and the dusky face of the river is lighted with the scarlet and the purple and the blue of many blazers.

Wet or shine, as the bills say, the scene is unchanged. I have rowed when the water has frozen on the blade of the oar ; I have started from the hard of the boathouse with fingers so benumbed that I could scarce bend them ; I have rowed in hail, sleet, and hurricanes ; yet, let the weather be what it would, the cold shower when the work was over was ever an exquisite moment. Nor do I wonder that a "fresher," standing on the balcony of his boathouse, is fired at the very outset with that strange and inexplicable devotion which the "ditch" enacts from all her children.

But it is my hope to speak of boating more fully in another place. For the moment we shall do well to follow the freshman back at the dusk of evening to his cosy rooms, where the kettle is singing and the fire is blazing, and his "pots" catch the glow of the red light, and his piano awaits the "Tomtit," whose footsteps are soon to be heard lumbering up the stairs. In the unlikely case that our subject is a reading man, he may spend the hour between tea and chapel in the composition of ungrammatical prose or the production of uninspired verse. But if he be as the common man, sinful and postponing, he will linger long over the steaming cup and the exceedingly indigestible "fruit cake," or Genoa, which rascally grocers are prepared to supply recklessly upon the three years' system. When he rises at last it is to exchange the music of "The Geisha" for the more solemn tones of the

"Oh, for the wings of a twopenny duck !"

psalms and the evening hymn, divinely sung by his choir, if he be a Trinity or King's man—less divinely, but withal well sung at other chapels. Should it be a "white night"—a Saint's day or Sabbath—our young man will wear a surplice, which he will hang upon his back as though it were a sheet upon a line. Otherwise he must to chapel in his gown. There he may sing as loud as Burlybumbo, provided the thing be done in decency and good order. I recollect well our own dean at Paul's gating a man because, as he said, he did not give due heed to what he was singing.

"Sir," said the dean, "I have overlooked for a long time your gross abuse of vocal power, but your behaviour in chapel last night is not to be tolerated."

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"Oh," said the man, "I'm very sorry; but that fellow Jones shouts so, I had to sing him down."

"It is not your shouting," answered the dean solemnly, "though that is distracting enough; it is your rendering of the anthem, sir."

"My rendering!" exclaimed the man.

"You know what I mean, sir," retorted the dean. "I heard you last night distinctly; you sang, 'Oh, for the wings of a two-penny duck!' And for that, sir, I am now about to gate you."

* * * *

These things are exceptions however; and it must be said unhesitatingly that the services of college chapels are conducted with a dignity and devotion rarely marred by the exuberance of youthful spirits. When chapel is done our freshman betakes himself to Hall where, for a sum varying between 1*s.* 11*d.* and 2*s.* 1*d.*, he gets an excellent plain dinner and washes it down with unrivalled audit from the buttery. Unless he be entertaining friends or the night be a feast, it is not good form for him to drink wine; but he will adjourn when Hall is done to the rooms of another festive spirit, and there coffee and more potent beverages will convince him of the value of the opportunities now open to him and of the national importance of universities. Wines have their ups and downs of fashion, of course, but in my home we affected port and smacked our lips over, and eyed cunningly, in effective lights, the "old in bottle" which a Jew wine merchant had brought yesterday from Oporto. I recollect a "fresher" from a city public school, awake to the possibilities of this Jew port, carrying to Cambridge with him many cases from his father's cellar and disgracing himself for ever thereby in the eyes of our senior tutor.

"Mr. Smith," exclaimed this tutor, meeting the port-loving youth one morning early in the October term, "and pray how have *you* spent your first week in Cambridge?"

"Well," said the freshman, "I've had a high old time hunting up six dozen of '53, which your beastly railway company sent on to Doncaster."

* * * *

Over the port and nuts, and before a roaring November fire, the freshman will hear for the first time those historic and sacred stories which fathers hand down to sons and sons to children unto the third generation. And here is the advantage of being in college, for then you may sit over your books or your cards or your fire until dawn comes and no one will say you nay. But if your rooms be in the town, then must you break up the pleasant party at midnight and pay sixpence even for that privilege. Ten o'clock sees all gates and doors and wickets shut in Cambridge. He who enters after ten must pay twopence to his porter; he who enters after twelve must go next morning to his tutor and explain what new ailment has affected his maiden aunt that her bedside needs so close an attention. Pianos too must not be played after ten of the clock, so that often a little musical which is very much at home, will witness strange conversations. Let us imagine a room lighted by many candles, a bright red flame of fire leaping in the grate, a table bearing ornament of many bottles and spirit decanters, a group of men gathered about a piano, their occupation that of shrieking with resonant voices the sweet old song, "And her golden hair was hanging down her back!" To this room enters Hawks, the servant of the dean.

"Gentlemen," roars he, bawling to make himself heard, "gentlemen, the dean's compliments ——"

Chorus (altogether): "'Oh, Flo, such a'—I say, you fellows!—Halloa, here's Hawks!—'such a girl you know!'" (Mingled uproar and expostulation, during which the pianist hammers sparks from the wires, and Hawks stands like a statue in the doorway.)

Hawks (for the second time): "Gentlemen, the dean's compliments, and would you make a little less ——?"

Chorus (altogether): "'With a naughty little twinkle in her eye!'"

Hawks (bawling): "A little less noise, please!"

Tenant of the room, alarmed: "I say, you fellows, here's the dean ramping round again."

Various Voices: "Oh, say it's a choir practice—tell the dean you've got bronchitis—say we were playing a hymn quick—give Hawks some Benedictine—ask the dean if he's seen 'The Little Genius,'" etc

* * * *

I have said that Cambridge stories are the cherished possessions of the freshman during his first time. Doubtless many of these narratives, if they do not earn Mr. Zangwill's censure by depending upon the pawn-shop for their humour, imply at least an elementary state of intoxication which fails altogether to carry a moral. Thus, for example, the student of Trinity, who is supposed by

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tradition to have slept all night under the fountain in the great court waiting for the rain to stop, or that other young man who, going home with the aid of a friendly arm, stumbled and lay in the inch-deep gutter of Andrew's Street while an angry proctor expostulated and threatened.

"Your name and college?" exclaimed the proctor loftily.

"Save the others," cried the youth; "I can swim!"

Traditions similar to these, I am informed, exist at a teaching institution situated somewhere in Oxfordshire, but that is a point scarcely worth discussing. Certainly one chapel story is very characteristic of Cambridge. It is the story of the young scholar called upon to read the lessons the morning after bump-supper. Afflicted with a sudden dizziness—to be set down without doubt to the state of the weather—the reader missed his footing at the step of the lectern and put his arms lovingly about the neck of the brass eagle. Then in a very loud voice he exclaimed, "If it hadn't have been for this spring chicken I should have broken my val'able neck!"

* * * *

"Save the others,' cried the youth; 'I can swim!'"

A great day indeed is that of the home-going, when the freshman returns to the bosom of his family and to the joys of Christmas. How great is the anxiety of mother lest her darling's brain should have been for ever exhausted in the racking toils of "Little-go"; how narrowly a less romantic father scans the college bills and the cigars which John has brought back with him. And whatever else he may forget in the years of 'Varsity life to come, the memory of this first term will long be with him. Of the friends of those years, how many have passed to keep the ultimate term in the valley of the shadow? how many have sickness and failure struck down to poverty and to oblivion? how many has destiny carried to the distant places of the earth, where, in the leisure of emprise they recall the voices for ever still, the hands they nevermore will touch? Well for the freshman that he can put from him this day of the reckonings of affection.

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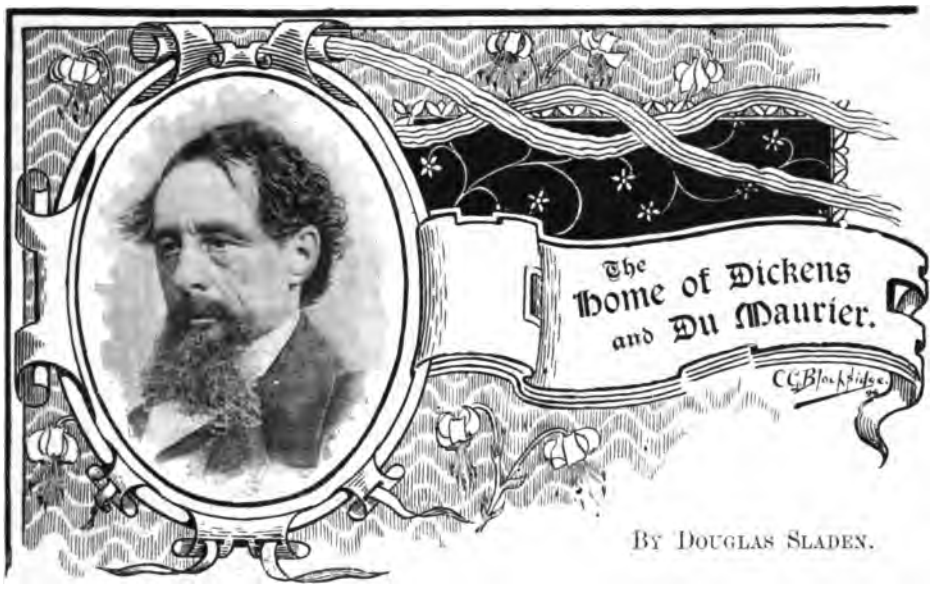

By Douglas Sladen.

THERE stands at the corner of the Marylebone Road, and the quaint winding old street known as High Street, Marylebone, what is probably the smallest terrace in England—Devonshire Terrace. It consists of three houses only, and one of these is notable as having been for ten years the home of Charles Dickens, in which he wrote a large portion of "The Old Curiosity Shop"; "Barnaby Rudge," "A Christmas Carol," "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," "Dombey and Son," "The Haunted Man," and "David Copperfield."

The melancholy event of a few months ago has drawn attention to its second claim to

From a photo by] [*Alfred Ellis.*

THE GARDEN VIEW OF NO. 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, WHERE DICKENS AND DU MAURIER LIVED.

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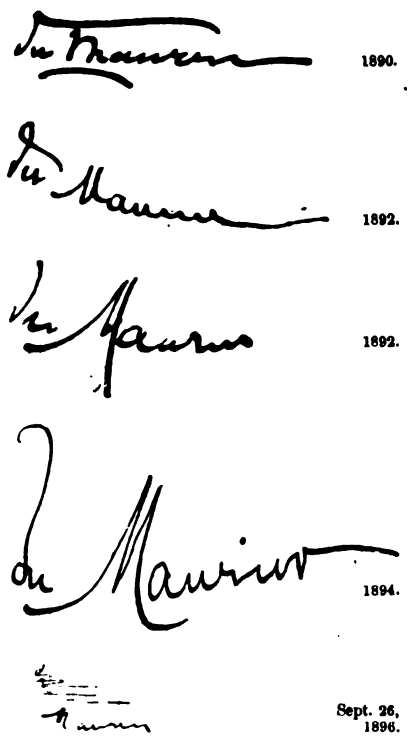
interest, in that it was the first English home which received George Du Maurier. He was brought here when only five years old by his father, who enjoyed what seems to us a curious privilege. Even so late as his day glass-blowing in France was a profession confined to gentlemen of birth, who, I believe, practised it by royal patent only. Odd as it may seem to us now, the one who recently passed away with "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," and prosperity beyond the dreams of avarice, lived there before the greatest of all humorous novelists,



SIGNATURES BY GEORGE DU MAURIER IN "PUNCH."

and yet Dickens died twenty years before Du Maurier began to write.

Going back no farther than the nineties an extraordinary variety of signatures may be gleaned from the hundreds of pictures by Du Maurier in *Punch*. I have selected five at random. The first was attached to a sketch published in 1890. The second and the third, though differing so noticeably, appeared in the same issue in 1892, one being appended to a sketch in that memorable series, "Things One would rather have Left Unsaid." The fourth belongs to the clever picture in 1894 illustrating "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners." And the last autograph was reproduced from the sketch in *Punch* for September 26, 1896, which has the melancholy interest of being the last contribution by George Du Maurier published before his death. The title of the drawing was "Two Sides to a Question," and the legend ran as follows :—

"O Flora, let us be man and wife. You at least understand me—the only woman who ever did!"

"Oh yes, I understand *you* well enough,

From a photo by] [*W. & D. Downey.*

THE LATE GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Sir Algernon. But how about your ever being able to understand *me*?"

Dickens was twenty-seven years old when, in the year 1839, he transferred his household gods from Doughty Street to Devonshire Terrace. When he had been living in Devonshire Terrace for five years, and was going to live there five years more, his appearance was thus described by Richard Hengist Horne, one of the brilliant little circle — Forster, Maclise, Macready, Tom Hood, Clarkson Stansfield, George Cattermole, George Cruikshank, Sir Edwin

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Landseer, Harrison Ainsworth, the Talfourds, and Bulwer Lytton—who surrounded Dickens at Devonshire Terrace. Horne, the author of the line "'Tis always daylight somewhere in the world," and of the once famous epic "Orion," which he dedicated to the British nation, and published at a farthing as their estimation of the value of poetry, describes Dickens thus :—

DICKENS AS HE WAS AT DEVONSHIRE TERRACE.

"Mr. Dickens is in private very much what might be expected from his works—by no means an invariable coincidence. He talks much or little according to his sympathies. His conversation is genial. He hates argument—in fact he is unable to argue—a common case with impulsive characters who see the whole and feel it crowding and struggling at once for immediate utterance. He never talks for effect but for the truth, or for the fun of the thing. He tells a story admirably, and generally with humorous exaggerations. His sympathies are of the broadest, and his literary tastes appreciate all excellence. He is a great admirer of the poetry of Tennyson. Mr. Dickens has singular personal activity and is fond of games of practical skill. He is also a great walker, and very much given to dancing "Sir Roger de Coverley." In private the general impression of him is that of a first-rate practical intellect, with no nonsense about him. Seldom, if ever, has any man been more beloved by contemporary authors and by the public of his time."

At the close of his Devonshire Terrace tenancy Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), an old American lady, who is, I believe, still alive, described him as—

"Rather slight, with a symmetrical head spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humour. Yet for all the power and beauty of these eyes their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study with pens,

From a photo by [*Alfred Ellis.*

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE.

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ink and blotting-paper, and the last written pages of 'Bleak House.'"

In Dickens' day the house was known as No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate. It is now known as No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, Portland Place, not, as might be supposed, to gratify aristocratic leanings on the part of its two householders—No. 2 is empty—but because Portland Place, being scheduled as W., has more postal deliveries than York Gate, which is scheduled as N.W. Dickens used to laugh at himself because he lived at No. 1 —which looked such a much larger house than it was—instead of at No. 2, which was such a much larger house than it looked.

There has been a good deal of passing allusion to the famous old house in the papers lately, but as far as I can make out none of the writers have had the privilege of going inside it. I myself, as a friend of the owner, have long been familiar with it, and have been encouraged rather than discouraged by these brief allusions to write this article, because I thought that they have probably only whetted the public appetite to hear something fresh about the house, on the principle that most river fish will take a bait more easily in a hole which has been 'fed.'

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

THE HOUSE IN OXFORD SQUARE WHERE GEORGE DU MAURIER DIED.

The writers are in error in supposing that the building operations recently undertaken were needed for repairs. The house was built with particular solidity; its walls are so strong that they were able to stand the addition of what practically forms a couple of extra stories without any strengthening being done to them. The owner is adding to the house simply because it is too small for him; for he devotes all the ground floor, except the hall and a couple of rooms in the basement, to law offices, whereas Dickens used the whole of it as a dwelling-house. Apprehensions have been felt in a good many quarters that the extensions would rob the old house of its characteristics, but this is not the case. The owner, at a very large outlay, has, as it were, done his raising of the house, not at the top, but halfway up above the first story. One particular feature, for instance, was the curious way in which the roof, a sort of mansard, did not extend to the double bow-window, but left a broad double balcony. This feature has been faithfully preserved, though it is now a story higher in the air than it was in Dickens' day. Even in the upper part of the interior things are, as far as possible, just carried one story up. For example, the barred gate which blocked the staircase up from floor to ceiling, and which tradition says was kept locked to keep the young Dickenses from trooping downstairs and invading their father when he was at work, is to stand exactly over its old site.

Dickens was very autocratic about his work. A friend of Tom Taylor's wrote to him of Dickens at Devonshire Terrace:—

Dickens' Rules of Work at Devonshire Terrace.

"His hours and days were spent by rule. He rose at a certain time, he retired at another, and though no precisian it was not often that his arrangements varied. His hours for writing were between breakfast and

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luncheon, and when there was any work to be done no temptation was sufficiently strong to cause it to be neglected. This order and regularity followed him through the day. His mind was essentially methodical, and in his long walks, in his recreations, in his labour, he was governed by rules laid down for himself, rules well studied beforehand and rarely departed from. The so-called men of business—the people whose own exclusive devotion to the science of profit and loss makes them regard doubtfully all to whom that same science is not the main object in life—would have been delighted and amazed at this side of Dickens' character."

The solicitor's practice, which necessitated the enlargement of the house, is a very old-established one. In Dickens' time it was at No. 2, and there it was kept up by its owner, Mr. Sharp, till 1854. Mr. Sharp having no children, and having amassed a sufficient fortune, said to a favourite clerk named Indermaur, "I don't want to leave my house, but if you care to take my neighbour Dickens' old house you can have all my papers and the use of the name of the firm." Mrs. Sharp lived on at No. 2 until the day of her death, five-and-twenty years afterwards. Mr. Indermaur has been long since dead and his practice sold, but it is still carried on in Dickens' house, and the office of the head of the firm is in the actual room which Dickens used as his study at Devonshire Terrace, and where he first indulged his passion for giving the private theatricals that were such a feature at Tavistock House, to which he went when he left Devonshire Terrace. The fact that an author was willing to give up his study for the theatricals speaks volumes for his passion. It was adapted for the purpose by having columns at each side where the room narrows. These columns, which still exist, stood on each side of the drop scene. The curtain has been replaced by a permanent screen, to divide the office into two, and there is an excrescence obscuring one of the pillars which was not there in Dickens' time, but is the result of enlarging the clerks' office. The columns and the locked staircase gate are the most striking features which have been preserved of Dickens' private arrangements.

MACLISE'S APOTHEOSIS ON THE DEATH OF GRIP, THE RAVEN.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

Formerly there was an old stump in the garden, close to the wall which divides it from the Marylebone Road, opposite the window of Dickens' study, which was the westernmost of the great bay-windowed rooms on the ground floor. Into this was driven, a little above the ground, an iron bar, about three feet long and as thick as a man's wrist, which was "Grip's" favourite perch—Grip, the raven of "Barnaby Rudge," having been an actual pet of the novelist's. The stump

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has gone, but the bar is preserved. The death of Grip at Devonshire Terrace is thus described by Forster in his "Life of Dickens":—

The Death of Grip, the Raven, at Devonshire Terrace.

"Unable from the state of his feelings to write two letters, he sent the narrative to Maclise, under an enormous black seal, for transmission to me, and thus it befell that this fortunate bird receives a double passport to fame, so great a humorist having celebrated his farewell to the present world, and so great a painter his welcome to another.

MACLISE'S PORTRAIT OF DICKENS IN 1839.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall.)

"'You will be greatly shocked' (the letter is dated Friday evening, March 12, 1841) 'and grieved to hear that the raven is no more. He expired to-day at a few minutes after twelve o'clock at noon. He had been ailing for a few days, but we anticipated no serious result, conjecturing that a portion of the white paint he swallowed last summer might be lingering about his vitals without having any serious effect upon his constitution. Yesterday afternoon he was taken so much worse that I sent an express for the medical gentleman (Mr. Herring), who promptly attended and administered a powerful dose of castor oil. . . . He partook plentifully of some warm gruel, the flavour of which he appeared to relish. Towards eleven o'clock he was so much worse that it was found necessary to muffle the stable knocker. At half-past, or thereabouts, he was heard talking to himself about the horse and Topping's family, and to add some incoherent expressions which are supposed to have been either a foreboding of his approaching dissolution or some wishes relative to the disposal of his little property, consisting chiefly of halfpence which he had buried in different parts of the garden. On the clock striking twelve he appeared slightly agitated, but he soon recovered, walked twice or thrice along the coach-house, stopped to bark, staggered, exclaimed 'Halloa, old girl!' (his favourite expression), and died.

"'He behaved throughout with a decent fortitude, equanimity and self-possession which cannot be too much admired. I deeply regret that, being in ignorance of his danger, I did not attend to receive his last instructions. Something remarkable about his eyes occasioned Topping to run for the doctor at twelve. When they returned together our friend was gone. It was the medical gentleman who informed me of his decease. He did it with great caution and delicacy, preparing me by the remark that "a jolly queer start had taken place"; but the shock was very great notwithstanding. I am not wholly free from suspicions of poison. A malicious butcher has been heard to say that he would "do" for him; his plea was that he would not be molested in taking orders down the mews by any bird that wore a tail. Other persons have also been heard to threaten; among others, Charles Knight, who has just started a weekly publication, price fourpence, "Barnaby" being, as you know, threepence. I have directed a post-mortem examination, and the body has been removed to Mr. Herring's school of anatomy for that purpose.

"'I could wish, if you can take the trouble, that you could inclose this to Forster immediately after you have read it. I cannot discharge the painful task of communication more than once. Were they ravens who took manna to somebody in the wilderness? At times I hope they were, and at others I fear they were not, or they would certainly have stolen it by the way. In profound sorrow I am ever your bereaved friend,

C. D.

"'Kate is as well as can be expected, but terribly low as you may suppose. The

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children seem rather glad of it. He bit their ankles. But that was play.'

"Maclise's covering letter was an apotheosis, to be rendered only in facsimile. In what way the loss was replaced, so that Barnaby should have the fruit of continued study of the habits of the family of birds which Grip had so nobly represented, Dickens has told in the preface to the story; and another older and larger Grip, obtained through Mr. Smithson, was installed in the stable almost before the stuffed remains of his honoured predecessor had been sent home in a glass case, by way of ornament to his master's study."

The house, which stands in a very large garden enclosed by a high thick wall, like the garden of a Breton château, with the Marylebone Church peeping over its western side, is quite an imposing one to look at, covering a good deal more ground, and that exclusive of the garden, than most of the houses in Queen's Gate. In Dickens' day the garden contained, beside the stump of the tree alluded to above, a quantity of rose-trees and little flower-beds, the débris of which lingered on until the time of the present owner, who laid down the trim lawn whose stretch of turf is such an ornament to the garden front, which is the real front of the house. But as Dickens' witticism quoted above indicates, it is not so large in the matter of rooms as it looks, a great deal of space being wasted (most profitably) on the hall and landings and cupboards.

The hall, which is roughly circular, a handsome chamber with a floor of broad stone flags, has a staircase with a well, like so many of the good old Georgian houses in Mayfair, and the modern-looking coloured glass in the fanlight is said to have been there in Dickens' time.

Prominent features of the house—not in any way due to Dickens, but to the fact that the builder was the agent and architect of the estate and (to use the vulgar expression) knew "what was what"—are the noble double bay-windows which run from the basement to the balcony in front of the mansard roof already alluded to. They have very bold curves and project a long way out, giving a stately appearance to all the rooms on the north side. The boldness of these bow-windows and the retreatingness of the roof give the house an appearance which would enable the thousands of Dickens' readers all over the world, who only know it from books, to recognise it at a glance if they were passing on an omnibus along the Marylebone Road, without any idea of its presence in that locality. They are separated from the road by the high-walled garden, which contains not only one full-sized tennis-court, but at a squeeze could almost take in two. Another feature of the house, by which it could easily be recognised from books, is undergoing slight alteration.

From a photo by [*Alfred Ellis.*

THE HALL AT DEVONSHIRE TERRACE.

I refer to the massive but not very beautiful rustica doorway opening on to a little flagged court separated from the High Street by iron railings, through which access has hitherto been gained to both house and office. A cross wall has now been built to separate these two; and because the house is naturally cold from the flagged floor of the hall, and from the fact that its front door is so large and opens due east, there is just a possibility of the owner adding a glass porch to keep the house warmer in winter. If he does he will take care that the features of the doorway through which so many great men have passed to hobnob with Dickens in his splendid prime are not in any way obscured. No injury will happen to the famous old house in his time; the Dickens

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tradition is a creed with him, and he has excellent taste and judgment. The house has an unusually fine and well-lighted basement, and the room on the first floor, which Dickens used as the chief bedroom, and the present owner uses as his drawing-room, contained one of the large alcoves still used for beds in Breton houses. This alcove has been removed to enlarge the room, and a new alcove formed by taking in one of the numerous pleasant but extravagant landings.

The outside staircase leading down from the dining-room (also a bedroom in Dickens' time)—which is on the first floor, above a singularly lofty ground floor—to the garden, forms a picturesque feature of the exterior, but was not there in Dickens' time. There was of course no necessity for it, as there were only bedrooms above the ground floor.

I have described the house at considerable length because people will be interested to know how much of the enlarged house belongs to the Dickens period.

CHARLES DICKENS AS "CAPTAIN BOBADIL."
(From the picture by C. R. Leslie, R.A.)

Of his work at Devonshire Terrace some very interesting details have been preserved. We know, for instance, from a writer in some weekly journal, quoted by Tom Taylor, that "Martin Chuzzlewit" at all events developed itself like a series of articles.

THE WAY IN WHICH "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT" WAS WRITTEN AT DEVONSHIRE TERRACE.

"I remember well one evening spent with him by appointment, not wasted by intrusion, when I found him, according to his own phrase, 'picking up the threads of "Martin Chuzzlewit"' from the printed sheets of the half volume that lay before him. This accounts for the seeming incompleteness of some of his plots; in others the design was too strong, and sure to be influenced by any outer consideration. He was only confirmed and invigorated by the growing applause, and marched on like a successful general, with each victory made easier by the preceding one"

Dickens and his staff on "Household Words," which he founded in his last days in Devonshire Terrace, got to use blue ink instead of black, because he hated to have to blot his manuscripts while he was writing, and when he found that a certain kind of blue ink dried almost the moment that it left the pen he used that kind for ever after. It is said that it was at Devonshire Terrace that he contracted the trick which gave his characters such uniquely appropriate names. He did this by carrying a notebook in which he took down, for copying into a small ledger, every striking name he saw. From these he would join part of one name to part of another to form with the mixture a sound which expressed the character.

In conclusion, it is not difficult to understand why Dickens had such a warm affection for his Devonshire Terrace home. He was passionately fond of long walks, and it lies right at the gate of Regent's Park, still handy for excursions into the country beyond. And it was essentially a gentleman's house. I am not insinuating that Dickens was a snob, but he had an eagle eye for shams, and a most appreciative regard for that which was genuine and solid, and dignified and refined. And it would be difficult to find anywhere in London a house which more exactly answered to these requirements.

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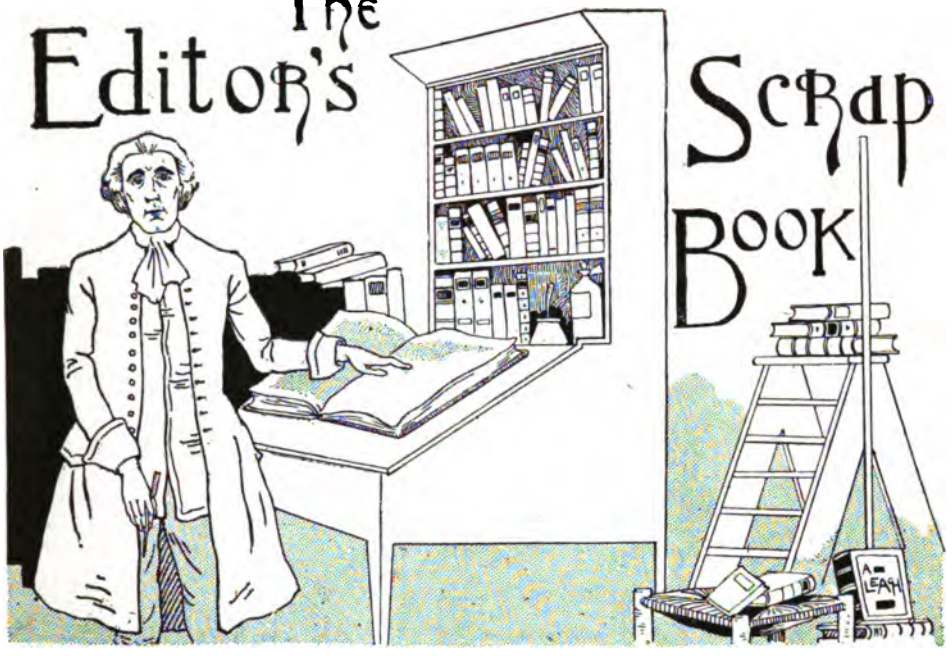
The Editor's Scrap Book



"WHAT is your opinion of this new cure? Do you think walking through the grass will make a person healthy?" asked the boarding-house lady at the table.

"Well, it seems to have made this beef pretty tough," replied the boarder, trying hard to cut his steak.

LITTLE Harold had been a naughty boy, and his papa had sentenced him to an hour's solitary confinement in his bedroom as a punishment. When the hour was over, and the small prisoner was allowed to return to the sitting-room, he went to his mamma, and in a stage whisper said, "Mamma, I think you might have done a great deal better than to marry papa."

"HAIR cut," said the laconic customer.

"Yes, sir," said the barber.

"Cut it very short—hair and talk."

"Yes, sir; certainly sir."

The barber cut and trimmed, and trimmed and cut, until the object of his art looked like a billiard ball.

"That what you wanted, sir?"

"That'll do."

"I hope the lady will like it, sir."

"Lady! what lady?" asked the surprised customer.

"Your wife, sir. The bride, sir."

"How did you know I was married?"

"Rice in your hair, sir. I brushed out about a bushel."

Thus the barber was revenged.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Ethel had been punished by her mamma for some slight delinquency by having her little hands mildly slapped. After the resultant tears had been dried Ethel put her ear to her doll's lips, as though listening to something the doll had to say, and then said in a rebuking tone: "No, Dolly, you must not say that mamma is naughty for punishing me."

"I HAVE found another use for that umbrella-stand you made from a drain-pipe," said Mr. Cawker to his wife on that lady's return home from a visit in the country.

"Well, dear?"

"While you were away I threw it at a loquacious cat and killed the animal with it."

TRIOLETS.

By W. Hogg.

I.

Life's all roses and wine,
For my sonnet's in print.
With the Muses divine
Life's all roses and wine:
For the ore of my mine
There's a way to the mint.
Life's all roses and wine,
For my sonnet's in print.

II.

Life is ashes and dust—
I'm rejected "with thanks!"
If the Muses you trust
Life is ashes and dust.
Ah, the Fates are unjust,
With their prizes and blanks!
Life is ashes and dust—
I'm rejected "with thanks!"

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CONCERNING SPOONERISMS.

By "Rambler."

It has always been the plaint or the boast of philologists that our language in its development follows certain bide-bound rules of evolution; that all our expression of thought is crabined, ribbed, confined by some grim law. No human being has, during the history of the race, dared to break through the traditions of language. Certain sounds were conventionally considered to express certain phases of thought, and men followed slavishly in the wake of these conventions. All the beautiful variations of which the human tongue is capable, and all picturesque beauties of which our tother mongue offers endless possibilities, were lost in the dark ages that lie behind us. It has remained for one man to strike out an original line of expression, to burst through the trammels which have confined us since the Bower of Tabel was left an unfinished protest against the tyranny of linguistic uniformity, and this our liberator—need we say it—is none other than the Rev. Spilliam Wooner, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Like the majority of great men who have left their sootsprint on the sands of time, the real influence of Mr. Spooner's genius on our language is not felt by this generation.

It may interest the true disciple of the great man to chronicle the first faint signs of the approaching metamorphasis of our language—the first leaving of the heaven which is to leaven the whole slump. Of the early years of this benefactor of man little is known beyond the fact that his curse used often to put him to sleep in a little knot—a fitting beginning for one who was destined to make such a picturesque tangle of our language. He first attracted public attention by a famous variation on a popular hymn, "Kinquering congs their tatles tike." Indeed it is not too much to say that the genius of Mr. Spooner will lend new lustre to the works of all our English poets. Surely his reading of "The Death and Burial of Sir John Moore"—

> Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note,
> As his horse on the ramparts we curried"—

leads the imagination into newer and wider fields than those ever dreamt of by the poet. But it is not alone as an improver and dresser of other men's ideas that Mr. Spooner stands pre-eminent. His own originality is undoubted. The handy-horned tons of soil who, when addressed by the great orator, were asked if they "never felt some vague yearning for a higher life, some half-warmed fish rising in their hearts," must have had cause for serious thought. Possibly they may have deemed it easier for a camel to pass through the knee of an idol than for them to sound the profundity of their mentor's meaning. His host, who met him at the railway station, was rather astonished when he explained that he had only brought "two bugs and a rag"; he thought for the moment that the luggage was a trifle inadequate to the conventional needs of polite society, but his surprise was surpassed when his guest, speaking of his struggles with his portmanteau, asked if he could be obliged with a "strong lap."

Miss Plane: D'you know when I was a child they used to call me the ugly duckling?

Curate: How absurd, when you weren't a duckling at all!

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A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION.

By Alfred Slade.

It was soon after I had had the honour of the Commissary's domiciliary visit that I went home and dreamed a dream. I have no recollection of how I got home or who put me to bed; but I fell asleep somehow or other, and that was the main desideration. I know that I had passed a happy evening in company with some literary, irresponsible, and highly injudicious and undesirable acquaintances. There was absinthe as an appetiser and lobster as an *hors d'œuvre*, and truffled turkey to follow. I seem to remember also the popping of corks, and green chartreuse in tumblers; then a clock struck thirteen somewhere, and there were ten of us riding in a cab.

After that an *entr'acte* of vague and weary hilarity; a period of dim repose and grateful darkness, and then, I think, the dream.

I was in a vast and gloomy court of justice, confined of course in the dock—a box much like a coffin, built up of dictionaries and spelling-books. On guard behind were a pair of Roman lictors whittling their fasces with their axe; and in front sat the learned judge, with telescopes for spectacles and a wig composed of quills.

The body of the hall was filled by a very distinguished company; and although I had never met any of the gentlemen before, I had no difficulty in recognising them at a glance. There were Shakspeare and Schiller, and Horace and Heine, and Alfred de Musset borrowing a handkerchief from Voltaire, and Rabelais whispering dubious jokes into the ear of stolid Homer; and Wagner was tapping out "Tannhauser" on a typewriter, and Figaro, the usher, was doing a little dusting with what was either Mascagni or a mop.

I was not at all depressed as I should have been by my disgraceful situation. My body seemed singularly buoyant and I could not ascertain that I had any legs; but by way of recompense my head was of an enormous size and bursting with voluminous ideas.

"There is another point," proceeded the judge, as if I had already been there some time. "In the course of these articles you have twice described Paris as the 'gay city.'"

"It was necessary," I pleaded; "the public absolutely demands the phrase, and sees that it gets no other."

At which Mr. Pater stepped forward and threw an egg—a sugared Easter egg, it is true, and it hurt all the more—right into my eye.

"In your fiction," proceeded the judge, changing the focus of his telescopes, "I find sentences like these, 'I cannot love you as you wish, but I will always be a sister to you.' 'And he held the photograph to his lips and kissed it passionately.' 'I must obey my father, and we must part.'"

"It was to fill up the thousand words," I protested. "The editor was a mathematician and used to knock off the odd coppers for short measure."

"You have also called your heroine Queenie; she had blue eyes like a sweet spring evening, and in many cases also I notice that her golden hair was hanging down her back."

"That tint was all the rage at the time," I said; "and I found that if I made her a brunette the proof-readers bleached her in the printing."

"There are likewise several cases of hypnotism in the charge against you, intimately connected with an unclean Polish Jew with a head like a door-mat—this, mark you, in spite of the axiom that no Irish need apply. Also, several women have married the wrong men, and allowed themselves to admit it in subsequent confidences. Observely, several women have not married at all—an error of omission strongly to be deprecated. And if you interrupt me again," he went on, "I will order you to be gagged and manacled.

"Many of your heroines—mostly named Dorothy or Eunice—have made successes on the stage. A strong percentage of your men have earned fortunes at literature, the others at painting; and I even find one who wrote an opera and produced it triumphantly, all inside of three weeks.

"Then coincidences—of which I have a very black list. You are continually making people meet in trains and at theatres and at parties; and one man went round the world and took refuge from the rain in the middle of the forest, and there he met his long lost love—who ought to have been home at dinner—and seized the opportunity to propose. Strangely, also, there was only one mackintosh between them."

Homer was fast asleep; Shakspeare was making himself ill over a French cigar; Wagner had now got on to "Tristan," still on the same typewriter; and Balzac had strolled in and was having luncheon out of the same bottle as the elder Dumas.

"In your detective tales," went on his honour, making a mark with the stump of a pencil, "you create a clean-shaven amateur who knows it all. This would pass, but you have made him only a mere mortal, not once alluded to him as the seed of Zeus, or half-brother to Mercury."

Edgar Allan Poe shook hands with Gaboriau, then they both shook their fists at me.

"But the end of your indictment is the most serious of all; it relates to your poetry."

Here the entire assembly, with the unfortunate exception of myself, the gaolers and the judge, took their hats and hastened out in wonderful unanimity. Homer, I noticed, was sporting a white beaver with dollies round the brim.

"You have used 'aye' for 'ever'; you talk of 'thee' and 'thou' quite glibly, as if the words existed; 'move' you make to rhyme with 'love' and 'above,' when you know the only rhyme for these words is 'dove' and 'shove'; your metre is all wrong, your rhythm cranky: and the sun keeps setting and your girl forgetting until all is blue.

"That," pursued my judge, after protractedly blowing his nose, "we could condone or ignore; but it is your morals that condemn you."

Here Monsieur Zola rode in on his bicycle and proceeded to photograph me into a Cinematographe.

"For among the first of your verses I find one addressed to a married woman."

"She was not married then," I burst in, losing control of my cheerfulness. "She was only engaged; and the poem was a dignified and artistic *finale* to a delicious episode that went in front."

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"Eleven of your lyrics, written within the same week, are all addressed to different girls. You vow to each a constancy till death, and declare, in quite unnecessary *crescendo*, 'that no other love your faithful heart shall know.' You should have said, of course, no other love your faithful eleventh portion of a heart, shall know.

"There are a lot of minor crimes to complete the list. You have repeatedly reviewed books you never read; you have reported events you never witnessed; you have written notices of theatres they would not allow you inside. You have padded your 'copy' with classical quotations you did not understand; you have assumed yourself to be in positions of knowledge unwarranted by fact; you have had opinions on music, and even on art; you wear your linen dirty and your hair uncombed; and you have repeatedly permitted declarations of your genius to pass unchallenged and to rest as truth.

"In short," cried his honour, becoming excited, "a revolting record of crime, unequalled in the annals of villainy. A career that admits of no pity, no extenuation, only just and speedy punishment. And the sentence of the court is that you be taken from the place where you are to the nearest hospital and there have your hair cut and your brains extracted; that your right hand be cut off and your fountain-pen confiscated; that your relations do all your log-rolling; that the *Saturday Review* devote to your pulverisation two pages and a 'par'; and that, wretched man, you have your portrait published in the evening papers!"

"No, no!" I shrieked in agony, "not that last, I implore you! Have pity, pity! Anything but that!"

And I went down on my knees and begged of him for mercy. He only smiled and had a drink from his telescopes, which were now bocks of lager beer; then made a sign to the lictors, who commenced to chip splinters off me with their axe.

I struggled in despair; and so fell out of bed and woke up on the floor.

A MORNING RIDE.

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CULLED FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

"*At Random*," by *L. F. Austin.*

MANY years ago I emerged one afternoon from a barber's in the Strand with seven-and-sixpence worth of pomatum. I had gone in with the simple intent to have my hair cut; the distressing tendency of my hair to riotous extravagance has always been remarked by my friends. The barber—I can see him now—was a sort of incarnate spirit of Macassar; his head was brushed and oiled to a perfection which shone disdainfully upon me in the mirror opposite. He went about his work with that cold and butcherly resolve I have often noticed in barbers as soon as they grip the shears. A philosopher would say, no doubt, that they have the defects of their qualities; they would take all your hair off, and your head as well, if you did not restrain them with a challenging eye.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

MR. L. F. AUSTIN.

There was a swish of scissors, and in a twinkling I was almost blinded by a shower of hair, like falling leaves in autumn. "Head a little more this side—thank you. Rather warm to-day. Beg pardon—hair tickling your nose? I think you said shampoo?" The next moment I was gazing into the subterranean passage of the basin (once declared by a medical journal to be one of the avenues of death); suds rushed into my eyes, and a scalding sensation, promptly changed to freezing, pursued the gallop of luxury. "Towel for the face," said the voice from the pinnacle of superiority above me; another towel and a pair of fists fought for the possession of my head. "Hard brush," remarked the pinnacle; my skull whirred violently, like a dissolute piece of clockwork; and then, gripping the chair by both arms, I beheld myself in the glass, a strange object with starting eyeballs, and the pinnacle aloft, unruffled and smiling.

Perhaps it was because I was so young that this plan of battle succeeded. Scissors, suds, hard brush—horse, foot and artillery—had reduced me to gasping subjection. The pinnacle looked at me with a snakelike glitter in his eye. "What will you have on?" "N-nothing," I panted. He frowned. "Nothing? Gentlemen always have something on in this shop. You can't go out with your hair like a bundle of hay. A nice sort of advertisement that would be! Do you want to bring discredit on our business?" I weakly disclaimed any such design. "Then here's the very wash for your kind of hair." He spoke of my kind of hair as if it hurt his professional dignity. "It has been awfully neglected, but we'll do our best for you." He rubbed the horrid stuff into my head with an oily smack, and then proceeded to part my hair on one side. "In the middle," I murmured faintly. Now it so happened that a few days before I had reached that turning-point in a man's career, the parting of the ways, so to speak, where an inspiration—he knows not whence—divides his locks, like the Red Sea on a historic occasion. (Mine, I had better state, were brown!)

The barber paused and played a disagreeable tune on the teeth of the comb with his thumb. "You'll want a deal of hair-wash," he said thoughtfully, "if you part your hair like that. It ain't natural, you see, to your kind of hair." Again, *my* kind! "But I dare say you can manage it with a bottle or two of our fragrant and effervescent deterrent effulgent. You see, sir, your hair sticks up now, and the parting can't be seen, which is a pity. What you must do is to get the hair to lie down." He talked as if it were a too vivacious dog. "Some gentlemen wear their hair just a little up, and then we give them our pungent and tangent Barbarian Elixir. We call it after the King of Barbary, who was in this shop every day when he was last in town. No, the deterrent effulgent is the thing for you—quite free from grease. You'll have a lovely parting in a month; and now I look at you I see that down the middle suits the counter of your brow." He may have meant contour, but I didn't venture to correct him. "Yes, we keep it in two sizes, twelve-and-six and seven-and-six. Small size? It won't go so far. Very well. Anything else in the shop? Thank you. Hair sixpence, shampoo sixpence, deterrent effulgent, fragrant and effervescing, seven-and-six—eight-and-sixpence. Good-day." Then, as I have said, I emerged from that barber's with seven-and-sixpence worth of pomatum.

"AT RANDOM." A collection of amusing contributions to the *Sketch* and other journals. By L. F. AUSTIN. Charmingly bound in white cloth, with specially designed title-page in red and black, and photogravure of the Author. 5*s.* Ward, Lock & Co.

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"Spindles and Oars," by Annie Holdsworth

THE Sabbath school swarree is the bonniest sight in all the year, and it is a picture to see the happy bairns riding all the road to Fyston Den on the lurries decked with flowers and bracken. It is not only the bairns, but the mothers and fathers, and all the kirk members that go out to the den on that day; and, young and old, we are all bairns together once in the year. Two hours before it is time to start you may see the children gathering in Ponderlaw and looking in through the kirk gates, impatient for their opening, and then David M'Naughten saunters along with his eyes cast down and his lips pursed up making as if he can't see the bairns. But for all that he opens the gate only just far enough to let himself in; and he is very particular to bolt it on the other side when he goes into the manse garden to inquire of Kirsty if the berries are ripening.

After a while Geordie Mackay crosses the road with a creel full of books and parcels and toys for the prizes, and the bairns cannot contain themselves with the desire to get into the kirk.

"An' are ye wantin' in, bairns?" says Geordie, very grave.

"Ay, are we," they cry, leaping about him and shouting.

"I doubt you'll no' be winnin' in," he says drily and locks the gate behind him. But they get in when William Rafe comes; and he gives them leave to flatten their noses against the diamond panes of the vestry windows while he and Geordie and David count over the tickets sold, and add up the cost of the tea, and the money they will make by it. At last the lurries roll up—six big lurries—and a bunch of fern is nodding on the head of each horse; and each driver is chewing a piece of stalk and taking no manner of interest whatever in the bairns. Then there is laughing and shouting and struggling till they are all on the lurries, with their little legs dangling over the sides and their little faces hot with happiness gazing up at the manse window. There stands the minister, and Miss Isobel is beside him with the doggie in her arms, and the lurries are waiting till he gives the word to go.

Then Jamie Murphy straightens his bonnet, and Alec M'Dougall hitches his plaid on his shoulder, and the two step to the front with the pipes and stand with their cheeks puffed out ready to begin. The minister waves his hand; the pipes skirl bravely; the doggie barks; the bairns cheer; the great wheels turn; they are off and away to the den! And for many a mile the clouds of dust show the road they have travelled to Fyston. In the den how happy they are! The bagpipes play; the choir sings; the bairns dance. The minister ceases to think of his sermon, and Kirsty's tongue wags kindly once in the year, while everybody makes the most of the bonnie day, the green shade, the air, the sea, and the bairns' happiness. Ay, but it is well to be young and innocent, and able for the joy of life! And, thank God, we can be that, though the sods on which we dance to-day shall be laid above our heads to-morrow.

"SPINDLES AND OARS." Sketches of humble life, picturesque and pathetic. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH, author of that striking book "The Years that the Locusts have Eaten." 3*s.* 6*d.* Ward, Lock & Co.

"Fields of Fair Renown," by Jos. Hocking.

"ACCEPTED!"

Merlin Rosevear waved the letter above his head as he excitedly walked around his little room.

"Accepted!" he repeated again and again as he read the publisher's communication.

At last he had won—he was sure he had. His book would make a sensation, of that he had no doubt, and then ——!

He threw himself on the little chair-bed and began to dream of the future. Since he had come to London he had read how brilliant authors had been fêted, how they were welcomed into the best society, how they had made huge sums of money. He would be a brilliant author, and his future should be bright! How glad and proud Helen would be! How pleased his father and mother would be! His novel was accepted, and by a good publishing house. He read the letter again.

"Accepted!"

"Dear Sir,—We have carefully considered the novel you submitted to us on the —th inst., and have pleasure in making you an offer of £— for the copyright. We shall be pleased to hear from you in relation to the matter at your earliest convenience. Yours faithfully,

QUILL AND STEEL."

Nothing could be more precise, more plainly stated. His novel was accepted! He could have shouted for joy. At last he had gained a hearing. He should at last see his name on the title-page of a book; he should be able to see what provincial critics thought of his work.

"FIELDS OF FAIR RENOWN." An intensely interesting story of the literary adventures of a young Cornishman. By JOSEPH HOCKING, author of "All Men are Liars." 3*s.* 6*d.* Ward, Lock & Co.

* * *

THE SEA-BIRD'S NEWS.

BY HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

In South Australia, not so long ago,
A sailor sought
A merchant at his desk, to tell and show
What he had brought;

The while, within his hand, a band of steel
He turned and twirled;
('Twas such a tale we sometimes find appeal
To all the world!)

"Down on the beach—a curious matter, sir,"
The sailor said,
"An albatross I found:—she did not stir—
The bird was dead;

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"But round her neck was clasped this metal band
Whereon is traced,
With tool imperfect and by unskilled hand,
And half effaced,

"What seem like words and letters—yet to me
Without a plan;
I cannot make their meaning out," said he,
"May be you can."

The merchant took the metal band and conned
The letters through:
"Ay," murmured he, "the hope, all doubt beyond,
Of some lost crew.

"'Tis this in French—so far as I can get
The meaning straight:
'Six shipwrecked on the island of Cosette'—
And then a date.

"Three thousand miles, methinks, from shore to shore
The albatross
Had fled—three thousand miles, poor bird, she bore
Her tale of loss;

"Poor faithful bird! and she has paid her debt
Of loyalty;
But those six shipwrecked, on the island yet
May surely be.

"To save those six, if there be any chance,
We can but choose."
Then swift the electric message flashed to France
The sea-bird's news.

And back it came: "We make this matter ours;
A ship we send,
Swift as the albatross who pledged her powers
To stand their friend."

The ship was sent. Those six who lingered yet,
'Twixt hope and dread,
Upon the dreary island of Cosette,
And counted dead—

Who staked their all upon a sea-bird's wings—
These knew again
Their home and country, and the balm this brings
To balance pain.

O Albatross! poor faithful Albatross!
Who bravely bore
Thy message those three thousand miles across
From shore to shore,

To thee has no one set a monument?
At least, methought,
They keep the metal band with notch and dent
By damage wrought,

The band that chafed thy pretty neck. Alas!
We lightly cherish
The memory of our saviours once we pass
The harm, nor perish!

Thy story soon will be forgotten quite—
Already half!
So I have sought, O Albatross, to write
Thine epitaph.

"DEAD LETTERS, AND OTHER NARRATIVE AND DRAMATIC PIECES." Suitable for recitation. By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON. 1s. Ward, Lock & Co.

"Lazy Tours," by Mrs. Moulton.

IT was Thanksgiving Day at home while we were at Seville, and we put our heads together and discussed in what way we could make festival of it. And lo! our Vicar of Wakefield confided in the manager of the hotel, and he gave us a Thanksgiving dinner that rivalled the feasts of home, with the loveliest flowers for every lady; and then, for the evening, he arranged a gipsy dance. Think of a gipsy dance in honour of a Puritan Thanksgiving! Not only ourselves, but all the Americans in Seville were present, and various English and Spanish people besides. Behold! here is the announcement of the gipsy chief, printed on bright yellow paper, and this is his "English as she is written":—

Don Francisco de la Barrera have the honour to inform to the visitors that to-night will be held ball, at nine o'clock precisely.
Trayano Street, No. 10.
The ball shall be composed as under specified.

Then followed the programme of the dances, and what dances they were—languid, sensuous, voluptuous. In one of them was embodied a whole drama of love and wooing. I have never seen on any stage anything to equal the coquetry of the girl who danced away from her lover, and tormented and mocked at and eluded him, only to be won at the end, and yield her lips to his swift and triumphant kiss; and the Vicar of Wakefield looked on with that preternaturally pious face of his, and his lips, keeping time to the music, seemed to be saying, "Bless you, my children!"

Why did we ever leave Seville? That is the question I have been asking myself ever since. Our party divided there. The Wise Woman and the Nut-brown Maid and the Lady Anna went on to Italy, and the Sweet Singer and I came home. But why? Why, even, should one go to Italy who might stay in Spain? And above all, why should one come home to the east winds when the oranges are ripening in sunny Seville and the roses are waiting to be gathered?

We went early to the station to take the night express for Madrid. One always goes to a Spanish railway station an hour in advance, and then has only time enough to buy a ticket and get a basket-trunk weighed and registered, since every employé in Spain makes it the business of his life to move more slowly than every other one. We said good-bye with wet eyes when we left the others at the hotel, and hid the quiver of our lips behind the great bunches of roses the kindly hotel manager gave us to cheer our departing way. The sky was aflame with a wonderful red sunset, glowing up to the very zenith. Against it the graceful Giralda rose; and there, in the dear old town, the happy, careless, gay, out-of-doors life went on, and we went off—was it for ever?

"LAZY TOURS." A charming series of essays concerning the different parts of Europe visited by the most famous of American poetesses, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, author of "Swallow Flights," "Bedtime Stories," and "In the Garden of Dreams." 6s. Ward, Lock & Co.

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LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

MISS ADA CAMBRIDGE, whose stories have more than once adorned our pages, won fame as a hymn-writer before she earned a wider appreciation as a novelist. Her hymns are to be found in many anthologies and are well entitled to the praise and popularity which they have received. "A falsetto note," said Lord Selborne (a great authority on this form of expression), "is more quickly detected in a hymn than anywhere else." And the absence of falsetto notes, one may say, also distinguishes Miss Ada Cambridge's stories. One of the most recent volumes to which her name is appended is "A Humble Enterprise," which relates the plucky experiment of a young lady to restore the fallen fortunes of her family by keeping an "afternoon tea" shop.

MISS ADA CAMBRIDGE, who is known in private life as Mrs. Cross, lives in Australia, where many of the scenes in her stories are placed. Probably for the first time in a British magazine her portrait appears herewith, and will interest her admirers in this country as well as in the Colonies.

MISS ADA CAMBRIDGE.

MR. LEWIS HIND, the new editor of the *Academy*, contributed not long ago to the WINDSOR MAGAZINE the very enjoyable article on "How Famous Painters Work." He has been an art critic for several years, and, in addition, has fine literary taste, which should easily sustain and enhance the high reputation which the *Academy* already enjoys. Mr. Hind has not yet ventured to tempt the Fates with a novel, but it is to be hoped that his new editorial duties will not postpone this experiment.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE has written a long story for the WINDSOR, which will appear very soon. His last book has met with immediate success. Many people are unaware that he is a near relative of Mr. Justice Hawkins, who, despite his advanced age, still enlivens the Bar with sallies from the Bench. Mr. Anthony Hope dedicated one of his recent books to Sir Henry Hawkins.

WILL 1897 see as many new ventures in journalism as the year which has just closed? It is hardly likely that the record will be exceeded. The necrology of newspapers and magazines during 1896 would be strange reading if contrasted with the list of those new claimants for public favour. And yet most of the old favourites seem little affected by the success or failure of their rivals.

MUCH interest has been shown in the stories of Anglo-Indian life, recently printed by us. That entitled "Beynon, of the Irrigation Department," has received many compliments, which must gratify Mrs. Perrin. She has written a capital book, "Late in Life," which may be commended to those who enjoy her picturesque style. By the way, her original choice of title for "Beynon" was "Another Man's Poison." The stories by "Mayne Lindsay," who made her début in the WINDSOR, have likewise aroused interest. The author is a young lady who has quickly assimilated a knowledge of India from a residence there.

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[See "The Christian," page 304.

"YOU ARE FIT FOR ANYTHING IN THE WORLD, MY DEAR."

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THE CHRISTIAN.

By Hall Caine.
(*Author of "The Manxman."*)

Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

FIRST BOOK.—THE OUTER WORLD.

XVII.

THE Board-room of the hospital of Martha's Vineyard was a large and luxurious chamber, with an oval window at its farther end, and its two side walls panelled with portraits of former presidents and physicians. In great oaken armchairs, behind ponderous oaken tables, covered with green cloth and furnished with writing-pads, the Board of Governors sat in three sides of a square, leaving an open space in the middle. This open space was reserved for patients seeking admission or receiving discharge, and for officers of the hospital presenting their weekly reports.

On a morning in August the matron's report had closed with a startling item. It recommended the total suspension of a nurse on the ground of gross impropriety of conduct.

"This is a most serious matter," said the chairman. "I think—this being a public institution—I think the board should investigate the case for itself. We ought to assure ourselves that—that in fact no other irregularity is going on in the hospital."

He was a peppery person with a stern mouth and a solid under-jaw.

"May it please your lordship," said a rotund voice from one of the side-tables, "I would suggest that a case like this of grievous moral delinquency comes directly within the dispensation of the chaplain, and if he has done his duty by the unhappy girl (as no doubt he has) he must have a statement to make to the Board with regard to her."

It was Canon Wealthy.

"I may mention," he added, "that Mr. Storm has now returned to his duties and is at present in the hospital."

"Send for him," said the chairman.

When John Storm entered the Board-room it was remarked that he looked no better for his holiday. His cheeks were thinner, his eyes more hollow, and there was a strange pallor under his swarthy skin.

The business was explained to him, and he was asked if he had any statement to make with regard to the nurse whom the matron had reported for suspension.

"No," he said, "I have no statement."

"Do you mean to tell the Board," said the chairman, "that you know nothing of this matter—that the case is too trivial for your attention—or perhaps that you have never even spoken to the girl on the subject."

"That is so, I never have," said John.

"Then you shall do so now," said the chairman, and he put his hand on the bell beside him, and the messenger appeared.

"You cannot intend, sir, to examine the girl here," said John.

"And why not?"

"Before so many—and all of us men save one."

The Canon rose to his feet again. "My young brother is naturally sensitive, my lord, but I assure him his delicate feelings are wasted on a girl like this. He forgets that the shame lies in the girl's sin, not in her just and necessary punishment."

"Bring her in," said the chairman. The matron whispered to the messenger, and he left the room.

"Pardon me, sir," said John Storm; "if it is your expectation that I should question the nurse on her sin, as the Canon says, I cannot do so."

"Cannot?"

"Well, I will not."

"And is that your idea of your duty as a chaplain? A great public institution is in danger of a disgraceful scandal, and you who are responsible for its spiritual welfare . . . really, gentlemen ——"

Again the Canon rose with a conciliatory smile. "I think I understand my young

This story commenced in the December Number, 1896.

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friend," he said, "and your lordship and the Board will appreciate his feelings however you may disapprove of his judgment. What generous heart cannot sympathise with the sensitive spirit of the youthful clergyman who shrinks from the spectacle of guilt and shame in a young, and perhaps beautiful, woman? But if it will relieve your lordship from an embarrassing position, I am myself willing ——"

"Thank you," said the chairman, and then the girl was brought into the room in charge of Sister Allworthy.

She was holding her head down and trying to cover her face with her hands.

"Your name, girl?" said the Canon.

"Mary Elizabeth Love," she faltered.

"You are aware, Mary Elizabeth Love, that your excellent and indulgent matron" (here he bowed to a stout lady with an eye of ice and a mouth of iron) "has been put to the painful duty of reporting you for your suspension, which is equivalent to your discharge. Now I cannot hold out a hope that the Board will not ratify her recommendation, but it may perhaps qualify the terms of your certificate if you can show these gentlemen that the unhappy lapse from good conduct which brings you to this position of shame and disgrace is due in any measure to irregularities practised perhaps within this hospital, or to the temptations of anyone connected with it.

The girl began to cry.

"Speak, nurse; if you have anything to say the gentlemen are willing to hear it."

The girl's crying deepened into sobs.

"Useless!" said the chairman.

"Impossible!" said the Canon.

But someone suggested that perhaps the nurse had a girl friend in the hospital who could throw light on the difficult situation. Then Sister Allworthy whispered to the matron, who said, "Bring her in."

John Storm's face had assumed a fixed and absent expression, but he saw a girl of larger size than Polly Love enter the room with a gleam, as it were, of sunshine on her golden red hair. It was Glory.

There was some preliminary whispering, and then the Canon began again:—

"You are a friend and companion of Mary Elizabeth Love?"

"Yes," said Glory.

Her voice was full and calm, and a look of quiet courage lit up her girlish beauty.

"You have known her other friends, no doubt, and perhaps you have shared her confidence?"

"I think so."

"Then you can tell the Board if the unhappy condition in which she finds herself is due to anyone connected with this hospital."

"I think not."

"Not to any officer, servant, or member of any school or college attached to it?"

"No."

"Thank you," said the chairman, "that is quite enough," and down the tables of the governors there were nods and smiles of satisfaction.

"What have I done?" said Glory.

"You have done a great service to an ancient and honourable institution," said the Canon, "and the best return the Board can make for your candour and intelligence is to advise you to avoid such companionship for the future and to flee such perilous associations."

A certain desperate recklessness expressed itself in Glory's face, and she stepped up to Polly, who was now weeping audibly, and put her arm about the girl's waist.

"What are the girl's relatives?" said the chairman.

The matron replied out of her book. Polly was an orphan, both her parents being dead. She had a brother, and he had lately been a patient in the hospital, but he was only a lay helper in the Anglican Monastery at Bishopsgate Street, and therefore useless for present purposes.

There was some further whispering about the tables. Was this the girl who had been recommended to the hospital by the coroner who had investigated a certain notorious and tragic case? Yes, and that was all that was known about her.

"I think I have heard of some poor and low relations," said the Canon; "but their own condition is probably too needy to allow them to help her at a time like the present."

Down to this moment Polly had done nothing but cry, but now she flamed up in a passion of pride and resentment.

"It's false!" she cried. "I have no poor and low relations, and I want nobody's help. My friend is a gentleman — as much a gentleman as anybody here—and I can tell you his name if you like. He lives in St. James's Street, and he is Lord ——"

"Stop, girl!" said the Canon in a loud voice. "We cannot allow you to take away the character of a gentleman by mentioning his name in his absence."

John stepped to one of the tables of the

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governors and took up a pamphlet which lay there. It was the last annual report of Martha's Vineyard, with a list of its governors and subscribers.

"The girl is suspended," said the chairman, and reaching for the matron's book he signed it and returned it.

"This," said the Canon, "appears to be a case for Mrs. Callender's Maternity Home at Soho, and with the consent of the Board I will request the chaplain to communicate with that lady immediately."

John Storm had heard, but he made no answer; he was turning over the leaves of the pamphlet.

The Canon hemmed and cleared his throat. "Mary Elizabeth Love," he said, "you have brought a stain upon this honourable and hitherto irreproachable institution, but I trust and believe that ere long you may see cause to be grateful for our forbearance and our charity. Speaking for myself, I confess it is an occasion of grief to me, and might well, I think, be a cause of sorrow to him who has had your spiritual welfare in his keeping" (here he gave a look towards John), "that you do not seem to realise the position of infamy in which you stand. God has given you beauty, but the world is only the darker for the use which you have made of that high inheritance. We have always been taught to think of a woman as sweet and true and pure, a being hallowed to our sympathy by the most sacred associations and dear to our love by the tenderest ties, and it is only right" (the Canon's voice was breaking) "it is only right, I say, that you should be told at once and in this place, though tardily and too late, that for the woman who wrongs that great ideal, as you have wronged it, there is but one name known among persons of good credit and good report—a hard name, a terrible name, a name of contempt and loathing."

Crushing the pamphlet in his hand, John Storm had taken a step towards the Canon, but he was too late. Someone was there before him. It was Glory. With her head erect and her eyes flashing she stood between the weeping girl and the black-coated judge, and everybody could see the swelling and heaving of her bosom.

"How dare you!" she cried. "You say you have been taught to think of a woman as sweet and pure. Well *I* have been taught to think of a *man* as strong and brave, and tender and merciful to every living creature, but most of all to a woman if she is vain and foolish, and erring and fallen. But you are not brave and tender, you are cruel and cowardly, and I despise you and hate you!"

The men at the tables were rising from their seats.

"Oh, you have discharged my friend," she said, "and you may discharge me too if you like—if you *dare*! But I will tell everybody that it was because I would not let you insult a poor girl with a cruel and shameful name, and trample upon her when she was down. And everybody will believe me, because it is the truth; and anything else you may say will be a lie, and all the world will know it!"

The matron was shambling up also.

"How dare you, Miss! Go back to your ward this instant! Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Oh, it's not the first time I've spoken to a clergyman, ma'am. I'm the daughter of a clergyman, and the granddaughter of a clergyman, and I know what a clergyman is when he is brave and good, and gentle and merciful to all women, and when he is a man and a gentleman, not a Pharisee and a crocodile!"

"Please take that girl away," said the chairman.

But John Storm was by her side in a moment.

"No, sir," he said, "nobody shall do that!"

But now Glory had broken down too, and the girls, like two lost children, were crying on each other's breasts. John opened the door and led them up to it.

"Take your friend to her room, nurse; I shall be with you presently."

Then he turned back to the chairman, still holding the crumpled pamphlet in his hand, and said calmly and respectfully—

"And now that you have finished with the woman, sir, may I ask what you intend to do with the man?"

"The man?"

"Though I did not feel myself qualified to sit in judgment on the broken heart of a fallen girl, I happen to know the name which she was forbidden to mention, and I find it here, sir—here in your list of subscribers and governors."

"Well, what of it?"

"You have wiped the girl out of your books, sir. Now I ask you to wipe the man out also."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman rising, "the business of the Board is at an end."

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XVIII.

JOHN STORM wrote a letter to Mrs. Callender, explaining Polly Love's situation and asking her to call on the girl immediately, and then he went out in search of Lord Robert Ure at the address he had discovered in the report.

He found the man alone on his arrival, but Drake came in soon afterwards. Lord Robert received him with a chilly bow, Drake offered his hand coldly; neither of them requested him to sit.

"You are surprised at my visit, gentlemen," said John; "but I have just now been present at a painful scene, and I thought it necessary that you should know something about it."

Then he described what had occurred in the Board-room, and in doing so dwelt chiefly on the abjectness of the girl's humiliation. Lord Robert stood by the window rapping a tune on the window pane, and Drake sat in a low chair with his legs stretched out and his hands in his trousers' pockets.

"But I am at a loss to understand why you have thought it necessary to come here to tell that story," said Lord Robert.

"'Lord Robert,' said John, 'you understand me perfectly.'"

"Lord Robert," said John, "you understand me perfectly."

"Excuse me, Mr. Storm, I do not understand you in the least."

"Then I will not ask you if you are responsible for the girl's position."

"Don't."

"But I will ask you a simpler and easier question."

"What is it?"

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"When are you going to marry her?"

Lord Robert burst into ironical laughter and faced round to Drake.

"Well, these men—these curates—their assurance, don't you know. . . . May I ask you, your reverence, what is *your* position in this matter—your standing, don't you know?"

"That of chaplain of the hospital."

"But you say she has been turned out of it."

"Very well, Lord Robert, merely that of a man who intends to protect an injured woman."

"Oh, I know," said Lord Robert drily; "I understand these heroics. I've heard of your sermons, Mr. Storm—your interviews with ladies and so forth."

"And I have heard of your doings with girls," said John. "What are you going to do for this one?"

"Exactly what I please."

"Take care. You know what the girl is. It's precisely such girls. . . . At this moment she is tottering on the brink of hell, Lord Robert. If anything further should happen—if you should disappoint her . . . She is looking to you and building up hopes—if she should fall still lower and destroy herself body and soul ——"

"My dear Mr. Storm, please understand that I shall do everything or nothing for the girl exactly as I think well, don't you know, without the counsel or coercion of any clergyman."

There was a short silence and then John Storm said quietly: "It is no worse than I expected. But I had to hear it from your own lips, and I have heard it. Good-day."

He went back to the hospital and asked for Glory. She was with Polly in the housekeeper's room. Polly was catching flies on the window (which overlooked the park) and humming "Sigh no more, ladies." Glory's eyes were red with weeping. John drew Glory aside.

"I have written to Mrs. Callender and she will be here presently," he said.

"It is useless," said Glory. "Polly will refuse to go. She expects Lord Robert to come for her, and she wants me to call on Mr. Drake."

"But I have seen the man myself."

"Lord Robert?"

"Yes. . . . He will do nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Nothing, or worse than nothing."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing of that kind is impossible to men like those."

"They are not so bad as that though, and even if Lord Robert is all you say, Mr. Drake ——"

"They are friends and housemates, Glory, and what the one is the other must be also."

"Oh, no, Mr. Drake is quite a different person."

"Don't be misled, my child. If there were any real difference between them ——"

"But there is; and if a girl were in trouble or wanted help in anything ——"

"He would drop her, Glory, like an old lottery ticket that has drawn a blank and is done for."

She was biting her lip and it was bleeding slightly.

"You dislike Mr. Drake," she said, "and that is why you cannot be just to him. But he is always praising and excusing you, and when anyone ——"

"His praises and excuses are nothing to me. I am not thinking of myself. I am thinking . . ."

He had a look of intense excitement and his speaking was abrupt and disconnected.

"You were splendid this morning, Glory, and when I think of the girl who defied that Pharisee being perhaps herself the victim. . . . The man asked me what my standing was, as if that. . . . But if I had really had a right, if the girl had been anything to me, if she had been somebody else and not a light, shallow, worthless creature, do you know what I should have said to him? 'Since things have gone so far, sir, you must marry the girl now, and keep to her, and be faithful to her, and love her, or else I ——'"

"You are flushed and excited and there is something I do not understand ——"

"Promise me, Glory, that you will break off this bad connection."

"You are unreasonable. I cannot promise."

"Promise that you will never see these men again."

"But I must see Mr. Drake at once and arrange about Polly."

"Don't mention the man's name again; it makes my blood boil to hear you speak it."

"But this is tyranny; and you are worse than the Canon; and I cannot bear it."

"Very well; as you will. It's of no use struggling. . . . What is the time?"

"Six o'clock nearly."

"I must see the Canon before he goes to dinner."

His manner had changed suddenly. He looked crushed and benumbed.

"I am going now," he said, turning aside.

"So soon? When shall I see you again?"

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"God knows. . . . I mean . . . I don't know," he answered in a helpless way.

He was looking around as if taking a mental farewell of everything.

"But we cannot part like this," she said. "I think you like me a little still, and ——"

Her supplicating voice made him look up into her face for a moment. Then he turned away, saying "Good-bye, Glory." And with a look of utter exhaustion he went out of the room.

"There was just a glimpse of his back as he turned the corner."

Glory walked to a window at the end of the corridor that she might see him when he crossed the street. There was just a glimpse of his back as he turned the corner with a slow step and his head on his breast. She went back crying.

"I could fancy a fresh herring for supper, dear," said Polly. "What do you say, housekeeper?"

John Storm went back to the Canon's house a crushed and humiliated man. "I can do no more," he thought. "I will give it up." His old influence with Glory must have been lost. Something had come between them—something or someone. "Anyhow it is all over and I must go away somewhere."

To go on seeing Glory would be useless. It would also be dangerous. As often as he was face to face with her he wanted to lay hold of her and shake her and say, "You must do this and this, because it is my wish and direction and command, and it is *I* that say so." In the midst of God's work how subtle were the temptations of the devil!

But with every step that he went plod, plodding home there came other feelings. He could see the girl quite plainly, her fresh young face, so strong and so tender, so full of humour and heart's love, and all the sweet beauty of her form and figure. Then the old pain in his breast came back again and he began to be afraid.

"I will take refuge in the Church," he thought. In prayer and penance and fasting he would find help and consolation. The Church was peace—peace from the noise of life, and strength to fight and to vanquish. But the Church must be the Church of God—not of the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Ask the Canon if he can see me immediately," said John Storm to the footman, and he stood in the hall for the answer.

The Canon had taken tea that day in the study with his daughter Felicity. He was reclining on the sofa, propped up with velvet cushions and holding the teacup and saucer like the wings of a butterfly in both hands.

"We have been deceived, my dear" (sip, sip), "and we must pay the penalty of the deception. Yet we have nothing to blame ourselves for—nothing whatever. Here was a young man from heaven knows where, bent on entering the Church. True, he was merely the son of a poor lord who had lived the life of a hermit, but he was also the nephew, and presumably the heir, of the Prime Minister of England." (Sip, sip, sip.) "Well, I gave him his title. I received him into my house. I made him free of my family—and what is the result? He has disregarded my instructions, antagonised my supporters, and borne himself towards me with an attitude of defiance if not disdain. . . . Another cup, my child."

Felicity poured out a second cup of tea for

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her father and sympathised with him. She wondered how he could have tolerated the young man so long.

"I had my reasons, dearest; but as I tell you, I have been deceived—repeatedly deceived. For example, I did not know until he told me, little more than a month ago, that before coming to me he had finally quarrelled with his father—a most culpable and indeed compromising instance of concealment—and that down to the day of his arrival he had never so much as set eyes on his uncle."

Felicity was not surprised. The young man had no conversation and his reticence was quite embarrassing. Sometimes when she had friends and asked him to come down his silence—well, really ——

"We might have borne with these little deficiencies, my dear, if the Prime Minister had been deeply interested. But he is not. I doubt if he has ever seen his nephew since that first occasion. And when I called at Downing Street about the time of the sermon he seemed entirely undisturbed. 'The young man is in the wrong place, my dear Canon; send him back to me.' That was all."

"Then why don't you do it?" said Felicity.

"It is coming to that, my child; but I must be discreet, I must watch my opportunity. Blood is thicker than water, you know, and after all ——"

It was at this moment the footman entered the room to ask if the Canon could see Mr. Storm.

"Ah, the man himself!" said the Canon rising. "Jenkyns, remove the tray." Dropping his voice, "Felicity, I will ask you to leave us together. After what occurred this morning at the hospital anything like a scene. . . ." Then aloud, "Bring him in Jenkyns. . . . Say something my dear. Why don't you speak? . . . Come in my dear Storm. You'll see to that matter for me, Felicity. Thanks, thanks! Sorry to send you off, but I'm sure Mr. Storm will excuse you. Good-bye for the present."

Felicity went out as John Storm came in. He looked excited and there was an expression of pain in his face.

"I am sorry to disturb you but I need not detain you long," he said.

"Sit down Mr. Storm, sit down," said the Canon returning to the sofa.

But John did not sit. He stood by the chair vacated by Felicity and kept beating his hat on the back of it.

"I have come to tell you, sir, that I wish to resign my curacy."

The Canon glanced up with a stealthy expression and thought, "How clever of him! To resign before he is told plainly that he has to go—that is very clever."

Then he said aloud. "I am sorry, very sorry. I'm always sorry to part with my clergy. Still—you see I am entirely frank with you—I have observed that you have not been comfortable of late, and I think you are acting for the best. When do you wish to leave me?"

"As soon as convenient—as early as I can be spared."

The Canon smiled condescendingly. "That need not trouble you at all. With a staff like mine, you see. . . . Of course you are aware that I am entitled to three month's notice?"

"Yes."

"But I will waive it; I will not detain you. Have you seen your uncle on the subject?"

"No."

"When you do so please say that I always try to remove impediments from a young man's path if he is uncomfortable—in the wrong place, for example."

"Thank you," said John Storm, and then he hesitated a moment before stepping to the door.

The Canon rose and bowed affably. "Not an angry word," he thought. "Who shall say that blood does not count for something?"

"Believe me, my dear Storm," he said aloud, "I shall always remember with pride and pleasure our early connection. It will continue to be a source of satisfaction to me that I was able to give you your first opportunity, and if your next curacy should chance to be in London I trust you will allow us to maintain the acquaintance."

John Storm's face was twitching and his pulses were beating violently, but he was trying to control himself.

"Thank you," he said; "but it is not very likely ——"

"Don't say you are giving up orders, dear Mr. Storm, or perhaps that you are only leaving our Church in order to unite yourself to another. Ah! have I touched on a tender point? You must not be surprised that rumours have been rife. We cannot silence the tongues of busybodies and mischief-makers you know. And I confess, speaking as your spiritual head and adviser, it would be a source of grief to me if a young clergyman who has eaten the bread of the Establishment, and of my own living as

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well, were about to avow himself the subject and slave of an Italian bishop."

John Storm came back from the door.

"What you are saying, sir, requires that I should be plain spoken. In giving up my curacy I am not leaving the Church of England, I am only leaving you."

"I am so glad, so relieved."

"I am leaving you because I cannot live with you any longer, because the atmosphere you breathe is impossible to me, because your religion is not my religion or your God my God!"

"You surprise me. What have I done?"

young thing was merciful to the point of gentleness. And that I may tell you—notwithstanding the female volcano who came down on me—was the view of the Board and of his lordship the chairman."

"Then I am sorry to differ from them. I thought it unnecessary and unmanly, and brutal and even blasphemous!"

"Mr. Storm! Do you know what you are saying?"

"Perfectly, and I came to say it."

His eyes were wild, his voice was hoarse: he was like a man breaking the bonds of a tyrannical slavery.

"Your religion is not my religion, or your God my God!"

"A month ago I asked you to set your face as a clergyman against the shameful and immoral marriage of a man of scandalous reputation, but you refused; you excused the man and sided with him. This morning you thought it necessary to investigate in public the case of one of that man's victims, and you sided with the man again—you denied to the girl the right even to mention the scoundrel's name."

"How differently we see things! Do you know I thought my examination of the poor

"You called that poor child a cruel name because she had wasted the good gifts which God had given her. But God has given good gifts to you also—gifts of intellect and eloquence with which you might have raised the fallen and supported the weak, and defended the down-trodden and comforted the broken-hearted—and what have you done with them? You have bartered them for benefices, and peddled them for popularity; you have given them in exchange for money, for houses, for furniture, for things

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like this—and this—and this. You have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, therefore *you* are the sinner."

"You're not yourself, sir; leave me," and crossing the room the Canon touched the bell.

"Yes, you are ten thousand times worse than that poor fallen girl with her taint of blood and will. There would be no such women as she is to fall victims to evil companionship if there were no such men as you are to excuse their betrayers and to side with them."

"You're mad, sir! But I want no scene ——"

"And you are in the Church, in the pulpit, and call yourself a follower of the One who forgave the woman and shamed the hypocrites, and had not where to lay his head!"

But the Canon had faced about and fled out of the room.

The footman came in answer to the bell, and finding no one but John Storm he told him that a lady was waiting for him in a carriage at the door.

It was Mrs. Callender. She had come to say that she had called at the hospital for Polly Love and the girl had refused to go to the home at Soho.

"But whatever's amiss with ye, man?" she said. "You might have seen a ghost!"

He had come out bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hand.

"It's all over," he said. "I've waited weeks and weeks for it, but it's over at last. It was of no use mincing matters, so I spoke out."

His red eyes were ablaze, but a great load seemed to be lifted off his mind, and his soul seemed to exult.

"I have told him I must leave him, and I am to go immediately. The disease was dire and the remedy had to be dire also."

The old lady was holding her breath and watching his flushed face with strained attention.

"And what may ye be going to do now?"

"To become a religious in something more than the name; to leave the world altogether with its idleness and pomp, and hypocrisy and unreality."

"Get yoursell some flesh on your bones first, man. It's easy to see you've no been sleeping or eating these days and days together."

"That's nothing—nothing at all. God cannot take half your soul. You must give yourself entirely."

"Eh, laddie, laddie, I feared me this was what ye were coming til. But a man cannot bury himself before he is dead. He may bury the half of himself, but is it the better half? What of his thoughts—his wandering thoughts? Choose for yoursell, though, and if you must go—if you must hide yoursell for ever, and this is the last I'm to see of you . . . you may kiss me, laddie—I'm old enough, surely. . . . Go on James, man; what for are you sitting up there staring?"

When John Storm returned to his room he found a letter from Parson Quayle. It was a good-natured, cackling epistle, full of sweet nothings about Glory and the hospital, about Peel and the discovery of ancient runes in the graveyards of the treen chapels, but it closed with this postscript—

"You will remember old Chalse, a sort of itinerant beggar and the privileged pet of everybody. The silly old gawk has got hold of your father and has actually made the old gentleman believe that you are bewitched! Someone has put the evil eye on you—some woman it would seem—and that is the reason why you have broken away and behaved so strangely! It is most extraordinary. That such a foolish superstition should have taken hold of a man like your father is really quite astonishing, but if it will only soften his rancour against you and help to restore peace we may perhaps forgive the distrust of Providence and the outrage on common-sense. All's well that ends well, you know, and we shall all be happy."

XIX.

"LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED — a man, a clergyman, answers to the name of John Storm. Or rather he does not answer, having allowed himself to be written to twice without making so much as a yap or a yowl by way of reply. Last seen six days ago, when he was suffering from the sulks, after being in a de'il of a temper with a helpless and innocent maiden who 'doesn't know nothin'' that can have given him offence. Anyone giving information of his welfare and whereabouts to the said H. and I. M. will be generously and appropriately rewarded.

"But soberly, my dear John Storm, what has become of you? Where are you and whatever have you been doing since the day of the dreadful inquisition? Frightful rumours are flying through the air like knives and they cut and wound a poor girl woefully. Therefore be good enough to reply by return of post—and in person.

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"Meantime please accept it as a proof of my eternal regard that after two knock-down blows received in silence I am once more coming up smiling. Know then that Mr. Drake has justified all expectations, having compelled Lord Robert to provide for Polly. Thus you will be charmed to observe in me the growth of the prophetic instinct, for you will remember my positive prediction that if a girl were in trouble, and the necessity arose, Mr. Drake would be the first to help her. Of course he had a great deal to say that was as sweet as syrup on the loyalty of my own friendship also, and he expended much beautiful rhetoric on yourself as well. It seems that you are one of those who follow the impulse of the heart entirely, while the rest of us divide our allegiance with the head; and if you display sometimes the severity of a tyrant of our sex, that is only to be set down as another proof of your regard and of the elevation of the pedestal whereon you desire us to be placed. Thus he reconciles me to the harmony of the universe and makes all things easy and agreeable.

"Being on night duty now, and therefore at liberty from 6.30 to 8.30 I intend to pay Polly and her boy my first call of ceremony this evening, when anybody else would be welcome to accompany me who might be willing to come to this shrine of innocence and love in the spirit of the wise men of the East. But lest anybody *should* inquire for me at the hospital at the first of the hours aforesaid, this is to give warning that the White Owl has expressly forbidden all intercourse between the members of her staff and the discharged and dishonoured mother. Set it down to my spirit of contradiction that I intend to disregard the mandate, though I am only too well aware that the poor discharged and dishonoured one has no other idea of friendship than that of a loyalty in which she shares but is not sharing. Of course woman is born to such selfishness as the sparks fly upward; but if I should ever meet with a man who isn't I will just give myself up to him, body and soul and belongings, unless he has a wife or other encumbrance already and is booked for this world, and in that event I will enter into my own recognisances and be bound over to him for the next.

GLORY."

At 6.30 that evening Glory stood waiting in the portico of the hospital, but John Storm did not come. At seven she was ringing at the bell of a little house in St. John's Wood that stood behind a high wall and had an iron grating in the garden door. The bell was answered by a good-natured, slack-looking servant, who was friendly and even familiar in a moment.

"Are you the young lady from the hospital? The Missis told me about you. I'm Liza, and come upstairs. . . . Yes, doing nicely, thank you, both of 'em is—and mind your head, Miss."

Polly was in a little bandbox of a bedroom, looking more pink and white than ever against the linen of her frilled pillow-slips. By the bedside a woman of uncertain age in deep mourning, with little twinkling eyes and fat cheeks, was rocking the baby on her knee and babbling over it in words of maudlin endearment.

"Bless it, 'ow it do notice! Boo-loo-loo!"

Glory leaned over the little one and pronounced it the prettiest baby she had ever seen.

"Syme 'ere, Miss. There ain't sech another in all London! It's jest the sort of baby you can love. Pore little thing, it's quite took to me already, as if it wanted to enkirridge you, my dear."

"This is Mrs. Jupe," said Polly, "and she's going to take baby to nurse."

"Boo-loo-loo-boo! And a nice new cradle's awaiting of it afront of the fire in my little back parlour. Boo-loo!"

"But surely you're never going to part with your baby!" said Glory.

"Why, what do you suppose, dear? Do you think I'm going to be tied to a child all my days, and never be able to go anywhere or do anything or amuse myself at all?"

"Jest that. It'll be to our mootual benefit, as I said when I answered your advertisement."

Glory asked the woman if she was married and had any children of her own.

"Me, Miss? I've been married eleven years, and I've allus prayed the Lord to gimme childring. Got any? On'y one little girl; but I want to adopt another from the birth, so as to have something to love when my own's growed up."

Glory supposed that Polly could see her baby at any time, but the woman answered doubtfully—

"Can she see baby? Well, I would rather not, certingly. If I tyke it I want to feel it is syme as my very own and do my dooty by it, pore thing; and if the mother were coming and going I should allus feel as she had the first claim."

Polly showed no interest in the conversa-

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tion until Mrs. Jupe asked for the name of her "friend," in lieu of eighty pounds that were to be paid down on delivery of the child.

"Come, mike up your mind, my dear, and let me tyke it away at onct. Give me his name, that's good enough for me."

After some hesitation Glory gave Lord Robert's name and address, and the woman prepared the child for its departure.

At the street door Glory asked Mrs. Jupe for her own address, and the woman gave her a card, saying if she ever wanted to leave the hospital it would be easy to help such a fine-looking young woman as she was to make a bit of living for herself.

Polly recovered speedily from the troubles of the child's departure, and presently assumed an easy and almost patronising tone towards Glory, pretending to be amused and even a little indignant when asked how soon she expected to be fit for business again, and able to do without Lord Robert's assistance.

Glory left early, vowing in her heart she would come no more. When she changed her omnibus at Piccadilly the Circus was very full of women.

"Letter for you, nurse," said the porter as she entered the hospital. It was from John Storm—

"DEAR GLORY,—I have at length decided to enter the Brotherhood at Bishopsgate Street, and I am to go into the monastery this evening. It is not as a visitor that I am going this time, but as a postulant or novice, and in the hope of becoming worthy in due course to take the vows of life-long consecration. Therefore I am writing to you probably for the last time, and parting from you perhaps for ever.

"Since we came up to London together I have suffered many shocks and disappointments, and I seem to have been torn in ribbons. My cherished dreams have proved to be delusions; the palaces I had built up for myself have turned out to be tawdry pasteboard, gilt and rubbish; I have been robbed of all my jewels, or they have shown themselves to be shingle stones. In this condition of pain and shame and disillusionment I am now resolved to escape at the same time from the world and from myself, for I am tired of both alike, and already I feel as if a great weight had been lifted off.

"But I wish to speak of you. You must have thought me cantankerous, and so I have been sometimes, but always by conviction and on principle. I could not countenance the fashionable morality that is corrupting the manhood of the laity, or tolerate the toleration that is making the clergy thoroughly wicked; I could not without a pang see you cater to the world's appetites or be drawn into its gaieties and frivolities; and it was agony to me to fear that a girl of your pure if passionate nature might perhaps fall a victim to a mere gamester in life's follies—a mere actor indulging a pastime—a mere cheat.

"And what you tell me of your friend's altered circumstances does not relieve me of such anxieties. The man who has deceived a girl once is likely to deceive her again. Short of marriage itself, such connections should be cut off entirely, whatever the price and penalty. When they are maintained in relations of liberty the victim is sure to be further victimised, and her last state is always worse than the first.

"However I do not wish to blame anybody, least of all you, who have done everything for the best, and especially now when I am parting from you for life. You have never realised how much you have been to me, and I doubt if I knew it myself until to-day. You know how I was brought up—with a solitary old man—God be with him—who tried to be good to me for the sake of his ambitions, and to love me for the sake of his revenge. I never knew my mother, I never had a sister, and I can never have a wife. You were all three to me and yourself besides. There were no women in our household, and you stood for woman in my life. I have never told you this before, but now I tell it as a dying man whispers his last secret with his parting breath.

"I have written my letters of farewell—one to my father, asking his forgiveness if I have done him any wrong, one to my uncle with my love and thanks, and one to your good old grandfather, giving up my solemn and sacred trust of you. By my departure some difficulties will be removed, and for the rest I have come to see that everything is done by the spirit and nothing by the flesh, and that by prayer and fasting I can help and protect you more than by counsel and advice. Thus everything is for the best.

"The Benedictine rule, under which the Brothers live in community, forbids them to write and receive letters, or even to think of the world outside, and now that I am on the eve of that new life, memories of the old one keep crowding on me as on a drowning man. But they are all of one period—the days when we were at Peel in your sweet

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little island, before the vain and cruel world came in between us, when you were a simple, merry, happy girl and I was little more than a happy boy, and we went plunging and ploughing and laughing through your bright blue sea together.

"But earth's joys grow very dim and its glories are fading. That also is for the best. I have my Koh-i-noor—my desire to depart and surrender my life to God.

JOHN STORM."

"Anything wrong, nurse? Feeling ill, ain't ye? Only dizzy a bit? Unpleasant news from home, perhaps?"

"No, something else. Let me sit in your room, porter."

She read the letter again and again until the words seemed blurred and the lines irregular as a spider's web. Then she thought, "We cannot part for ever like this. I must see him again whatever happens. Perhaps he has not yet gone."

It was now half-past eight and time to go on duty, but she went upstairs to Sister Allworthy and asked for an hour's further leave. The request was promptly refused. She went downstairs to the matron and asked for half an hour only that she might see a friend away on a long journey, and that was refused too. Then she tightened her quivering lips, returned to the porter's room, fixed her bonnet-strings before the scratched pier-glass, and boldly walked out of the house.

It was now quite dark and the fashionable dinner-hour of Belgravia, and as she hurried through the streets many crested and coroneted carriages drew up at the great mansions and discharged their occupants in evening dress. The Canon's house was brilliantly lighted, and when the door was opened in answer to her knock she could see the Canon himself at the head of his own detachment of diners coming downstairs with a lady in white silk chatting affably on his arm.

"Is Mr. Storm at home?"

The footman in powdered wig and white cotton gloves answered haltingly, "If it is—er—anything about the hospital, Miss, Mr.—er—Golightly will attend."

"No, it is Mr. Storm himself I wish to see."

"Gorn!" said the footman, and he shut the door in her face.

She had an impulse to hammer on the door with her hands and command the flunkey to go down on his knees and beg her pardon. But what was the good? She had no time to think of herself now.

As a last resource she would go to Bishopsgate. How dense the traffic seemed to be at Victoria! She had never felt so helpless before.

It was better in Bishopsgate Street, and as she walked westward in the direction indicated by a policeman every step brought her into quieter streets. She was now in that part of London which is the world's busiest market-place by day but is shut up and deserted at night. Her light footsteps echoed against the shutters of the shops. The moon had risen and she could see far down the empty street.

She found the place at last. It was one of London's weather-beaten old churches shouldered by shops on either hand, and almost pushed back by the tide of traffic. There was an iron gate at the side, leading by an arched passage to a little courtyard that was bounded by two high blank walls, by the back wall of the church, and by the front of a large house with a small doorway and many small windows, all barred like the windows of a prison. In the middle of the courtyard there was a tree with a wooden seat about its trunk.

And being there she felt afraid and almost wished she had not come. The church was dimly lighted, and she thought perhaps the cleaners were within. But presently there was a sound of singing, in men's voices only, and without any kind of musical accompaniment. Just then the clock in the steeple struck nine and chimes began to play—

Days and moments quickly flying.

The singing came to an end, and there was some low inarticulate droning and then a general "Amen." The hammer of the bell continued to beat out its hymn, and Glory stood under the shadow of the tree to collect her thoughts.

Then the sacristy door opened and a line of men came out. They were in long black cassocks, and they crossed the courtyard from the church to the house with the measured and hasty step of monks, and with their hands clasped at their breasts. Almost at the end of the line, walking with an old man whose tread was heavy, there was a younger one who was bareheaded, and who did not wear the cassock. The moon threw a light on his face, which looked pale and worn. It was John Storm.

Glory made a faint cry, a gasp, and he turned round as if startled.

"Only the creaking of the sycamore," said the Superior. And then the mysterious

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"Glory made a faint cry, a gasp, and he turned round as if startled."

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shadows took them; they passed into the house, the door was closed, and she was alone with the chimes—

> Days and moments quickly flying,
> Blend the living with the dead.

Glory's strength had deserted, and she went away as she came. When she got back to Victoria she felt for the first time as if the noise of her own little life had been swallowed up in the turmoil of London, and she had gone down to the cold depths of an icy sea.

It was a quarter to ten when she returned to the ward, and the matron, with her dog on her lap, was waiting to receive her.

"Didn't I tell you that you could not go out to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Glory.

"Then how did you dare to go?"

Glory looked at her unwaveringly with glittering eyes that seemed to smile, whereupon the matron picked up her dog, gathered up her train, and swept out of the ward saying—

"Nurse, you can leave me at the end of your probation; and you need never cross the doors of this institution again."

Then Glory, who had all night wanted to cry, burst into a peal of laughter. The ward Sister reproved her, but she laughed in the woman's fat face, and would have given worlds to slap it.

There was not a nurse in the hospital who showed more bright and cheerful spirits when the patients were being prepared for the night. But next morning, in the gray dawn, when she had dragged herself to bed, and was able at length to be alone, she beat the pillows with both hands and sobbed in her loneliness and shame.

XX.

But youth is rich in hope, and at noon, when Glory awoke, the thought of Drake flashed upon her like light in a dark place. He had compelled Lord Robert to assist Polly in a worse extremity, and he would assist her in her present predicament. How often he had hinted that the hospital was not good enough for her, and that some day and somewhere Fate would find other work for her and another sphere. The time had come: she would appeal to him, and he would hasten to help her.

She began to revive the magnificent dreams that had floated in her mind for months. No need to tell the people at home of her dismissal and disgrace; no need to go back to the island. She would be somebody in her own right yet. Of course she would have to study, to struggle, to endure disappointments, but she would triumph in the end. And when at length she was great and famous she would be good to other poor girls; and as often as she thought of John Storm in his solitude, in his cell, though there might be a pang, a red stream running somewhere within, she would comfort herself with the thought that she too was doing her best, she too had her place, and it was a useful and worthy one.

Before that time came however there would be managers to influence and engagements to seek, and perhaps teachers to pay for. But Drake was rich and generous and powerful; he had a great opinion of her talents, and he would stop at nothing.

Leaping out of bed she sat down at the table as she was and wrote to him.

"Dear Mr. Drake,—Try to see me to-night. I want your advice immediately. What do you think? I have got myself 'noticed' at last, and I am to leave at the end of my term. So things are urgent, you see. I 'wave my lily hand' to you.

Glory.

"P.S.—To save time I suggest the hour and the place: eight o'clock—St. James's Park — by the bridge going down from Marlborough House."

Drake received this note as he was sitting alone in his chambers smoking a cigarette after drinking a cup of tea, in that hour of glamour that is between the lights. It seemed to bring with it a secret breath of passion out of the atmosphere in which it had been written. At the first impulse it went up to his lips, but at the next moment he was smitten by the memory of something, and he thought, "I will do what is right; I will prove myself an honourable man."

He dined that night with a group of civil servants at his club in St. James's Street, but at a quarter to eight, notwithstanding some playful bantering, he put on his overcoat and turned towards the park. The autumn night was soft and peaceful; the stars were out and the moon had risen; a fragrant mist came up from the lake, and the smoke of his cigar was hardly troubled by the breeze that pattered the withered tassels of the laburnums. Big Ben was striking eight as he reached the end of the little bridge, and almost immediately afterwards he was aware of soft and hurrying footsteps approaching him.

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Glory had come down by the Mall and Constitution Hill. The whispering of the big white trees in the moonlight was like company, and she sang to herself as she walked. Her heart seemed to have gone into her heels since yesterday, for her step was light and sometimes she ran a few paces. She arrived out of breath as the great clock was striking, and seeing the figure of a gentleman in evening-dress by the end of the bridge she stopped to collect herself.

Her hand was hot and a little damp when Drake took it and her face was somewhat flushed. She had all at once become ashamed that she had come to ask him for anything, and she took out her pocket-handkerchief and began to roll it in her palms. He misunderstood her agitation, and trying to cover it he offered his arm and took her across the bridge and they turned westward down the path that runs along the margin of the lake.

"Mr. Storm has gone," she said, thinking to explain herself.

"I know," he answered.

"Is it generally known then?"

"I had a letter from him yesterday."

"Was it about me."

"Yes."

"You must not mind if he says things, you know."

"I don't, Glory. I set them down to the egotism of the religious man. The religious man cannot believe that anybody can live the moral life and act on principle except from the religious impulse. . . . I suppose he has warned you against me, hasn't he?"

"Well—yes."

"I'm at a loss to know what I've done to deserve it. But time must justify me. I am not a religious man myself, you know, though I hate to talk of it. To tell you the truth I think the religious idea a monstrous egotism altogether, and the love of God merely the love of self. Still, you must judge for yourself, Glory."

"Are we not wasting our time a little?" she said. "I am here—isn't that proof enough of my opinion?" And then in an agitated whisper she added, "I have only half an hour, and I want to ask your advice, you know. You remember what I told you in my letter?"

He patted the hand on his arm and said, "Tell me how it happened."

She told him everything, with many pauses, expecting every moment that he would break in upon her and say, "Why didn't you box the woman's ears?" or perhaps laugh and assure her that it did not matter in the least, and she was making too much of a mere bagatelle. But he listened to every syllable, and after she had finished there was silence for a moment. Then he said, "I'm sorry—very sorry; in fact I am much troubled about it."

Her nerves were throbbing hard and her hand on his arm was twitching.

"If you had left of your own accord after that scene in the Board-room it would have been so different—so easy for me to help you."

"How?"

"I should have gone to my chief—he is a governor of many hospitals—and said, 'A young friend of mine, a nurse, is uncomfortable in her present place and would like to change her hospital.' It would have been no sooner said than done. But now—now there is the black-book against you, and God knows if—— In fact they have laid a trap for you, Glory, intending to get rid of you at the first opportunity, and you seem to have walked straight into it."

She felt stunned. "He has forgotten all he has said to me," she thought. In a feeble, expressionless voice she asked—

"But what am I to do now?"

"Let me think."

They walked some steps in silence. "He is turning it over," she thought. "He will tell me how to begin."

He stopped, as if seized by a new idea.

"Did you tell them where you had been?"

"No," she replied, in the same weak voice.

"But why not do so? There is hope in that. The chaplain was your friend—your only friend in London, so far as they know. Surely that is an extenuating circumstance so plausible ——"

"But I cannot ——"

"I know it is bitter to explain—to apologise—and if I can do it for you ——"

"I will not allow it!" she said. Her lips were set and her breath was coming through them in gusts.

"It is a pity to allow the hospitals to be closed against you. Nursing is a good profession, Glory—even a fashionable one. It is true womanly work and ——"

"That was what he said."

"Who? John Storm? He was right. Indeed he was an entirely honourable and upright man, and ——"

"But *you* always seemed to say there were other things more worthy of a girl, and if she had a mind to . . . But no matter. We needn't talk about the hospitals any longer. I shall never go back to them, whatever happens."

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He looked down at her. She was biting her lips, and the tears were gathering in her eyes.

"Well, well, never mind, dear," he said, and he patted her hand again.

The moon had begun to wane, and out of the dark shadows they walked in they could see the lines of houses lit up all around.

"Look," she said, with a feeble laugh, "in all this great busy London is there nothing else I'm fit for?"

"You are fit for anything in the world, my dear," he answered.

Her nerves were throbbing harder than ever. "Perhaps he doesn't remember," she thought. Should she tell him what he said so often about her talents, and how much she might be able to make of them?

"Is there nothing a girl can do except go down on her knees to a woman?"

He laughed and talked some nonsense about the kneeling. "Poor little woman, she doesn't know what she is doing," he thought.

"I shouldn't mind what people thought of me," she said, "not even my own people, who have been brought up with such narrow ideas, you know. They might think what they liked, if I felt I was in the right place at last—the right place for me, I mean."

Her nervous fingers were involuntarily clutching at his coat sleeve. "Now any other man . . ." he thought.

She began to cry. "He *won't* remember," she told herself. "It was only his way of being agreeable when he praised me and predicted such wonderful things. And now his good breeding will not allow him to tell me there are hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of girls in London as likely to ——"

"Come, you mustn't cry, Glory. It's not so bad as that."

She had never seemed to him so beautiful, and he wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"I had no one but you to come to," she murmured in her confusion. But she was thinking, "Why didn't you stop me before? Why have you let me go on all these months?"

"I must try to think of something, and I'll speak to my friend Rosa — Miss Macquarrie, you know."

"You are a man," said Glory, "and I thought perhaps . . ." But she could not speak of her fool's paradise now, she was so deeply ashamed and abased.

"That's just the difficulty, my dear. If I were not a man I might so easily help you."

What did he mean? The frogs kept croaking at the margin of the lake, disturbed by the sound of their footsteps.

"Whatever you were to tell me to do I should do it," she said, in the same confused murmur. She was ruining herself with every word she uttered.

He drew up and stood before her, so close that she could feel his breath on her face. "My dear Glory," he said passionately, "don't think it isn't terrible to me to renounce the happiness of helping you, but I must not, I dare not, I will not take it!"

She could scarcely breathe for the shame that took sudden hold of her.

"Heaven knows I would give anything to have the joy of looking after your happiness, dear, but I should despise myself for ever if I took advantage of your circumstances."

Good God! What did he think she had been asking of him?

"I am thinking of yourself, Glory, because I want to esteem you and honour you, and because your good name is above everything else—everything else in the world."

Her shame was now abject. It stifled her, deafened her, blinded her. She could not speak or hear or see.

He took her hand and pressed it.

"Let me go," she stammered.

"Stay—do not go yet!"

"Let me go, will you?"

"One moment ——"

But with a cry like the cry of a startled bird she disappeared in the shadow of the trees.

He stood a moment where she had left him, tingling in every nerve, wanting to follow her, and overtake her, and kiss her, and abandon everything. But he buttoned up his overcoat and turned away, telling himself that whatever another man might have done in the same case he at least had done rightly, and that men like John Storm were wrong if they thought it was impossible to act on principle without the impulse of religion.

Meantime Glory was flying through the darkness and weeping in the bitterness of her disappointment and shame. The big trees overhead were all black now and very gaunt and grim, and the breeze was moaning in their branches.

"I had disgrace enough already," she thought; "I might have spared myself a degradation like this."

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Drake had supposed that she came to plead for herself to-night as she had pleaded for Polly a week ago. How natural that he should think so! How natural and yet how hideous!

"I hate him! I hate him!" she thought.

John Storm had been right. In their heart of hearts these men of society had only one idea about a girl, and she had stumbled on it unawares. They never thought of her as a friend and an equal, but only as a dependent and a plaything, to be taken or left as they liked.

"Oh, how shameful to be a woman, how shameful, how shameful!"

And Drake had renounced her! In the hideous tangle of his error he had renounced her! For honour's sake, and her own sake, and for sake of his character as a gentleman—renounced her! Oh, there was somebody who would never have renounced her whatever had happened, and yet she had driven him away, and he was gone for ever.

"I hate myself! I hate myself!"

John Storm was right, and Drake in his different way was right too, and she only had been to blame. But Fate was laughing at her, and the jest was very, very cruel.

"No matter. It is all for the best," she thought. She would be the stronger for this experience—the stronger and the purer too, to stand alone and to face the future.

She got back to the hospital just as the great clock of Westminster was chiming the half-hour, and she stood a moment on the steps to listen to it. Only half an hour had passed and yet all the world had changed!

XXI.

It was the last day of Glory's probation and, dressed in the long blue ulster in which she came from the Isle of Man, she was standing in the matron's room waiting for her wages and discharge. The matron was sitting sideways at her table, with her dog snarling in her lap. She pointed to a tiny heap of gold and silver and to a foolscap paper which lay beside it.

"That is your month's salary, nurse, and that is your certificate. The certificate has given me a deal of trouble. I have done all I could for you. I have said you were bright and cheerful and that the patients liked you. I trust I have not committed myself too far."

Glory gathered up the money but left the certificate untouched.

"You need not be anxious, ma'am; I shall not require it."

"Have you got a situation?"

"No."

"Then where are you going next?"

"I don't know—yet."

"How much money have you saved?"

"About two months' wages."

"Only three pounds altogether!"

"It will be quite sufficient."

"What friends have you got in London?"

"You needn't trouble yourself, ma'am.

"None—that is to say —— No, none whatever."

"Then why don't you go back to your island?"

"Because I don't wish to be a burden upon my people, and because earning my living in London doesn't depend on the will or the whim of any woman."

"That's just like you. I've tried to be your friend and yet . . . I dare say you've not even told your people why you are leaving the hospital."

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"I haven't—I haven't told them yet that I'm leaving at all."

"Then I've a great mind to do it for you. A venturesome, headstrong girl who flings herself on London is in danger of ruin itself."

"You needn't trouble yourself, ma'am," said Glory, opening the door to go.

"Why so?" said the matron.

Glory stood at her full height and answered, "Because if you said that of me there is nobody in the world who would believe you."

Her box had been brought down to the hall and the porter, who wished to be friendly, was cording it.

"May I leave it in your care, porter, until I am able to call for it?"

"Certingly, nurse. Sorry you're goin'. I'll miss your face too."

"Thank you. I'll call for my letters also."

"There's one just come."

It was from Aunt Anna, and was full of severe reproof and admonition. Glory was not to think of leaving the hospital; she must try to be content with the condition to which God had called her. But why had her letters been so few of late? and how did it occur that she had never told them about Mr. Storm? He had gone for good into that strange Brotherhood it seemed. Not Catholic and yet a monastery. Most extraordinary! They were all eagerly waiting to hear more about it. Besides, the grandfather was anxious on Glory's account. If half they heard was true the dangers of London . . .

The house-doctor came down to say good-bye. He had always been as free and friendly as Sister Allworthy would allow. They stood a moment at the door together.

"Where are you going to?" he asked.

"Anywhere — nowhere — everywhere; to 'all the airts the wind can blaw.'"

It was a clear bright morning, with a light keen frost. On looking out Glory saw that flags were flying on the public buildings.

"Why, what's going on?" she said.

"Don't you know? It's the ninth of November—Lord Mayor's Day."

She laughed merrily. "A good omen. I'm the female Dick Whittington! Here goes for it! Good-bye hospital nursing. By-bye doctor."

She dropped him a playful curtesy at the bottom of the steps and then tripped along the street.

"What a girl it is!" he thought. "And what is to become of her in this merciless old London?"

She had taken less than a score of steps from the hospital when great blinding tear-drops leapt from her eyes and ran down her cheeks, but she only dropped her veil and walked on boldly.

END OF FIRST BOOK.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOR LOVE OF YOU.

For love of you my lute was strung
When singing days were fair and young,
When life and hope and song were new,
And all were sweet for love of you.

For love of you, from June to June,
My heart beat to a triumph tune,
And music rose by sea and land,
In answer to a victor's hand.

For love of you, from sun to sun,
I strove to sing when song was done,
And on each failing string my tears
Burnt silence through the empty years.

And broken now, 'neath evening skies,
My lute for ever tuneless lies,
And I but mourn the songs I knew,
Which were so sweet for love of you.

Dollie Radford.

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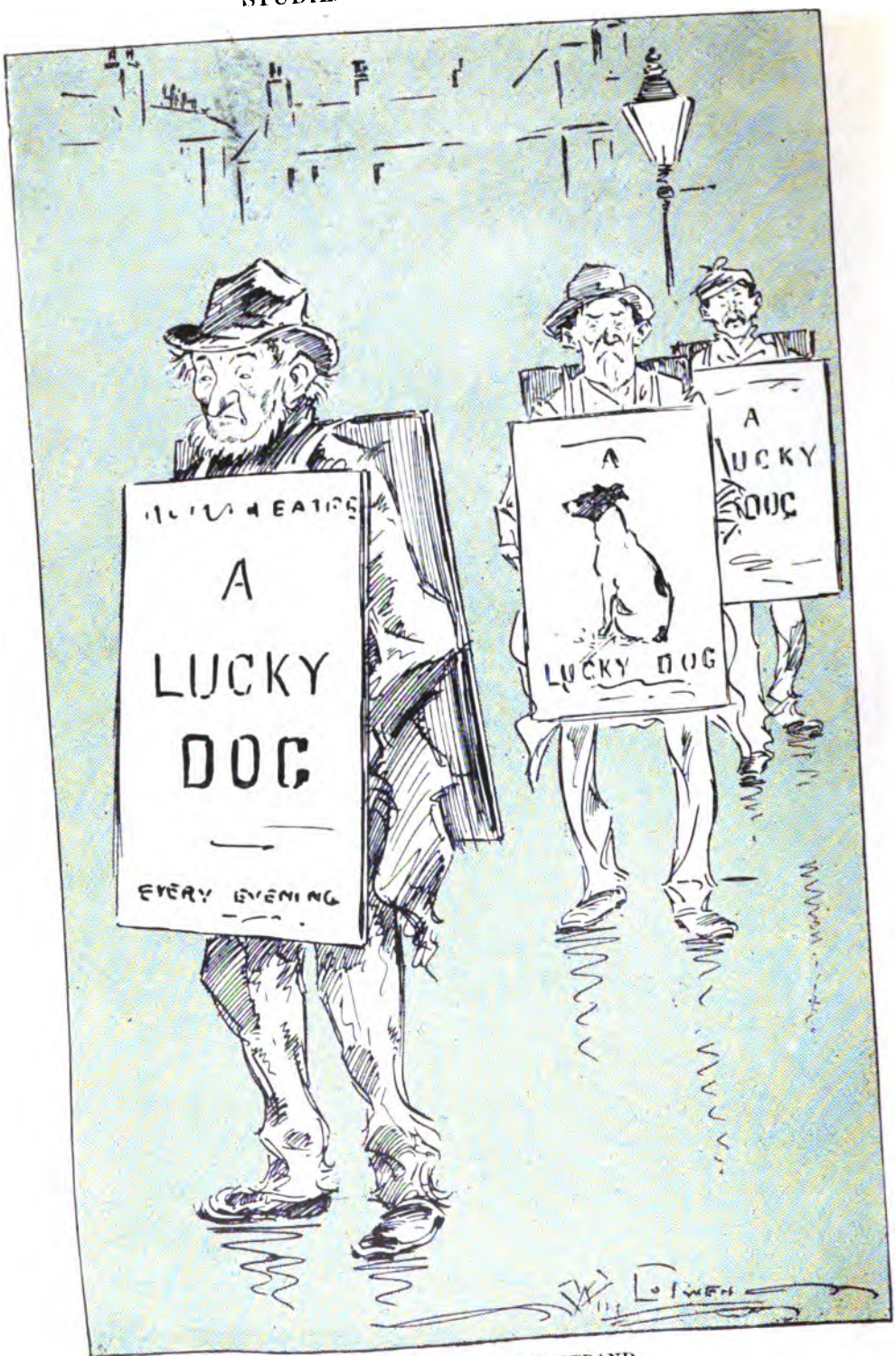

A PARADOX IN THE STRAND.

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THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A DOG.

Written and Illustrated by ALFRED C. HAVELL.

IN these days every dog who is somebody (or nobody for the matter of that) is apt to inflict his memoirs upon a suffering public, so I make no excuse for jotting down a few of my recollections.

Our family were highly talented, my father being a dog of great attainments. He performed with great *éclat* before most of the crowned heads of Europe. I remember on one occasion his being decorated after giving a *séance* before his Majesty the late King of Bavaria—but that, as my master would say, is another story. Most of us took after him, but I agreed with my mother, who did not hold with puppies degrading their high degree by being educated to amuse bipeds. She used to remark very sagely: "If the two-legged members of the animal race were to decline and become extinct by reason of their many blood-thirsty wars" (she originally belonged to an officer in the army) "of what use would their so-called accomplishments be to them then? How would the poor little litters, not knowing how to provide for themselves, get their living?"

"Before the crowned heads."

My mother had also an ineradicable dislike to the feline population, and could not understand how my father could so far lower himself by associating with cats. Of course he used to argue with her, for he had a wonderful flow of language, and his verbosity always exasperated my mother to such an extent that she had to beat a retreat in disgust. I generally accompanied her in

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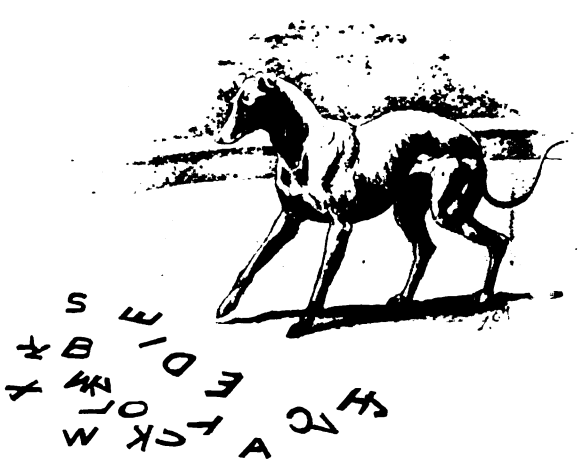
"Degrading their high degree."

this strategetic movement when I could, as, after these occasions, she was obliged to let off steam on rats or cats, a proceeding which was very much to my taste. Ah, she was a wonderful ratter! That was her *forte*. And to my mind the exercise of this amusement was of far greater use to the general community than picking other people's names out of an alphabet. What on earth is the use of telling anyone what they already know? But there, some dogs seem like man, to have no common-sense.

Well, to show you how unpractical it all was, I'll give you an instance. One day I had been out ratting with mother, and after very poor sport, being out of humour, and not knowing what to do with myself, I dropped in to see the clever part of our family at their performance (a thing very unusual for me). When I arrived they were jumping over light hurdles. Each fence on being cleared was replaced by one higher still, the last and highest being so arranged that on clearing it the performer would disclose a placard bearing on it the legend, "Reward for a Clever Dog," hung over a certainly most appetising piece of meat. This meat the performer would bear off in triumph, after bowing to the audience, amid great applause. Now the absurdity of all this waste of energy on my brother's part disgusted me and I took my departure.

Next eve I was there purposely to show the dog performing the futility of all this exertion, and when he had nearly finished I calmly pushed aside the last fence and walked off with the reward myself, fully expecting all sorts of pains and penalties. But to my astonishment when I was captured I was not larruped within an inch of my life, no, only petted and made much of, and what was more to my satisfaction allowed to keep the reward. But alas! the conceit was soon taken out of me, for I learnt that I should have to do the same thing every night. And to add to my horror I was encased in an uncomfortable tight skin with red spots on it and red frills round the neck and paws, much to the delight of the rest of the troupe. But their delight was tempered after a while, for I



"Picking other people's names out of an alphabet."

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"Jumping over light hurdles."

ridiculed and showed up all their tricks. Added to that, the audiences appreciated my common-sense to such an extent that I soon

"Bowing to the audience."

came to be considered quite the star of the troupe, and a great deal of latitude was given to my little whims and prejudices.

As a kind of set-off, to show that I could do something more than jeer at other dogs, my master provided me with a bicycle, built especially for me, upon which I would race my master, and, after terrific efforts on his part, would win easily. So you see I had my hands pretty well filled.

But I never got over my dislike to the cat portion of our show. Cats are so exclusive, so unsociable, so artfully thievish in their propensities. I disliked especially a jaundiced-yellow Tom, supposed to be the most clever feline of the lot. The airs he gave himself if any of us came near him out of business hours! He would stick his snubby nose in the air and bumptiously bristle with hauteur. However, any dog with self-respect or common-

"I walked off with the reward."

sense can see at a glance that the whole feline race are wanting in candour and honesty. If there is one thing more than another calculated to irritate me it is cats' moonlight squalling; it always fills me with ungovernable fury. Why can't they take their rest judiciously at reasonable hours and let other animals do the same? Nothing annoys me more than being roused from my

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beauty sleep by blood-curdling screeches of heart-rending woe. It always tortured me to such an extent that up I would get and not return until I had assisted at the obsequies of one or more of the detested race. I would then inter decently the remains in a disused piece of land, leaving a portion of the tail above ground as a memorial tablet. When, as sometimes happened, I returned after an unsuccessful chase to my cat cemetery the sight of these silent mementoes of the past always brought peace and calm to my troubled breast.

"Red frills round the neck."

This cemetery nearly got me in disgrace on one occasion, for my master came upon me one day when I was assuaging my wounded feelings within its peace-giving precincts. He was smarting under the loss of the yellow Tom, whom I had unwittingly caused to "cease from troubling." Naturally his suspicions fell on me, but luckily, with a wisdom beyond my years (for I was a mere puppy), I had buried it (with no memorial tablet this time, if you please) at some distance. As the cemetery was devoid of yellow cats he did not proceed further than strong suspicion. For a moment I thought I was "in for it," but, with rare presence of mind, I gazed innocently and smilingly into his face, so that he—very possibly thinking how valuable I was—only shook his fist at me and sternly ordered me home. As I sturdily marched home I thought what a good thing it was to be frank and honest. Had I avoided his gaze I should not have got off so easily. Oh, I certainly agree with that great and wise adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

"Gazed innocently and smilingly."

About this time my master was teaching me a certain code of signs, too long to be set down here, by which I was enabled to imitate certain actions done during my absence by bipeds. This is known, I believe, as thought-reading. It was really very simple. I would come into the room, place my paw on the human idiot's wrist, and with a casual look at my master go through the entire scene without fault, amid breathless excitement, resulting in tumultuous applause. Thanks to the Fates, to do this with dignity I was freed from my spotted skin.

But humans are so very easily gulled. And my master, who is considered "a live man," even by Americans, is very dense. I suppose it is owing to the immense amount of conceit which humans have that causes them to measure other animals' corn by their own bushel.

"Out of business hours."

Of course I always understood what *he* was talking about, but he could not understand me. It evidently never occurred to him that he

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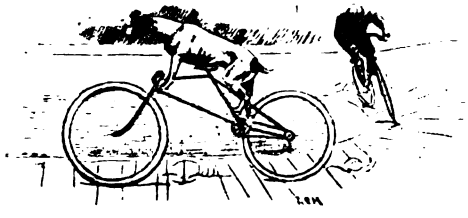
"Assuaging my wounded feelings."

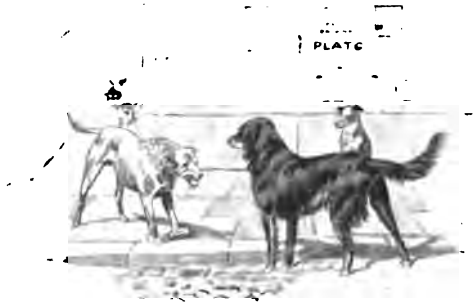
was at fault; so he gave himself the trouble—and me too—to instruct me in the alphabet in order that I could make my meaning clear to his dull intellect. Dear me! how much more simple is our mode of communication. We dogs don't bother with a lot of *gibledi-gobledi* sounds called *words*; it is such a waste of energy!

I have often tried to explain to him how we convey our meanings to one another, but with no result. I never could pronounce words, but could understand them by sight and eventually make up words in answer by putting together cut-out letters. This was to me a clumsy method, so I asked him whether there was not something that I could manipulate with my paws to print the letters more quickly, as they do the books. When he grasped my meaning, after many laborious attempts to make it clear to him, he seemed speechless with astonishment for a moment. Then he said solemnly, "Plato, you are marvellous!" And this, because it had not occurred to him, was marvellous!



"A bicycle built especially for me."

Great dog! "Many a time and oft" I would have thrown up the whole affair in disgust at his immense conceit were it not for the little delicacies he provided me with. I must here pause to give even humans the credit due to them. I must say they are at great pains to manufacture the most palatable dishes. That reminds me—my morning refection is now due—excuse me one moment.



"Our mode of communication."

Ah, that woodcock was done to a turn! Yes, their cooking is beyond reproach, and has many a time caused me to overlook many difficulties and stupidities, and persevere with patience out of respect—I would say love—for their divine cookery!

However my master was not so dense as most bipeds, for he arranged a typewriter to print words by means of electricity, large enough to be read at a glance by the audience with whom I conversed. Sometimes I would

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give my own views on mankind and other subjects. This created quite a furore; my *séances* became crowded to such an extent that fabulous prices were charged to keep them select. Large sums were offered to buy me; syndicates were formed to purchase me; but nothing would tempt my master to part with me.

The life I was leading now was too exciting for me, and I became mopish and dull. I was losing the zest that gave my interviews such a charm, so my master, taking alarm, consulted a physician. By his advice he took me on a tour through the principal cities of the Continent and America, during which time I became acquainted with, as your papers would say, the great Powers, likewise many eminent personages.

A number of anecdotes connected with my journeys I propose to collect and publish shortly. Some of the questions put to me at my "At homes" were very absurd. One American lady was very anxious to get me to give my views on "Trilby." After Li Hung Chang had visited me, one of the first stock questions was, "How did you like Li Hung Chang?" His Celestial Eminence did not seem to take as much interest in me as his suite did, though I have read somewhere that our genus is held as a delicacy in China. Very likely the interest diminishes after puppyhood. Possibly I am getting sarcastic as age overtakes me.

My tour was a great success in all ways, but on my return home, laden with riches and honours, I was grieved to find my parents had joined the majority. The rest of the family had dispersed. Still, though I regret their absence, I am by no means a lonely dog, having many interests in common with my owner, who is now more friend than master.

I am inclining towards *embonpoint*, and am growing lazy. Even my cycle has lost a lot of the attraction it once had for me. After dining well I contentedly moralise upon my youthful days in the ring. Alas! to think of the interest it once had for me! My cemetery is all built over. At present I am concentrating all my energies and faculties on "Tales and Narratives by a Dog."

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THE LATEST PIECE OF GOSSIP.
DRAWN BY ARTHUR COOKE.

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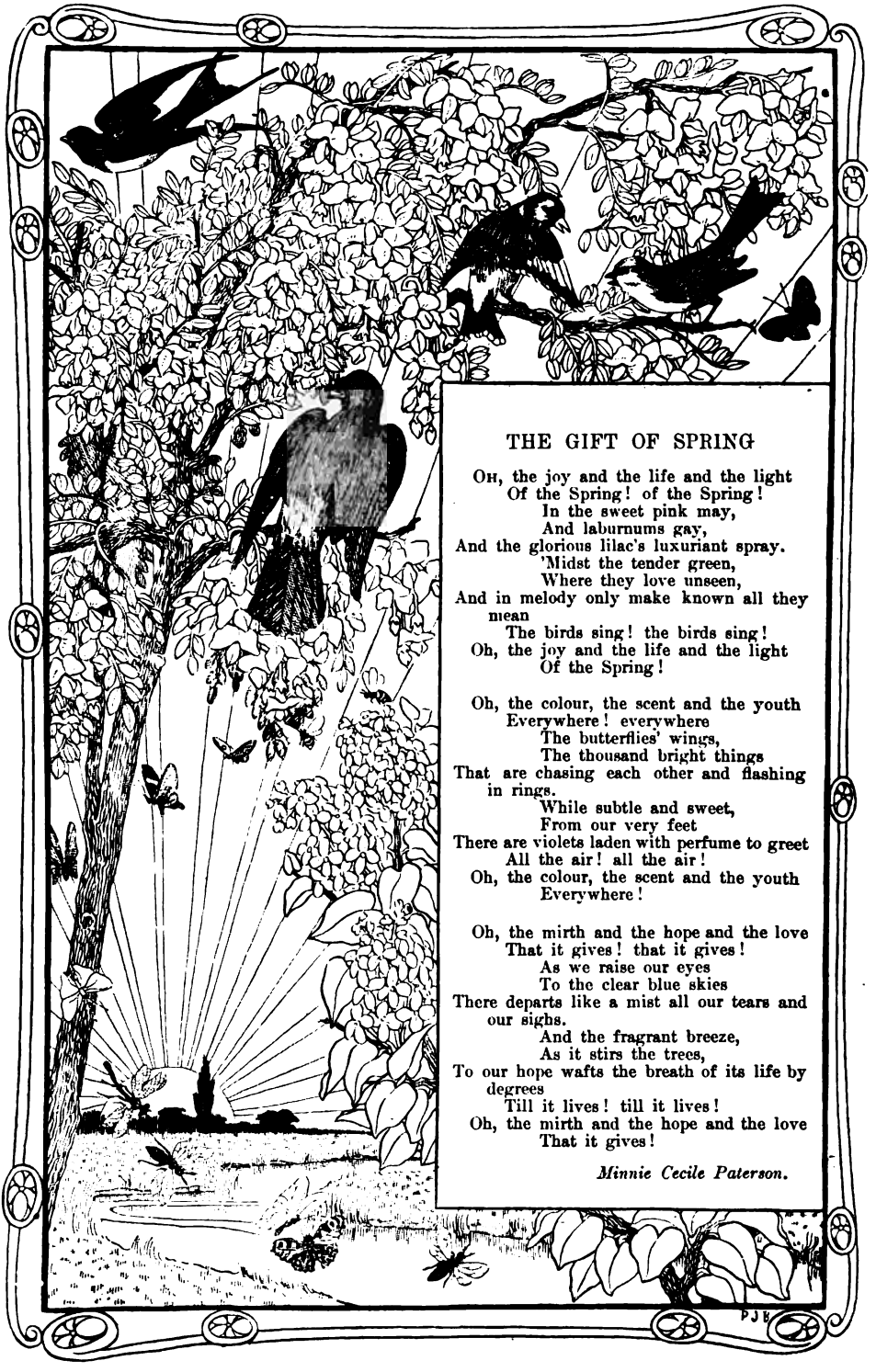

THE GIFT OF SPRING

Oh, the joy and the life and the light
Of the Spring! of the Spring!
In the sweet pink may,
And laburnums gay,
And the glorious lilac's luxuriant spray.
'Midst the tender green,
Where they love unseen,
And in melody only make known all they mean
The birds sing! the birds sing!
Oh, the joy and the life and the light
Of the Spring!

Oh, the colour, the scent and the youth
Everywhere! everywhere
The butterflies' wings,
The thousand bright things
That are chasing each other and flashing in rings.
While subtle and sweet,
From our very feet
There are violets laden with perfume to greet
All the air! all the air!
Oh, the colour, the scent and the youth
Everywhere!

Oh, the mirth and the hope and the love
That it gives! that it gives!
As we raise our eyes
To the clear blue skies
There departs like a mist all our tears and our sighs.
And the fragrant breeze,
As it stirs the trees,
To our hope wafts the breath of its life by degrees
Till it lives! till it lives!
Oh, the mirth and the hope and the love
That it gives!

Minnie Cecile Paterson.

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PHOTOGRAPHING ROYALTY:

A CHAT WITH MR. J. RUSSELL.

By Rudolph Ireton.

Illustrated from special Photographs.

IT would be difficult to find a place more interesting to the average human being than the studio of a society photographer. At least this was the opinion I arrived at after wandering about in the studio in Baker Street, Portman Square, among the works of art for which Messrs. Russell & Sons are responsible.

Outside the weather was as dull as London could make it—and that is saying a good deal. But inside there was so much to be seen that one soon forgot the outer world with its cold and fog, its streams of hurrying people, and the never-ceasing noise of 'buses and vehicular traffic.

On every side one encountered familiar faces looking at one from life-size portraits down to the tiny miniatures—Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mrs. Mary Davies—but one cannot stay to enumerate them all, for their name is legion.

MR. J. RUSSELL.

Almost unconsciously however one found oneself drifting towards the large photographs of various members of our own royal family. One of the best of these perhaps was the photograph of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, that had just been selected for a frontispiece to our Christmas number. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, many photos of the Empress Frederick and her son the German Emperor, also the stalwart looking figure of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, claimed one's attention from time to time.

The great ones of the earth always have had and always will have an attraction for the majority of men and women, and I confess to being no exception. Therefore, while Mr. Russell was showing some more of the photos he has taken of the crowned heads of Europe, I induced him to give some of his reminiscences concerning the originals.

"What is my general opinion with regard to royal sitters? Most unhesitatingly I can say that they are, without exception, the most courteous and considerate that I ever have to do with. And every time I am privileged to photograph any member of our royal family this fact is again impressed upon me."

"First of all, will you tell me about her Majesty. Where do you usually photograph her?"

"At Windsor. There is a special studio fitted up in the Castle, but her Majesty is not photographed there. She is generally taken in one of the drawing-rooms, preferably the White Drawing-room."

"Do you suggest the pose, or does the Queen signify how she wishes to be taken?"

"She invariably leaves the arrangement to the photographer. Of course one has to work very rapidly, and one endeavours to get as many plates as possible. But at the best

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of times a sitter may become fatigued, and therefore, in the case of her Majesty, we make as little alteration in the various positions as we can. Sometimes she will suggest an alteration, such as having the lace cap removed and wearing a bonnet instead to give variety to the photographs."

"How many do you take at one sitting?"

"The last time I had two cameras and took sixteen plates."

"Does her Majesty enter into conversation with you on such occasions?"

"Oh, yes. The last time I was at Windsor the room she said, 'I am so sorry to have kept you waiting.' It transpired that the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha had arrived at the Castle unexpectedly, and thus the Queen had been detained."

"You have photographed other members of our royal family, of course?"

"Yes; with the exception of H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, I think I have taken all the princes and princesses. Princess Louise has a fixed objection to publicity being given to her portrait, and when she is photographed at

From a photo by [*Russell.*

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA. GERMAN EMPEROR. PRINCE OF WALES.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

I had some photographs with me that I had brought to show her, and she looked at them most interestedly and talked to me about them.

"On one occasion I was summoned to be at the Castle at three o'clock to photograph the Queen. I waited in the room with everything ready till four o'clock before she came in. I thought nothing of this however; her Majesty's time must be so fully occupied that the wonder is how she can ever find a minute to spare for such ordinary matters as photographs. When at length she walked into all, which is not often, it is only for private disposal among her friends. When she was in Canada she once allowed herself to be prevailed upon to sit for a Canadian photographer. Some of these portraits were subsequently sent to England and offered for sale here, but they were all bought in immediately. The last time I was at Windsor Castle the Princess was in the room while I photographed her Majesty, and she discussed the various details most pleasantly.

"For delightful personality however it would be difficult to find anyone to eclipse

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From a photo by] [*Russell.*

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK. THE QUEEN. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

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From a photo by] [*Russell.*

THE TSAR AND TSARINA OF RUSSIA.

the Princess of Wales; consequently photographing at Sandringham is exceptionally pleasant work. There is such perfect naturalness and one might almost say a homeliness about the Princess and her daughters. They take the liveliest interest in the portraits—the grouping and general arrangement, and they chat with such easy graciousness, that one is more than sorry when it is over.

"The Prince of Wales too is most thoughtful, and remembers faces and events with wonderful accuracy—small details that would slip from the memory of a man who had only half his royal highness's responsibilities one would think. On one occasion when I was at Coburg the Prince of Wales saw me, and after returning my salute, stopped and said, 'There will be a party at Rosenau to-morrow. You might get some good groups if you go,' and he asked his equerry to get a pass for me. I thanked his royal highness, and then went to the palace with the equerry, who then left me while he made application forthwith to the Hofmarshal. He returned however with the information that it was to be a private function, and that in consequence no passes could possibly be issued for that occasion. I was coming down the grand staircase again when I met the Prince of Wales coming up. 'Well,' he said, 'is it all right? Have you obtained a pass for the gathering I told you about?' I informed him as to the result of my application. 'Oh, they don't understand,' he replied. 'I'll go and see what I can do.' And he left me, an official bringing me word almost immediately that if I would be at a certain restaurant which was close to Rosenau, they would send for me when they were ready to be photographed. I did so, and was summoned in due course to take photos of the royal personages and their guests. The occasion was a particularly interesting one, it being the celebration of the betrothal of the present Emperor and Empress of Russia (then the Tsarevitch and Princess Alice of Hesse). I remarked to the Tsarevitch that I had had the honour of photographing him about twenty years before with his father. He replied at once, 'Yes, it will be exactly twenty years ago.' I had taken a number of plates of various groups, and at last the Prince of Wales, who had been suggesting and directing throughout, said, 'And now is there anyone else you wish to photograph? I should think you have everyone?' I replied that I would like to

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

PRINCESS CLEMENTINA OF BELGIUM.

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take a special plate of the German Emperor, as I only had him in a group with others on this occasion. 'The German Emperor is wanted,' the Prince of Wales called out. 'Where is the German Emperor?' His Majesty came and said, 'You have taken me alone so many times before, you can't want me again!' 'But I have never taken your Majesty in that uniform,' I protested; and he laughed and consented to the ordeal."

"I think you have recently visited Moscow?"

"Yes, I was over there at the time of time, and I left Russia immediately, having other imperative work on hand. Yet the time I spent in the Kremlin was in itself worth a very long journey."

"Was this your first visit to Russia?"

"No, I had already been to St. Petersburg, photographing in the royal palace."

"What other royal residences have you visited abroad?"

"The first time I ever had the honour of taking photographs at a foreign court was at Berlin, on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Margaret (the daughter of the Empress Frederick) to Prince Charles of

CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA. DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG. THE TSAR. GERMAN EMPEROR. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG. PRINCE OF WALES.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

GERMAN EMPRESS. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG. DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT. DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG. THE TSARINA. PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG.

(Photographed at Rosenau, Coburg, on the day of the betrothal of the present Tsar and Tsarina of Russia.)

the coronation. I took a great number of photos inside the palace. Though I was not so fortunate on that occasion as to get a sitting from the Tsar himself. It was on this wise. I was taking some photos in the conservatory one morning when his Majesty came in. He said that he was sorry he was too busy to spare the time just then, but would do so the following week. Immediately after this however the dreadful accident occurred, of which of course you read in the papers. This naturally so upset his Majesty that all thoughts of a photo had to be put on one side for the Hesse. Later on the Empress Frederick was good enough to allow me to take photos of her house, "Friedrickshof," at Homburg, and then I was wonderfully impressed with her pleasant, unaffected bearing. She said she would like to show me over the grounds, and point out which she considered the finest views; so throwing a wrap over her head and shoulders, she there and then took me round, and seemed to evince such an interest in everything and to be so pleased when she saw that I was delighted with the scenery. The Empress Frederick certainly inherits her mother's gracious courtesy in dealing with

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From a photo by [*Russell.*

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

those who are necessarily almost strangers to her."

"You have taken various portraits of the present German Emperor, I believe?"

"Yes, and also of the Empress. The first time I was summoned to Potsdam to photograph the present Emperor remains very vividly on my mind. The appointment was for eight o'clock in the morning. I was in Berlin one evening when the telegram arrived, and had to leave very early next morning in order to reach Potsdam at the hour named. By a most unfortunate misunderstanding however the man from my hotel drove me in the morning to the wrong station in Berlin. When we got there we found there was no train to Potsdam, and what was still more vexatious, we had lost the one from the other station. There was nothing for it but to wire to his Majesty, and in a most uneasy frame of mind I eventually reached the palace by about 8.30. The officials received me with various remarks to the effect that his Majesty was not in the habit of being kept waiting, etc., and advised me to get my camera ready with as much despatch as possible, and then they would ascertain his Majesty's pleasure regarding my backsliding self—all of which was not particularly reassuring. As soon as I was ready the Emperor came out (I was to photograph him in the open air in front of the palace). I immediately expressed my regret at the unfortunate delay. 'Oh, I quite understand how it happened,' he replied most affably. 'Pray say no more about it,' and thereupon he began to speak about the work in hand. I was most anxious to have him photographed in more than one uniform, if possible, but hardly liked to suggest it, as it would take up still more of his time. However he immediately consented, and after being photographed in the uniform of an honorary English admiral (which was to be sent to the Naval Exhibition at that time in London), he quickly reappeared in a German uniform (which portrait subsequently appeared in the German Exhibition), and he then favoured me with a sitting on horse-

From a photo by [*Russell.*

THE KING OF ROUMANIA.

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THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.
PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.
CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA.

PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG.
DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG.
DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.
PRINCE OF WALES.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

THE TSAR AND TSARINA OF RUSSIA.
GERMAN EMPEROR. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. EMPRESS FREDERICK.
PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG. PRINCESS FEODORA OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

(Taken at Coburg, by request of the Queen, the day after the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt.)

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back as a finale. When he was riding away he turned again and said, 'The Empress will let you know when she will be at liberty to see you.'

"Later on a telegram came to my hotel, naming the hour when her Majesty would be disengaged. When I arrived again at the palace she herself took me through the various rooms in order that I might select which would be the most advantageous for the photograph. Then she suggested various flowers which she thought would look effective, and she had them brought and arranged them experimentally. She was very bright, and chatted most freely concerning the photos."

"Whom do you consider the most satisfactory among royalty as a photographic subject?"

"That is an extremely difficult matter to decide. From a public point of view, naturally her Majesty is without a doubt the most popular subject a photographer could possibly have, and personally she is very easy to take; she complies immediately with the utmost graciousness with any suggestion one may venture. Again, the Prince and Princess of Wales have a hold on the public that only increases as time goes on, in addition to which the Princess of Wales makes a most lovely photograph, quite apart from the question of her exalted station.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

"The Empress Frederick is an exceptionally interesting sitter. Being an accomplished artist, she will go into the general details of the photographs, and herself arrange the background and surroundings with the utmost intelligence and skill, and she spares no pains to get just the effect she desires.

"But nearly all the members of our royal family are endowed with artistic tastes far removed from the ordinary, and naturally it finds expression in many ways.

"Pictorially the German Emperor is always a success. It matters not in what dress he may be taken, he always looks well. And the same may be said of the Empress. The last time the Emperor was over here I was fortunate enough to get an exceptionally striking photo of him, taken on board his Majesty's yacht the *Hohenzollern*.

"For the largest number of distinguished personages in one group I think the various photos I took at the several weddings of the young princesses of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha are fairly representative of the Courts of Europe, and they have met with much appreciation. Of course the greatest demand is always for the members of our own royal family. This is not surprising."

"Have you taken any Eastern potentate?"

"I photographed the Shah when he was

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over here. I took him along with the Prince and Princess of Wales."

"Did he converse with you?"

"No. He seemed to be somewhat apathetic. The Oriental temperament is so different from ours that one cannot judge them by the same standard as Europeans. It was at the suggestion of the Prince that the Shah was photographed."

"I suppose it must be somewhat of a trial to be in such constant request as a photographic subject?"

"Possibly; but so far as my own experience goes the royal personages who have been good enough to favour me with sittings have always done so with the utmost readiness, and without the slightest trace of boredom. Sometimes indeed the occasions have been productive of the greatest merriment. A few years ago I was three weeks on board the *Osborne*, taking groups every day, and frequently the sitters seemed to find a great deal of amusement in the proceedings."

"In what language are you usually addressed at foreign Courts?"

"Invariably their Majesties speak English, and perfect English too. I may say that nowhere have I heard more beautiful English than that spoken at the Russian Court. There was not the smallest hint of accent about it."

"Have royalty the same desire to see proofs of their photos as ordinary mortals?"

HEREDITARY PRINCESS OF SAXE-MEININGEN. PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG.
GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE. PRINCESS FEODORA OF SAXE-MEININGEN.
CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA. DUCHESS OF YORK.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG. PRINCE MAX OF BADEN. CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA.
DUKE OF YORK. GRAND DUKE OF HESSE.

"Certainly; and in many cases duplicate sets have to be sent to other members of the royal family."

"Do royal sitters purchase many of their own portraits?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes an order has come in for as much as £300. They must of necessity give away a great number in the course of a year, I should think. And that is not only a fortunate thing for the favoured recipients, but it is likewise fortunate for the photographer."

But there is a limit to everything, even to the time of so courteous a man as Mr.

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Russell; and therefore, knowing this, I brought my interview to a conclusion.

Mr. Russell is at the best of times extremely diffident in speaking of his own achievements. Fortunately this failing is more than counteracted by his works, which speak for themselves, and in no uncertain manner either.

It is gratifying to know that not only in England is Mr. Russell's marked ability recognised. He has just received from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia an insignia in commemoration of the coronation, with the ribbon of St. Andrew to be worn, and a certificate from the Imperial Court authorising him to wear it.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

CANOPY IN THE CHURCH AT MOSCOW WHERE THE TSAR WAS CROWNED.

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WAITING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

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SHAN'S DIVERSION.

By Shan F. Bullock.

Illustrated by Harold Copping.

MARKET-DAY and its glories were over; all about the Grogan's home was snug for the night; Shan and Biddy sat on stools by the hearth-stone silently enjoying their supper of a toasted herring and white bread and tea.

Suddenly Shan slapped his knee, set his bowl on the floor, and, after a deal of fumbling, brought forth a letter from the inner pocket of his waistcoat.

"Niver crossed me mind t' this mortial minute," he began apologetically; "if it hadn't come into me head about meetin' Phil the Gad in the post-office, I'd niver ——"

"Who's it from?" snapped Biddy.

Shan looked sideways at the envelope. Well, that was hard to say just yet, he thought; but the lassie in the office told him it came from America, so he supposed ——

"Whisht, ye fool!" cried his wife. "It's from yir brother Mike. Open it quick."

Shan took out his clasp-knife, cautiously slit the envelope, and pulled out half a sheet of notepaper carefully folded over a money-order.

"Give uz it," said Biddy, as she shot out her crooked fingers. "No; th' other—the money. How much is it?"

"How can I tell till I read it. Aisy, till I see what the ould boy says."

Shan shifted his stool till he had brought his back against the chimney-jamb, then leant towards the fire to catch its light. The letter was short and quite matter-of-fact—the writer was well, requested an answer, enclosed a trifle to help with the rent.

"That's the whole av it, ivery scrape," said Shan. "Well, thank God the ould boy's in health."

"Give uz it," said Biddy sharply, "an' read this. Tell uz quick."

Shan took the order, leant again towards the firelight, and from the very first word began to spell out its contents. Presently he came to the kernel of the matter: "the sum of—T-w-o *pounds* ——"

Like a flash came the temptation—a temptation which at any time might have come to Shan, as to any honest man, but which just then, thanks to the malignant potency of market-day whisky, he was hardly prepared to resist.

"T-w-o, T-w-o ——" he stammered. There were ten shillings more: suppose he did not read them? Biddy would be none the wiser, and he could ——

"Ach! what ails ye, stammerin' an' stutterin' lek that?" said Biddy querulously.

"Och! its the light," said Shan, and shifted his stool: "shure it's ojus bad."

"Only *Two pounds*," said Biddy. "Give it over. I've heerd enough."

Shan reached the order to his wife—Fate had willed it; *Two pounds* he had read, the rest, only for Biddy, he *might* have read: *Two pounds* then it must remain.

He put his head back against the jamb, closed his eyes, and began to think. His mind was a little confused, his moral sense a little dulled (as indeed sometimes happens with the natives of Bilboa on market-days); still, certain broad facts stood clear against the feeble flow of his thought. He had lied. Yes, but maybe he'd have told the truth had she let him read on. The lie might pass. The two pounds were Biddy's, yes, every farthing of them. Ay! but the ten shillings were his—if he could get them? Could he? *Ten shillings!* Since he married, never once had he had so much to call his own—not once. Whatever he sold—pigs, calves, potatoes—all the money went to Biddy—Biddy—Biddy! Was that how a *man* should be treated? Well, please God, some day he'd make a change; *he'd* show his teeth. He didn't care a curse about money—still he was treated hard. And now! Yes he was quite resolved he'd have that ten shillings if he had to go on his knees to Bunn for it.

His face flushed with a spurious courage, he looked cautiously across at Biddy. With her elbows set on her knees, she sat forward, thinking hard and sometimes mumbling as she looked over the top of the money-order into the fire.

Upstairs, in a safe place between the thatch and the side-wall, was hidden the pound or

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two that hitherto had made the whole fortune of the Grogans. This godsend, so Biddy was thinking, added to that hoard more than doubled it—a powerful lot of money to be under the roof with two lone people! Ah! it was all needed sore. A new pair of corduroys for Shan; a striped shawl for herself—a—a—naw the bonnet must go. They wanted a skillet an' a gallon an' a milking porringer. Could she get that bonnet? Och, och! her wits were wandering. And the rent? Aw! the rent might go to glory. She'd pay when she was made, alone! If she came she'd see him sign for and draw *all* the money—an'—an'——

"D'ye hear me?" repeated Biddy.

"All right," said Shan; "all right. Jist as ye lek."

It was not all right though, and the knowledge kept Shan that night awake for hours. Where was his Dutch courage now? Gone with the snuffing of the candle. It was as certain that Biddy would go to Bunn and find him out as that she was lying even then in the bed beside him. Oh, he wished the ten shillings in the pit of hell! Confess?

"Presently he came to the kernel of the matter—'the sum of two *pounds*.'"

not a foot sooner. And—and who knew what might turn up? Maybe another order!

She looked at the piece of white paper between her hands. To think *that* meant Two *pounds*—Two whole pounds! It looked shockingly thin and delicate. Suppose she lost it, tore it? Suppose the post-office smashed and couldn't pay? *Aw, aw!*

Almost fiercely she turned to Shan.

"We'll start for Bunn first thing in the mornin'," said she. "D'ye hear me?"

Shan turned on his stool and began rubbing his ear. Sure the devil was in the woman—and he thinking she'd send him

Naw—naw—he dare not! Better trust to luck—maybe something would turn up.

Nothing turned up in the night, nothing the next morning; nothing all that weary way to Bunn. Shan's heart was heavy as his unwilling feet. Never had the streets given him a colder welcome. And there was the post-office, and nothing had turned up. Well, so be it.

What was that? *He must sign his name.* Indeed, and where? *There?* Aw, very well. Give him grip of a pen. Something flashed upon him. Yes, he'd try. He squared his elbows, cocked his head, dabbed

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the pen down viciously—and broke it. Ach, such pens! Was that the best her Majesty's Government could do? He tried another—it broke. Well, sorrow take the like he ever came across! *Couldn't write?* Of course he could. *What! they had no more?* He drew a penny from his pocket, threw it on the counter and implored Biddy to do a charity and go next door for a ha'porth o' nibs. Biddy hesitated; could see no harm in going; went, and presently returning met Shan in the post-office doorway with two sovereigns in his outstretched palm. "Ha!" said he, "sure I shamed them. Ye wur hardly out o' the dure when they rowled out the finest pens ye iver seen—ay, by the dozen. And there's yir money safe as the bank."

So far very well. But soon for Shan arose this question: What should he do with the half-sovereign, which just then lay wrapped in paper at the root of a great thistle in the corner of a field? He could not bank it; his fear of Biddy forbade that he should carry it, or spend it, or hide it in the house. It was worth less than nothing lying there fallow; some morning, stealthy as his visits were, Biddy would surely discover him gloating over his treasure; he might die and leave it to the worms and the jingle of a stranger's spade. Yes, thought Shan as he stood, one fine May morning, leaning on his shovel in a potato furrow, yes, something must be done with it. It haunted his sleep, puckered his brow, was a load on his mind, was the divil's own bother entirely.

From far away across the hills came a shrill whistle, and quick after it the rumble of the first morning train on its way from Clogheen to Bunn. For the hundredth time Shan wished that he could have just one jaunt by steam right out into the wonders of the world. What! Yes, by thunder! There was the money waiting, lying waiting at the thistle root. He hadn't had a day's diversion since his wedding day—twenty long years ago. Biddy? *Pah!* He would be a man for once—he'd go. Yes, but perhaps after all it were best to go peacefully and knowingly.

All day long he pondered. Five o'clock came and Biddy's *Hoi-i-i* from the hill. He drove the point of his shovel under a root, bore hard on the handle, smashed the metal across, and with the broken pieces in his hand went sadly up to tea.

Dear, oh dear! *such* a misfortune—broke it at the last shovelful! And there was the field only half done, and he hadn't another. *Borrow one?* Of course not, and everybody busy like himself. *A spade!* Did he say a *spade* might do? Aw, deed it might, and so might a wooden spoon if the nights were all days. *Get a new one?* Ay! he supposed so, there was no other way out of it—that was how the money went. Och, och! all that long tramp into Bunn! *Go* THEN? go that night?

"Is it walk to Bunn an' back *now* yi'd have me do?" Shan asked with a tone of reproach in his voice. "*Now* after all that day's work? Be the king! but it's worse nor nigger drivin'."

Well, then, could he be back early in the morning?

"Mebbe," said Shan, "mebbe; if the shops is open, mebbe I cud." He stretched himself lazily, put on his hat, went out, and turning into the byre there covered his mouth with his hand and silently laughed.

Early next morning Shan, with the price of a new shovel in his pocket, left home and started for Bunn. He kept to the road for about half a mile, then doubled back through the fields and rescued his half-sovereign from the thistle root.

Once on the road again his spirits rose with a bound. From the mountains the air came fresh as dew, the hedges were alive with birds singing among the young green.

She dressed me up in scarlet red,

trolled Shan in his glee,

An' treated me ve-ry kin'-ly,
But still I thought me heart 'd break,
For the girl I left be-hind me.

The girl he left behind him? Biddy!—Biddy befooled and beguiled at home! Ho, ho! He put his hands on his knees and laughed down at the road.

Only a shop here and there in Bunn was open. The air was heavy with fresh peat smoke. Slatternly women came to the doors and blinked at Shan; their husbands, lounging and smoking against the walls, gave him good-day. He answered shortly and quickened his pace. He would take the train to Clogheen and there divert himself. He would have a good dinner, two bottles of stout—not a drop more, not one; buy a red pocket-handkerchief for himself, and a new night-cap for Biddy; take the one o'clock train back, buy his shovel, go straight home and take meekly whatever might come.

He was passing the fair green and in sight of the station. A whistle sounded; he began to run; *whoof, whoof* went the engine. Shan had missed his train.

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"It was the divil's own bother entirely."

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What could he do? The next train did not start till midday. He rose, and feeling almost inclined to beat his disappointed head against the walls, made for the town. One minute late—one—one! The bottles in a window of the hotel parlour caught his eye and gleamed

"Her face was big with horror and surprise."

comfort upon him; he stopped, hesitated, went to the door, turned back, turned again and went with a rush through the doorway.

An hour went and left Shan lighter in pocket and head; the second saw him shouting patriotism and treason across the table at his friend the town butcher. Shan's head was reeling; his mood verging on the quarrelsome. The butcher gave him the lie. He rose to fight, and the next moment was out in the street storming at the door.

A crowd flew together. Shan opened his arms and appealed for justice: he had been insulted, robbed. "Aw, yis," thought Bunn town and wagged their knowing heads, "aw, yis, an' so do lots more get insulted when they take drink on an empty stomach. An' Shan Grogan of all men, too! an aisy-going, harmless —— *Whisht!* The police. Run, Shan, run! We're for ye, my boy!"

Shan stood firm. The police were the men he wanted: he had been insulted, robbed. *Go home*, they said; did they say *Go home*? What! they refused to hear him? They refused to see justice done? Ah! the blood-thirsty renegades. Let them dare to touch him! Phew-w-w he defied them!

Bunn town cheered Shan as the police closed. He hit out right and left, then broke through the roaring crowd and made downhill towards the river. No use! Reinforcements hurried out; the handcuffs were as good as on Shan's wrists. He reached the bridge, panting and weary. Suddenly he reeled and fell heavily against the parapet. Behind him were the police, angry and remorseless, before him stood a woman, with her hands raised and her face big with horror and surprise. The police ran on; Bunn town stopped dead.

"*Aw, aw!*" went up the voices. "*Aw, aw! Be the Lord, but it's Biddy!*"

Well, when a man hits the police he pays for his sport; and Shan Grogan may thank his luck, and the tearful pleading of his wife, and the eager testimony of his friends and neighbours, that the price he paid for the one diversion of his married life was no more than a night in the cells, and all but a shilling or two of the little hoard which many months of striving (and the kindness of a brother) had gathered between the wall and thatch of his little cottage in Bilboa.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

By a Member of Parliament.

Illustrated by A. C. Gould ; *and from Photographs.*

A member of the Lower Chamber has three great privileges : the policeman will stop the traffic opposite Palace Yard for the legislator to cross in safety ; the evening mail is collected an hour later for him than for the ordinary mortal ; and the House of Peers offers him a seat in a crowded gallery during its debates, or, if some great speaker is up, he will find standing room only at the Bar. And this third is a very real privilege, for whether he be of the order of sturdy democrats and determined iconoclasts, or of those who, in the expansive atmosphere of the Commons' smoking-room, declare that the Peers are the only independent assembly in the world, he will find much to charm his eyes, to stimulate his humour, to kindle his imagination as he watches the doings of this aristocratic institution, which still lifts its towers and spires above the democratic flood that has submerged so many political relics of the past.

There are few who will deny that from a decorative point of view the House of Lords deserves its place in the constitution. The very building is more richly coloured and ornamented than the House of the elected, and a wise tradition maintains that the seats must always be coloured red. When the last Government were in office they spent of their wealth in re-covering the seats, and cynics say that, notwithstanding their crusade against the Lords, they chose morocco leather because it lasts longer than any other ! The modern peer, it is true, is somewhat careless as to the elegance and grandeur of the trappings of life. He may be seen riding in a "growler," his dress is never so brilliant as that say of the Stock Exchange clerk (except in the item of silk hats, for there is a deep and abiding glossiness about the hats of peers which encourages the belief that their hats like their marriages are made in heaven), and the *chef* at a famous club has recently let the world into the secret that dukes, when they dine there, generally content themselves with a cut from the joint. This surprising carelessness, so contrary to the ideas of many novelists of high life, may account for the fact that the highly-decorated lobby of the House of Lords is crowded with shabby hat-stands, where, to secure the ownership of pegs similar to those provided for Board school children, you may see written names that have been made famous again and again in English history !

The House of Lords includes a library about equal to that of the Commons ; the sovereign's robing-room, which is only used when the Queen opens Parliament in person ; a very fine room used as a kind of lobby, and adorned on either side by famous frescoes representing the death of Nelson and the meeting of Blucher and Wellington after Waterloo, and a small lobby behind the throne, which is decorated by scenes from the history of the peerage. There, as Mr. Disraeli was fond of saying in his novels, a

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young man may draw inspiration by gazing at the portraits of his ancestors, though, as far as can be observed, very few of them adopt that method. A kitchen and dining-room are provided, but in these days the business of the nation is usually concluded before the dinner hour, and when the Home Rule debate necessitated a late sitting for four days several peers are said to have sent their own cooks and their own plate in order that life might still be worth living. Along each side of the House itself there runs a small gallery, where the peeresses sit raining influence upon the debaters below, and there Lady Salisbury may be often seen, almost as regular an attendant at important debates as Mrs. Gladstone was in the old days at the Commons. These galleries and the corner to the right of the throne, where the bishops sit arrayed in lawn sleeves, add picturesqueness and colour to the scene, though in one detail it is less imposing than that offered to the spectator in the Commons, as the Lord Chancellor has no throne but a small unraised bench.

From a photo by [*Frith.*

Ministerial benches. The Throne. Woolsack. Opposition benches.

THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Lords are an older assembly than the Commons, as they are direct descendants of the Witangemote, which, according to the more probable historical theory, consisted of the great men and councillors of the king and people. The oldest title, so far as England is concerned, is that of earl, which dates from Saxon times, and next to the earl in point of antiquity comes the baron. The first duke was the Black Prince, son of Edward III; the first marquis was created in the reign of Richard II, and the first viscount by Henry VI. The station and precedence of peers are regulated by an Act passed in the reign of Henry VIII, which ordains that "all dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts and barons, not having any of the offices of the commonwealth, shall sit and be placed after their ancientry, as it hath been accustomed."

The premier duke and earl of the United Kingdom is the present Postmaster-General, the Duke of Norfolk, who combines with that office the duties of the Hereditary Earl Marshal and Chief Butler of England, a Justice of the Peace and County Councillor in two counties, the Mayor of Sheffield, the colonel of one volunteer regiment and the major of another. He is said to have accepted the office of Postmaster in order that he might insure himself a regular occupation! It would occupy more than an entire number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE to write even a brief history of the illustrious family of Howard, the head of which has played a distinguished part in England since Sir John Howard was created Earl Marshal of England and first Duke of Norfolk in 1483. Perhaps the greatest of the Howards lived under the Tudors, when their days were glorious if they ended untimely. The third duke, who was Lord High Admiral, spent seven years in prison; during those years his eldest son, the Earl of Surrey, a noble orator and poet, was executed on a charge of high treason, while some few years later the fourth duke,

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son of the poet, was beheaded on the charge of treacherously communicating with Mary, Queen of Scots No fewer than five out of fifteen Dukes of Norfolk have been attainted — an ancestry of which even an Irish member might be unashamed! The present duke is mainly distinguished by his passionate devotion to the Roman Catholic Church, of which the Howards have ever been loyal adherents.

The greatest interest of the House of Lords is undoubtedly its wealth of historic association, and the fact that so many of its members (though, it is true, only a comparatively small number of them) bear names distinguished in the history of our past. The record of the House itself is certainly not so interesting, or so full of historic and dramatic incident, as that of the Commons, mainly perhaps because the popular chamber had to struggle for its privileges, while those of the Lords were always conceded. The meeting of the barons with John, in the meadows of Runnymede, can hardly be claimed as an incident in the history of the House of Lords; and perhaps the most dramatic scene that can properly be claimed is that of the great Chatham's final speech. Macaulay has written the classical account of that scene. "The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. Chatham bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large and his face so emaciated that none of his features could be discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire. When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. . . . The House listened in solemn silence and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy, but while he spoke the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion and the dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament."

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD HALSBURY.

It is interesting to compare with that historic quitting of the scene the entrance upon it of another famous statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, as described by an eye-witness, Mr. H. W. Lucy. "At twenty minutes to five the Premier appeared on the threshold, clad in peer's robes, the other lords, except the new peer's sponsors, being in the ordinary morning dress in which they are accustomed to attend to the affairs of the nation. Lord

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Beaconsfield entered, preceded by the Deputy Black Rod, the Garter King-at-Arms and the Earl Marshal, who led him within the railings. Here the Earl of Derby appeared, and, in company with the Earl of Bradford, presented Lord Beaconsfield to the Lord Chancellor. Then the new peer approached the table and handed the clerk his writ of summons as Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden. This done, accompanied by Earl Bradford and Lord Derby, he walked round to the viscounts' bench, on which the three seated themselves, and gravely saluted the Chancellor by thrice

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

raising their three-cornered hats, which they put on as they sat down. The Lord Chancellor, also wearing his hat, raised it in acknowledgment of the salute. Next the three lords proceeded to the earls' bench, on which they again seated themselves and bowed to the Lord Chancellor, this time with their three-cornered hats in their hands." Such is the time-honoured ceremony which attends the entry of the new peer. How tranquil and undisturbed must seem this new atmosphere to one who comes from the combative and unruly Lower Chamber! This indeed is the rest after toil, port after stormy seas. When Lord Beaconsfield was congratulated on his elevation by a brother peer, he said in his most sepulchral tones, "I feel like one dead and buried," then recollecting himself, he added, "and in the regions of the blest!" When Lord John became Earl Russell, *Punch* had a caricature representing old Lord Brougham receiving him at the door of the Peers' Chamber with the words, "O Johnny, ye'll find it mighty dull here!" As a matter of fact Lord John's biographer tells us that he was met by his great opponent, Lord Derby, who said, "O Johnny, what fun we shall have here!" Mr. *Punch*, like other people, thought that Lord John would take the title Earl Ludlow, which suggested the lines—

> John Russell, Earl Ludlow, John,
> When we were first acquent
> You would have scorned the haven
> On which you now are bent!
> The House of Lords, I fear, John,
> You'll find uncommon slow,
> And for the Commons, gipsy-like,
> You'll sigh when Earl Ludlow!

There are of course many peculiarities about the way in which the Lords do their business, the prevailing characteristic of their method being the quickness of dispatch. The Committee stage of a Bill, which would take three weeks in the Commons, will liter-

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ally be run through in as many minutes in the Lords. An amiable gentleman, Lord Morley, the Chairman of Committees, stands at the table and reads through the clauses in a low hurried tone, and the thing is done. There is too an easy absence of formalities. I have seen a peer rise in his place and address the House after a division has been called, a breach of rule that would have brought a storm in the Commons, while the Lords seemed not to mind at all, and the Lord Chancellor merely shook his head and smilingly motioned the peer to sit down again. When a division takes place each of the tellers is given a white wand, like a conductor's bâton, and with this he is supposed to touch each peer as he passes into the House. During last session there were several very close divisions on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill (the discussion of which is the favourite relaxation of the more light-hearted of our nobility) and on the Irish Land Bill. In the former the Prince of Wales took part—when in the House he sits on the cross benches and holds an informal levée during the less interesting speeches.

The level of oratory is not very high, except in set debates on the greater topics of statesmanship. The Irish Land Bill debates were profoundly dull; while they were in progress I stood at the Bar by the side of the wittiest and most impatient of the Irish Nationalist members. "Ah!" said he, with pleasant recollections, while a peer was laboriously proceeding through a prosy utterance, "we used to shout this fellow down when he was in the Commons." In the Lords they rarely cheer and never interrupt. "Motto for the House of Lords," went on the Irish member, "Liveliness is next to Godliness!" But when there is a great occasion there is little doubt that the Lords make a statelier display of oratory than the Commons of the present day, though of course there is not the excitement which attaches to the results of divisions in the Commons. The greatest orator of the day is the Duke of Argyll; the unequalled master of terse and nervous English is the Marquis of Salisbury; the most polished, urbane and witty of speakers is the Earl of Rosebery, while among the bishops the new archbishop has the persuasive force of strength and sincerity, and the Bishop of Ripon a melodious sweetness sweeter than the honeycomb, which is perhaps more effective in the pulpit than elsewhere.

From a photo by [*Bassano.*

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G.

Critics of the Lords are fond of speaking of "King Salisbury," as though the Conservative Premier had entire command of the assembly; but it would probably be a mistake to think that any statesman could secure the same kind of influence there which Sir Robert Peel and other great leaders have wielded over the Commons, "ruling the House as Alexander ruled Bucephalus." A man carries the weight of his own authority, and the authority of his party if he be a Minister, but the Lords meet too rarely and for too short periods to give that constant personal contact by which the Commons test their great men. It is therefore a very cool and critical assembly which Lord Salisbury leads at present, and one which detects his mistakes very swiftly. When he rises to speak his first few sentences are generally almost inaudible, but his voice once found he turns away from the House and speaks straight to the reporters, very deliberately, weighing his words well, giving full time for the sarcasm to bite and the argument to pierce. It is true of him that "his vitriolic sarcasm is a purely literary product, the main purpose of which is to amuse himself," and that it is not the result of any malice or uncharitableness towards opponents. When Mr. Gladstone retired, the noblest testimony to his greatness was that made by his leading opponent, who

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gave unstinted praise to "the greatest intellect devoted to the service of the State since Parliamentary Government began."

The manner of Lord Salisbury's chief

From a photo by [*Russell.*

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

opponent is in great contrast. All Lord Rosebery's greatest successes have been made in those speeches which have attacked political problems from a detached, personal, original standpoint, and not from the party point of view. His mind is essentially independent, not following in the lines of tradition, whether Liberal or Tory, and his immediate inclination is to go to the root of a question, not to regard it (as the party man instinctively does) in its momentary aspect. His manner and voice have charm, and every sentence is polished, with a lurking irony in apparently chance phrases and the quality of sincerity in his tones. He made his reputation first by his attempts to reform the constitution of the House, and those speeches were characteristic of his whole career, as the reforms they advocated were excellent in themselves and yet such as would commend themselves to neither party. There is a frankness about Lord Rosebery which endears him as a man and makes him very piquant as a politician; and no one can chaff an opponent so gracefully, so urbanely and, if need be, so finally. An Irish landlord, not very highly esteemed in Ireland, had told the House how much he knew of that country. "The question," said Lord Rosebery, "is not so much what the noble lord knows of Ireland as what Ireland knows of the noble lord."

Lord Rosebery's chief assistants as leader were Lord Herschell, who is one of the greatest lawyers of the day; Lord Spencer, the "Red Earl," as Rudyard Kipling named him; Lord Ripon, who is descended from Lord Goderich, the short-lived Premier, the first to be called a "transient and embarrassed phantom"; and Lord Kimberley, who himself has been leader of the House. Not one of the four can be described as a first-class speaker, and the result is that the Unionists generally get their case better put than the Liberals, whether it happens in itself to be a better case or not, for there is a great array of speakers on whom Lord Salisbury may usually rely. The heads of the two great Whig houses, the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne, are two very strong lieutenants, especially the latter, whose powers are not realised by the country at large, though he is one of the most lucid and logical speakers in either House and retains

From a photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY, K.G.

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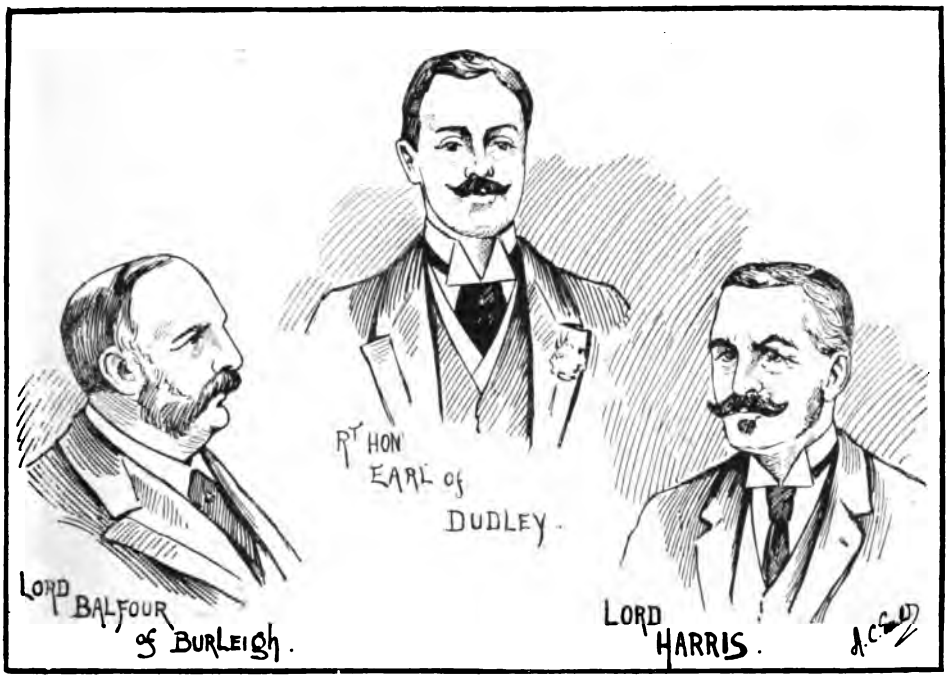
that charm of manner which is the characteristic of his family. The Duke of Devonshire has never taken the prominent part in debate which was forced upon him as Marquis of Hartington in the Commons, but though there is no pretension to grace or art in his oratory, there is a ruggedness and common-sense about his words which are much more attractive to the average Englishman. The Duke of Argyll is a very different speaker. It has been well said, though by a hostile critic, that he is like Lord Brougham, of whom Macaulay said that he was "a kind of semi-Solomon, half knowing everything from the cedar to the hyssop." But, adds the critic, the Duke is "a born orator, with musical voice of great compass and penetration; he has an easy flow of language, which he regulates with consummate art."

There are other members of the present Government who are good speakers, notably Lord Balfour of Burleigh, one of the ablest business men of the day; Lord Harris, the famous cricketer, and Lord Dudley, who is reckoned by many wise observers to be a coming man. Perhaps the most influential of non-official peers is the Marquis of Londonderry, who has shown very remarkable capacity in various difficult posts. To even bad speakers, if they have anything to say, the House is courteously attentive, but for those who exceed all bounds they have a delightful method of their own. One moves "that the noble lord be not heard," another seconds, and the motion is promptly carried.

The House of Lords is in a sense an assembly of experts. As has been remarked, however recondite and out of the way the subject of discussion may be, there is usually some quiet peer on a back bench who will rise and say that he happens to have made a special study of it. For theology, archbishops; for law, judges; for the army, the two greatest generals; for the Colonies, viceroys and governors; for finance, the greatest bankers; and there are many specialists too, including of course several who have expert knowledge of the brewing traffic. There is one deficiency, which Lord Charles Beresford might point out: there are hardly sufficient admirals to represent the navy. Apart from all political considerations, whether their House is an anomaly and an anachronism, or a providential bulwark, it is impossible to deny that the Lords make a very interesting and stately assembly, and that there are many among them of whom we may well feel proud.



THREE RISING PEERS.

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THE EDITOR'S POST BAG.

PERHAPS it may be useful to put on record "plots which should be avoided" by would-be contributors. My post-bag has been weighed down with many stories on the following lines:—

(1.) The daughter of an earl is in love with the son of a bold and bad baronet—why should the baronetcy always be linked with wickedness?—who, however, lacks the courage to propose. A youthful M.P. is accepted by the lady, in default of the baronet's son, who emigrates. Many asterisks of years pass; the son succeeds to the baronetcy and returns from roughing it in the Colonies. The lady is a widow, and after a casual meeting between the two, they marry.

Several fine varieties of the above (slightly damaged by continual travel through the post) have lately reached me. I don't want any more, please.

From a photo by [*Lallie Garet-Charles.*

A FEW FLOWERS FOR THE EDITOR.

(2.) A young artist, handsome and athletic, is sketching on the moors, when he hears a cry of pain. He walks a short distance, only to discover a girl, with the prettiest face imaginable, in dire distress—she has sprained her ankle. It is useless for her to attempt to walk, though she bravely sets forth leaning on the artist's arm. "I'm afraid you must let me carry you to yonder farmhouse," says the sly dog. She assents blushingly, and hardly has he gone a few steps before she faints. . . . Next day, and the next, and the next, the artist calls to inquire for the injured damsel. His holiday is drawing to a close; the imperious summons of the picture-dealer recalls him to town. Need I add that he returns to London an engaged man?

Four or five admirable samples of the above may be had cheaply, with or without an unkind aunt who opposes the match.

(3.) The train is leaving a village station; the last farewells have been uttered; a young girl in deep mourning looks through blinding tears at a favourite dog who tries to leap after the retreating carriage which bears away his beautiful mistress. Family reverses are responsible for this journey to a grim guardian's house in town. An hour elapses ere our friend surveys her fellow-travellers. In the corner sits a young man who, in the kindest possible manner, proffers a *Graphic*. Gradually the other passengers leave the train, and the two are soon chatting gaily of places and people they know. So sympathetic is the young man (who, I forgot to mention, has fair eyes, and a blue moustache—no, blue eyes and a fair moustache) that she tells the story of her life. This draws from him the extraordinary revelation that he is the nephew of the grim guardian! Ah! that will indeed make a difference to her happiness. It does, for in six months' time she is his fiancée!

We have had about a score of stories with the above plot, all ripe and ready for the London market. Complications relating to a former lover may be added, if desired.

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'VARSITY TALES.

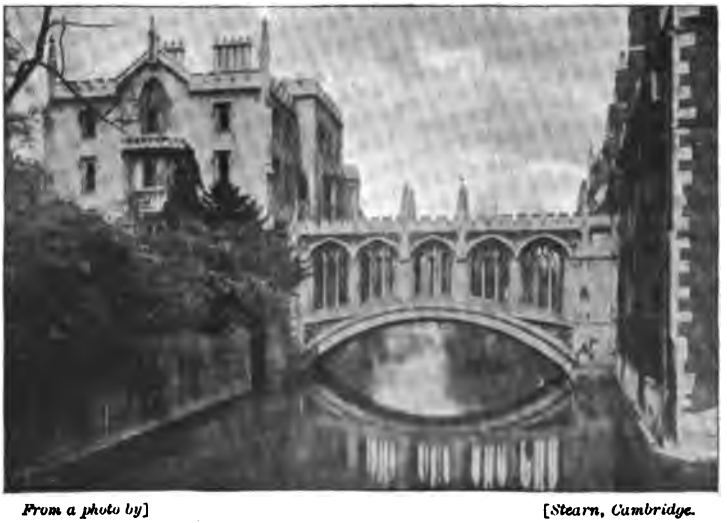
By Max Pemberton.

II.—THE DON, WITH SOME SIDE-LIGHTS UPON DEANS.

Hell

port-drinking don, who was not ashamed, once upon a time, to see the hounds and the huntsmen busy and bright beneath the windows of his study, is as extinct as the candle-snuffer in Cambridge now. A gospel of claret-and-water and of an eight-hours day is preached diligently and to ready hearers; so that a fellow who is fat and scant of breath is a rare bird, while your sleek and full scholar skips merrily through hall and court, buoyed up, as it were, upon the wings of particles, and ever ready to peck at German specialists. Men like this, it has been urged, have made of Cambridge nothing but a gigantic boarding-school; but that is a purely frivolous judgment pronounced by youths aspiring to the honours of "town and gown," and to the fine schooling of a kid-gloved debauchery. The serious person hastens to welcome everything and anything which will promote the fame and maintain the dignity of his University. And there will be always the lighter side of Cambridge life—the effervescence of the mere boy, the occasional aberration of the saner student, the woe of the don with an ideal, the wail of a dean with a creed. For these things are the early fruits of *la jeunesse* and will outlast the very stones upon which youth capers so merrily.

Not that one would say anything against ideals—as ideals—it is their application which is troublesome. I remember a famous tradition of a Dean of John's who announced, upon assumption of office, that he intended to stamp out many things—but particularly fireworks. There was no reason why the good man should not have gone through life with credit, doing as he would have been done by; but fireworks intervened. Though he was no papist himself, he yet made bold to add to the number of the thirty-nine articles; and his new anathema was for roman candles. At that time the fifth of November was the first of the feasts in John's. Regularly, when dark came down, great bonfires were lighted in the courts, and roman candles were fired from many windows. The new dean said that henceforth the feast must become a fast. No longer were the revolving splendours of catharine wheels, or the fiery balls from the papist's



From a photo by] [*Stearn, Cambridge.*

BRIDGE OF SIGHS, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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candles, to attract eyes which should be fixed upon the Phædo or the gaseous laws of Boyle. He threatened to gate any man found to possess even the homely squib; while awful and mysterious penalties were prescribed against the introduction of the condemned candle and the soul-shaking maroon. When the great night at length arrived the dean sat down in the hall with the jaunty air of a man who has triumphed. Not a cracker had, until that time, offended ears so sensitive; not a squib had desecrated the hallowed silence of court or quad. It was midnight, in truth, before the first fire was lighted, and then the dean, still pluming himself, we may suppose, in his dreams, had to be fetched from his bed to see it.

From a photo by [*Stearn, Cambridge.*

THE GREAT COURT OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

A porter called him, they say, and when he had wrapped himself up in his dressing-gown, and had put a shawl about his ears, he went out into the court to behold a spectacle which brought tears to his eyes. A great fire burned upon the grass-plot which should have been sacred to the feet of scholars; windows, through which the bewitching rays of the moon should have streamed upon innocent faces, were alight with fiery devices strange enough to satisfy the foul fiend himself. Roman candles were everywhere; the air was full of the blazing balls, which shot up in radiant showers and fell, hot and blistering, at the saintly, if naked, feet of the bewildered dean. Turn where he would, fix this window or that, he seemed unable so much as to name a "raider" who had made the red cock crow so well on the holy roof of John's. Nor could the porter help him in his praiseworthy desire to secure, if it might be, even one of the impudent crew who had brought such ridicule upon his anathema.

"Williams," roared the dean, while his ears sang with the report of a candle newly lit in a window immediately above him, "whose window is that?"

"That, sir? Oh, if you please, that's a staircase window!"

A new report from another window upon the opposite side of the court conveniently drowned the dean's unecclesiastical rejoinder. Like a tiger he turned toward the scene of the new outrage.

"Williams, I insist! You hear me? Whose window is that?"

"If you please, sir, that's another staircase window!"

The dean ground his teeth and went on. His dressing-gown flapped cruelly to the night breeze, his shawl streamed behind him like a banner. He had run, it might have been a third of the way, round the great court when a terrible explosion made the very ground quake. At the same moment a large window on the south side became a blazing square of active roman candles vomiting balls of every hue down almost upon the head of the exasperated cleric.

"Williams," he hissed, "that man goes down to-morrow! You hear me? Then whose window is it? Are you dumb, Williams?"

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"Not me, sir, I ain't dumb at all. *That's your window, sir!*"

* * *

The precise expressions of the Dean of John's at this particular moment are not recorded. They say that he compelled the porters to sit up every night for a week, fearing a repetition of the outrage. It was not until six nights had passed that these servile supporters of a new régime so far forgot themselves as to nod in their chairs. But scarce were they asleep when a terrific explosion fetched "old Rockets" from his bed to witness a new pyrotechnical display upon even a finer scale than the first. That broke his heart. He carried himself and his forty articles to a bishopric in remote Africa shortly afterwards; but upon the night of his departure his "dear pupils" sent him a testimonial. They had packed it in a huge hamper, covering it delicately with layers of straw. When the dean had read the framed address accompanying it and had half filled his room with the straw of the box, he came at last to the substance of the gift. It was a roman candle nicely done up in brown paper!

* * * *

But this is a story of the old time, and we are dealing with to-day. I have said that the port-wine drinking don is almost extinct; yet you will still find him lurking in nooks and corners of common-rooms, and you may be sure that he laughs in his sleeve when he sees the up-to-date fellow passing the "thirty-four" and proclaiming the superior stimulating qualities of a lemon squash. Nowadays, one must frankly admit, there is little port drank in the common-room at all. It is even questioned whether some of the colleges have not ceased to lay down new wines; and the awful prospect of a portless age looms upon the horizon of the probabilities. The new don, to whom Kant is a dissipation and Hegel lighter fare than a comic paper, waxes anecdotal over coffee and hilarious upon the juice of the lemon. He has a contempt for his ruddy-cheeked brother who sits in yon corner sipping his wicked glass, yet not daring to smack his lips or sigh upon its glory, as he would have done in the old time. For the matter of that, he preaches his apocalypse so diligently that the ruddy-faced brother in question begins to ask himself if the drinking of port wine is not, in fact, a crime as heinous as burglary and a little worse than blackmailing. I can

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ST. JOHN'S TOWER FROM THE BACKS.

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recollect one port-drinking fellow in Paul's who, they said, made and broke many a resolution never again to touch or to smell the heaven-sent "sixty-three." This good man was wont to sit long in the common-room seeing the decanter out. Often we met him at late hours furtively descending the great oak staircase, and we shook our heads when we observed how close was the friendship between him and the banister. One night, about eleven o'clock, we smuggled three cocks, all alive and crowing, into Paul's, and turned them upon this staircase at the moment when we observed our port-loving fellow in the act of leaving the common-room. He was half-way down and tottering in the balance before the first of the cocks greeted him with a rousing serenade, following it up by a great flapping of wings and antics peculiar to the lord of fowls. Then the other cocks answered with like demonstrations, while the victim of "sixty-three" stood beating the phantoms—as he thought them—from him with lusty arms.

"Begone!" he muttered, "begone!—leave me! It is the last time—the last time!"

* * * *

Here was a relic of the old school, a type of man still to be found in the rooms of master's houses and in decaying rectories. Yet that old school was not without its stricter men, as twenty anecdotes of Cambridge will tell you. Recall, for instance, a story of the senior wrangler who, when a dozen of his friends came rushing into his room to bring him the good news of his success, answered them by producing a pint of claret and declaring magnanimously, "Now you fellows shall not leave this room until that claret is finished!" Very similar is the anecdote told of a master, still honoured in Cambridge, of whom lying tradition saith that when he gave a supper to mark his "first" he put a jug of cider before the carousers. When that jug was empty the lord of the feast, stimulated to unbounded generosity, exclaimed—

"Let's have another quart of cider, and hang the expense!"

This master I remember well for he was grown old in his eccentricities when I was in residence. He had, I think, the finest head I have ever seen on man, and this, with his rugged flaxen hair and his little twinkling eyes, made him conspicuous in all the 'Varsity. His turn to be "vice" came round more than a decade ago, and he stood up in the senate, a splendid picture of a chancellor, before whom the bachelors knelt in awe, that he might wipe his hands on their heads and pronounce them "very learned." Unhappily, this grand scene, to which fair women and brave men gave grace and ornament, was marred by an impertinent freshman who threw a full-blown cabbage from the gallery so unerringly that it struck the orator on the top of his head at the very moment of his finest period. The interjection ensuing was not, I fancy, originally recorded in the address, but the master was well aware, with Seneca, that the chief fault of youth is an inability to govern its own violence, and he made light of the outrage afterwards. It was his misfortune always to provoke the thoughtless undergraduate to laughter, and this he owed to his voice—a strange, ungovernable voice, which spanned the octaves with ease, and gave you a final note, high and piercing and discordant, like the wail of a departed piano. Regularly when October came round and sixty freshmen trooped into chapel for morning service, you knew that the old act was to be played; you awaited the unrestrainable ripple of laughter as a man may wait for the bell of a clock. The master had but to open his lips to set those sixty freshmen going. You could see their very surplices shaking. Nor will one who heard it ever forget the effect of that famous utterance, beginning high and nasally among the upper C's and ending, heaven knows where, in notes of unscaleable altitudes, "Let—us pray, for all founders—and ben-ee-factors—Ho Lord!"

* * * *

"Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est," says Martial. Much of the inept laughter of undergraduate life owes its being to the eccentricity of don or dean in the pulpit or the lecture-room. In every college, needless to state, there are traditions of a dean who at one time gave forth the text, "And there came a great army of grasspillars and catterhoppers innumerable." In my own place we loved to tell the story of a new-fledged cleric who ended the second lesson one Sabbath morning with the finely delivered but amazing statement, "Now Rababbas was a bobber." Yet withal we had a great affection for the Dean of Paul's, who knew how to be the friend of men and shared with the tutors the confidence and esteem of every man whose privilege it was to be guided of them. Many a time and oft have I seen our dean carry himself with amazing courage in the midst of turbulence and that

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which bordered upon a petty riot. Once I remember—and it was shortly after the last attempt upon the Queen's life—a silly youth refused to stand up in chapel when "God Save the Queen" was sung by the choir. Next night a party of the constitutionally elect started off to make hay of that man's furniture. But "that man," guessing he would be the victim of a demonstration, had called in a locksmith with such good results that his door stood up impregnable as the walls of Troy. In vain were jemmies applied and bricks fetched, and all the burglarious implements of an outraged loyalty called to the assistance of the mob. It could not force the oak; it could but gather on the staircase and shout hysterically. Anon, the dean turned up and began to intercede.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" he said, "what does this mean? Be careful, I beg of you. Do you want to go down in the morning? What are you trying to do to that door? Mr. Lewis, you are gated for a week. Mr. Smith, go to bed, sir! You are in a disgraceful condition, sir!" and so on, and so on.

Mr. Smith however did not go to bed. He went up a flight of stairs to the next landing, and there, procuring twenty soda-water bottles from a gyp room, he began to drop them upon the throng below. Every time he let a bottle go crash he yelled with all his lungs, "God save the dean"; and for a truth the dean needed such a prayer. He was in the very midst of the fray. Splinters of glass hurtled about his ears; one bottle struck the banisters within two inches of his hand; a second broke at his very feet like a shell from a battery. But he never moved; and presently, when the others had fled in terror, he put on his glasses and surveyed the grinning idiot above with an amused and nonchalant interest.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "er—really, could you not be persuaded to *drink* a little of that soda-water?"

* * * *

I suppose of all recent dons in Cambridge, more stories, true and false, have been told of the late Dean of Jesus than of any fellow of any university. And this surprises no one who knew the man. "Red Morgan" went near to being the most popular fellow in the 'Varsity. His huge figure; his voice, terrible as the anger of the sea; his immense dignity; his refusal to believe that any other dean lived in Cambridge, all contributed to magnify a glory which shone in later years like the orb of the setting sun. Yet no one had a larger heart or a quicker appreciation of a good jest than "Red Morgan." Even were the jest against that vast sense of self-importance which dominated him, he forgave it readily if the humour satisfied him. As an instance of this I may mention a little story told of the great "Tom Hockin," who,

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KING'S AND CLARE COLLEGES.

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with another "blue," was looking out of a window in Jesus Lane one day when "Red Morgan" chanced to come up the street. The dean was a little more pompous and self-complacent than usual on that occasion; he surveyed all things with his regal eye and threatened, as it were, to blast the very flags if the people did not kneel to him. His wrath is to be judged when he heard a voice bawling like thunder above him, "Halloa, Morgan, you old fool, go to bed!"

The dean stood thunderstruck, his veins began to swell, he rocked to and fro upon his great heels. There above him was a man leaning out of the window, and gesticulating so wildly that a hasty judgment might have deemed him guilty of an attempt to swim in the air. Closer observation would have revealed the fact that the window had been shut down upon the youth from behind, thus leaving him exposed to the ocular fury of the dean, while the frame pressed heavily upon that spot where, as Ingoldsby has told us, the tail joins on to the small of the back. It was one of "Tom Hockin's" jests, of course. He had bawled out, "Halloa, Morgan, you old fool!" etc., and then had made haste to shut the window down upon his innocent friend. "Red Morgan," with his usual astuteness, took in the situation at a glance.

"Man," he roared, surveying the struggling figure, "why do you seek to swim in the air when the Lord has created the water?"

* * * *

"Red Morgan" had a fine sense of the necessities of obedience. He exacted a ready humility from all the servants of the college, and was quick to punish the pride of those whom the catechism taught him were his inferiors. One day, as the tradition goes, he chanced to see the door of Jesus Chapel open at an unusual hour, and peeping in, he observed a workman high up on a scaffold and busy cleaning the roof. Being ignorant of the order for any such undertaking the outraged dean at once called the fellow to him.

"Working-man," he exclaimed solemnly, "come here!"

The "working-man," unconscious of the importance of deans, shockingly ignorant of the particular importance of this particular dean, went on with his work stolidly. "Red Morgan," who surveyed him gasping, stalked at last to the foot of the ladder and began to shout like the skipper of a ship.

"*Common labourer*," he bellowed, "descend!"

That a man such as this should have lived to meet a mortal bold enough to look him in the face is a fact for wonder. Yet "Red Morgan" remembered one day in his life when a decanal rebuff robbed him of breath—nay, almost of sense. It befell that he found himself in the quad of Christchurch at Oxford, and being an expert photographer, what should he do but produce his camera and pose it for a picture of a court so famous. Scarce was the tripod set, however, when a porter came running from the lodge and began to expostulate.

"Sir," said he, "I beg your pardon, but you are not allowed to take photographs here!"

"Man," cried the dean in a voice of thunder, "do you know who I am?"

The porter's knees shook. For a moment he imagined that he had become one of the walls of Jericho, and that a blast from heaven smote him.

"N-n-n-no, sir," he stammered.

"Then know that I am the Dean of Jesus College, Cambridge, and that I *shall* take photographs here!"

The porter ran for his life. "Red Morgan," glaring round the court like a bull which has tossed a matador, resumed his occupation. He was just inserting a plate in his camera when another little man, gowned, and dancing with anger, dashed across the court and faced him.

"Sir," squeaked the little man, with the voice of a hysterical piccolo, "you must not take photographs in this college!"

"Red Morgan" turned upon his heel.

"Man," he yelled, "do you know who I am? I am the Dean of Jesus College, Cambridge, and I say that I *shall* take pictures here!"

"Sir," retorted the little man, while he gave the camera a kick and sent it flying, "I am the Dean of Christchurch, Oxford, and I say that you *shall not* take pictures here!"

* * * *

Undergraduates, unripe though their judgment of men and things may be, are very quick in estimating the worth and the will of those set above them. The schoolmaster don is particularly abhorrent to them. They resent grandmotherly legislation but will repay confidence generously. In my own time at Paul's there was an occasion when the dean and the junior tutor were to be in London upon the same evening. The senior tutor—a worthy man, widely esteemed but over-zealous—did not like the idea of leaving

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Paul's tutorless, and he came over from Trumpington, where he lived, to spend the night with us. It was not a wise proceeding, for had he remained in the bosom of his family, no soul in Paul's would have been conscious of his colleague's absence. As it was the rumour soon went round that he was our guest, and before the clock struck eleven he was so beautifully screwed up in his rooms that a local blacksmith scarce could have released him. When the work of screwing up his oak was done, the cry arose for "devils" —those gluey combustible wheels of wood with which bedmakers light fires. Soon a great fire blazed under the senior's window. Masked figures danced in its weird light. The porters ran about with empty buckets comforting each other with the tidings that the chapel would be "afire presently." The local fire-engine turned out while the local firemen adjourned to the nearest public-house to be ready for emergencies. It was twelve o'clock next day before they extricated the over-zealous don, and then he made an ignominious exit by a ladder placed at the window of his keeping-room.

From a photo by] [*Tearn, Cambridge.*

TRINITY COLLEGE GATEWAY.

* * * *

Contrast with zeal such as this the placid, yet withal effective suzerainty of a famous tutor of the Hall, ever ready to foster the proper aspirations of the young, but a very scourge for idlers and wastrels. "You do nothing," this excellent fellow would say to a backslider; "you neither wead nor wow; you must go down." A splendid friend in adversity was this don.

* * * *

Despite the necessary and indispensable dignities of office, many Cambridge dons are unquestionably human. The undergraduate, accustomed to regard all dons as a compound of silk and spectacles and Greek irregular verbs, accepts this conclusion with hesitation. Yon fellow, for instance, whom we meet coming out of the senate house when the rest of the 'Varsity is on its way to the footer field or to the "ditch" — is there anything possibly human about him. The strings of his master's gown flutter on the warm south wind; his eyes are small and twinkling; gold-rimmed glasses dangle upon his ample bosom; his clothes were black aforetime, but now moth and corruption have rusted them; his trousers make mountains of his knees; his boots fall heavy and largely upon the unoffending earth; his complexion is ruddy withal, and there is a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes as though he murmured while he walked such a melancholy lament as the κλύει τις ἢ στεναγμόν. You know that such a man has earned stars in two "second parts." Mundane passions and mundane weaknesses, you would think, have fled from a mind ever busy with the beauties of iambics; soaring to ecstasies in

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the contemplation of Attic forms. But your assumption is wrong. The story of such a man is known to me. Let us follow him to his rooms and watch him awhile. He is no creature of fiction, be it remarked; he lives to-day in Cambridge, though he wears no longer that dreamy look

College is empty when he puts his key in his oak—even the laggards are now away in the playing field. He enters his rooms stealthily, and sighs when he tells himself that he is a very lonely man—as assuredly he is. By-and-bye, when he has taken off his gown and drawn his chair to the ebbing fire, he will take the poker in his hand and forget that there is sunshine in the court outside. But there is no sunshine in his heart, and the fitful flame in the chimney leaves him cold and spiritless. Anon, perhaps, he will break a lump of coal, and, as the fire quickens, will laugh nervously to himself. His thoughts have traversed many a landscape by this time and have come to rest in the fair gardens of Oxford. He beholds a woman, young and sweet and winning, the mistress of the garden of his dreams. He met her there last year in the Eights week. He hears her talk again of things strange to him—of theatres, and parks, and of men's love. The touch of her hand thrills him in fancy until his grip of the poker is tenacious and unyielding, and he batters the coal as though it stood between the vision and the dreamer. So the sparks fly up, and each of them becomes for him a nugget of the gold he lacks; of the gold he will garner should that happy day come when they will call him to a cure of souls, and he will preach to a flock of thirty upon the trifling stipend of fifteen hundred pounds a year. His quick mind casts upon the screen of his thought the picture of the rectory, ivy-clad and red amidst the elms which guard it. He sees a lawn gay with flowers, and *one* who sits in a bower there, watching the hissing urn and the tea which steams in the porcelain cup. Another nervous clutch at the poker and our don is stealing across that lawn with gentle foot. Now he beholds the girlish figure; he detects the gold in the coil of the thick brown hair; he sees a pair of big blue eyes laughing up to his. "Dearest!" he says, and the *one* is in his arms. Her starched blouse crackles against his breast; her breath is warm upon his cheek; her curls blind his eyes, yet darkness is an ecstasy. Hand-in-hand they return to the ivy-clad rectory; his arm steals about her waist in the twilight of the hall; his lips hold hers in a kiss which is heaven to dream of. "Little wife," he says, "it is for ever—for ever!" So entirely does his dreaming absorb him that he has an arm about the back of a chair, while the poker is flourished to the immediate danger of his glass. Heavenward the imagination carries him, but to earth he comes at last, and without dignity. For, of a sudden, he hears a footstep behind him, and with a great cry of shame he springs from his chair to confront the apparition which dares to intrude at such a moment. But it is only his bed-maker come to lay his tea.

And so he awakes, and the vision passes, and the flannel-clad forms of men returning from the river flit through the courts, and the chapel bell rings dolefully, and only the twilight is real.

* * * *

That was ten years ago. To-day our don dreams no longer. For two are playing in the garden and two are in the perambulator—and that makes four as all the world goes.

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Illustrated by GEORGES MONTBARD.

IT is a bad thing to be overtaken by sleeplessness, unless your life is so smooth and free that you can afford to lie still and look at it. Even then there will be crumpled rose-leaves; such as a death-watch that ticks monotonously until every beat is a hammer tap-tapping on your brain; or a dog that howls in the distance at intervals, so that you are held in all the throes of suspense when not in process of active torture. But when the grim brotherhood of care and regret and sorrow steal in through the night, magnified by the darkness into Brobdingnagian proportions; when they paint the past and the present—ay, and worst of all the hereafter—in their own grisly hue, then comes the full burden of misery. You try the right side first and the orthodox position—bedclothes up to chin, right ear well in pillow, knees slightly bent, eyes shut. What happens? Hold the covering ever so tightly, in slips Care to be your bedfellow. And then what a record of trouble he breathes into your ear! The debts that must be paid, the children that must be fed, the promotion that never comes, the strange symptoms that you fear means the beginning of disease—whichsoever is appropriate to your case he lays before you. Turn on the left side now and try again. What of wasted opportunities, of the crisis in which you failed, of the moment when you might have been a god and proved yourself less than a man? What of the youth that slipped by with never an unselfish impulse; the childhood that lost its innocence so much too soon? That is regret whispering and nagging at your helplessness. Another effort, and turn upon your back, with your knees making a Mount Sinai of the bedclothes. Sorrow now—sorrow for the dead face you can never see again; for the lost love that *will* plead for hearing; for the touch that thrilled you so much once that to think of it now is agony. And thus on through the night, until the dawn steals in to shame your hot eyeballs, and start you forth to wait for the next bedtime—and repetition.

Charlie Esdaile knew most of these things. He had tested them by the light—or the blackness—of experience for a succession of nights, and he was sick to the inmost soul of weariness. He was far out in camp, with no doctor to help him, and with no friend to rout out of sweet sleep by way of company. He had tried the three positions aforesaid; he had lit the lamp and read all the

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advertisements in the *Pioneer*, and he had lain with the light up and studied the shadows that hung about the tent corners. He was camping in a clearing in the forest, away out and beyond the headquarters of his district. Back and at either side stretched the forest land, thick and almost trackless, but full just now of strange far-off noises. Before and below swirled the Ganges, very narrow and swift just there, snarling over

"He had lit the lamp and read all the advertisements in the *Pioneer*."

the rocks and heaving itself into rapids and eddies; beyond that again came jungle and hills, all wild and bare of human habitation; and here, perched on the high bank, sat the modest pair of tents—a Swiss cottage and a *shuldari*—that Esdaile had assigned to him by right of his calling in life, which was that of superintendent of police in Timli district. Mrs. Esdaile and the children were at Timli, whence came every other day a runner, jogging out of the forest at a long, louping trot, with a basket of meat or vegetables at each end of a stick, and a letter from the *mem sahib*, full mainly of domestic details, sticking out of a bunch of marigolds and hedge-roses. When the *daliwala* went back he used to take with him fish caught that morning, queer-shaped stones or improvised toys for the babies, and a return letter breathing all cheerfulness, and beginning, "My precious Pattie," without a word of the sleep-destroying devil. Mrs. Esdaile had her own troubles, and Esdaile was Englishman enough to tuck his away when he could. He was a little dried-up man of Norfolk squirearchy breed, born and schooled in India, but British bull-dog and sportsman to the heart's core. To the hereditary tastes he had added a knowledge of the many strange things of the East, acquired from the time he had hearkened to his ayah's editions of folk-lore onwards. He knew what the village patriarchs talked of when they squatted together inside the mud huts of winter evenings, and the smoke from the dried dung fuel makes them cough wheezily. He knew what had happened behind the scenes when his constables came to tell him of the dead man found in Ram Dass' arra patch; and it was *not* Ram Dass that he tracked down and brought to justice. He knew even some of the women's secrets—the which their own husbands did not know—and how such and such a charm was made to keep off the evil eye. It was knowledge bought dearly sometimes, but it meant power; particularly to a policeman. Not even Hira Singh, last of northern dacoits, who had sworn never to be found alive in an English jail, could outwit this Eastern-trained Englishman. Wherefore Hira Singh kept clear of Timli district, and amused himself by harrowing the souls of little Worsley, and Prendergast, and "Tommy" Boileau, all English bred, and all zealous officers of police.

Esdaile finished tracing out the likeness to a grenadier in the shadow thrown by his clothes on a chair, and groaned aloud. Oh, for sleep! for one blessed half-hour of oblivion to carry him on a little! Then, since every resource to hand was exhausted, he slipped, as a last and desperate measure, out of bed and into some clothes. It was January, and cold at that on the Timli plateau, but he thought that perhaps the night air would freshen him, even if it did not induce sleep. Boots and coat on, and the regulation revolver in his pocket, he stepped into the raw air with a last glance at his watch. It was half-past two, and an inky black night but for the stars that twinkled down over the tree tops. The camp was still and dark, only the flicker of a dying fire catching the outline of the tents.

"The dead man found in Ram Dass' arra patch."

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The policeman sentry, impassive and unregarding, was stalking up and down on the further side of the encampment, and as Esdaile passed the servants' *pal* he caught their dim outlines under their respective blankets. He had at first intended to confine his stroll to the compass of the camp, but his nerves were unsettled, and the presence of other men, unconscious though they were, jarred. It was a rash thing to do, to venture into the forest in that wild beast haunted spot; but Esdaile's rashness was an accepted quantity, and he did not stop to consider now. Moreover, he could walk in the jungle with as stealthy a tread as a Jesuit, and his hearing was irreproachable. He could tell the name and the purpose of some hidden beast while another man could hear nothing more than the rustle of a leaf. He stole across the encampment and made for the line, which gaped like an open wound in the forest before him. It cleft the jungle asunder to leave a pathway, and when his feet were upon it, Esdaile knew himself safe for a mile's straight walking. After that another line bisected it, a ranger's empty hut marking the junction; beyond again another line, and at the end of that a village. The geography of the place was easy enough to remember.

Once outside the camp, the life lurking behind the trees was plain to Esdaile's ear. There was the scuffle of a frightened hare, the drowsy wing shake of a chikor overhead, and every now and then a long sweep of the air from an owl in flight. Far away a brotherhood of jackals shrieked, and nearer there was the tread of chital stealing from one glade to another. . . . It grew blacker and blacker as he strode further from the clearing, and the air became less rawand more charged with the smell of foliage and rank jungle grass. Once he stopped and snuffed the wind like a horse. A panther had passed across the track only a few minutes before. Its whereabouts were soon made known by the cry of frightened deer, and he thought longingly of shikar. Second thoughts made him smile at the possible reversing of the notion, and he walked on again. After all, the odds being in the beast's favour, it was well that they had not met.

The ranger's hut loomed suddenly out of the blackness, and Esdaile hesitated as to which path to take. The right hand one he knew—it led to Sanao, where a tributary joined the Ganges, and mahseer fishing of the best was to be had. The left hand one pierced deeper into the forest; it ended, he thought, in a village. Well, he would take it, and see whence his footsteps might lead him.

Blacker and blacker, and the beast noises plainer than ever. Esdaile walked very cautiously, for he was out of man's province and in the territory of King Jungle now. He thought of the strange creatures with which native tradition had peopled this *terra incognita*; the forest demons, the vampires, the werewolves. There was a tale of men who had died in the forest, and whose spirits used to gather together in the night and nod ghostly heads over an illusionary fire. Small comfort that; and what a motley company! His wandering thoughts came back with a shock and he stopped dead. No, it was not fancy. There was a point of firelight through the trees.

For the moment Esdaile thought he had happed upon the spirit company, and knew an impulse to turn tail. For the moment only; and then common-sense came to the rescue. There was not only the shaft of firelight sliding past trunks and branches, but his keen ear caught the sound of human voices. The policeman's instinct made him turn off the path and edge towards the light, which was embowered in the forest some fifty yards from him. The men who would camp in that dense jungle, so far from any clearing, must be madmen or criminals; and in either case he had a right to be a witness to their proceedings. He crept up noiselessly from tree to tree, and stopped finally when three more strides would have taken him up to the very fire. He stood behind a massive trunk; leaned his shoulder comfortably against it; watched, and listened.

The light flickered up from a pile of blazing logs and branches, and showed it to be the centre of a tiny clearing wherein sat a company of old men—five, Esdaile counted—puffing their hookahs with their faces lit by the fire. Very venerable old men, white-bearded, grave-eyed all, and respectable middle class Mohammedans, to judge by their dress. They had their blankets wrapped well about them, and were squatting there unconcerned enough, while the blue hookah smoke drifted above them, and the warmth from the logs comforted their old bones. Esdaile took a more careful survey and recognised two of them, with a start of surprise, as prominent men of the city of Ramnaga, seven miles down the river. One was reported to be the oldest inhabitant, a retired merchant of the name of Wajid Ali, well-known as a peaceful and public-spirited

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Mussulman. He lived in a ramshackle *koti* on the outskirts of the town. The other was a man with whom Esdaile had once seen him riding in Ramnaga, and of whom he had heard some talk as one of the veterans of the old army. He had the reputation of having been a brilliant and gallant soldier in his time. Both however were extremely old, and the present generation took but small account of them. The other three graybeards were unknown to the watcher.

Wajid Ali withdrew his lips from the hookah's mouth and looked about him with an air of authority. He was withered and wrinkled with years, and bent about the shoulders, but his eye was as bright as a young man's and his face wore a look of keen intelligence. About him, as about the others, there was a singular air of vitality that struck Esdaile as curious. Evidently the hand of Time had been laid very lightly upon them. There was not a sign of senility or decay in the alert aspect of the party.

"Pile up the fire, my brother. We need warmth in the darkness of this jungle. If it were not that walls have ears I would have called you together in the city. And now to serious discussion, for the night is far advanced."

One of the three unknown shuffled up with a grunt and pulled the fire together. Then, as he squatted on his haunches again, he addressed Wajid Ali with querulous accent—

"It is always discussion, nothing further. Are we to deliberate through a century—we who have the key to so much within our grasp?"

The leader turned upon him fiercely, and Esdaile saw his eyes flash with anger.

"Have I chosen you graybeards only to find that you are still beset by the follies of youth? Will you take the bit between your teeth, Wazir-ud-din, like a headstrong colt? *We*, you say! But for me you would be rotting in your grave at this moment, ungrateful dog that you are! It is I that have laboured and travailed of this secret of ours for so long. It is but patience I ask of you. Patience! Who but a fool could not abide in patience once the fear of death was banished from his thoughts? It is the flight of time that makes men unable to brook delay, and that is no longer anything to you."

"That is true enough, my father," said the other, rather sulkily. "You forget, however. We owe indeed much to you, but to our friend Jan Khan here, also a little. But for him your discovery had been as water poured into sand. You may give a man this *dewai* of yours that will keep from him all mortal disease—Allah be witness it is a marvellous thing!—but without money to make life sweet he would be as well in the grave when he had lived his allotted span. Jan Khan tells us of the treasure that only needs a couple of hours' work to unfold, and yet you hold us back and bid us let it be. Is it that you are afraid of the blood that has been spilled upon it?"

"Ay, that is well-spoken," broke in a third speaker. "Jan Khan did much; he fought, he went through much bloodshed, and at the risk of his life he marked down the hiding-place of the Gwalior treasure. And now, when we have but to stretch out our hands to grasp it, you are angry at our impatience. You chose us out for your own purpose, and have proved us good men and true, and yet you allow us no voice in the matter. Besides, my father, you may be waiting for an impossibility, and meanwhile there is so much that money can bring."

"There are three things that money can bring—three only," said Wajid Ali, fixing his keen eyes on the other men. "Luxury, women, power—judge for yourselves which be the greater. You who have outlived even your own children, whom I called in to life again from the very steps of the tomb, which would you choose? Are fine raiment and soft living to be desired above all things? We are not poor men; we have enough, each of us, and no prince needs more. Think of the miserliness alone, to squander this treasure that men have spilt their life-blood over, as Wazir-ud-din rightly says, upon our old bodies. So much for that. And the second: are we not long past such folly? We are not hot-blooded boys to want women's caresses, nor do we want wives that we may have sons about our knees. We have passed these things. When I was young I loved a woman, and hungered after her, and went through fire and water to get her, as young men will. What does it avail me now? She faded as quickly as a flower that has been plucked, and the beauty that I had striven for went from her even as I looked. She died of the black cholera—she that had seemed the loveliest thing on earth for half an hour—and even the child she bare me died before he could lisp his father's name. It is a bitter sweet thing this love, an emptiness and a shadow that flies even as we pursue, and—we be wise men. My brothers, is not this the truth?"

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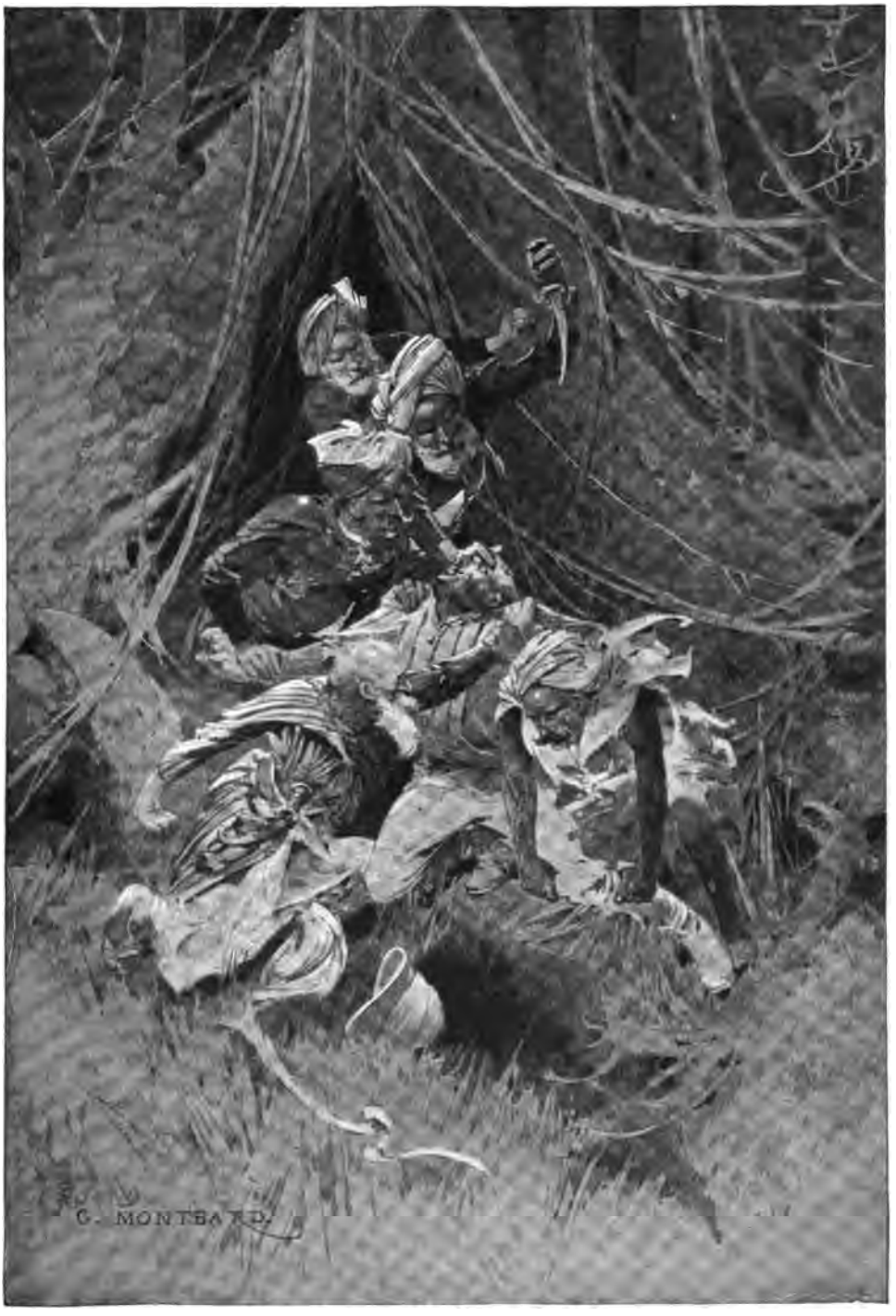

"Let me up, you sons of unclean fathers!"

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The graybeards nodded.

"Say on, my father."

"There remains then only power to strive for. Power! To rule men; to hold them in the hollow of your hand; to see them cringe to you, slave for you, die for you! To say 'It shall be so' to a million people, and see it done. To have the mothers hold up their children as you go by and bid them mark your features, for you are their master. Master! With these lakhs at our feet, without terror of sickness, with all the experience of a man's life, we shall be masters indeed. I see—I know it all. Every Mussulman with us, the holy religion triumphant—a Moslem empire that shall be vassal not even to the Sultan of Roum. As Mahomet is the prophet of God he will not desert his servants!"

For once Esdaile's daring played him false. He had been craning forward and creeping steadily nearer during the old man's speech, in order to lose not a syllable of the strange colloquy, when his foot went suddenly into an unexpected hole, and with a crash of undergrowth he fell upon his face almost at Jan Khan's feet. Before he could recover himself the soldier was upon him and there was a knife at his throat. He struggled violently to reach his revolver, but another man had seized him by the arms, and a pair of muscular hands, in which he recognised none of the feebleness of age, pinioned him thus. Jan Khan rolled him over, his face towards the light, and the five surveyed him, panting and mad with rage, by its glare.

"A spy!"

"No, it is an Englishman. Ah, yes, the police-wala sahib. He has been set upon us, doubtless, to discover all. We are undone."

Esdaile's voice broke in, hoarse and choking—

"Let me up, you sons of unclean fathers! Who are you to hold a sahib thus? You shall suffer for this. Zemindar sahib, take that cursed knife away from my windpipe. Let me up, I say!"

"It is as I said," said Azim-ud-din. "He knows us, and some enemy has done this thing—unless"—and he blinked under his white eyebrows at the other four—"there is a traitor among us."

Jan Khan advanced the knife until it pricked the flesh. "In the fighting days," he said with deliberation, "when there was one man too many, he—was seen no more. Who knows whither he went? And this sahib here is the one too many. Shall I send him out, my father, to find the way that all the others have trod? It is easily done."

Wajid Ali had taken no active part in the proceedings of the last few minutes, nor had he spoken, but his eyes had been busily employed in scrutinising Esdaile. He watched narrowly for the faintest sign of blenching, and the result must have been in the prisoner's favour, for his answer showed a note of admiration.

"Let be, old bloodhound! This man is no spy, neither is he a coward, and he is better worth than to make food for jackals. Besides, I know him to be one in a thousand in many things. An Englishman's honour is a sacred thing. Suppose we trust to that." Then to Esdaile: "Sahib, I do not know what strange chance has brought you here to-night; but I take it to be chance and not design. If we place ourselves in your hands will you swear to keep silence? This is no common affair of murder or robbery, and your honour's conscience may be easy. If not—— But I will not threaten you. Only, it would be best."

"I will swear nothing with a knife at my throat," said Esdaile. "Let me up."

Again Wajid Ali's eye ran over him, keen and penetrating. Then he nodded approvingly.

"*Bahut accha*, sahib! That was well said. Take your hands off him, my brothers, and put back that little plaything of yours, zemindar. This is a man. So. That is better. Be seated, Esdaile sahib. And now will you give us your word—the word of a white man?"

The other men stood back, and Esdaile picked himself up and advanced to the fire, slightly out of breath. He did not answer for a moment, but stood stirring the white wood ashes with his boot. He was revolving in his mind the meaning of the strange words he had overheard, and the position that he ought to take. Then, reflecting that this was something altogether out of the line of ordinary experience, he shelved the policeman for the private individual.

"You have my word that I will say nothing of what I have seen or heard to-night, or may see or hear.... And now, since I have given you that assurance, you may as well give me the clue to the wild talk of treasure and immunity from death that I have overheard. As to how I came here, you were right, Wajid Ali sahib, that it was not design. My camp is hardly three miles

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from this clearing, and I had come out to eat the air when I saw your fire and judged you to be—well, never mind. Since you are honest men it is well. But let me say that I have met many strange things, but never one as strange as this."

"Is it stranger than what you saw on Mohurrum night once, in Dolpur?" said Wajid Ali, quietly.

Esdaile started. The reference could only be to an occasion when he had penetrated, in a native disguise, and as he thought undetected, into the hurly-burly of the backways of a great Mohammedan city. Who was this man who knew of it?

"You know much, Wajid Ali," he said. "Perhaps I too know a little."

"Yes, I know much," said Wajid Ali with a puff at his hookah. "If I did not you might not be alive at this moment. I did not trust you without good cause, sahib. Do you know that you are a man after my own heart? If what I tell you now induces you to throw in your lot with us we shall have gained more than I hoped to win so soon. Do you want to know all?"

"Assuredly," said Esdaile. "Say on."

The old men had seated themselves again round the fire, acquiescent, apparently, in the leader's line of action. Wajid Ali snuggled a little closer into his blanket, sucked at the hookah for a moment, fixed his eyes on Esdaile, and began.

"I am an old man, sahib, as you perceive, but perhaps I am older than you think. I can remember many things—surely I did not dream them—that no other living man has seen. There was a time when this land we stand in now belonged, not to the British Raj, but to another people, and when the English came there was much trouble. It was war, and the English did not always win, sahib. There was a battle over there"—jerking his head to the westward—"and the little hillmen had their fill of slaughter. I knew of it, because I saw the white soldiers that came back, and they spoke much of it. Their general was killed, and his officers died round him; you can see the pillar that was put up to his memory across the *naddi* from Timli now. They won at last, the sahibs, but the hillside there has been soaked in English blood. And those that came back, so worn and haggard—I can see them now."

The meaning of this preamble forced itself upon Esdaile at this juncture, and he gasped.

"You're talking about the conquest of Timli. You *can't* remember that. It happened nearly a hundred years ago!"

"Ah! Wait till the end of my tale before you say what I can or cannot do," chuckled Wajid Ali, much pleased apparently at the effect he had produced. "You know of that time? I was a grown man then, and the gray hairs were beginning to show themselves in my beard. And of those that were men with me, of the millions that lived and breathed with me in this Hindostan of ours, not one remains save only those here, and they were babes at that time."

He paused impressively, and then continued:

"When I was a young man I became a servant—what you English would call a clerk—to an old and wise merchant of Delhi, a dealer in silks and carved ivory and sweet smelling boxes, who was well enough known in his time. He travelled from one great city to another, selling his goods to the sahibs sometimes, and sometimes penetrating to the native states and doing his business with the princes of those lands. He knew the worth of all things, my master, and he had always one eye open for bargains wherever he went, and the things he collected were many and curious. He was a rich man, but he was not a happy one. Long before, his only son, who was to him as the apple of his eye, had been murdered by Thugs while travelling with goods, and his death had preyed on my master's mind. He favoured me among his servants, for he said that I was wise for so young a man, and would come to great things. It may be. I do not think I was ever a fool, even in my youth, which is the time for foolishness. My master, then, chose me out to be his personal attendant, to travel with him instead of staying at Delhi poring over his account-books, and he used to speak to me of many matters. Looking back now I think he was training me according to some system of his own, for it was not only of the secrets of our trade that he spoke, but of the things of the broader life, and how to know the motives of men and use them. He was very wise.

"It happened at last that my master fell sick when he and I were alone upon a journey, which we had undertaken to settle a bargain of half a lakh's worth of silk and gold brocade with a great princess. We had disposed of the goods and were returning to Delhi, alone as I said before, except for the escort, without which it was not safe to travel in those times. I do not know how

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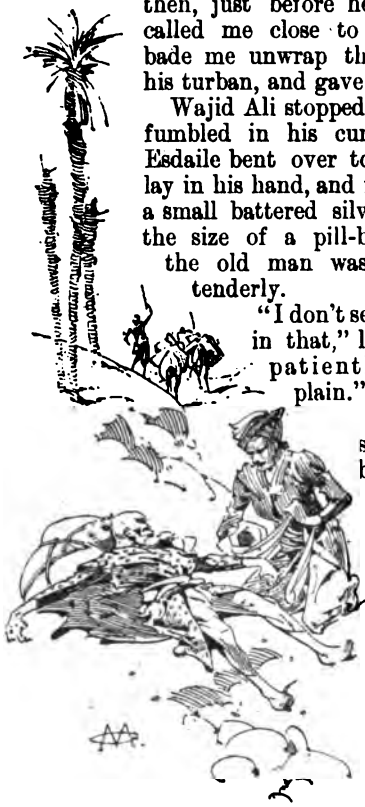
the sickness came; Allah had willed it only that my master should die. We halted in a camping-place by the roadside, and he suffered for many hours, during which time I tried many remedies without avail. And then, just before he died, he called me close to him, and bade me unwrap the folds of his turban, and gave me this."



"Just before he died he called me close to him and bade me unwrap the folds of his turban."

Wajid Ali stopped again and fumbled in his cummerbund. Esdaile bent over to see what lay in his hand, and found only a small battered silver box, of the size of a pill-box, which the old man was handling tenderly.

"I don't see anything in that," he said impatiently. "Explain."

The other stroked the box with his finger as he replied.

"Am I not explaining, sahib? I will open the box now and you shall see."

As he spoke the lid flew up as though he had touched a hidden spring, and he held the thing out so that Esdaile could see the contents. A red-gray powder, of the consistency of salt, and smelling ever so faintly of a strange sweet odour. That was all. Wajid Ali shut the lid again with a snap and returned the box to its hiding-place.

"Little enough, is it not?" he said "A pinch suffices however, unless the subject be at the point of death. Did you ever hear of Hafiz the sorcerer, sahib?"

"A man that lived in the time of Shah Jehan, you mean? Yes. Some of his spells are used by old women to conjure with even now."

"Yes, though I think they are but vain things, made to delude the credulous. Hafiz was a conjurer and a wizard, and a knave for the most part; and the things he did were done only for trickery and evil. Nevertheless he was a thinker in his way. He spent all his spare hours in trying to find out the essence that it was said could be made to prolong men's life—*and he found it*. Of what it is made I do not know. They say that life is only given by the taking away of life, except by God. But whether the means were foul or fair Hafiz discovered the secret, and the fruit of his labours lies in that little box."

Esdaile looked sharply at the old man.

"That is a difficult word to believe, Wajid Ali sahib. I am not a child to be pleased with fairy tales. The thing is impossible."

"It is the truth before God," said Wajid Ali solemnly. "That powder means freedom from all mortal sickness; it means life so long as a man can escape accident or violence. Hafiz died by the hand of a woman, but not before he had handed on the powder to his son. He became a soldier, and died at last on the battlefield, which is a fate the powder cannot guard against. His body lay where it fell, and was stripped by a peasant, who took the box for a silver trinket, and sold it to a camp-follower as such. It passed through many ignorant hands after that, quite safely, for there is a secret spring. It was reserved for my master, who had studied in many wise books, and knew of Hafiz's

"His body lay where it fell, and was stripped by a peasant."

discovery, to trace its history and recover it. It came to him after long searching, and I cannot enter into the details of its finding now. He administered it to his son, but he would not take it himself, for he feared to

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be left alone. It was well for him that he did so, for his son, as you know, was killed, and after that it only remained for him to die. But before he died he handed it to me, wherefore I am here at this moment. I did not tell anyone of the secret, neither did I take the powder myself until some time afterwards, when I had thought out the scheme that we were discussing even now. For I thought rightly, that to give life beyond the allotted span to men who had no reason but fear of death for living, were a cruel kindness. What would life be to a man when all his people had died, and he was left without end or purpose? All men have the terror of death, but I think that the terror of life, if substituted, would be a still more fearful thing. So I bided my time and kept silent, and amassed money. Once I was tempted to give life unworthily, and to a woman that I loved; and then I thought upon her as old and unlovely, and I forbore. There is no great work for a woman to do, beyond ministering to us men, and I loved her too well to keep her in life only for that.

"It chanced at last that I fell in with Jan Khan here, and I found a motive for living. Jan Khan is a soldier; he has fought and campaigned more than most men. He has been the soldier of Fortune, and Fortune has paid him well. It happened long ago that he was one of the bodyguard of the reigning prince of Gwalior. You know the story of the Gwalior treasure—how they searched for it not many years since, digging and tapping and mining; to discover nothing. The Maharajah and his people were very clever, but they were looking in the wrong place. The treasure was hidden too securely for them to discover; but there is one man that knows where it is, and that man is here."

"Ay, I know," said Jan Khan, his deep voice booming in suddenly. "I was one of the men that buried it, in the dead of night, working like moles in the darkness. We were promised a great reward, and we were picked men. I can picture it now—the fear and confusion that there was in the palace, the word of invasion coming ever nearer and nearer, and the calling of us out and swearing us to secresy in the Maharajah's presence. So we buried it, and we had our reward. By the intervention of Allah I heard a word whispered that meant death, and when the work was done I left everything and fled into the night. There was an order that we were to go to the treasurer of the palace and get our pay for what we had done. They went—the others—and they did not return. It is not well to be trusted with the secrets of princes."

He relapsed into silence again.

"You see," said Wajid Ali, "what he speaks is no lie. I met this man and foregathered with him, and out of our two minds—mine for the most part—we formed this thing. Here are two great gifts, riches and life, the things that hold power and greatness if they are used aright, in our hands, and it is to our honour that we have not squandered them. . . . Will you hear the end, sahib?"

"Since I have given my word I may as well hear all," said Esdaile.

"Our plan, then, is to be rulers of the land; to pick, as the time goes on, the wisest men and join them to us so that their intellect may work with us. We have time enough, and I see the time coming when you English will let the Empire slip from your fingers, and it will be well for the man that is at hand to catch it. You are eaten up with dissensions at home, and your speakers and governors in England do not know the worth of what they hold. Why, there are many of them that are ready to let it go even now. Is it not true that even the *Lat* sahib is made to listen to the babble of little men and obey them, by your laws, so that he is made a laughing stock to his servants here? Do they not come here and listen to the idle tales of Bengalis and schoolmasters, and go away full of them, to work mischief? Oh, yes, I know it. This thing was not when I was a young man; it has come of late years, and it is the beginning of the end. Why, if we were to rise up to-morrow these fools that you set to make your laws would applaud us, though it were to their shame and the downfall of your Empire. They are pleased when a Bengali stands up and speaks sedition; they put them even to rule over us, the children of the true faith! We ruled the land before ever you came, and we will rule it again, for it was made for us. You that govern here are good men and wise for the most part, but your time is nearly over. You are far away from the heart of your country, and the sedition-mongers have it all their own way. Who cares that you come here and die in harness? They only fling mud at you when you are not there to reply to them. Your work is good, it will endure, but you will not reap the benefit, for you will be harassed and denied even while you do it, and then you will be forgotten. Ah,

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sahib, I am not without knowledge. To you I say—be one of us. Leave this working for masters that scoff at you and join us; you will not find us ungrateful."

Esdaile rose and looked round upon the little gathering.

"Five men—and the greatest power in world!" he said. "Do you know the people you would turn against? The babblers at Westminster are not the voice of the English. Your words are as meaningless as a madman's."

"The babblers rule though, while you concern yourselves only about your work," said Wajid Ali with a chuckle. "They have leisure enough to misgovern. Your hands are tied, and you know it. Five men? Yes, it is few enough, but there will be more presently. I have taken twenty years to choose these men, and I have not chosen them foolishly. Jan Khan here is a soldier; he can fight, and he can stir up other men to fight. Azim-ud-din yonder is a man versed in the knowledge of ways and means, and of all the mysteries of money. He shall be our financier. The two remaining have silver tongues to charm men. Their work has already begun, and there are many who hang upon their words even now. And you, sahib"—turning suddenly—"shall be a power too! You shall organise and watch, and feel the pulse of the country with me. Five men only! Did not an idle tale of some discontented sepoy set the country blazing forty years ago, and does the nature of the Eastern man change in a day? There were no leaders then, only men greedy for spoil and revenge, else you would not have conquered as you did. I know my people; and I know that the thing I hope for is not only possible, but will certainly come if I strive for it. It is not idle lust of power either this, but the desire to work our country good and to free it from you aliens, for aliens you are for all your noble work. We will respect your memory, but the time will come when you must leave our land to us. So few, you say, sahib? The man that is the Master of life, that is crippled by no fear of the sickness that overshadows his brothers, is worth more than you can realise. We are the Masters of the Art of living, and we shall win. Once and for all, will you join us?"

There was a long pause. Then said Esdaile quietly—

"You know that I cannot. I have been wondering at your audacity in proposing it. You are a strange man, Wajid Ali."

Wajid Ali bent forward and caught the Englishman by the coat.

"I am not so sure," he said. "Think of the little children, sahib. You are a poor man now; how are you going to send them back to England, and keep the *mem sahib* from fading before your eyes? Is your Government grateful enough to do that? Yet you have worked long and hardly for it. Think of your sons, Englishmen that will be, and of the life here that is sapping the blood from them every hour. What would you not have been if you had gone home as other men's children did? The taint of the East has dogged you. Ah! that makes you wince, but it is true. With us your pay would be in proportion to your service, and you know how we estimate that. Not for yourself, no, but the wife, sahib—the wife and the children that are dearer than your life! It is a barren scruple that prevents you benefiting them."

The man's voice, pleading out of the half-light, had surely magic in it. Esdaile saw the struggle for existence that he had fought so long ended at once, and for ever. The children; what a chord that touched! It was true that to be Eastern bred as he was carried with it loss of caste and privilege, and it maddened him to think that the bitterness of it lay before those that should come after him. It *was* a taint, though he had never avowed it before. And then to give his wife back her youth in an English home, though he must stay and—ah! what was it he would stay and do? Madness to think of it; madness, and worse than that. He faced round again.

"Not another word, Wajid Ali," he said. "I am weak from want of sleep and unmanned, else surely I should not have listened thus far to you. I am not to be bought, not even with such a bribe as you offer. Fortunate for you that my lips are sealed, otherwise I should hold you up to ridicule as a man that was fool enough to try to bribe an Englishman. Your treasure, too, is not yet in your hands, and all your babble of power and riches may be of less consequence than the slightest accident that might reveal the hidden wealth to others. For my part I think your talk is idle vapouring, impracticable and vain, though I agree that you have the appearance of wise men, but for your madness in choosing a meeting place in this wild jungle. I am no sceptic: I know too much; but this wild scheme of yours is too romantic for me. And here a word of advice. The Empire

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is not built on as unstable a foundation as you think. You have looked only on the surface, and you underestimate the obstacles before you. Remember the thousands of Englishmen that have died for it—here, on this very soil—and think if the nation to which they belong would have sent them forth unheeding. Think of the network of careful government that covers all the land, and the use we have made of the lesson of forty years since that you mentioned just now. And when was East ever pitted against West that it did not succumb, sooner or later? The reins are not slipping from our hands; it is that we have seen our way to a broader, nobler rule than perhaps your nature can comprehend. I will not argue with you further, because there are some things too sacred to be spoken of unadvisedly, and as I said before, I am dazed and bewildered now. If you win your treasure there is use enough for that without overturning the cleanest Government your country has known. Look around you at your millions of fellow countrymen, poverty-stricken, sick and struggling, and reflect if it could not benefit them. As you say, power is the best of the trinity that money can give, but the power of charity only. Let this money be cleansed from its blood stains by the thanksgivings of the poor, to whom it can give blessings your Mussulman Empire could never distribute. As for your precious gift of life, you are handling edged tools, and you may find it to be no benefit but a bitter curse. I will have none of it."

"He puffed at the hookah, and inhaled—once, twice, thrice."

He walked away from the circle with his head down, and without another glance at the five men round the fire. The blackness of the forest where the firelight did not dance was intense, and the great trees seemed to stretch down their arms and cover him as he neared them. His brain felt dizzy after the strange interview, and he wanted to get back to everyday surroundings to be able to think quietly. The whole thing was preposterous, and yet ——

Wajid Ali watched him for a moment or two, then called to him.

"*Aré*, sahib! Are we to part in anger then, because I have offered you that which you cannot take? It is I that should be angered, that you take half my confidence for an idle tale and half for an old man's ravings. Let us part in good fellowship at any rate, if we are to meet hereafter as strangers. Come back to the fire, sahib, and warm yourself before you go, and take a puff at my hookah, to show that we are still friends. Come!"

Esdaile turned back at the words and complied. Certainly this strange old man, with his wild schemes, had the power of drawing other men to him, though race and religion separated them. To-morrow he would seek him out in his own house, and discuss the whole thing again, and argue with him at length. Meanwhile he puffed at the hookah and inhaled—once, twice, thrice.

* * *

"Will the sahib be graciously pleased to take his bath? It is past eight o'clock."

There was broad daylight streaming in through the door of the tent, with the sunlight sparkling through the trees outside, and a murmur of everyday life fell upon Esdaile's ear. By the bedside stood his bearer with a jug of shaving water. He struggled into an upright position in the bed and stared around him with unbelieving eyes.

"Morning! Have I been asleep? But where are the five? And how the dickens did I get *here*?"

Questions which the bearer did not attempt to answer. He merely hoped the sahib had passed a good night, and congratulated him on having got the better of the insomnia for once. It was many days, he said, since he

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had come to the sahib in the morning and found him sleeping thus peacefully. Perhaps the neck of the malady was broken now, and it would pass altogether. It was a fearful thing, the bearer went on, for it gave an opening for the evil spirits, and it was well indeed that it was conquered. Evidently, by his manner, he knew nothing.

Esdaile dressed wonderingly, too taken up with the thought of the night's experience to take much heed even of such an event as five hours' healthy sleep was to him. He looked over his clothes to see if some chance sign about them should show in what manner he had spent the night. There was nothing except—yes, except the very faintest smell of hookah smoke. But that might have been the bearer's handling. His boots had been cleaned and clothes brushed as usual long before he woke.

After breakfast he rode out along the line to see if he could find the point at which he had diverged. It was a futile endeavour, for there was no beacon point of fire to guide him now, and all the forest looked as dense and impenetrable as ever. He rode up and down for the best part of an hour and then gave up in despair. He began to doubt the reality of the midnight interview. But no; it was impossible that it could have been imagination. Wajid Ali's words still rang in his ears, and he saw the circle round the fire plainly enough in his mind's eye, and ran over every detail of the colloquy with a clearness that bore no resemblance to the blurred memory of a dream.

The camp was moved to a *bagh* near Ramnaga that afternoon, and Esdaile pushed on beyond the bazaar to call on Wajid Ali in his own home. The old stone *koti* looked very deserted, its shutters closed, and the unkempt compound occupied only by drowsy hens scratching in the sandy attempt at a garden, and a very small and nude boy, who was warming his chubby brown body in the sunlight. Esdaile pulled up and questioned him.

"Hey, *chokra*! Who are you? And where is the zemindar sahib?"

The boy jumped up, and salaamed.

"I am the son of the watchman, protector of the poor. I will tell my father that your honour waits."

He pattered away to the back of the house, whence appeared presently the father, arranging his turban in haste as he scuffled forward. He was very ragged and dirty, like most of a native gentleman's retainers.

"The zemindar sahib, Hazoor? He has gone God knows whither. He went away fifteen days since—to Farukhabad, it is believed. I do not know when he will return; the comings and goings of the zemindar sahib are not known to his servants. He goes away without warning and without attendant—is found to have departed when his servant enters to awake him in the morning—and he is absent for days, or weeks, or months. His house stands ready always for him, and he would be a brave man who would venture to lift a finger to any of the zemindar sahib's property. It is believed that he has the power of the evil eye. It is certainly true that he is not as other men."

"Do you know where one Jan Khan, a soldier, lives?" said Esdaile.

"Jan Khan, sahib? I know the man. He comes sometimes to see my master, and to spend a week or so with him. He was a famous man in the old war time, they say, but he is old now. No, I do not know where he lives. I think he has no fixed habitation, for he travels much and visits many far-off cities."

"And Wazir-ud-din, also a graybeard?"

"I do not know him," said the *chokidar*. "But there are many men of the name, Hazoor."

Which was true enough: and so there was the end of the business. Esdaile rode slowly away, and all along the dusty shishum-lined road, and through the old town, with its sleepy oriental look and its narrow winding bazaars and alleys, his thoughts ran hither and thither seeking a clue. He inquired at his police *thana* for further information, but little was forthcoming.

Wajid Ali was a peaceful citizen, and, as his servant had said, a man who was held in much respect in the neighbourhood on account of his supposed knowledge of the powers of magic, which might be accounted for by the eccentricity of his frequent disappearances. When he was in Ramnaga he lived the life of an ordinary gentleman, and it was believed that his absences were connected with speculations in silver and in foreign merchandise; nothing more. Jan Khan was said to be his agent.

For once then Esdaile's knowledge was at fault. His investigations led always to blind alleys; nor, during the months he was at Timli, did his police officers forward him, as desired, news of the return of Wajid Ali to Ramnaga. One thing, which might have been coincidence, was nevertheless noticeable. From that eventful night onwards

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the sleeplessness left him, never to return. There was no more necessity to hoodwink Mrs. Esdaile with forced cheerfulness, or to wander through the darkness for relief. It was as if those puffs at the old man's hookah that had brought unconsciousness upon him had effected a permanent cure.

And was it a dream? Impossible; or, if it were, the most vivid that ever man was given. Reality? It must be. And yet where was the proof? There was nothing to be done but wait, and watch the signs of the times. And as the months went on the hope of any further clue grew dimmer and dimmer until it faded altogether. Somewhere, it might be, Wajid Ali and his immortal brethren were working secretly, like moles, for their chimerical empire, with the secret of the Gwalior treasure still locked securely in their bosoms. Perhaps they would come to recognise the futility of it, and India would be startled by the beneficence of some suddenly-arisen philanthropist, dispensing alms with unheard-of munificence. Perhaps in the next upheaval they would come to light, and unfurl the banner of Islam to rally men around them. Whatever might happen Esdaile could only picture them now watching from obscurity with eyes that had looked upon so many generations of men, and studying mankind by the light of a broader experience than is the common lot. Strange fate—to be secured thus from death, and to watch the rest of the world buzz on to eternity around you! Strange, and yet most mournful, to have outgrown all the sweetnesses of life, and yet to live on, hugging, for want of better, an empty, shadowy idea! And yet, *was* it so empty? Well, time would show. One thing was certain—when next the Masters of the Art came to the surface, were it near, or far in the misty futurity, it would be, if knowledge and experience counted for anything, as powers among men.

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FRAGMENTS OF CHINA.

By G. W. Ward.

Illustrated from special Photographs.

THE title isn't original, but it is the most appropriate that I can think of for these piecemeal reflections. Frankly, I dislike the yellow race: deceitful, inhuman, obstinate, they always remind me of those jungle-vines which are ever sending out shoots in fresh directions intent on strangling the freemen of the forest, the aboriginal monarchs. From Sydney to Peru, from Callao to Calcutta, you find them extending their influence silently, if not yet so crushingly as the author of "The Yellow Invasion" predicted. In Dresden one finds highly-educated Germans working for the Mongol, in Whitechapel he owns rows of houses. His is the richest class in the Philippines, in the Malay Peninsula, in Siam or the Pacific Slope. He is a power to be reckoned with, although the battle of Armageddon in which he will conquer will be one in which wealth will be the weapon, even as the Jew has found his strength. He has his good points too, has John Chinaman—the Chow, as our American cousins despitefully term him. White women who have tried the experiment declare that he is an ideal husband. On the other hand, I have known more than one Celestial "Mrs. Jackson"—so that there are evidently both sorts, good and bad.

The untravelled Englishman depends mostly for his views regarding China and its people upon the heathen whom he sees around the East-End. I had read some accounts of Chinese life there—some very lurid and others extremely interesting. So I spoilt a night recently in visiting that classic region to verify all these impressions. I was disappointed, I confess. To thoroughly comprehend the peculiar surroundings of the inhabitant of a large Chinese town—his methods of work, of amusement, of worship and all else that goes to diversify his existence—one must discard any preconceptions derived from observation of the sprinkling of Celestials who are to be found in this country. I vainly sought some fairly typical scene—something even remotely resembling one of the corners of a city like Canton or Chao-chao-fu—but the comparative cleanliness and silence and absence of true squalor banished the possibility of illusion. From the "copy" making point of view Limehouse was a failure and Poplar a delusion.

The difference between the Limehouse idolater and the Chinaman when he is upon his native heath partly lies in the fact that the latter doesn't have to wear oily dungarees, redolent of a steamer's stoke-hole, or have his *queue* tucked away beneath a slop-shop cap, and engage in swear-duels with drunken drabs under the flaring windows of a gin-palace. Not that he smells any sweeter, or dresses more gorgeously—though his national head-gear is certainly more picturesque—or displays greater refinement when he has a row in his country; the distinction is, that in the latter case he is "the real Chinaman," whilst on the Thames-side he is simply a sophisticated imitation of Ratcliffe Highway civilisation.

Let me elucidate my meaning by an instance. On the next page is an excellent illustration of an opium-smoker—a Canton trader—enjoying his pipe in one of the many places of entertainment which exist in that huge city. That he is of the better class is evident from his wearing stockings, and silk trousers tied around the ankles, and letting down his *peen*—for it is offensive to describe his greatest glory as a "pig-tail." The ancient in the background, extracting another modicum of opium, in readiness for the next pipe, from the little box which he handles, is of a similar social grade; whilst the individual seated on the stool—probably a clerk getting half-a-crown a week and his food—is simply dressed in glazed calico. Reclining there on the quilt, with a picture of the great Li Hung Chang and half a dozen Confucian mottoes brightening the apartment, and a tea-pot alongside him, which the shop-lad perpetually replenishes, the smoker is dissipating in a decent, dignified way, between which and the mixed debauches of their compatriots in our dock slums there is practically no comparison. I witnessed several of these latter during my recent wanderings in Whitechapel. They were all of a pattern: an open doorway in a

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row of cottage-houses admitted one to a scantily-stocked little shop, with a Chinkie or two behind the counter. "Wantchee smoke opium? Aw lite, go topside." Topside, in a room ten feet or so square, would be a couple of small iron bedsteads, with undraped mattresses and pillows, on which sat or sprawled half a dozen angle-eyed firemen from some China liner. As many more would be seated on rickety chairs around the blazing fire, smoking short tobacco-pipes or consuming stewed tea, whilst a conversation in Punti—the Cantonese dialect—consisting chiefly of the oaths and vicious phrases with which the lowest-class Chinaman garnishes his gossip, was fitfully kept up. Only one or two preferred opium to liquor and "My Lady Nicotine," as a rule; the rest would not even accept a pipe when one was offered by their visitor, although they pressed me to try it myself. And it cost a shilling! Under conditions such as are depicted in the illustration on this page I had occasionally experimented in bygone years, but there one had at least some local colour in his surroundings to support the lotos-eating illusion (for opium-smoking is about as delusive and unsatisfactory a method of dissipation as could well be devised), whereas the Docks divans were absolutely destitute of anything ornamental, either Oriental or European. An advertisement of Old Tom gin was the nearest approach to the æsthetic that I could discover.

* * * *

I had been tempted to this comparison between the Chinaman at home and the Chinaman abroad by the resurrection of a batch of far Eastern pictures which I had accumulated during my sojourn in Cathay, the reproduction of a few of which may convey a faint idea of Chinese social life as it actually exists. Take, for example, the little feast depicted on the next page. Pictorially the scene suffers through the inappropriateness of the stage-setting, which is obviously that of the photographic studio. To be absolutely accurate the tables ought to be of a ruder type, the seats heavy square stools, innocent of support for the back, and a servant, handing round a single hot, wet, dirty napkin, wherewith the guests may wipe their hands and faces, should be in attendance. If possible, too, the picture ought to emit a strong mixed odour of cooking and tobacco-smoke, mingled with the shrieks of a native orchestra. Nevertheless the group is marvellously faithful. In the saucers are a few of the innumerable courses which go to make up a Chinese dinner—duck, or fish, or *olla podrida*, probably, for the feasters are hardly of the bird's-nest-and-shark-fins class; the bowls have contained rice, and in the

OPIUM SMOKERS.

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bottles is that evil-smelling rice decoction which is commonly called *samshu*, but is really *chao*. It tastes like sherry, and smells like sulphur. At intervals during a ceremonial meal some of the guests retire to a neighbouring divan to enjoy a pipe of opium; others while away the time by playing a game something like the "Buck, buck, how many fingers do I hold up?" of our boyhood. Only both players display their digits simultaneously, and it is easy enough to tell when a feast is being held in your neighbourhood by the incessant shouts of "see," "shap"—four, ten—and so on, which the players utter in their excitement. Whoever guesses the total number of fingers exposed, wins; the loser has to drink a thimbleful of the *chao*. It seems to me that a game of that sort ought to become popular in this country. It is amusing for a time—though wearisome in the long run—to watch the demeanour of a crowd of these revellers. They arrive at the restaurant stolid and apathetic, and careful of etiquette, saluting one another with clasped hands and respectful genuflections. The first dozen dishes or so moves them somewhat; after a few puffs of opium and a couple of games of "buck" their complexions change from yellow to ruddy, after the peculiar manner of all Asiatics; their eyes become bloodshot, their volubility knows no bounds, and by the thirtieth course their apathy has vanished totally. Yet they rarely create a breach of the peace, such is their uncivilised nature.

* * * *

To see the ceremony of worshipping the ancestral tablets is not easy in the case of a European. As the illustration shows, it is performed with a good deal of dignity, the worshipper donning his best clothes before approaching the shrine and depositing thereon a miniature feast, wine included, for the benefit of the spirits of his forbears. It will be noted that a basketful of paper, folded to resemble "shoes" of silver, stands on the right of the altar to serve as pocket money for the ghosts, whilst a youthful member of the family prepares to ignite a bunch of crackers for the purpose of exorcising such unfriendly devils as may be hovering about ready to contest the possession of the oblations with their rightful owners. The picture on the wall is that of the God of Plenty; in front of him are wax candles and incense-sticks stuck in a bronze jar, and the worshipper is receiving *chao* from his servant to complete his offering.

A CHINESE DINNER-PARTY.

* * * *

The Chinaman is *facile princeps* among

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gamblers. Immense sums are raised annually by the viceroys of the various provinces by the farming of lottery and gaming-house monopolies. They do not bet on the time the monsoon will burst, as in the Indian *bursati* sweeps, because they are not interested in rain much; they never organise a horse-race within the Imperial boundaries; games requiring "bluffing" powers they are unacquainted with, as Ah Sin pretended to be; but the simpler and older forms of skill or chance, from lotteries down to dominoes, afford them the keenest pleasure. At the

WORSHIPPING THE ANCESTRAL TABLETS.

triennial examinations of students half the Chinamen in the world probably back some competitor or other as *Optimus* or *Prox. Acc.*, and large sums are won by the fortunate selector, there being a "field" of some thousands. The reason of the popularity of the event is the absolute inability of the gambling farmers, who practically represent our book-makers, to control the result. In the daily lotteries, such as the *Pak-ko-piu*, or "White Pigeon," it is notorious that the least-backed number is infallibly drawn. *Fan-tan* and *po-tsz*, both of which are games dependent simply upon one of four numbers turning up, are equally popular, but as a percentage of from seven to ten per cent. on the winnings is charged, a steady course of play usually ends disastrously. Indeed of late years the Hong-Kong Government have had to practically compel the Chinese authorities to interdict these forms of gambling at Kowloon city, a point some few miles distant, on account of the extensive losses sustained by the British community—or rather by their servants. The Chinese card games, as a general rule, are beyond explanation —I never knew a European yet who had fathomed their mysteries. My firm belief is that the Chinese themselves only make believe to understand the rules, as somebody once said the Basques pretended to comprehend one another.

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Considering that the inhabitants of the Middle Kingdom use the razor more than any other nation in the world, it is passing strange that they have never discovered the advantages of lathering first. Dabbing a warm wet cloth on the chin or the scalp is

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a poor substitute for soap. Hair-cutting, as we practise it in the West, is to them "all unknowe," except in the few localities where foreigners are numerous. I remember once, when in the province of Kwangtung, sending for a man to shear my leonine locks, and he who came, after borrowing my nail-scissors, began nibbling away at my scalp without troubling about such a trifle as a comb. At the third snip I stopped him, and asked him if he had ever cut a foreigner's hair before. "Oh yes! When was that? Oh, last year, when he cut the hair of a German Customs' officer, who had died!" But in the matter of shaving there are few more deft—considering the latherless way he does it, and the fact that he uses a little three-cornered soft iron knife as a razor—than the Chinese Figaro. Was not the chief of all his tribe ennobled by an emperor, ages back,

A CHINESE BARBER AT WORK.

A GAME OF CARDS IN PROGRESS.

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for dexterously cleaving a mosquito that had settled on the imperial nose? One advantage gained by patronising the Chinese barber—in the case of Europeans—is that he doesn't mind coming to your room every morning and shaving you before you wash and dress. But the native also generally waits to be *rasée* before washing, even if he has to wait a week.

* * * *

The lightest punishment Chinese justice inflicts is that of the *cangue*—though why *kang* should be spelt that way has always been a mystery to me. It is a wooden board, weighing anywhere between five and fifty pounds, which locks round the culprit's neck, and prevents him scratching his nose. We in England used to apply the same principle to the ankles of evil-doers, which was a good deal more unpleasant, I should imagine. It is very common to see a file of offenders in the Maloo at Shanghai, looking like so many sandwich-men with their paper-covered boards—only in their case the placard makes unpleasant references to their characters, and they have to cart it about for a month or so. They are free to sit and talk to a friend, or to smoke, if their friend will light a cigarette and put it in their mouth, but lying down is inconvenient, and to have a cold must be awful! Of the severer forms of punishment permitted by the Chinese code the number is legion—some idea of a few of them will have been gathered from the report of the recent trials before the Kucheng Massacre Commission. In the United Service Institution, Whitehall, too, may be seen a narrow cage in which an English lady was long confined; it will speak more eloquently than could any picture we might publish.

* * * *

Space will not permit even still briefer references to many more of my pictorial souvenirs, but it may be interesting, in conclusion, to compare some of the methods of travelling which one has to adopt when journeying in various parts of the great Eastern empire. In point of antiquity, perhaps, the mule-litter has precedence—it undoubtedly has no claim on any other ground. It is called a mule-litter because an aged pony and a little under-sized Neddy are yoked fore and aft, so that the comfortable shade afforded by the palanquin is more than off-set by the heaving and jolting. But if the litter is the oldest, the wheelbarrow is the most degraded of Chinese vehicles. You can use it for anything—the barrow-coolie will either wheel you on it, or all your family, or a letter, or half a ton of the most objectionable cargo. And he only charges about a halfpenny a mile. He will take you a

THE PUNISHMENT OF "CANGUE."

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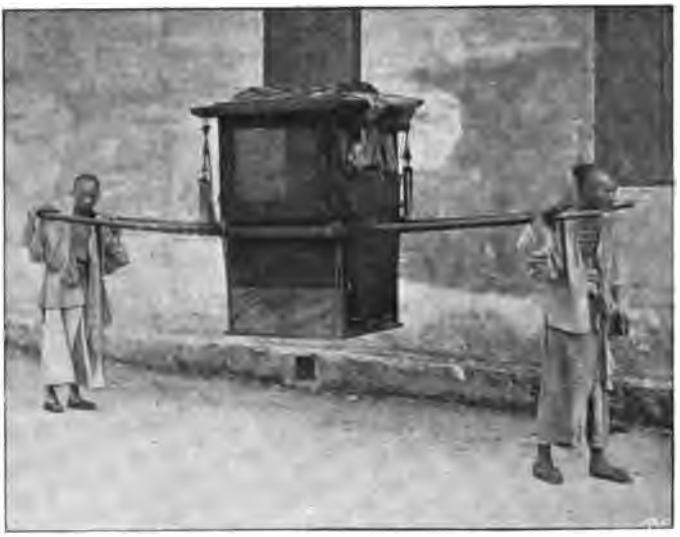
A RICKSHA.

hundred miles, if you are not in a hurry, and don't mind other fares sitting with you from time to time; long practice has enabled him to wheel his creaking old truck within an inch of the edge of a steep river-bank and not overbalance more than once in ten tries, and even when that does happen you can always kick him unrestrainedly, and walk off without paying the wretched, broken-spirited old fool. The ricksha—so called from Yokohama to Simla "because that's the Japanese name," although no Japanese ever dreams of calling it anything but *kuruma*—is hardly known in China, outside the various ports, for the use of rickshas involves roads, and, as a high authority wrote recently, "no road, in the European acceptation of the term, as an artificially constructed viaduct, laid out with engineering skill even of the meanest description, exists from one end of China to the other." Carts—lumbersome springless wagons, with hobnailed wheels—are principally used for heavy traffic, and steer about over the face of the country in the most free-and-easy way, only restricted by the pitfalls which each farmer digs to keep them from driving over his land. The aristocratic method of getting about, however, is by chair. Unlike our old sedans, the Chinese chair-poles are borne on the porters' shoulders, which are pretty callous, even under such a weight, after the thousand years of breaking-in to pole-carrying which former generations have bequeathed to them. The passenger is accommodated inside a small cottage, comfortably screened and ornamented, and with a far from unpleasant swaying motion as its bearers stride swiftly along with swinging arms and antiphonal grunts. It was in such a chair, but borne by eight coolies, that Li Hung Chang was being carried along the main street of Shimonoseki when the attempt to assassinate him was made.



A COMFORTABLE MEANS OF TRANSIT.

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THE DORRINGTON DEED-BOX.

By Arthur Morrison.*
(*Author of "Adventures of Martin Hewitt."*)

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

II.—THE CASE OF JANISSARY.

N this case (and indeed in most of the others) the notes and other documents found in the dockets would, by themselves, give but a faint outline of the facts, and, indeed, might easily be unintelligible to many people, especially as for much of my information I have been indebted to outside inquiries. Therefore I offer no excuse for presenting the whole thing digested into plain narrative form, with little reference to my authorities. Though I knew none of the actors in it, with the exception of the astute Dorrington, the case was especially interesting to me, as will be gathered from the narrative itself.

The only paper in the bundle which I shall particularly allude to was a newspaper cutting, of a date anterior by nine or ten months to the events I am to write of. It had evidently been cut at the time it appeared, and saved, in case it might be useful, in a box in the form of a book, containing many hundreds of others. From this receptacle it had been taken, and attached to the bundle during the progress of the case. I may say at once that the facts recorded had no direct concern with the case of the horse Janissary, but had been useful in affording a suggestion to Dorrington in connection therewith. The matter is the short report of an ordinary sort of inquest, and I here transcribe it.

"Dr. McCulloch held an inquest yesterday on the body of Mr. Henry Lawrence, whose body was found on Tuesday morning last in the river near Vauxhall Bridge. The deceased was well known in certain sporting circles. Sophia Lawrence, the widow, said that deceased had left home on Monday afternoon at about five, in his usual health, saying that he was to dine at a friend's, and she saw nothing more of him till called upon to identify the body. He had no reason for suicide, and so far as witness knew, was free from pecuniary embarrassments. He had, indeed, been very successful in betting recently. He habitually carried a large pocket-book, with papers in it. Mr. Robert Naylor, commission agent, said that deceased dined with him that evening at his house in Gold Street, Chelsea, and left for home at about half-past eleven. He had at the time a sum of nearly four hundred pounds upon him, chiefly in notes, which had been paid him by witness in settlement of a bet. It was a fine night, and deceased walked in the direction of Chelsea Embankment. That was the last witness saw of him. He might not have been perfectly sober, but he was not drunk, and was capable of taking care of himself. The evidence of the Thames police went to show that no money was on the body when found, except a few coppers, and no pocket-book. Dr. William Hodgetts said that death was due to drowning. There were some bruises on the arms and head which might have been caused before death. The body was a very healthy one. The coroner said that there seemed to be a very strong suspicion of foul play, unless the pocket-book of the deceased had got out of his pocket in the water; but the evidence was very meagre, although the police appeared to have made every possible inquiry. The jury returned a verdict of 'Found Drowned, though how the deceased came into the water there was no evidence to show.'"

I know no more of the unfortunate man Lawrence than this, and I have only printed the cutting here because it probably induced Dorrington to take certain steps in the case I am dealing with. With that case the fate of the man Lawrence has nothing whatever to do. He passes out of the story entirely.

II.

Mr. Warren Telfer was a gentleman of means, and the owner of a few—very few—racehorses. But he had a great knack of buying hidden prizes in yearlings, and what his stable lacked in quantity it often more than made up for in quality. Thus he had

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once bought a St. Leger winner for as little as a hundred and fifty pounds. Many will remember his bitter disappointment of ten or a dozen years back, when his horse Matfelon, starting an odds-on favourite for the Two Thousand, never even got among the crowd, and ambled in streets behind everything. It was freely rumoured (and no doubt with cause) that Matfelon had been "got at" and in some way "nobbled." There were hints of a certain bucket of water administered just before the race—a bucket of water observed in the hands, some said of one, some said of another person connected with Ritter's training establishment. There was no suspicion of pulling, for plainly the jockey was doing his best with the animal all the way along, and never had a tight rein. So a nobbling it must have been, said the knowing ones, and Mr. Warren Telfer said so too, with much bitterness. More, he immediately removed his horses from Ritter's stables, and started a small training place of his own for his own horses merely; putting an old steeplechase jockey in charge, who had come out of a bad accident permanently lame, and had fallen on evil days.

The owner was an impulsive and violent-tempered man, who, once a notion was in his head, held to it through everything, and in spite of everything. His misfortune with Matfelon made him the most insanely distrustful man alive. In everything he fancied he saw a trick, and to him every man seemed a scoundrel. He could scarce bear to let the very stable-boys touch his horses, and although for years all went as well as could be expected in his stables, his suspicious distrust lost nothing of its virulence. He was perpetually fussing about the stables, making surprise visits, and laying futile traps that convicted nobody. The sole tangible result of this behaviour was a violent quarrel between Mr. Warren Telfer and his nephew Richard, who had been making a lengthened stay with his uncle. Young Telfer, to tell the truth, was neither so discreet nor so exemplary in behaviour as he might have been, but his temper was that characteristic of the family, and when he conceived that his uncle had an idea that he was communicating stable secrets to friends outside, there was an animated row, and the nephew betook himself and his luggage somewhere else. Young Telfer always insisted, however, that his uncle was not a bad fellow on the whole, though he had habits of thought and conduct that made him altogether intolerable at times. But the uncle had no good word for his graceless nephew; and indeed Richard Telfer betted more than he could afford, and was not so particular in his choice of sporting acquaintances as a gentleman should have been.

Mr. Warren Telfer's house, "Blackhall," and his stables were little more than two miles from Redbury, in Hampshire; and after the quarrel Mr. Richard Telfer was not seen near the place for many months—not, indeed, till excitement was high over the forthcoming race for the Redbury Stakes, for which there was an entry from the stable—Janissary, for long ranked second favourite; and then the owner's nephew did not enter the premises, and, in fact, made his visit as secret as possible.

I have said that Janissary was long ranked second favourite for the Redbury Stakes, but a little more than a week before the race he became first favourite, owing to a training mishap to the horse fancied first, which made its chances so poor that it might have been scratched at any moment. And so far was Janissary above the class of the field (though it was a two-year-old race, and there might be a surprise) that it at once went to far shorter odds than the previous favourite, which, indeed, had it run fit and well, would have found Janissary no easy colt to beat.

Mr. Telfer's nephew was seen near the stables but two or three days before the race, and that day the owner despatched a telegram to the firm of Dorrington & Hicks. In response to this telegram, Dorrington caught the first available train for Redbury, and was with Mr. Warren Telfer in his library by five in the afternoon.

"It is about my horse Janissary that I want to consult you, Mr. Dorrington," said Mr. Telfer. "It's right enough now—or at least was right at exercise this morning—but I feel certain that there's some diabolical plot on hand somewhere to interfere with the horse before the Redbury Stakes day, and I'm sorry to have to say that I suspect my own nephew to be mixed up in it in some way. In the first place I may tell you that there is no doubt whatever that the colt if let alone, and bar accident, can win in a canter. He could have won even if Herald, the late favourite, had kept well, for I can tell you that Janissary is a far greater horse than anybody is aware of outside my establishment—or at any rate, than anybody ought to be aware of, if the stable secrets are properly kept. His pedigree is nothing very great, and he never showed his quality

till quite lately, in private trials. Of course it has leaked out somehow that the colt is exceptionally good—I don't believe I can trust a soul in the place. How should the price have gone up to five to four unless somebody had been telling what he's paid not to tell? But that isn't all, as I have said. I've a conviction that something's on foot—somebody wants to interfere with the horse. Of course we get a tout about now and again, but the downs are pretty big, and we generally manage to dodge them if we want to. On the last three or four mornings, however, wherever Janissary might be taking his gallop, there was a big, hulking fellow, with a red beard and spectacles—not so much watching the horse as trying to get hold of the lad. I am always up and out at five, for I've found to my cost—you remember about Matfelon—that if a man doesn't want to be ramped he must never take his eye off things. Well, I have scarcely seen the lad ease the colt once on the last three or four mornings without that red-bearded fellow bobbing up from a knoll, or a clump of bushes, or something, close by—especially if Janissary was a bit away from the other horses, and not under my nose, or the head lad's, for a moment. I rode at the fellow, of course, when I saw what he was after, but he was artful as a cartload of monkeys, and vanished somehow before I could get near him. The head lad believes he has seen him about just after dark, too; but I am keeping the stable lads in when they're not riding, and I suppose he finds he has no chance of getting at them except when they're out with the horses. This morning, not only did I see this fellow about, as usual, but, I am ashamed to say, I observed my own nephew acting the part of a common tout. He certainly had the decency to avoid me and clear out, but that was not all, as you shall see. This morning, happening to approach the stables from the back, I suddenly came upon the red-bearded man—giving money to a groom of mine! He ran off at once, as you may guess, and I discharged the groom where he stood, and would not allow him into the stables again. He offered no explanation or excuse, but took himself off, and half an hour afterward I almost sent away my head boy too. For when I told him of the dismissal, he admitted that he had seen that same groom taking money of my nephew at the back of the stables, an hour before, and had not informed me! He said that he thought that as it was 'only Mr. Richard' it didn't matter. Fool! Anyway, the groom has gone, and, so far as I can tell as yet, the colt is all right. I examined him at once, of course; and I also turned over a box that Weeks, the groom, used to keep brushes and odd things in. There I found this paper full of powder. I don't yet know what it is, but it's certainly nothing he had any business with in the stable. Will you take it?

"And now," Mr. Telfer went on, "I'm in such an uneasy state that I want your advice and assistance. Quite apart from the suspicious—more than suspicious—circumstances I have informed you of, I am *certain*—I know it without being able to give precise reasons—I am *certain* that some attempt is being made at disabling Janissary before Thursday's race. I feel it in my bones, so to speak. I had the same suspicion just before that Two Thousand, when Matfelon was got at. The thing was in the air, as it is now. Perhaps it's a sort of instinct; but I rather think it is the result of an unconscious absorption of a number of little indications about me. Be it as it may, I am resolved to leave no opening to the enemy if I can help it, and I want you to see if you can suggest any further precautions beyond those I am taking. Come and look at the stables."

Dorrington could see no opening for any piece of rascality by which he might make more of the case than by serving his client loyally, so he resolved to do the latter. He followed Mr. Telfer through the training stables, where eight or nine thoroughbreds stood, and could suggest no improvement upon the exceptional precautions that already existed.

"No," said Dorrington, "I don't think you can do any better than this—at least on this, the inner line of defence. But it is best to make the outer lines secure first. By the way, *this* isn't Janissary, is it? We saw him farther up the row, didn't we?"

"Oh no, that's a very different sort of colt, though he does look like, doesn't he? People who've been up and down the stables once or twice often confuse them. They're both bays, much of a build, and about the same height, and both have a bit of stocking on the same leg, though Janissary's is bigger, and this animal has a white star. But you never saw two creatures look so like and run so differently. This is a dead loss—not worth his feed. If I can manage to wind him up to something like a gallop I shall try to work him off in a selling plate somewhere; but as far as I can see he isn't good enough

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even for that. He's a disappointment. And his stock's far better than Janissary's too, and he cost half as much again! Yearlings are a lottery. Still, I've drawn a prize or two among them, at one time or another."

"Ah yes, so I've heard. But now as to the outer defences I was speaking of. Let us find out *who* is trying to interfere with your horse. Do you mind letting me into the secrets of the stable commissions?"

"Oh no. We're talking in confidence, of course. I've backed the colt pretty heavily all round, but not too much anywhere. There's a good slice with Barker—you know Barker, of course; Mullins has a thousand down for him, and that was at five to one, before Herald went amiss. Then there's Ford and Lascelles—both good men, and Naylor—he's the smallest man of them all, and there's only a hundred or two with him, though he's been laying the horse pretty freely everywhere, at least until Herald went wrong. And there's Pedder. But there must have been a deal of money laid to outside backers, and there's no telling who may contemplate a ramp."

"Just so. Now as to your nephew. What of your suspicions in that direction?"

"Perhaps I'm a little hasty as to that," Mr. Telfer answered, a little ashamed of what he had previously said. "But I'm worried and mystified, as you see, and hardly know what to think. My nephew Richard is a little erratic, and he has a foolish habit of betting more than he can afford. He and I quarrelled some time back, while he was staying here, because I had an idea that he had been talking too freely outside. He had, in fact; and I regarded it as a breach of confidence. So there was a quarrel and he went away."

"Very well. I wonder if I can get a bed at the 'Crown,' at Redbury? I'm afraid it'll be crowded, but I'll try."

"But why trouble? Why not stay with me, and be near the stables?"

"Because then I should be of no more use to you than one of your lads. People who come out here every morning are probably staying at Redbury, and I must go there after them."

III.

THE "Crown" at Redbury was full in anticipation of the races, but Dorrington managed to get a room ordinarily occupied by one of the landlord's family, who undertook to sleep at a friend's for a night or two. This settled, he strolled into the yard, and soon fell into animated talk with the hostler on the subject of the forthcoming races. All the town was backing Janissary for the Stakes, the hostler said, and he advised Dorrington to do the same.

During this conversation two men stopped in the street, just outside the yard gate, talking. One was a big, heavy, vulgar-looking fellow in a box-cloth coat, and with a shaven face and hoarse voice; the other was a slighter, slimmer, younger and more gentlemanlike man, though there was a certain patchy colour about his face that seemed to hint of anything but teetotalism.

"There," said the hostler, indicating the younger of these two men, "that's young

"A vulgar-looking fellow in a box-cloth coat."

Mr. Telfer, him as whose uncle's owner o' Janissary. He's a young plunger, he is, and he's on Janissary too. He give me the tip, straight, this mornin'. 'You put your little bit on my uncle's colt,' he said. 'It's all right. I ain't such pals with the old man as I was, but I've got the tip that *his* money's down on it. So don't neglect your opportunities, Thomas,' he says; and I haven't. He's stoppin' in our house, is young Mr. Richard."

"And who is that he is talking to? A bookmaker?"

"Yes, sir, that's Naylor—Bob Naylor. He's got Mr. Richard's bets. P'raps he's puttin' on a bit more now."

The men at the gate separated, and the

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bookmaker walked off down the street in the fast gathering dusk. Richard Telfer, however, entered the house, and Dorrington followed him. Telfer mounted the stairs and went into his room. Dorrington lingered a moment on the stairs and then went and knocked at Telfer's door.

"Hullo!" cried Telfer coming to the door and peering out into the gloomy corridor.

"I beg pardon," Dorrington replied, courteously. "I thought this was Naylor's room."

"No—it's No. 23, by the end. But I believe he's just gone down the street."

Dorrington expressed his thanks and went to his own room. He took one or two small instruments from his bag and hurried stealthily to the door of No. 23.

All was quiet, and the door opened at once to Dorrington's picklock, for there was nothing but the common tumbler rim-lock to secure it. Dorrington, being altogether an unscrupulous scoundrel, would have thought nothing of entering a man's room thus for purposes of mere robbery. Much less scruple had he in doing so in the present circumstances. He lit the candle in a little pocket lantern, and, having secured the door, looked quickly about the room. There was nothing unusual to attract his attention, and he turned to two bags lying near the dressing-table. One was the usual bookmaker's satchel, and the other was a leather travelling-bag; both were locked. Dorrington unbuckled the straps of the large bag, and produced a slender picklock of steel wire, with a sliding joint, which, with a little skilful "humouring" turned the lock in the course of a minute or two. One glance inside was enough. There on the top lay a large false beard of strong red, and upon the shirts below was a pair of spectacles. But Dorrington went farther, and felt carefully below the linen till his hand met a small, flat, mahogany box. This he withdrew and opened. Within, on a velvet lining, lay a small silver instrument resembling a syringe. He shut and replaced the box, and, having rearranged the contents of the bag, shut, locked and strapped it, and blew out his light. He had found what he came to look for. In another minute Mr. Bob Naylor's door was locked behind him, and Dorrington took his tools to his own room.

It was a noisy evening in the Commercial Room at the "Crown." Chaff and laughter flew thick, and Richard Telfer threatened Naylor with a terrible settling day. More was drunk than thirst strictly justified, and everybody grew friendly with everybody else. Dorrington, sober and keenly alert, affected the reverse, and exhibited especial and extreme affection for Mr. Bob Naylor. His advances were unsuccessful at first, but Dorrington's manner and the "Crown" whisky overcame the bookmaker's reserve, and at about eleven o'clock the two left the house arm in arm for a cooling stroll in the High Street. Dorrington blabbed and chattered with great success, and soon began about Janissary.

"So you've pretty well done all you want with Janissary, eh? Book full? Ah! nothing like keeping a book even all round—it's the safest way—'specially with such a colt as Janissary about. Eh, my boy?" He nudged Naylor genially. "Ah! no doubt it's a good colt, but old Telfer has rum notions about preparation, hasn't he?"

"I dunno," replied Naylor. "How do you mean?"

"Why, what does he have the horse led up and down behind the stable for, half an hour every afternoon?"

"Didn't know he did."

"Ah! but he does. I came across it only this afternoon. I was coming over the downs, and just as I got round behind Telfer's stables there I saw a fine bay colt, with a white stocking on the off hind leg, well covered up in a suit of clothes, being led up and down by a lad, like a sentry—up and down, up and down—about twenty yards each way, and nobody else about. 'Hullo!' says I to the lad, 'hullo! what horse is this?' 'Janissary,' says the boy—pretty free for a stable-lad. 'Ah!' says I. 'And what are you walking him like that for?' 'Dunno,' says the boy, 'but it's guv'nor's orders. Every afternoon, at two to the minute, I have to bring him out here and walk him like this for half an hour exactly, neither more nor less, and then he goes in and has a handful of malt. But I dunno why.' 'Well,' says I, 'I never heard of that being done before. But he's a fine colt,' and I put my hand under the cloth and felt him—hard as nails and smooth as silk."

"And the boy let you touch him?"

"Yes; he struck me as a bit easy for a stable-boy. But it's an odd trick, isn't it, that of the half-hour's walk and the handful of malt? Never hear of anybody else doing it, did you?"

"No, I never did."

They talked and strolled for another quarter of an hour, and then finished up with one more drink.

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IV.

THE next was the day before the race, and in the morning Dorrington, making a circuit, came to Mr. Warren Telfer's from the farther side. As soon as they were assured of privacy: "Have you seen the man with the red beard this morning?" asked Dorrington.

"No; I looked out pretty sharply, too."

"That's right. If you like to fall in with my suggestions, however, you shall see him at about two o'clock, and take a handsome rise out of him."

"Very well," Mr. Telfer replied. "What's your suggestion?"

"I'll tell you. In the first place, what's the value of that other horse that looks so like Janissary?"

"Hamid is his name. He's worth—well, what he will fetch. I'll sell him for fifty and be glad of the chance."

"Very good. Then you'll no doubt be glad to risk his health temporarily to make sure of the Redbury Stakes, and to get longer prices for anything you may like to put on between now and to-morrow afternoon. Come to the stables and I'll tell you. But first, is there a place where we may command a view of the ground behind the stables without being seen?"

"Yes, there's a ventilation grating at the back of each stall."

"Good! Then we'll watch from Hamid's stall, which will be empty. Select your most wooden-faced and most careful boy, and send him out behind the stable with Hamid at two o'clock to the moment. Put the horse in a full suit of clothes—it is necessary to cover up that white star—and tell the lad he must *lead* it up and down slowly for twenty yards or so. I rather expect the red-bearded man will be coming along between two o'clock and half-past two. You will understand that Hamid is to be Janissary for the occasion. You must drill your boy to appear a bit of a fool, and to overcome his stable education sufficiently to chatter freely—so long as it is the proper chatter. The man may ask the horse's name, or he may not. Any way, the boy mustn't forget it is Janissary he is leading. You have an odd fad, you must know (and the boy must know it too) in the matter of training. This ridiculous fad is to have your colt walked up and down for half an hour exactly at two o'clock every afternoon, and then given a handful of malt as he comes in. The boy can talk as freely about this as he pleases, and also about the colt's chances, and anything else he likes; and he is to let the stranger come up, talk to the horse, pat him—in short, to do as he pleases. Is that plain?"

"Perfectly. You have found out something about this red-bearded chap then?"

"Oh, yes—it's Naylor the bookmaker, as a matter of fact, with a false beard."

"What! Naylor?"

"Yes. You see the idea, of course. Once Naylor thinks he has nobbled the favourite he will lay it to any extent, and the odds will get longer. Then you can make him pay for his little games."

"Well, yes, of course. Though I wouldn't put too much with Naylor in any case. He's not a big man, and he might break and lose me the lot. But I can get it out of the others."

"Just so. You'd better see about schooling your boy now, I think. I'll tell you more presently."

A minute or two before two o'clock Dorrington and Telfer, mounted on a pair of steps, were gazing through the ventilation grating of Hamid's stall, while the colt, clothed completely, was led round. Then Dorrington described his operations of the previous evening.

"No matter what he may think of my tale," he said, "Naylor will be pretty sure to come. He has tried to bribe your stablemen, and has been baffled. Every attempt to get hold of the boy in charge of Janissary has failed, and he will be glad to clutch at any shadow of a chance to save his money now. Once he is here, and the favourite apparently at his mercy, the thing is done. By the way, I expect your nephew's little present to the man you sacked was a fairly innocent one. No doubt he merely asked the man whether Janissary was keeping well, and was thought good enough to win, for I find he is backing it pretty heavily. Naylor came afterwards, with much less innocent intentions, but fortunately you were down on him in time. Several considerations induced me to go to Naylor's room. In the first place, I have heard rather shady tales of his doings on one or two occasions, and he did not seem a sufficiently big man to stand to lose a great deal over your horse. Then, when I saw him, I observed that his figure bore a considerable resemblance to that of the man you had described, except as regards the red beard and the spectacles—articles easily enough assumed, and, indeed, often enough used by the scum of the ring whose

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trade is welshing. And, apart from these considerations, here, at any rate, was one man who had an interest in keeping your colt from winning, and here was his room waiting for me to explore. So I explored it, and the card turned up trumps."

As he was speaking, the stable-boy, a

"The horse started suddenly, swung round and reared."

stolid-looking youngster, was leading Hamid back and forth on the turf before their eyes.

"There's somebody," said Dorrington suddenly, "over in that clump of trees. Yes—our man, sure enough. I felt pretty sure of him after you had told me that he hadn't thought it worth while to turn up this morning. Here he comes."

Naylor, with his red beard sticking out over the collar of his big coat, came slouching along with an awkwardly assumed air of carelessness and absence of mind.

"Hullo!" he said suddenly, as he came abreast of the horse, turning as though but now aware of its presence, "that's a valuable sort of horse, ain't it, my lad?"

"Yes," said the boy, "it is. He's goin' to win the Redbury Stakes to-morrow. It's Janissary."

"Oh! Janey Sairey, is it?" Naylor

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answered, with a quaint affectation of gaping ignorance. "Janey Sairey, eh? Well, she do look a fine 'orse, what I can see of 'er. What a suit o' clo'es! An' so she's one o' the 'orses that runs in races, is she? Well, I never! Pretty much like other 'orses, too, to look at, ain't she? Only a bit thin in the legs."

The boy stood carelessly by the colt's side, and the man approached. His hand came quickly from an inner pocket, and then he passed it under Hamid's cloths, near the shoulder. "Ah, it do feel a lovely skin, to be sure!" he said. "An' so there's goin' to be races at Redbury to-morrow, is there? I dunno anythin' about races myself, an'—— Oo my!"

Naylor sprang back as the horse, flinging back its ears, started suddenly, swung round and reared. "Lor," he said, "what a vicious brute! Jist because I stroked her! I'll be careful about touching racehorses again." His hand passed stealthily to the pocket again, and he hurried on his way, while the stable-boy steadied and soothed Hamid.

Telfer and Dorrington sniggered quietly in their concealment. "He's taken a deal of trouble, hasn't he?" Dorrington remarked. "It's a sad case of the biter bit for Mr. Naylor, I'm afraid. That was a prick the colt felt—hypodermic injection with the syringe I saw in the bag, no doubt. The boy won't be such a fool as to come in again at once, will he? If Naylor's taking a look back from anywhere, that may make him suspicious."

"No fear. I've told him to keep out for the half-hour, and he'll do it. Dear, dear, what an innocent person Mr. Bob Naylor is! 'Well, I never! Pretty much like other horses!' He didn't know there were to be races at Redbury! 'Janey Sairey,' too—it's really very funny!"

Ere the half-hour was quite over, Hamid came stumbling and dragging into the stable-yard, plainly all amiss, and collapsed on his litter as soon as he gained his stall. There he lay, shivering and drowsy.

"I expect he'll get over it in a day or two," Dorrington remarked. "I don't suppose a vet. could do much for him just now, except, perhaps, give him a drench and let him take a rest. Certainly, the effect will last over to-morrow. That's what it is calculated for."

V.

THE Redbury Stakes were run at three in the afternoon, after two or three minor events had been disposed of. The betting had undergone considerable fluctuations during the morning, but in general it ruled heavily against Janissary. The story had got about, too, that Mr. Warren Telfer's colt would not start. So that when the numbers went up, and it was seen that Janissary was starting after all, there was much astonishment, and a good deal of uneasiness in the ring.

"It's a pity we can't see our friend Naylor's face just now, isn't it?" Dorrington remarked to his client, as they looked on from Mr. Telfer's drag.

"Yes; it would be interesting," Telfer replied. "He was quite confident last night, you say."

"Quite. I tested him by an offer of a small bet on your colt, asking some points over the odds, and he took it at once. Indeed, I believe he has been going about gathering up all the wagers he could about Janissary, and the market has felt it. Your nephew has risked some more with him, I believe, and altogether it looks as though the town would spoil the 'bookies' badly."

As the horses came from the weighing enclosure, Janissary was seen conspicuous among them, bright, clean, and firm, and a good many faces lengthened at the sight. The start was not so good as it might have been, but the favourite (the starting price had gone to evens) was not left, and got away well in the crowd of ten starters. There he lay till rounding the bend, when the Telfer blue and chocolate was seen among the foremost, and near the rails. Mr. Telfer almost trembled as he watched through his glasses.

"Hang that Willett!" he said, almost to himself. "He's *too* clever against those rails before getting clear. All right, though, all right! He's coming!"

Janissary, indeed, was showing in front, and as the horses came along the straight it was plain that Mr. Telfer's colt was holding the field comfortably. There were changes in the crowd; some dropped away, some came out and attempted to challenge for the lead, but the favourite, striding easily, was never seriously threatened, and in the end, being a little let out, came in a three-lengths winner, never once having been made to show his best.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Telfer," said Dorrington, "and you may congratulate me."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Telfer hastily, hurrying off to lead in the winner.

It was a bad race for the ring, and in the open parts of the course many a humble

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fielder grabbed his satchel ere the shouting was over, and made his best pace for the horizon; and more than one pair of false whiskers, as red as Naylor's, came off suddenly while the owner betook himself to a fresh stand. Unless a good many outsiders sailed home before the end of the week there would be a bad Monday for layers. But all sporting Redbury was jubilant. They had all been "on" the local favourite for the local race and it had won.

VI.

Mr. Bob Naylor "got a bit back," in his own phrase, on other races by the end of the week, but all the same he saw a black settling day ahead. He had been done—done for a certainty. He had realised this as soon as he saw the numbers go up for the Redbury Stakes. Janissary had not been drugged after all. That meant that another horse had been substituted for him, and that the whole thing was an elaborate plant. He thought he knew Janissary pretty well by sight, too, and rather prided himself on having an eye for a horse. But clearly it was a plant—a complete do. Telfer was in it, and so of course was that gentlemanly stranger who had strolled along Redbury High Street with him that night, telling that cock-and-bull story about the afternoon walks and the handful of malt. There was a nice schoolboy tale to take in a man who thought himself broad as Cheapside! He cursed himself high and low. To be done, and to know it, was a galling thing, but this would be worse. The tale would get about. They would boast of a clever stroke like that, and that would injure him with everybody; with honest men, because his reputation, as it was, would bear no worsening, and with knaves like himself, because they would laugh at him, and leave him out when any little co-operative swindle was in contemplation. But though the chagrin of the defeat was bitter bad enough, his losses were worse. He had taken everything offered on Janissary after he had nobbled the wrong horse, and had given almost any odds demanded. Do as he might he could see nothing but a balance against him on Monday, which, though he might pay out his last cent, he could not cover by several hundred pounds.

But on the day he met his customers at his club, as usual, and paid out freely. Young Richard Telfer, however, with whom he was heavily "in," he put off till the evening. "I've been a bit disappointed this morning over some ready that was to be paid over," he said, "and I've used the last cheque-form in my book. You might come and have a bit of dinner with me to-night, Mr. Telfer, and take it then."

Telfer assented without difficulty.

"All right, then, that's settled. You know the place—Gold Street. Seven sharp. The missis 'll be pleased to see you, I'm sure, Mr. Telfer. Let's see—it's fifteen hundred and thirty, altogether, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it. I'll come."

Young Telfer left the club, and at the corner of the street ran against Dorrington. Telfer, of course, knew him but as his late fellow-guest at the "Crown" at Redbury, and this was their first meeting in London after their return from the races.

"Ah!" said Telfer. "Going to draw a bit of Janissary money, eh?"

"Oh, I haven't much to draw," Dorrington answered. "But I expect your pockets are pretty heavy, if you've just come from Naylor."

"Yes, I've just come from Naylor, but I haven't touched the merry sovs. just yet," replied Telfer cheerfully. "There's been a run on Naylor, and I'm going to dine with him and his respectable missis this evening, and draw the plunder then. I feel rather curious to see what sort of establishment a man like Naylor keeps going. His place is in Gold Street, Chelsea."

"Yes, I believe so. Anyhow, I congratulate you on your haul, and wish you a merry evening." And the two men parted.

Dorrington had, indeed, a few pounds to draw as the result of his "fishing" bet with Naylor, but now he resolved to ask for the money at his own time. This invitation to Telfer took his attention, and it reminded him oddly of the circumstances detailed in the report of the inquest on Lawrence, transcribed at the beginning of this paper. He had cut out this report at the time it appeared, because he saw certain singularities about the case, and he had filed it, as he had done hundreds of other such cuttings. And now certain things led him to fancy that he might be much interested to observe the proceedings at Naylor's house on the evening after a bad settling-day. He resolved to gratify himself with a strict professional watch in Gold Street that evening, on chance of something coming of it. For it was an important thing in Dorrington's rascally trade to get hold of as much of other people's private business as possible, and to know exactly in what cupboard to find every man's

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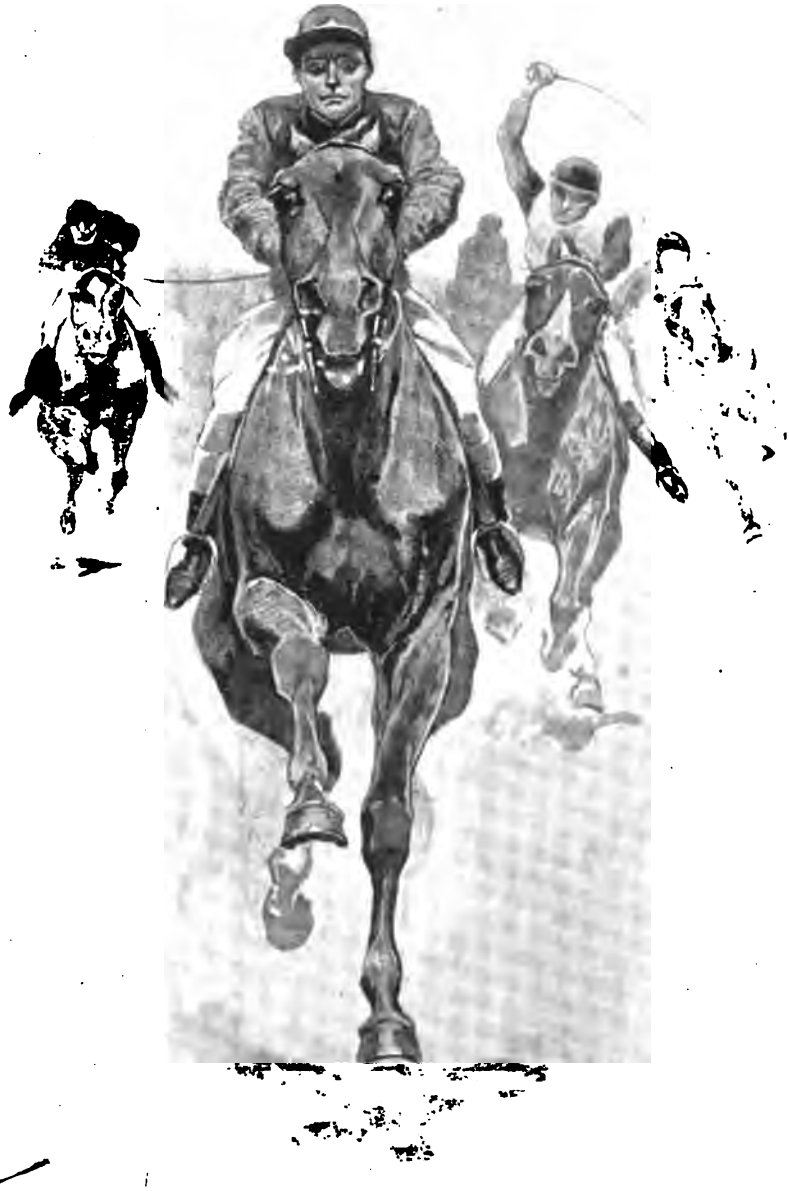

"Janissary came in a three-lengths winner."

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skeleton. For there was no knowing but it might be turned into money sooner or later. So he found the number of Naylor's house from the handiest directory, and at six o'clock, a little disguised by a humbler style of dress than usual, he began his watch.

Naylor's house was at the corner of a turning, with the flank wall blank of windows, except for one at the top; and a public-house stood at the opposite corner. Dorrington, skilled in watching without attracting attention to himself, now lounged in the public-house bar, now stood at the street corner, and now sauntered along the street, a picture of vacancy of mind, and looking, apparently, at everything in turn, except the house at the corner. The first thing he noted was the issuing forth from the area steps of a healthy-looking girl in much gaily be-ribboned finery. Plainly a servant taking an evening out. This was an odd thing, that a servant should be allowed out on an evening when a guest was expected to dinner; and the house looked like one where it was more likely that one servant would be kept than two. Dorrington hurried after the girl, and, changing his manner of address to that of a civil labourer, said—

"Beg pardon, Miss, but is Mary Walker still in service at your 'ouse?"

"Mary Walker?" said the girl, "why, no. I never 'eard the name. And there ain't nobody in service there but me."

"Beg pardon—it must be the wrong 'ouse. It's my cousin, Miss, that's all."

Dorrington left the girl and returned to the public-house. As he reached it he perceived a second noticeable thing. Although it was broad daylight there was now a light behind the solitary window at the top of the side-wall of Naylor's house. Dorrington slipped through the swing-doors of the public-house and watched through the glass.

It was a bare room behind the high window—it might have been a bathroom—and its interior was made but dimly visible from outside by the light. A tall thin woman was setting up an ordinary pair of house-steps in the middle of the room. This done, she turned to the window and pulled down the blind, and as she did so Dorrington noted her very extreme thinness, both of face and body. When the blind was down the light still remained within. Again there seemed some significance in this. It appeared that the thin woman had waited until her servant had gone before doing whatever she had to do in that room. Presently the watcher came again into Gold Street, and from there he caught a passing glimpse of the thin woman as she moved busily about the front room over the breakfast-parlour.

Clearly, then, the light above had been left for future use. Dorrington thought for a minute, and then suddenly stopped, with a snap of the fingers. He saw it all now. Here was something altogether in his way. He would take a daring course.

He withdrew once more to the public-house, and ordering another drink, took up a position in a compartment from which he could command a view both of Gold Street and the side turning. The time now, he saw by his watch, was ten minutes to seven. He had to wait rather more than a quarter of an hour before seeing Richard Telfer come walking jauntily down Gold Street, mount the steps, and knock at Naylor's door. There was a momentary glimpse of the thin woman's face at the door, and then Telfer entered.

It now began to grow dusk, and in about twenty minutes more Dorrington took to the street again. The room over the breakfast-parlour was clearly the dining-room. It was lighted brightly, and by intent listening the watcher could distinguish, now and again, a sudden burst of laughter from Telfer, followed by the deeper grunts of Naylor's voice, and once by sharp tones that it seemed natural to suppose were the thin woman's.

Dorrington waited no longer, but slipped a pair of thick sock-feet over his shoes, and, after a quick look along the two streets, to make sure nobody was near, he descended the area steps. There was no light in the breakfast-parlour. With his knife he opened the window-catch, raised the sash quietly and stepped over the sill, and stood in the dark room within.

All was quiet, except for the talking in the room above. He had but done what many thieves—"parlour-jumpers"—do every day; but there was more ahead. He made his way silently to the basement passage, and peeped into the kitchen. The room was lighted, and cookery utensils were scattered about, but nobody was there. He waited till he heard a request in Naylor's gruff voice for "another slice" of something, and noiselessly mounted the stairs. He noticed that the dining-room door was ajar, but passed quickly on to the second flight, and rested on the landing above. Mrs. Naylor would probably have to go downstairs once or twice again, but he did not expect anybody in the upper part of the house just yet. There

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was a small flight of stairs above the landing whereon he stood leading to the servant's bedroom and the bathroom. He took a glance at the bathroom with its feeble lamp, its steps, and its open ceiling-trap, and

"Carrying the inert form of Telfer by the shoulders."

returned again to the bedroom landing. There he stood, waiting watchfully.

Twice the thin woman emerged from the dining-room, went downstairs and came up again, each time with food and plates. Then she went down once more, and was longer gone. Meantime Naylor and Telfer were talking and joking loudly at the table.

When once again Dorrington saw the crown of the thin woman's head rising over the bottom stair, he perceived that she bore a tray set with cups already filled with coffee. These she carried into the dining-room, whence presently came the sound of striking matches. After this the conversation seemed to flag, and Telfer's part in it grew less and less, till it ceased altogether, and the house was silent, except for a sound of heavy breathing. Soon this became almost a snore, and then there was a sudden noisy tumble, as of a drunken man; but still the snoring went on, and the Naylors were talking in whispers.

There was a shuffling and heaving sound, and a chair was knocked over. Then at the dining-room door appeared Naylor, walking backward, and carrying the inert form of Telfer by the shoulders, while the thin woman followed, supporting the feet. Dorrington retreated up the small stair-flight, cocking a pocket revolver as he went.

Up the stairs they came, Naylor puffing and grunting with the exertion, and Telfer still snoring soundly on, till at last, having mounted the top flight, they came in at the bathroom door, where Dorrington stood to receive them, smiling and bowing pleasantly, with his hat in one hand and his revolver in the other.

The woman, from her position, saw him first, and dropped Telfer's legs with a scream. Naylor turned his head and then also dropped his end. The drugged man fell in a heap, snoring still.

Naylor, astounded and choking, made as if to rush at the interloper, but Dorrington thrust the revolver into his face, and exclaimed, still smiling courteously, "Mind, mind! It's a dangerous thing, is a revolver, and apt to go off if you run against it!"

He stood thus for a second, and then stepped forward and took the woman—who seemed like to swoon—by the arm, and pulled her into the room. "Come, Mrs. Naylor," he said, "you're not one of the fainting sort, and I think I'd better keep two such clever people as you under my eye, or one of you may get into mischief. Come now, Naylor, we'll talk business."

Naylor, now white as a ghost, sat on the edge of the bath, and stared at Dorrington as though in a fascination of terror. His hands

"Hat in one hand, revolver in the other."

rested on the bath at each side, and an odd sound of gurgling came from his thick throat.

"We will talk business," Dorrington resumed. "Come, you've met me before now you know—at Redbury. You can't have

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forgotten Janissary, and the walking exercise and the handful of malt. I'm afraid you're a clumsy sort of rascal, Naylor, though you do your best. I'm a rascal myself (though I don't often confess it), and I assure you that your conceptions are crude as yet. Still, that isn't a bad notion in its way, that of drugging a man and drowning him in your cistern up there in the roof, when you prefer not to pay him his winnings. It has the very considerable merit that, after the body has been fished out of any river you may choose to fling it into, the stupid coroner's jury will never suspect that it was drowned in any other water but that. Just as happened in the Lawrence case, for instance. You remember that, eh? So do I, very well, and it was because I remembered that that I paid you this visit to-night. But you do the thing much too clumsily, really. When I saw a light up here in broad daylight I knew at once it must be left for some purpose to be executed later in the evening; and when I saw the steps carefully placed at the same time, after the servant had been sent out, why the thing was plain, remembering, as I did, the curious coincidence that Mr. Lawrence was drowned the very evening he had been here to take away his winnings. The steps *must* be intended to give access to the roof, where there was probably a tank to feed the bath, and what more secret place to drown a man than there? And what easier place, so long as the man was well drugged, and there was a strong lid to the tank? As I say, Naylor, your notion was meritorious, but your execution was wretched—perhaps because you had no notion that I was watching you."

He paused, and then went on. "Come," he said, "collect your scattered faculties, both of you. I shan't hand you over to the police for this little invention of yours; it's too useful an invention to give away to the police. I shan't hand you over, that is to say, as long as you do as I tell you. If you get mutinous, you shall hang, both of you, for the Lawrence business. I may as well tell you that I'm a bit of a scoundrel myself, by way of profession. I don't boast about it, but it's well to be frank in making arrangements of this sort. I'm going to take you into my service. I employ a few agents, and you and your tank may come in very handy from time to time. But we must set it up, with a few improvements, in another house—a house which hasn't quite such an awkward window. And we mustn't execute our little suppressions so regularly on settling-day; it looks suspicious. So as soon as you can get your faculties together we'll talk over this thing."

The man and the woman had exchanged glances during this speech, and now Naylor asked, huskily, jerking his thumb toward the man on the floor, "An'—an' what about 'im?"

"What about him? Why get rid of him as soon as you like. Not that way, though" (he pointed toward the ceiling trap). It doesn't pay *me*, and I'm master now. Besides, what will people say when you tell the same tale at his inquest that you told at Lawrence's? No, my friend, bookmaking and murder don't assort together, profitable as the combination may seem. Settling days are too regular. And I'm not going to be your accomplice, mind. You are going to be mine. Do what you please with Telfer. Leave him on somebody's doorstep if you like."

"But I owe him fifteen hundred, and I ain't got more than half of it! I'll be ruined!"

"Very likely," Dorrington returned placidly. "Be ruined as soon as possible, then, and devote all your time to my business. You're not to ornament the ring any longer, remember—you're to assist a private inquiry agent, you and your wife and your charming tank. Repudiate the debt if you like—it's a mere gaming transaction, and there is no legal claim—or leave him in the street and tell him he's been robbed. Please yourself as to this little roguery—you may as well, for it's the last you will do on your own account. For the future your respectable talents will be devoted to the service of Dorrington & Hicks, private inquiry agents; and if you don't give satisfaction, that eminent firm will hang you, with the assistance of the judge at the Old Bailey. So settle your business yourselves, and quickly, for I've a good many things to arrange with you."

And, Dorrington watching them continually, they took Telfer out by the side gate in the garden wall and left him in a dark corner.

Thus I learnt the history of the horrible tank that had so nearly ended my own life, as I have already related. Clearly the Naylors had changed their name to Crofting, on taking compulsory service with Dorrington, and Mrs. Naylor was the repulsively thin woman who had drugged me with her coffee in the house at Highgate. The events I have just recorded took place about three years before I came to England. In the meantime how many people, whose deaths might be turned to profit, had fallen victims to the murderous cunning of Dorrington and his tools?

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RISING STARS.

BENEATH the pseudonym of "Mayne Lindsay" is hidden the charming personality of Miss Rosina M. Hopkins, whose stories in the WINDSOR MAGAZINE have been appreciated highly. Her father was a British Consul in Africa, who died early in life, when his daughter was quite young. Miss Hopkins wrote her first published story for a provincial newspaper when she was a schoolgirl, fourteen years of age. She continued to "earn pocket-money" (as she modestly says) for some time by these ventures into literature. Four years later she accompanied her brother to India, where he is a judge. She gained thus the insight into Anglo-Indian life which is noticeable in her stories. Three years were spent in the North-West Provinces, during which period she contributed to the *Pioneer* and the *Civil and Military Gazette*. We have the result of this Indian experience in "Masters of the Art," and in "A Toss for a Wife," among other stories. Then followed a year on a sheep station in Western Victoria—a year which supplied her with further material for descriptive purposes. In the winter of 1895 Miss Hopkins returned to England, and in less than twelve months she has had five stories, of much originality, accepted by the WINDSOR MAGAZINE. She is a great admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson, and has absorbed much of his directness of style. Miss Hopkins is a proficient writer of shorthand, an art which ought to lessen her literary labours. Her story, "The Exception," which appeared in the September WINDSOR, reveals some of her knowledge of the pathetic conditions under which typewriters in London work. It is interesting as proving the quickness of "Mayne Lindsay's" perceptions, for she had very brief experience of City life. It is to be hoped that this new writer will have equal success in new fields.

From a photo by [*Russell.*

"MAYNE LINDSAY."

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS'S name is a very familiar one with the English musical public at present, owing to the immense interest that has been excited by his curious musical jest, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," one of the most fantastic, humorous, bizarre, and at the same time one of the most difficult orchestral compositions that have ever been written. When it was first given by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace, the veteran conductor made a short speech at the conclusion, informing the audience that it was the most difficult work his orchestra had ever been called upon to perform. The work has since been given in England by Dr. Richter, and at all the prominent orchestral concerts. Richard Strauss was born on June 11, 1864, in Munich. Giving evidence of unusual musical ability while a mere child, his parents placed him under Kapellmeister Unger. In due course he entered the Munich University, and while there made his début as a composer. Von Bülow, being impressed with his genius, engaged him in 1885 as conductor in Meiningen. Later, he became one of the conductors at the Court Theatre in Munich, and after that he was appointed Hofkapellmeister in Weimar. In 1894 he returned to Munich. As a conductor Strauss stands in the front rank with such men as Mottl and Levi. In addition to the famous "Till Eulenspiegel," his best-known works are "Tod and Verklärung," "Guntram," a musical drama, the text of which is written by Strauss himself. His latest work is entitled "Thus Spake Zarathustra," after the prose poem by F. N. Nietzsche.

From a photo by [*Hertel, Weimar.*

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS.

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"THE WIND THRO' THE TREES."

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A POPULAR PAINTER:

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

By Mary Angela Dickens.

IN an age such as ours what a pleasure it is to consider for a moment a successful career! To-day is pre-eminently the day of struggle, the day of keen competition, the day—let us hope—of the survival of the fittest; and the clouds of failure, disappointment and heart-break rise about us on every side. Even when it comes at last, success tarries often until middle age precedes it. It comes ungraciously, with the taint of hope too long deferred dimming its radiant beauty. It mocks at and eludes the eager hands outstretched to grasp it, and comes when the passionate capacity for its enjoyment lies starved or dead. With what content then, with what a warm-hearted sense that things do sometimes go right in this weary world after all, must one contemplate the even sequence of effort and success, repeated again and again, which makes the artistic history—taken in broad outline—of Mr. Frank Dicksee.

Peel Street, Campden Hill, is the address appended to Mr. Dicksee's name in the Academy catalogue. And Peel Street, Campden Hill, is a spot about as incongruous with the imaginative beauty of Mr. Dicksee's work as any spot on the face of the earth could be. Go up Peel Street at about four o'clock on a winter's afternoon—especially if the day has been wet and there is still rain in the atmosphere—and it will strike you as an excellent centre for the study of a sombre and rather commonplace realism. Through the gray haze, half fog, half damp, the little houses on either hand show vague and suggestive. Riotous children, just loosed from school, run shouting by you, adding their mite to the dark whirlpool of London life. Away at the end of the street a great block of buildings rises darkly. There is open space beyond. And if you are lucky enough to get two or three red sunset clouds against the threatening gray of the sweep of sky, these will complete a picture eminently suggestive to a certain class of mind—but not, as one would have said, to that intensely beauty-loving type to which Mr. Dicksee's imagination surely belongs.

If you could get into Mr. Dicksee's studio, however, the instantaneous change of atmosphere—æsthetically speaking—would give you a sense of contrast so keen as to be an emotion in itself! You might make a few trite reflections, if you felt so disposed, as to the superiority of man to his surroundings,

From a photo by [*W. & D. Downey.*

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

the influence of mind over matter, and so forth. And then you might fall to studying the importance of background in art.

For Mr. Dicksee's studio is essentially a background and a workshop—and a man's

workshop. There are the ordinary simple provisions for comfort in the shape of armchairs—since even the most industrious worker must relax at times, and visitors have to be taken into consideration. But these details modestly fulfil to perfection the requirements made of them and otherwise produce no noticeable effect. The tone of the colouring is very quiet—as befits a background—and it is very rich, for you get an impression that the walls are hung with beautiful dull tapestry. It is lighted up here and there by bits of burnished steel; conspicuously by a full suit of armour from which that note of gleaming light, repeated again and again, seems to radiate.

Against this background any amount of fancies might form themselves; such fancies especially as seem to haunt Mr. Dicksee—fancies lovely with the charm of romance or beautiful with a more sombre dignity. Here no such dream, forming itself in the imagination, would find itself either rudely dissipated or crowded out. And here, day after day, Mr. Dicksee's work is done.

Mr. Dicksee's powers as an artist come to him by right of inheritance. Even in his early youth he encountered none of those obstacles which beset the path of the boy to whom artistic gifts come as if by a freak of nature. We have all seen something of the thorns by which the path of such an one is beset; the doubt with which his performances are regarded; the regret, sometimes half concealed, sometimes rising into active opposition, with which his turning from the safe professional paths of his father is considered; the lukewarm enthusiasm which his passionate industry inspires. Or there is the other alternative; when the artistic scion of an inartistic house is regarded as a prodigy, is petted and pampered until his unhappy head is hopelessly turned and the sense of proportion dies within him. Both cases are bad, and both were spared Mr. Dicksee. He had the good luck to be born into an artist's family, and it was further to his advantage that his artistic bent followed that of his father. Mr. T. F. Dicksee was a painter of considerable repute, and Mr. Frank Dicksee's earliest recollection is of his father's studio. He does not remember the time when he was not always drawing, and he says of himself that he got through all the drudgery of his work while he was still a boy at school and before he realised that it was drudgery. When he was seventeen years old he executed, in his father's studio, a drawing which gained him his admittance into the Academy schools, and from that time followed a period of close study. In 1872 he gained the silver medal for a drawing from the antique. In 1875 he gained the gold medal for a picture of Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's vineyard. In 1877 "Harmony" appeared in the Royal Academy.

But it is not to be supposed that these results were lightly obtained—that heaven-sent genius came, saw, and conquered without effort or labour. Few men, probably, have worked harder than Mr. Dicksee worked during these years. He studied, as has been said, in the Academy schools, and he worked also, on alternate days, with Henry Holiday at decorative work, cartoons for stained glass windows, and so forth. Besides all this, he did a great deal of illustrating work. One of his best known pictures, "Evangeline," was developed from a sketch made at this time for one of a series of illustrations of Longfellow's poem. And after his evening classes at the Academy he would come home to models of his own, and work sometimes far into the night. Certainly his success was well earned.

And what a success it was—the success made by "Harmony"! Mr. Dicksee was only three-and-twenty at the time, and it was his first picture—the first, that is to say, which came altogether from his own imagination. The subject of the picture which gained him the gold medal had been set to all the students by the Academy council, so that the picture was necessarily painted, to a certain extent, to order. And "Harmony" was one of the most popular pictures—perhaps the most popular picture—of the year. It was hung on the line in the middle of the first room, and it was bought by the council under the terms of the Chantrey bequest.

Four years after "Harmony," in 1881, Mr. Dicksee was made an Associate of the Academy; and ten years later he was elected to full membership. For some time he was the youngest member of the Academy. Only an artist, perhaps, can fully appreciate all that is involved in such recognition by his brother artists.

There is a little story connected with the face of the girl in "Harmony" which is interesting for the testimony which it bears to the extreme quickness of eye and retentiveness of memory possessed by Mr. Dicksee. Some years before "Harmony" was painted, when he can have been little more than a boy, he was on a walking tour in Derbyshire with some friends. The rest of the party had already been to Chatsworth, but they

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From a photo by] [*Dixon.*

"THE MAGIC CRYSTAL."—By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

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were pressingly anxious to repeat their visit for Mr. Dicksee's sake. It did not take Mr. Dicksee long to discover that this anxiety was not wholly concerned with his edification. There was a very pretty girl guide at Chatsworth, it appeared, and hence the outbreak of unselfishness on the part of his companions. The pretty girl guide is neither here nor there, except inasmuch as but for her existence Mr. Dicksee would probably not have gone to Chatsworth on this particular occasion. She and the young artists who had already seen Chatsworth were going through the room with very scant regard for the treasures it contained, and Mr. Dicksee found it necessary to assert that he was a lover of the beautiful and must not be hurried.

From a photo by] [*Dixon.*

"THE MOUNTAIN OF THE WINDS."—BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

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"Oh! if you are a lover of the beautiful," laughed the girl, "just look at that face—isn't it lovely?"

They were in a corridor at the moment which ran into another at right angles with it. And along the other corridor was passing another party. Mr. Dicksee had just time to catch a glimpse—as he puts it—"of a cheek and a bit of nose beyond," and the face thus pointed out to him was gone. The girl, it turned out, was a local village beauty. The pretty guide mentioned her name, and Mr. Dicksee thought no more about the matter. Years went by, and the idea of "Harmony" dawned in Mr. Dicksee's mind. And with it there rose insuperable difficulties in connection with the necessary model. Those who were to be had were not in the least what he wanted. At last there arose rumours of a new model, a widow, who was reported to be exactly the right thing. The young painter sent for her with many doubts. Directly he saw her he knew that he had found what he wanted for his picture. And he knew something else. He knew that he was looking at the face of which he had seen "the cheek and a bit of the nose" at Chatsworth years before!

The instinct for work is ingrain in Mr. Dicksee, and holidays—in the accepted sense

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of the term—have little place in his life. He has a wide knowledge of English country scenery, and a great appreciation of and affection for it. But the idle enjoyment of natural beauty is not in his line. If you talk to him of the country, you find that there is hardly any typical form of English landscape which he does not know; and you will find also that there is hardly any place which he knows which is not associated for him with some detail, large or small, in one or other of his pictures. And if he finds hand, but the exact moment, the exact effect of afterglow, was not so easily to be had. It is a phase of sunset beauty which lasts only a few moments. The dusk, which is already creeping over the land, creeps on over the sea and sky, and darkness falls. And darkness fell, over and over again, far too soon for the painter. The keenest interest, the most important work of the day, had to be compressed into that little space of time between sunset and darkness. Nature must be waited on, indeed, by those who would catch

From a photo by] [*Dixon.*

"THE CRISIS."—BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

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himself in the country, with no actual necessity on hand for any particular study, he paints a landscape or a seascape, pure and simple, for sheer love of his subject and his art.

The sea and sky in the "Evangeline," which followed "Harmony," were studied at Lynmouth. To produce the effect which he had in mind, he needed a place where the sun set over the sea, and nowhere can such a sunset be seen to greater advantage than on the north coast of Devonshire. The Lynmouth sea and sky were ready to his her subtlest beauties! And Mr. Dicksee waited on her day after day, or rather evening after evening, making study after study, and receiving the impressions which were to produce the desired result—a result, as everyone who knows the picture will remember, which amply justifies the patient toil bestowed upon it.

But if Nature exacted patience at Mr. Dicksee's hands before the sea and sky of "Evangeline" were to be attained, she exacted active ingenuity and resource of him in another case. The scene of "The Viking's

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Burial" was studied at Seaton. The effect here produced is the reverse of that in the "Evangeline." The dead warrior is passing from the twilight on the land into the darkness which broods over the sea. But the difficulty in this instance lay in the point of view. To paint the picture as it presented itself to the eye of Mr. Dicksee's imagination it was necessary that the painter himself should be in the midst of the foam. Foam involves a considerable body of water, and to set up an easel in the midst of the sea is possible to no man, however enthusiastic. Mr. Dicksee's first attempt to overcome the difficulties of the position was made with the assistance of a bathing machine! But here complete failure awaited him! There is an inherent lack of poetry about a bathing machine which, even had it been all right in other respects, must have reduced inspiration to a somewhat low level! Mr. Dicksee's next notion was a plank run out over the water. But the difficulty experienced some time ago by Canute now stood in his way. The waves declined to accommodate themselves to his wishes by remaining where they were. The painter was either high and dry, or he and his easel were being washed away! Finally he was obliged to have recourse to a boat, held as firm as might be by two men and a rope! But even then the waves were entirely without consideration for their admirer, and the boat rolled and swayed in the most inconvenient fashion. "It was not very satisfactory," Mr. Dicksee says regretfully, if he speaks of the experience. "One could only make little studies." Painting under difficulties indeed!

His picture, "The Passing of Arthur," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1889, was a continual source of attraction to the thousands who visited Burlington House. It was afterwards made still more accessibly popular through the beautiful mezzotint engraved by Mr. Gerald Robinson and published by Mr. Arthur Lucas. The engraver spent more than two years on the plate, which is a fine interpretation of a fine work.

If there is one interest, with reference to its favourite workers, which is always present in the public mind, and always legitimate, it is the interest in knowing how they work; by what methods and by what series of

From a photo by] [*Dixon.*

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stole!, black-hooded, like a dream—by these,
Three Queens with crowns of gold.—*Tennyson.*

"THE PASSING OF ARTHUR."—BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

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infinite pains the admired result is built up. Everybody knows nowadays that works of art, be they of what order they may, do not spring full-blown into existence while their author idles. Everybody knows that they cost something; that a price—and sometimes a very long price—has to be paid for their production; that they exact their meed of toil and thought and effort from the artist only more relentlessly and inevitably than the worthy piece of labourer's work demands toil from the labourer. And interest in any achievement is necessarily warmer, quicker, and more intimate when we know something of the means by which it has been built up, something of the difficulties which have been conquered on the road. Mr. Dicksee's methods—as everyone will guess from what has been already said of him—are particularly interesting because they are particularly patient and painstaking.

The first stage of a picture, with him, is a sketch of it as it presents itself to his mind's eye, an imaginative sketch, subject only to his own insight. After this comes the touchstone of Nature, and the struggles with models begin; the trial and abandonment of one after another until the right one is found—she or he who falls easily into the required pose. Sometimes this he or she never is found, and then Mr. Dicksee recognises the fact that Nature does not approve of the pose in question, and it has to be reconsidered and altered. Studies of all sorts and kinds are the next step; studies of drapery, studies of tone, studies of every conceivable detail. And all the time Nature is suggesting and revising, and all the time Mr. Dicksee is listening to her voice.

Speaking of the voice of Nature, by-the-bye, reminds me of the voice of realism uplifted on one occasion by a small niece of Mr. Dicksee's. The subject was his diploma picture "Startled." It represented two young girls, disturbed while bathing, hurrying away, each carrying the filmy drapery of the ideal and picturesque type. Mr. Dicksee was explaining the picture to his little niece.

"They've been bathing, you see, in the river there, and when they hear the boat coming they are frightened, and they catch up their clothes and run away."

The small critic looked at the picture and looked at the painter.

"Where *are* the clothes?" she demanded.

Mr. Dicksee's days are working days, as has been said, but this little sketch would give a very false impression if it conveyed any idea of a recluse or a man of one idea. He is a "night bird" so far as society is concerned. But he is a night bird very well known in the world and universally popular. And his interests are only bounded by the subjects which chance to present themselves to him.

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A CHAMPION IN ANKLE-STRAPS.

By Ethel Turner.

Illustrated by A. Bauerle.

" H, *if* you please!" said Dolly. The postman swung round on his heel in the direction of the little voice. Then he looked down. Quite a long way his eyes had to travel, for cubits had added themselves to his stature long after he measured six feet and imagined he had finished his bean-like growth. And the little voice belonged to only three feet eight inches.

"I never rerd you," he said.

Dolly looked apologetically at her shoes, which were very small and light, and of the kind called ankle-straps.

"They have no heels," she said; "but I breeved very loudly, Peterson. Didn't you hear me breeve?"

"No," said Peterson, "I never rerd anythink kat tall." He sorted the letters and papers for this big square house as he spoke.

"But it's Thursday, Peterson," Dolly said. "You weren't going to forget, were you? You would have waited, wouldn't you, Peterson dear? You know I begged you so 'ticlarly." Her little sweet face was full of anxiety.

Peterson was holding a letter within an inch or two of his short-sighted eyes.

"You said das sow you'd be at the gate," he muttered. An envelope addressed in male caligraphy to Miss Bridget McElhone always took the edge off his temper. At other times he was very kind to Dolly.

"It was Bridget," Dolly said. "She *wouldn't* let me not go for the walk. But I kept behind all the way, Peterson, and as soon as we got to Smiff's corner, and I saw you, I ran back till all my breeving had gone. I shall always be here, Peterson, even if I'm a minute late. Oh, *please* don't forget!"

Peterson filled her hands hurriedly—three long papers, a dozen envelopes, several pamphlets. His voice was quite cheerful again.

"Is it round the corner Bridget tis?" he said, incipient happiness on his face.

"With the perramberrater and Brian and baby," Dolly nodded. The odd, sad expression that was in her eyes when she ran after him fled away as he slung his bag again and gave her no more. Her face brightened and dimpled like a little sun-touched daisy.

"Tell Bridget I'll catch her up when I've given this to my farvie," she said tripping off on happy feet.

But Peterson halted one minute longer.

"Stop a bit," he said. "I've got ta another paper, rafter rall."

Dolly came back, sad-eyed again.

"Not a reddish-pinkish one, is it?" she said anxiously. "Oh, *please*, Peterson, dear, not a horrid reddish-pinkish one?"

But it certainly was a reddish-pinkish one that Peterson was holding out, and Dolly shrinking almost piteously from taking.

"I ain't no 'thority yon colours," said the man; "they're slippery kind dof things, colours is. A name's good enough for me, and the *Bulletin's* the name."

Quite a little moan Dolly gave as she took it; her soft little lips drooped, the warmth of tears was in her eyes.

But Peterson's feet were turned Bridgetwards, and having ears he heard not. His long legs strode away down the gravelled drive, his red coat twinkled at intervals through the iron palisading, but the Japanese maples beyond hid it for half a hundred yards till it flashed out through a gap in the trees, turned a corner and was seen no more.

Dolly was wearing a little frock of white, but over it, as the heat was hardly more than 80 degrees, Bridget had slipped a wide, comfortable little red cloak.

"It's not awakin' of me up to-night with bronchitus I'm wantin' you to do," the girl had said, resenting two gentle sneezes that had followed a cold bath. And Dolly, being the timidest little soul in the world, had not ventured to complain of the weight and heat of the garment. She was glad of it now however. She held all the budget of letters and white papers in her two hands, but under her arm and cloak she slipped the hateful red paper. Into the house she went, down the broad, cool hall, and through the double door that led to the study and kept nursery noises away.

"Here is the post, farvie," she said.

The man in the chair at the great littered desk revolved a quarter of a circle, his brow

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still knitted over a problem. He was forty, but his face looked almost boyish; he wore no hair upon it at all. Fine eyes he had, straight looking, compelling; his forehead was broad and short, though his hair was cropped, little rings of brownish gold clustered at the side parting and about the temples. He had a trick of shooting out his lower lip when deep in thought and half closing one eye. Dolly thought no man in all the world was half so handsome; it was worship rather than love she gave to him.

"Sort them out, Dollikins," he said.

He was too busy with the hundred and one clauses to a Bill he was bringing before the House to notice his little girl had not skipped across the room as usual, nor said "Post, po-o-o-st" in her little gleeful way.

"She cried as if her heart would break."

For half a minute she fidgeted beside him. Then he roughed up the curls that peeped under her hat, pinched her cheek, and bade her run off. But she walked soberly, carefully, all the way to the doors, closed them quietly, climbed all the stairs to the attics, pushed open the lumber-room door, and sat down on the flat cabin box that had gone so many voyages.

The old anxious look filled her eyes as she brought the bright pink paper into sight. She broke off the wrapper, smoothed it out on the box, turned its leaves with trembling fingers. Pages one, two, three were blanks to her; there was nothing which she sought and dreaded. But the fourth made scarlet rush all over her small face, great tears brim to her eyes, and a droop of shame and grief come to her little mouth corners.

Here was her father, the father she worshipped and glorified in a way exceedingly rare with a six-year old. The artist had drawn him in long clothes, a great fair-faced baby in the arms of someone dressed as a nurse, whom Dolly recognised instantly as one of the big, busy men who came to dinner with her father sometimes. The nurse's hand was occupied in stuffing the india-rubber of a great feeding-bottle down the baby's lips; on the bottle were the words "Land Tax." The baby was represented as crying; it had its mouth open and great fat tears coursing down its cheeks and its long embroidered robe; its lower lip was pouted out, one of its eyes was half closed, and the effect was a horrible wink.

Dolly put down her little face and cried as if her heart would break, her shoulders rose and fell under the red cloak, soft, hopeless sobs went to lose themselves among the trunks and portmanteaus, the paper blistered here and there under the heavy, scalding tears. The desecration was as great to the poor little child as to an earnest, narrow Catholic would be the image of his favourite saint depicted with a pipe in its mouth and its cap tilted tipsily.

This trouble in her young life was like an ink-black cloud that rolled up once a week across the sunshiny clearness of her sky. Thursday was the day the paper always came; her mind had marked it in her calendar of happiness with a thick black cross. When she tumbled out of her narrow white bed in a morning and, after the bath, set to work to struggle with the tapes and buttons and hooks that nurse, occupied with the toilets of Brian and baby, had no time for, her mind was like a slate washed perfectly clean with the sleep-sponge. But about hair-brushing time, when her tangle of curls hung over her face, and nurse with vigorous hand was endeavouring to flatten out each

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unruly lock, then recollections would come flooding.

"O!" she would say, her eyes flying very wide open, and her face tossing itself suddenly free of tickling hair, "O *Bridget*, what day is it?"

Sometimes Bridget would be short tempered, and would refuse to tell until brushing and even combing operations were over. At others she would laugh.

"It's a queer sort o' child you are, Miss Dolly," she said once, "always a-wantin' to know what's to-day an' what's to-day. Sure an' what's it matter, anyhow? There's Mondays and there's Toosdays sure enough, but Wednesdays and Thurrusdays are just as good, and Fridays and Satdays ain't no pin in difference, only Fridays I can't eat meat, and Satdays the nursery gets cleaned out. Sundays *is* different a bit, p'raps. You wear your blue sash, and there's custard for dinner, and the master remembers there's chilrun in the world as well as Parlymunt. But it beats me whatever you want to know Mondays and Thurrusdays and common days for."

Dolly listened to the speech patiently, but in no whit removed from her desire to know the precise appellation of the day.

"Is it *Wednesday*?" she said.

Bridget's comb struggled with a wind-knot.

"An' sure an' I've no objection if it is," she said.

"But *is* it?" The little voice was still patient though anxious.

"No, it's Thurrusday, if you *will* be so perticeler!"

Then the sun went out of Dolly's world, and till Peterson had left his budget and she had crept away and searched the red paper to see if "farvie's" beautiful face was depicted with horrible additions, she crept about the nursery silent and almost smileless.

But if Bridget said "Monday, for shure; an' what else should it be?" or Tuesday, or anything but dread Thursday, then her dimples had full play and her face was cloudless. Reading was an art that had not yet made havoc or pleasure of her days. Her father's life, even from its earliest remembrances, had been so book-ridden he forbade even the alphabet to enter the nursery till, with her seventh year, Dolly began to be the new person whom, they tell us, each of us becomes after such term of years.

Pictures therefore were all the more important to her; she had a queer little mania for collecting all sorts and conditions of them. In her own special box in the nursery there was a heterogeneous mass of papers that grew larger every day, and that afforded her endless amusement when rainy days closed the garden to her. Almanacs, coloured supplements from Christmas papers, crude and gaudy advertisements, picture-book leaves, snatched in fragmentary condition from Brian's three-year-old passion for destruction—the box was full and running over, yet still the small girl asked everyone shyly and pleadingly for "just one little picture for my c'lection." Her father indulged the hobby. When she brought the post, if he were not very busy, he would glance through any illustrated papers that came, take out perhaps a cutting or two, and toss the lot to her for pictures.

This is how she had first come across the dreadful Red Paper. He had been clearing away the confusion on his desk one evening just after dinner, and had thrown three or four copies of it in a heap on the floor with other litter. "Give those to Miss Dolly for her collection," he said to the housemaid, who came to carry away the rubbish to the copper fire. The girl took them into the kitchen first; both she and the gardener, and the cook and the odd boy liked the publication, especially the weeks when "the master" figured on the pages. Of late the Bill he was trying to force into the House had brought him very much into public notice, and to a certain extent into public opprobrium, and scarcely a week passed but the pen of the comic artist made itself merry with his features and little peculiarities. Ann enjoyed the pages with her fellows for half an hour or so, then she took it up to the nursery where Dolly was peacefully putting her large family of dolls to bed.

"I've brought you three gran' new picters, Miss Dolly dear," she said and giggled.

Dolly laid her seventh youngest down in its petticoat, and moved to the table.

"Two before and free now—that's five to-day," she said gleefully. "Are they coloured ones, Ann? Are they little boys and girls, or ships, or dogs? Is there one with a doll in it?"

Ann laughed again uproariously, and fetched Bridget to share the fun.

"It's the master, Miss Dolly," she said; "they've been drawring picters of the master, 'cause he's such a great big clever man."

Pride came to the little trustful face,—tender beautiful pride for the father who was so great they had to make pictures of him for all the world to see.

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"Show me, Ann," she said softly. And Ann opened the red covers and showed the three pictures that had made the kitchen laugh till it cried.

The master's face, certainly—even Brian could not have mistaken it. Every line brought out the likeness, every little black curve made it truer, more exact. But in the first, great long ears were added and the whole body and legs of a hideous kangaroo. He was represented as hopping along over a great plain, a tiny kangaroo in his pouch with "Land Bill" written upon it, behind galloped a pack of hunters with guns levelled at him. In the second one he was attired in the shortest possible ballet skirts, and was pirouetting coquettishly on the top of a great pile of Bills differently marked; his lip was thrust out and his finger was in his mouth; one eye was half closed. In the third he had grown enormously stout, his chin hung in folds, his eyes peeped out (one half closed) from great layers of flesh. He was represented sitting on a great sack labelled "The People's Money," and underneath it said, "Dis is what I growed on."

Dolly gazed incredulous with surprise, horror and anguish.

"'It's not *my* farvie,' she whispered."

"It's not *my* farvie," she whispered again and again; "it's not *really* my farvie, it's only like him."

But Bridget and Ann could not let such an opportunity of enjoyment slip. They told her carefully and seriously that it was, that these were meant for portraits of the master for everyone to see.

"Sure an it's just the look of him; you can't be afther sayin' it's not, Miss Dolly,"

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Bridget said. "Look at the lips of him! I've seen him look like that a 'undred toimes a day."

"But his legs," said Dolly piteously, "and the body, Bridget. Oh, Ann, Ann, it isn't! is it? Darling Biddy, don't say it is; they don't think my farvie's like that! Oh, how could they? Ann, *dearest*, why do they make him like that? Haven't they ever *seen* my farvie?"

"No," Ann said gravely; "the fellows that draw the picters in papers ain't allowed to see the whole bodies of the men they draw. They only have the head showed them from a portrait, and then just accordin' to the things they do in Parlment they have to guess what their bodies is like."

Dolly nearly wept.

"But how *could* they think he was like this? Dearest Biddy, what *makes* them think he is like this? Oh, why *can't* they see him walking about with his proper legs and body? And he is thin, *thin*! Whatever do they think he is so fat for?"

But the girls would give her no comfort; that's what the paper men thought the master was like, and so they drew him, and now all the world thought that was what he was like.

"It was no use worriting," Bridget said, going back to pat baby who was banging his cradle about in his efforts to show he was wide awake and intended to remain so.

"But what does my farvie say? Has *he* seen?" said the poor little girl, her tears dripping down on the paper.

"Oh," Ann said, "he was very sensitive about it, of course. It made him awful wild to see things like that about; but it was no good *him* saying anything, or telling the paper people he only had two legs and had never danced a step-dance in his life—nobody believed what members of Parlment said about themselves. And Dolly had better not say anything to him either, unless she wanted to rile him awful."

But Dolly did—at least she thought of making the attempt, greatly though her timid soul shrank from "riling" the dear busy father who, since months ago when baby slipped into the world and mother slipped out, had tried his very best to combine the duties of father, mother, playmate, and Minister of the Crown. She took him the letters as usual next morning, and lingered and fidgeted about his chair so long that he felt instinctively something had gone wrong with her small life. He put down his pen and picked her up on his knee.

"Well, my Dollikin," he said, and roughed her hair back in the way he always did, "how's the world treating my own little maid?"

"Oh," said Dolly. Then words failed, her tears burst forth, and her head went to bury itself on his coat shoulder.

"Why," he said, "my little one, my dear little woman! What have they been doing to you? Is Miranda's head broken? or has Brian been eating your share of cake?"

The sobs increased, the little arms clung to him tighter, tighter.

"Oh," she said, with a strangle in her throat. "Oh, I want my mamma, my *mamma*!" Not till that moment had she known that was what she wanted—not till she put down her little face, and sorrowful consciousness came that the coat shoulder at such a crisis was not so beautiful a place to cry on as the dear soft breast that had gone.

The old wave of sorrow, that piled sand ramparts of hard work could not always keep back, swept over the man. He went over to the low arm-chair with his little one; he forgot such a thing as a Land Bill existed. He rocked her to and fro, he kissed her curls and the bit of neck they allowed to show. Her tears wetted his shoulder, his own, fierce and hot, ached in his eyes. But when her chest grew quieter, and the desperate clinging of her arms relaxed, he put his own grief swiftly away to comfort her.

"Now, my small one," he said, "tell farvie all about it. Isn't it anything farvie can do? He will try very hard."

But Dolly, looking up to tell all about it, caught the wet misery of his eyes, and a strange, pathetic, almost grown-up feeling of restraint and sympathy came to her, and shut her lips from telling him. He was unhappy too about it—so unhappy he was crying—farvie, who had never cried in all his life. And had not Ann said he was so very sensitive about it that to talk of it made him miserable. She would not even speak of it to him.

When he found that no confidence was forthcoming he concluded it was a new burst of grief for the dead mother that had so shaken her soul, and he rocked and petted, and soothed and cuddled her, and was hard on himself, because lately he had watched her at play, and said bitterly to himself that she had forgotten. Then after a time he tried to cheer her.

"Let's see if I have any pictures," he said.

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and unfastened a cupboard. A crude red cover met his eye. "The very thing," he said. He opened it out on his knee. "Look here, Doll," he said, "just look here at the way they treat your poor father! Aren't you sorry for him? Look, some horrid man has made a lion of him—a lion with its mouth open to growl and an eyeglass on. Farvie doesn't growl so very much, does he?—at least not at his own pet girlie."

Dolly gazed at the terrible thing speechless. She could not understand his light tone of voice.

"Don't you *care*?" she said very low.

He looked tragic. "*Care!*" he said. "Shouldn't you think I'd care? I'm not such a very bad-looking farvie, am I?—not when I'm smiling and have both my eyes open? Why, I nearly cry, Dollikin, nearly get out my handkerchief and have a big weep when they make such an ugly, horrible thing of me. If it goes on much longer I shall smash all the looking-glasses for fear they'll tell me I'm really getting to look like they make me here."

And Dolly, usually keen as any intelligent child to detect ridicule and "making up" in anything told her, was so miserable and depressed that she took it all to heart, and was a shade more unhappy than before.

From that day she watched Peterson. It was he, she found, who brought the horrible things to the house. Soon she discovered it was Thursdays only they came. On Mondays and Tuesdays and other days there would come pink papers, and blue and green, yellow and white, but on Thursdays only the bright red one she was beginning to know half a hundred yards away.

All the other days of the week she played and sang and laughed, was good, timidly naughty, quiet, and less quiet, just as the fit took her. But when Bridget told her the day was Thursday she was dull and quiet till the post had been and the pages had been feverishly searched.

Her father's secretary wrote at last, after some five or six numbers had failed to come, to the proprietors of the Red Paper to make a complaint. The Red Paper made inquiries. It found it had been posted safely each time. The fault was not with the office. Then it sent a clerk down to the post office to sift the matter, and the post office sent an inspector, and the inspector interviewed Peterson. And in the end they found a scrap of a girl, three feet eight, had been steadily purloining the package every week and hiding it away in an attic.

"For her c'lection, I suppose," the secretary said. How was he to guess the small one found the publication unfit for her father's eyes?

"You must always bring everything straight in, sweetheart," farvie said, "or I shall have to let Ann take the letters in. I will give you the pictures afterwards."

Obedience made the trouble greater. For six weeks it continued, growing harder and harder to bear as the Bill, already through its first reading, was approaching its second, and pricking the artist's fingers to fresh endeavours. And at the end of that time Dolly took things into her own hands and underwent and overcame.

PART II.

ONE morning Peterson, approaching the end of his rounds, and about half-a-mile from the square house where dwelt the Bridget his heart enshrined, heard soft panting breaths and little light feet behind him. He swung round on his heel at the familiarity of them, his eyes looked expectantly for a well-developed figure and a ruddy face framed in red—expectantly but coldly, for had he not that very morning delivered her an envelope whereon the writing was distinctly masculine. But Dolly was quite alone and there was no sign of her bodyguard.

"What-tever rare you after, Miss Dolly?" he said in amazement. "Where's Bridget?"

An eye more trained than that of an amorous postman might have noticed the whiteness of the child's face and the heroic steadfastness of her lips. But Peterson's nature was a slow one; he merely stared at her as if he expected she had Bridget hidden away under the folds of her little red cloak.

"Isn't she coming at tall?" he said, and looked behind the small figure and in front of it, and then, as his brain worked it out, away down the road he had traversed.

Dolly's timidity was replaced by the dignity of resolution and independence.

"Bridget is making herself a new cap," she said. "She's in the nursery with Brian. I've been walking behind you all the way, Peterson."

"Well I'm blessed," said Peterson. "Why, you might have been run over forty times."

And so she might. Every time he had crossed the road she had dodged over too, one or twice just under the nose of a horse, in her anxiety not to lose sight of him for a moment.

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He rubbed his nose and looked at her in great perturbation.

"What-tever ram I goin' to do with you?" he said.

Dolly explained to him clearly, gently. She wanted to go to the place where the Red Paper man drew his pictures. "And you said, Peterson," she added, "that you passed it everyday on your rounds, so I thought I would walk with you till you came to it. Are we nearly there, Peterson? We haven't passed it, have we? Please, Peterson, be sure to tell me when we get near."

"Well I'm blowed!" said Peterson. The slow machinery of his mind had just shown him Bridget, in great distress, hunting the place over for the lost child. "Bridget'll think you're stolen."

There came a look of grief into Dolly's face, but her eyes lost none of their determination. "Yes," she said; "I'm very sorry. Poor Bridget! But I couldn't help it, Peterson. You see I must go to the Red Paper place."

"I *am* blessed!" said Peterson. "Why, it's right tacross the water, Miss Dolly."

"Is it?" said Dolly. "Then would you mind lending me a penny, Peterson, please, for the boat? My farvie will pay you back."

They were almost at the ferry wharf by this, and the boat that ran to town was coming in sideways, with much froth and excitement, to pick up passengers.

"I'll have to catch this boat," Peterson said, waking up. "What ton nearth am I goin' to do with you, Miss Dolly?"

But Miss Dolly had decided the question by running on as fast as her small legs would carry her. "Hurry, Peterson," she said; "we shall be left behind." And breathlessly, as she skimmed over the gangway, "I was getting afraid we should not do it. Weren't you afraid, Peterson?"

During the six minutes' passage of the boat Peterson had time to think. He was not very sorry for Bridget's anxiety; it would be just retribution for all she made him suffer. And after all, what a welcome she would give him if he took half an hour from his duties and bore the child back to her. His heart swelled at the thought of it.

What the child wanted at the Red Paper office he did not even try to imagine, knowing the limitations of his own brain and just guessing at the marvellous fecundity of a small girl's. He simply took it for granted that she had to go there for some reason best known to herself, and that he must lay his plans accordingly.

"Blue eyes from which the heroism was dying."

"Look kere," he said as they stepped on dry land again and turned to walk up to the city. "Look kere, Miss Dolly, I've got to report myself at the post-toffice up there, so what I'll do is leave you at the paper roffice on my way yup, and then come back for you; mind you're standing ready yon the steps. I'll have no time to waste. And mind you don't go nowhere relse. You could get killed din a minute in this street."

Dolly promised punctuality and prudence.

"Well, lere you are," he said, and put her with kindly arm up the steps of the dingy building. "Mind you're rere when I come back." Then he shifted his leather bag to a more comfortable position and strode away followed, till the crowd swallowed him, by a pair of blue eyes from which the heroism was dying.

A counter confronted her when she turned her gaze inside—a counter with never a man behind, but only a series of partitions making little rooms. But a staircase running close at hand suggested itself, especially as there was a man ascending. Up she went on timidest tip-toe.

The man turned round at the top. He had heard the footfall, light though it was, for the boards were bare. He waited for her smilingly. It was not often so small and

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earnest a maid climbed up to this landing, nor often he saw the prevailing gray dulness of the place made gay with a little red cloak, a big hat and a bunch of yellowy curls.

The blue gentle eyes looked up at him searchingly.

"Well, you very small girl," he said, "and what can we do for you?"

Dolly choked the tremble out of her throat and brought steadiness to her lips.

"Would you please let me see," she said, "the man who draws the pictures?"

But he found loveliness and pathos, and something he could find no name for, in the upraised face, and he took her hand and bore her off into one of the rooms for some of the others to see.

"I've found a fairy and lost my heart, and all between the bottom stair and the top," he said.

Men in their shirt-sleeves sauntered up to look and smile.

"Whose is she?" someone said.

"Mine," said the man—"treasure-trove—does anyone else set up a claim?"

But no one did. She seemed to have dropped from the skies. She owned she had no father or brother or uncle belonging to the place.

"But who brought you?" said one. "Surely so small a thing is not at large alone. How did you come?"

"In the boat," she answered, the pink of shy distress in her cheeks. "Peterson is taking care of me."

"And who's Peterson?"

The pink deepened to red, for she was sensitive of the smiles.

"Our postman."

The man who had found her drew her closer to him.

"She shan't be teased," he said. "I know what she wants—she has told me. She wants to see the man who draws the pictures here; she's fallen in love with him, that's what it is."

The smiles increased.

"We *all* draw the pictures," they said.

Six of them to seek amongst! Dolly looked from one to the other patiently, pathetically. Most of them seemed kind, ordinary, harmless. Which of them *could* it be?

"But," said one man, "I thought small girls only liked pictures of fairies and dolls and pussies. You don't look at our pictures, do you? You don't think we draw pretty things?"

"Oh, no," said Dolly, "oh, *no*." The fervour of her answer was tinged with reproach. She moved closer to her first protector; his beard seemed fatherly, his eyes were kind, and she found no teasing laughter in them. Perhaps he would help her to find what she sought.

"Would you tell me?" she said very low—almost in a whisper—"would you please tell me which of them makes the ugly pictures of my farvie?"

Still his eyes were only kind—there was not a trace of fun in them. "Suppose you tell me your farvie's name," he whispered back.

She told him trustfully. Then a gleam of amused understanding passed over his face. The week's caricature had been a monstrous one.

"It's Allerding's little girl!" he told the others.

"So that is it?" they said. "And the pictures you think do not do him justice?"

Dolly looked at them gently a moment, then she drew something from under her small red cloak—something wrapped in brown paper that she unfolded carefully. They saw a big panel portrait of Allerding as kindly Nature had made him and a skilful photographer touched up into still greater manly beauty.

"*This* is my farvie," she said with a little childish catch of breath. She showed it to them, holding it out with her two little trembling hands. "He is just like this, *just*. He is not fat a bit. His lips are like *everybody's* lips. Didn't you know what he was like? Oh, what *made* you think he was so ugly and horrid?"

They looked at the pleasant pictured face abashed; not one had a word to say, for to a man they had all tried their pencils on the well-known features. They looked hard at the portrait, hard at each other, and not a smile broke up their serious mouths. Nobody wanted to stand convicted in those sorrowfully questioning gentle eyes, and nobody spoke to take the blame.

Then the bearded man found courage. "But," he said, "but my dear little girl, there's not one of us who doesn't like your farvie tremendously; we all think he's the best man in the country."

Dolly looked as unbelieving as so polite and timid a little soul could. "Do you really?" she said, and looked at them all very earnestly. There had seemed only two solutions of the thing to her, either they were ignorant of her father's appearance or else an enemy had done it. "Do you *really*?" she said.

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One and all endorsed the statement. Two or three said they knew him—were most friendly with him, in fact.

"It's only fun, you small one," the man with the beard said. "He does not mind at all. I've even shown him one or two before they were printed, and he only laughed. You wee little foolish one, it's nothing in the world but a joke."

Dolly's face seemed to express the fact that she found it a very poor one.

"He only *pretends* not to care," she said; "he does not like people to know he minds. But sometimes"—her voice dropped to a half-shamed whisper—"sometimes it makes him so misrubble he has to cry."

A tear, clear and heavy, trembled on her eyelash, and the hearts of all of them were her trampling ground at the sight.

"Is there anything you would like us to do?" said the bearded man, so conquered by that dewdrop he would have liked to change the policy of the paper forthwith.

Dolly looked at him gratefully.

"If you would *please* draw a proper picture of him," she said, "just so that people would see what he *is* like. Will you? And with a coat and trousers on, please. Oh, what *made* you think he wore skirts and things? And he never screws his eye up like that—at least only a teeny bit. You won't forget, will you?"

"No," said the man with the beard; "I will remember everything. All the world shall see now what he really *is* like. Here is my hand on it."

Dolly shook it, with happier eyes. She gave him the photograph. "I had better lend you this, hadn't I?" she said, "for *fear* you might forget anything. But you will take care of it, won't you? It used to be my mamma's, and I got it out of her room. Will you give it to Peterson, please, to bring back to me?"

A white helmet and a red shoulder came round the angle of the door.

"*This* is my farvie."

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"You promised das sow you'd be ready," Peterson said.

Dolly moved to him instantly.

"I didn't think you would be quite so quick," she said apologetically. "Have you been waiting long? I am quite ready now, Peterson, dear."

The bearded man satisfied himself that she would be seen home safely. If only work had not pressed, she would have had a bodyguard of six.

She shook hands all round, peacefulness in her eyes.

"Good-bye," she said.

But her first finder claimed a kiss as reward for his promise. She put up her face instantly, even set her soft small mouth in kissing-wise. "Thank you *very* much," she said.

When Peterson bore her in to her own gate twenty minutes later he had no cause to complain of the warmth of his welcome, for Bridget, half distracted, was just setting off to the telegraph office to send the bad news flying to her master.

Dolly was shaken a little and told she was a real bad little girl; doubt was even cast upon the probability of anyone so small and inherently wicked being allowed to enter heaven when the time came round.

"Go upstairs," Bridget said; "go upstairs at once; an' if I see the tip of your shoe outside the nursery door to-day, it's wishin' you'd never been born *you'll* be!"

Dolly went without a word, climbed up the broad red-carpeted steps, unfastening her cloak all the way. The sudden burden of the knowledge of all the trouble she had given the servants quite crushed her.

At the top step she paused a minute. Ought she not to go back and tell Bridget how very sorry she was?

She turned hesitatingly. But Peterson was just inside the hall and the front door was half shut, and Dolly saw his big scarlet arm go round the lilac print waist of her injured nurse.

She turned and continued her journey so hurriedly she nearly fell over Brian who, unwatched, was revelling in the keen joy of going down the top stairs head downwards and with his hands for feet. When he righted himself, and his head looked a little less like bursting, he pointed an accusing finger at her.

"*Naughty* Dolly," he said. "Me won't love oo. Dolly been *velly* naughty."

Then his eyes fell to the tempting stairs again. "Hold my leggies," he said, persuasive dimples all over his face. "Blidget don down. Twick, Dolly, hold my leggies and let me be a wheelballow."

But Dolly felt so great a sin as she had committed in running away behoved her to avoid small naughtinesses, and she bore the little fat boy off to the nursery. His utmost persuasions all that day could not induce the "tip of her shoe" to trespass beyond the door, and her meekness under punishment, and her exemplary conduct afterwards eventually mollified her nurse.

"What day is it, Bridget?" was the early morning question again till the correct time of week came round.

And at last Bridget said, "Thurrusday, and be bothered to it. It's Ann's day out, and all the breakfust things to wash."

Peterson brought his usual budget—letters ordinary papers, *the* paper. Dolly carried them in with heroic self-restraint, for her fingers were tingling to break the wrapper.

"Oh, if you only *would* open it now!" she said at last when her father, writing steadily, took no notice of her.

Then he put down his pen and looked at her and it, and tried not to smile. He knew instantly which "it" of all his budget she meant, for the bearded man had told him everything, and his heart was very tender for the trouble she had borne for love of him. He assumed ignorance however, that her enjoyment might be greater.

"Open this?" he said. "Why, it's the dreadful paper that makes such an ugly man of your farvie."

"Oh, *do* open it," she said, and gave his arm a gentle push to hasten operations.

He slit the wrapper, opened the covers, turned the advertisement leaves. How her heart was beating!

Then a little glad "Oh," burst from her lips for the front page lay open before her. Farvie full length, and such a beautiful farvie! The photograph was nothing to this. He was a king here, a real, royal king, with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand, and a magnificent throne hard by. Subjects bent to him; two were kissing his hands; everyone's eyes were on him!

And such a kingly, beautiful face it was. Farvie might indeed have been glad if the gods had dealt so generously with him, but to Dolly such a thing as flattery there could not be where this face was concerned.

"The Squatter's King," said the letter-press. There were some clever sarcastic things written too, but the bearded man had known she could not read.

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"Well," said farvie softly, "is this better, my small one?"

He looked at the dear little face, so sweetly proud with love of him.

"Now everyone will know how you look," she said—"everyone."

"Everyone," he said.

"May I have it?" she asked. "Please—for my c'lection? I want to show Ann and Bridget."

"I think there is something better here," he said, and found a large thin parcel among his letters. "It is addressed to Miss Allerding."

"Me!" cried Dolly, and tore the wrapper off, pink with excitement. The original of the picture confronted her, coloured however with no small skill. Underneath it the bearded man had written, "My farvie."

Her delight was boundless; her eyes were clear, happy again; her brow the peacefulest thing in the world. She hung over it all day; at night when she went to bed she made Bridget pin it inside the mosquito-nets for her.

For another week or two beautiful pictures graced the paper. Then after that the paper did not come. "I won't take it any more," farvie said, and had it sent, at the bearded man's request, to his office in the city, instead of through Peterson's and Dolly's hands to the study. This was because the Red Paper pencils, to sustain their reputation, were forced to tend into their old ways again. But Dolly, secure in the knowledge that all the world now knew what her father really *was* like, recovered her spirits, and became merely six years old once more.

The bearded man had proof of this. Going up to nursery heights one evening with her father to renew his acquaintance, he stumbled upon her giving an object-lesson to Brian on just how human wheelbarrows *should* go downstairs.

"*You* drop your head down too far," she was saying. "Put your hands further apart and do it like *this*."

"Now everyone will know how you look."

"Like this" was a mass of yellowy curls upside down on one stair, a little body in white muslin on the next two higher up, two slim small legs in black stockings and ankle-straps still higher.

Down she came, hand over hand, Brian in jealous emulation far behind. At the foot she righted herself and bounded up.

"Oh!" she said to the bearded man. Then her mood being expansive and childlike, and her memory good, she put up her face to kiss him and her arms to encircle his neck.

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THE late H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, was a great friend of Mr. Laurence Hutton, the well-known American writer, and his family. Mr. Hutton tells the following interesting little anecdote:—

When Bunner was married we sent his wife a travelling clock as a wedding gift, to which I attached a card bearing these lines—

For old times' sake
Will you and H. C. B.
At this time take
The time from mine and me?

Time is, time was,
Let time be old or new,
The times for us
Are high old times with you.

To this the lady responded—

I lack the time, in spite of time from you,
To write the heartfelt thanks I feel are due.
But every passing hour, while time endures,
Shall speak to me and mine of you and yours.

Auntie's Escort.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: And did they go into the ark two by two?

MAMMA: Yes, dearest.

ENFANT TERRIBLE: Well, who went with auntie?

LAWYER: Are you single?

FEMALE WITNESS: No.

LAWYER: Then you are a married woman?

WITNESS: No.

LAWYER: So you are a widow?

WITNESS: No.

LAWYER: But, my dear madam or miss, you must belong to one of these classes. As what shall I put you down?

WITNESS: I am—an—engaged woman.

"UNCLE SIMON, what is success in life?"

"It is getting people to think as well of you as you think of yourself."

"THEY say the honeymoon is over when a man's wife asks him for money."

"Well, I shouldn't put it exactly that way."

"How would you put it?"

"I should say the honeymoon is over when a man forgets to ask his wife how much cash he can have the pleasure of giving her."

THE RENEGADE.

By G. Preston.

Oft in the busy whirl
I pause awhile, recalling
That other style of girl
Whom once we thought enthralling.
Amid the throng
That sweeps along
Are countless pretty faces,
But few possess
Her politesse,
Her fascinating graces!

She thirsted not for fame,
Her skirts were not divided,
I never heard her claim
To do whatever I did
She was not "chic,"
She swung no stick,
Nor wore a stand-up collar,
She knew, as yet,
No cigarette,
Nor "bet" her "bottom dollar."

But oh, her beehive dress!
Her "Ask mamma!" her model
Of moral consciousness
In Martin Tupper's twaddle!
Ah, bygone belle!
I might as well
Contentedly forget her;
In spite of spats
And mannish hats
I like to-day's girl better.

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A MORNING SHAVE.

By A. S. Hurd.

To understand Algy you must know that he shaves himself. In these days when there are no wars nor tournaments, and everyone is something in the City, men have very few opportunities of showing their bravery except by shaving themselves. Algy is the gentlest and, at the same time, the most courageous man I have ever met, and though I am not yet twenty-one I know something of men, for two proposed to me before I knew Algy.

I divide men into three classes: the men who shave themselves—the brave men; the men who get some other man to shave them—the timid; and the men who grow beards—the cowards.

Now I hate men who grow beards, and before I married Algy—it's only three weeks ago—he promised me that he would never grow a beard, because a man with a beard is scrubby, and because a beard is a kind of brand of Cain—I think that's the right phrase.

I am sure I could never use an awful looking razor; I should cut myself all over from sheer nervousness. But I like to watch Algy shaving. He is so clever, and does not mind my sitting by and watching him. And even if he cuts himself he doesn't seem to care. Of course I kiss him when the stupid razor goes wrong and his face bleeds; I can't help it, because I am so proud of his courage and bravery.

I think it is a great pity we can't arrange some Wars of the Roses or a real tournament, or something of that kind, so that I could sit and see Algy, all in bright armour and with a jewelled sword and a helmet, fighting some other man. Of course Algy would wear a mail coat as well as padding—I should see to that myself. And then afterwards there would be such a grand sight when Algy, having won—he would win, of course—would come up to the pavilion, as he did at the last tennis tournament, and the Queen would hand him a prize and tell him how brave he was! Then Algy would bring the prize to me. I should be sitting quite near the Queen, and when he gave it to me I should kiss him. But as there are no tournaments I look at Algy shaving.

I was watching him this morning. I was sitting in his dressing-room while he was standing by the mirror shaving himself so cleverly when Mary knocked at the door and said that there was a gentleman in the dining-room who wanted to see "the master"—it's so nice to hear Algy called "the master."

I know that all males usually appear to be gentlemen to servants if they are dressed in black, and I wanted to save Algy from hurrying and perhaps cutting himself, so I said—

"Oh, it's probably only some baker or butcher who has called to see if we will deal with him. I'll go."

You must understand that Algy and I had only returned from our honeymoon three days before, so that we had not yet got the household arrangements quite settled.

I went into the dining-room and found a quite nice looking man, who was not dressed in black, but looked quite a gentleman. He rose when I came in, and I am sure he was surprised to see me. As soon as I went into the room I said—

"Won't you sit down?"

He said he wouldn't sit down, he wanted to see Mr. Drew.

"Oh, I am so sorry, but Mr. Drew can't see anyone just now," I answered.

"Well," he said hesitatingly, "I will call again at three o'clock this afternoon."

"I don't think Mr. Drew will be at home then," I replied. "Can I give Mr. Drew any message?"

He seemed surprised, why I couldn't imagine, and then said with such a nasty smile—

"Oh no, thank you. I want to see Mr. Drew about something particular—private business between gentlemen, you know."

My visitor's mysterious way worried me, and it flitted across my mind that perhaps Algy had been betting, or this was his tailor, but I dismissed the thought.

"Mr. Drew's in the firm of Drew, Williams and Drew, I think you said?"

"No," I answered immediately; "I did not say anything of the kind. Those are his cousins. He is in business with his father."

"Oh yes, of course; and could you tell me his usual hours?"

I falteringly confessed that he attended his office from ten until five every day, and then, angry with my visitor's continual questions, I said—

"If you have any message for Mr. Drew I will give it to him."

"But Mr. Drew is not married, is he?"

"Yes, of course he's married. I am Mrs. Drew."

"Oh! In that case my business is all the more important. You know every married man ought to think of the position in which he may leave his widow and others dear to him in case of death. It is a most sacred duty; even widowhood is less sad ——"

"But I am not Mr. Drew's widow, and I am not going to be," I broke in to stop him. "I am his wife, and have only been married three weeks."

"You can never foresee even an hour's events," he continued. "The other day a friend of mine was married, and a week afterwards he died and his poor young wife was a widow. Very sad, you know, losses like that—make one think."

I thought I should cry in a moment, so I exclaimed—

"You are quite mistaken. Mr. Drew is not going to die, and if he owes you any money I will ask him to pay you."

With that, and after ringing the bell for Mary to open the front door, I ran rather than walked from the room, feeling that I must get away. But as I stumbled upstairs I heard my visitor exclaim, "Oh, I am sorry I upset you. I am a life insurance agent, you know."

I did not stop but burst into the dressing-room, where Algy had just finished shaving. He seemed surprised at my agitation, and when I asked him, "Algy, you are not going to die, are you?" he replied—

"No, of course not. I have only just begun to live."

Algy is so paradoxical, you know.

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"ALL IS OVER BETWEEN US!"

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"I DON'T care how much you talk," said Mrs. Tiff, in the course of a joint debate with her husband, "for I am determined to have the last word!"

"I am perfectly willing for you to have the last word," replied Mr. Tiff. "All I ask is that you have it soon."

"ISN'T there—er—something wrong with the feet of this poem?" asked the editor timidly.

"Sir, I am a poet, not a chiropodist."

They called him "Samson of Debate,'
Because it came to pass
Whene'er he talked he chiefly used
The jaw-bone of an ass.

MRS. NEWRICH: I should like an appropriate motto for my new coat-of-arms. Can't you suggest something?

MR. CAUSTIQUE: Certainly. *Multum in parvenue!* How's that?

MRS. NEWRICH: Just the thing; thanks.

"IT is strange," remarked the observant man, "but very few people are content to do what they are best qualified for. Painters long to be musicians, and musicians long to be authors, and so it goes on."

"Yes," replied the business man, "but there are exceptions to every rule. I know a young man who has been doing the same thing for years, and he seems perfectly satisfied with it."

"What has he been doing?"

"Nothing."

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CULLED FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

Frederic Harrison on Carlyle.

To the true lovers of Thomas Carlyle—to all thoughtful readers of English literature—"Past and Present" is one of the most fruitful books of our time. It is the book in which the Sage of Chelsea has enshrined some of his wisest, wittiest, deepest thoughts, the one in which he finds the widest acceptance amongst men of our day, and the book in which he gives us the most varied examples of his different gifts. Carlyle was historian—also moralist, philosopher, preacher, and politician; and in this little book he gives us history, philosophy, politics, and sermons. It is an epitome of the Gospel of Carlyle, if he can be said to have had a Gospel—an imputation which he himself would have denied with as much strong language as did St. Peter on a memorable occasion. "Past and Present" is not so mysterious as "Sartor Resartus," nor so voluminous as the "Cromwell" and the "Friedrich," nor so pessimist as the "Latter-day Pamphlets"; yet it combines some of the best qualities of them all.

From a photo by] [*A. B. Hughes.*

THE STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE ON CHELSEA EMBANKMENT.

The book was written in his maturity, at the height of his powers, at the age of forty-eight, between the "French Revolution" and the "Cromwell"; and one sees the traces or the germs of both of these books in its double form. It appeared in 1843, and is now just fifty-three years old. It came forth in a time of great distress, fierce agitation; a time of clashing doctrines, and the brooding over vast change. England was suffering under great industrial depression, if not actual starvation, and was seething with class and party excitement. It was the crisis of the great agitation for repealing the Corn Laws. Cobden and Bright had ceased to thunder in Manchester, and were now making way with ploughmen and farmers; Sir Robert Peel was struggling to uphold the old Conservative dogmas, with Lyndhurst, Goulburn, Graham, and Aberdeen. Disraeli about this time was writing "Coningsby; or, the New Generation," and "Sibyl; or, the Two Nations"; John Stuart Mill was editing the Radical *Westminster Review*, and preparing material for his *Political Economy*; Mr. Gladstone, a

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promising young Tory, was President of the Board of Trade; and Lord Salisbury was a boy at Eton.

And yet how fresh, how entirely modern, it reads to us to-day—how much alive with our own burning questions and contests! Two generations of men of action and men of thought have passed: and yet the book is full of interest, full of warning for us still. It is still a great repertory of social problems and practical reforms, such as have been effected, modified, settled, or else await us yet in more peremptory forms. As we read this little volume, put forth in the days of Protection, Absolutism, agrarian outrages, and Chartism, it is curious to note how many of the practical questions it discusses have already occupied legislation, and how many others are still the topics of the day. Corn laws, pauperism, game laws, public education, the factory system, fair wages, the claims of the workman, over-production, gluts and depressions, the church, the squirearchy, democracy, aristocracy, come in page after page. How many phrases that have filled journalism and platform speeches these fifty-three years meet us like old friends in this little book: "Captains of Industry"—"Dead Sea Apes"—"The Nexus of Cash Payment"—"The organisation of labour"—"The Gospel of Mammonism"—"The Sacredness of Work"—"Jabesh Windbag"—"Morrison's Pill." These are household words, like a phrase from the Bible or from Shakspeare.

"PAST AND PRESENT," by THOMAS CARLYLE. With Introduction by FREDERIC HARRISON. Vol. vi. in the "Nineteenth Century Classics," edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER. 2*s.* 6*d.* Ward, Lock & Co. Other volumes in this series include CARLYLE'S "Sartor Resartus," with introduction by EDWARD DOWDEN; MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "Alaric at Rome, and other early poems," with introduction by DR. R. GARNETT; MRS. BROWNING'S "Prometheus Bound, and other poems," with introduction by MRS. MEYNELL; ROBERT BROWNING'S "Bells and Pomegranates," with preface by T. J. WISE; and CARLYLE'S "Heroes and Hero-Worship," with introduction by EDMUND GOSSE.

"The Circle of the Earth," by George Knight.

MISS HARPER was riding through Nun's Cross alone. She had sent the Inspector galloping back into the village proper for some forgotten trifle, and was walking Mohamet slowly down the hill, upon which abutted the entrances to the courts that so sorely disgraced the Harper administration. As she passed the last of the narrow archways a man sprang out and caught at her rein. He was a tall young fellow, with a shock of flaxen hair and blue eyes that fixed themselves upon Lois's astonished face in a look of stern indignation.

"You are Miss Lois Harper," he said. His accent confirmed the nationality hinted at in his appearance. Lois's first emotion was one of wonder at the advent of a German highwayman in the sedatest hamlet of her manor. Then she awoke to the fact that she was being forcibly detained by the said highwayman, and her pulses quickened into anger.

"I am," she answered shortly, jerking her rein to free it from his grasp.

"You are the owner of these places," he went on, retaining his grip and indicating the courts behind him with a gesture of his free hand.

"I don't know anything about them," said his captive, testily.

"Nefertheless," he told her bitterly, "the folk in them pay their rents to the agent of one, Miss Harper, and when they ask for repairs they are refused in her name. Ought she not to know—this Miss Harper—what manner of dwellings they are that her people lif out their lifes in?"

Lois tugged at her rein.

"I don't know anything about them," she repeated. "Let me go."

"You know nothing," said the young German, scornfully, "and, it is undoubted, wish to know nothing still. *Gott im Himmel!* there is always that cry, 'I know nothing!' Yet perhaps this fine horse was bought by those rents, perhaps this dress was paid for with the hire these poor folk haf gifen for the fever and death."

"I tell you I know nothing!" reiterated Miss Harper fretfully. "All such matters are in the hands of my agent."

"Then for God's sake, Fräulein," he answered her, "take them out of such hands! There is typhus in a court up there—that which is called number four. The parish doctor he says not, but I know—there are two children dead."

A spasm of fear came over Lois Harper, though in general she was by no means a coward.

"Then I mustn't stay here," she cried, dragging at the bridle in terror. "Let me go, I say!"

Her accuser looked at her.

"You are a bad, heartless woman, Fräulein Harper," he said harshly—"a bad, heartless woman. You will suffer these folk to die because you know nothing; and when I speak to you of the fever you are only afraid for yourself. Haf you not any heart? See now, there are the mothers of the dead *Kinder*; they haf no money to buy a grafe, their little ones must be buried with the paupers. That is to make death a humiliation."

Lois, thoroughly alarmed, thrust her heel into Mohamet's side and he plunged wildly. The strong hand held the bridle as though in a vice.

"Stand still, horse!" came the curt command. "You will ride on then, Fräulein Harper, and leave the folk to perish. Fery well, there will come a day when you and yours shall cry for mercy, even as Dives did, and shall not be granted it!"

Mohamet's rider was exasperated beyond measure. Miss Harper's little fingers clenched themselves upon the slender riding-switch of rhinoceros-horn, raised it high in the air and brought it down across the upturned, condemning face at her side. Her captor loosed his hold in sheer amazement; Mohamet bounded forward like a stricken deer, sending the whip flying from Lois's hand, and fled headlong down the Nun's Road.

When the frightened chestnut turned the bend beneath the overhanging oaks Miss Harper dropped the reins upon the outstretched neck, put up her hands and began to cry like a child.

"THE CIRCLE OF THE EARTH." A story with not a little mystery. By GEORGE KNIGHT. 2/- & 1/6. Ward, Lock & Co.

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"Ring o' Rushes," by Shan Bullock.

"PLEASE, Mr. John," said Mary, the servant, "master's sent me for ye. He's above in the front parlour."

"What does he want?" asked Mr. John, and raised his eyes. "Tell him I'm busy."

"I did, sir. I said the mower was bruk an' ye wur fixin' it; but he only roared at me. I'd go, Mr. John, 'deed I wid."

"What the sorrow now?" said John, and put down his wrench on the stones of the yard. "Roared, ye say, Mary?"

"Ay! Och, sir, spake him fair; don't anger him worse. I know what ails him. *Her* mother was here a while ago—it's that, Mr. John."

"Ay," said John, and his face darkened.

From a photo by] [*Russell.*

MR. SHAN BULLOCK.

"Ay! An' what the devil brought *her* here?" He rose from his knees, turned down his shirt-sleeves over his brown arms; then took his sleeved waistcoat from the pole of the mowing machine and buttoned it on. "Did she stay long, Mary?" said he.

"No, sir, only a wee while. But I heerd words?"

"Ay," said John, and turned toward the kitchen door of the farmhouse. "Oh, just so."

"Ye'll spake him fair, Mr. John?" said Mary, the servant, and ventured to lay her hand on his arm. "Och, ye will, sir! Ye know, I'd—we'd be sorry to lose ye, sir."

John hung on his heel for a step and looked down at his little well-wisher, standing bare-headed and barefooted in her rags and tatters. "Oh, ay," he said, and laughed. "Oh, ay. Never fear, Mary; I'll speak him fair—true an' fair as a die. An' I'm thankful to you, my girl, for the hint ye gave me; it's as well to know."

Then his face fell solemn again; and with his hands clasped across his back he went in through the kitchen and along the red-flagged hall into the front parlour.

James Hewitt was sitting in an old leather armchair reading from a newspaper. A man of about sixty-five years he was, gray-headed, swarthy, large limbed, strong of face; a fine type of your Ulster Protestant farmer, and the living image of what you would expect his son John to be when time had added another forty or so to the sum of his years.

"Ye wanted me?" asked John from his place by the door, where he stood fumbling with his cap.

His father lowered his newspaper and looked at him over the rims of his spectacles, then raised the sheet again as if to read. "Yes," answered he, "I did. You'd better sit down."

"I'd rather stand. I'm waitin'."

Both the words and the manner in which they were spoken were disrespectful; very seldom did child of his venture so to speak in the presence of James Hewitt. For once however the words passed unrebuked.

"Have ye mended that machine?" came from behind the newspaper.

"No, nor won't! Is that all?"

Clearly John foresaw a storm and was for brewing it at once. His father threw down his paper and sat forward in his chair.

"Won't! won't!" cried he wrathfully. "What do ye mean, sir? Have ye come here to defy me?"

"That's as maybe. I meant I couldn't mend it."

"Then why didn't ye say so?"

"It's no odds. I'm waitin', I say. I know what I'm here for, so ye may as well say your say at once."

The two men eyed each other for a moment, straight and steadily; along the deep lines of the father's face anger was swiftly flushing; in John's eyes obstinacy was fast seated.

"Oh, ye know, do ye?" the father began; then all suddenly broke out, "How dare ye disobey me, sir? Didn't I tell ye, last time I spoke to ye about this, that ye were to give up your—your foolishness wi'—wi' that hussy over there? Didn't I, sir?"

"Ye did."

"Well?"

"Well, I didn't choose to obey ye. Why should I? A man can do as he likes, I suppose?" Suddenly John made a step from the door. "Look here, father," said he, and his voice came low and solemn, "let's be plain an' have done, for God's sake! It goes against me to be doin' what ye don't like, but that can't be helped. Ye asked me to give up Rachel Hoey an' to have no more to say to her. Well I haven't given her up, because I couldn't; an' I won't give her up, because I can't; so help me God! Ye may say your worst an' do it, but there's my say as plain as I can put it."

The young man put his back against the door, folded his arms, and so standing, with his eyes steadily fixed on the wall before him, waited for the words of his fate. Very soon they came, swiftly, wrathfully, gathering force at every sentence. James Hewitt was obliged to his son for his plain speaking, and dutiful conduct, and grateful reward for all that had been done for him. It was always pleasant for a father to find his children thwarting and defying him, and insulting his grey hairs.

"RING O' RUSHES." A collection of charming stories of Irish life. By SHAN F. BULLOCK. 2/- & 1/6. Ward, Lock & Co.

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LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

We often speak of "brothers in letters," and indeed there are many, literally and metaphorically. Putting aside the cases of Lord Tennyson and Frederick Tennyson, Cardinal Newman and his brother Francis, we have several modern examples of literary activity manifested by brothers. In the literary world nowadays there are Hall Caine and his brother Ralph; David Christie Murray and his brother Henry; Frederick Greenwood and "The Amateur Casual"; Silas K. Hocking and his brother Joseph; F. W. H. Myers and Ernest Myers; H. Rider Haggard and Andrew; Israel Zangwill and his brother "Z. Z."; Barry Pain and Wellesley Pain; Robert Barr and his brother James. This list is not nearly exhaustive, though it proves, not only how often the literary success of one member of a family has induced another to follow his example, but also how the *cacoëthes scribendi* seizes equally two brothers.

From a photo by] [*Henry Harbour, Plumstead.*

COLERIDGE'S COTTAGE, CLEVEDON.

The picture of Coleridge's cottage presented on this page reminds one of the loss sustained to literature by the death of J. Dykes Campbell, of whom it was lately rumoured a memoir was in preparation. Mr. Campbell was a genial and delightful man with fine critical taste. The writer saw him only a few days before he died, and he was then discussing various literary projects with the keen interest he ever felt in other men's labours. This was a distinguishing quality in Mr. Campbell—his generous appreciation of all conscientious work done in literature. It mattered little to Dykes Campbell as to whether the writer were renowned or not; he admired sound workmanship just as he strove to produce it; and he would spare no pains to acquire an intimate acquaintance with a book before he recorded an opinion of it. On the subject of Coleridge he was enthusiastic, and any allusion in print to the poet would be sure of his attention. For some time his letters on this theme, modestly signed "J. D. C.," were attributed to John Duke Coleridge, better remembered as Lord Chief Justice of England.

Those who enjoyed "John Strange Winter's" clerical story, "Mr. Archdeacon," which appeared in the Windsor last year, may be glad to know that another tale by the same gifted writer will soon be published in our pages. It is called "The Canon in Residence," and is a story of ecclesiastical life, in which the inevitable love interest is adroitly treated. By the way, "John Strange Winter" is now living at Dieppe, where "Bootles" and the rest of her family are acquiring the French accent with rapidity.

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[See "The Christian," page 417.

"'SHE IS THERE,' HE THOUGHT."

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THE CHRISTIAN.

By Hall Caine.
(*Author of "The Manxman."*)

Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

SECOND BOOK.—THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

I.

THE Society of the Holy Gethsemane, popularly called the Bishopsgate Fathers, was one of the many conventual institutions of the English Church which came as a sequel to the great upheaval of religious feeling known as the Tractarian movement at Oxford. Most of them gave way under the pressure of external opposition, some of them broke down under the strain of internal dissension, and a few lived on as secret Brotherhoods, in obedience to a rule which was never divulged by their members, who were said to wear a cord next to the skin and to whip themselves with the lash of discipline.

Of these conventual institutions the Society of the Holy Gethsemane had been one of the earliest, and it was now quite the oldest, although it had challenged, not only the traditions of the Reformed Church, but the spirit of the age itself by establishing its place of prayer at the very doors of that bank of Europe, the Stock Exchange of London —that crater of volcanic emotions, that generating house for the electric life of the world.

Its founder and first superior had been a man of iron will, who had fought his way through congresses and ecclesiastical courts and popular anger, and even family persecution, which had culminated in an effort of his own brother to commit him to an asylum as a lunatic. His first disciple and most stanch supporter had been the Rev. Charles Frederic Lamplugh, thirty years of age, a fellow of Corpus, Oxford, newly called to orders after an earlier career which had been devoted to the world, and, according to rumour, nearly wrecked in an affair of the heart.

When the community had proved its legal right to exist within the Establishment, and public clamour had subsided, this disciple was despatched to America, and there he established a branch Brotherhood, and became great and famous. At the height of his usefulness and renown he was recalled, and this exercise of monastic authority provoked a universal outcry among his admirers. But he obeyed; he left his fame and glory in America and returned to his cell in London, and was no more heard of by the outer world until the founder of his Society died, when he was elected by the brothers to the vacant place, and Father Lamplugh became the Father Superior.

At the time of John Storm's arrival at Bishopsgate Street the Father was a man of seventy, so gentle in his manner, so sweet in his temper, so pious in his life that when he stepped out of his room to greet him it seemed as if he brought the air of heaven in the rustle of his habit, and to have come from the holy of holies.

"Welcome! welcome!" he said. "I knew you would come to us; I have been expecting you. The first time I saw you I said to myself, 'Here is one who bears a burden; the world cannot satisfy the cravings of a heart like that; he will surrender it some day.'"

John's throat was choking him, and he made no answer. Having been there before, though in Retreat only, he entered at once into the life of the Brotherhood. It was arranged that he was to spend some two or three months as postulant, then to make the vow of a novice for one year, and finally, if he proved his vocation, to seal and establish his calling by taking the three life vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

The home of the Brotherhood was one of those old London mansions in the heart of the City, which were built perhaps for the palaces of dignitaries of the Church and

This story commenced in the December Number, 1896.

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were afterwards occupied as the houses and offices of London merchants and their apprentices, and have eventually descended to the condition of warehouses and stores, and tenement dwellings for the poor. Its structure remained the same, but the brothers made no effort to support its ancient grandeur. Nothing more simple can be imagined than the appointments of their monastery. The carved oak staircase was there, but the stairs

"Welcome! welcome!"

were carpetless, and the panelled and parqueted hall was bare of ornament, except for a picture, in a pale oaken frame, of the head of Christ in its crown of thorns. A plain clock in a deal case was nailed up under the floral cornice, and beneath it there hung the text, "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life." The old dining-room was now the community room, the old kitchen was the refectory, the spacious bedrooms were partitioned into cells, and the corridors, which had once been covered with tapestry, were now coated with whitewash, and bore the inscription, "Silence in the passages."

In this house of poverty and dignity, of past grandeur and present simplicity, the brothers lived in community. They were forty in number and consisted of ten lay brothers, ten novices, and twenty professed Fathers. The lay brothers, who were under the special direction of their own Superior, the Father Minister, and were rarely allowed to go into the streets, had to clean the house and bake the bread and cook and serve the food which was delivered at the door, and thus, in that narrow circle of duty, they proved their piety by their devotion to a lot which condemned them to scour and scrub to the last day of life. The clerical brothers, who were nearly all in full orders, enjoyed a more varied existence, being confined to the precincts only during their novitiate, and then sent out at the will of the Superior to preach in the churches of London or the country, and even despatched on expeditions to establish missions abroad.

The lay brothers had their separate retiring room, but John Storm met his clerical housemates on the night of his arrival. It was the hour of evening recreation, and they were gathered in the community room for reading and conversation. The stately old dining-room was as destitute as the corridors of adornments or even furniture. Two or three straw armchairs stood on the clean white floor, a bookcase, containing many volumes of the Fathers, lined one of the panelled walls, and over the majestic fireplace there was a plain card with

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the inscription, "There be eunuchs which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake."

The brothers gathered about him and examined him with a curiosity which was more than personal. To this group of men detached from life the arrival of someone from the outer world was an event of interest. He knew what wars had been waged, what epidemics were raging, what Governments had risen and fallen. He might not speak of these things in casual talk, for it was against rule to discuss, for its own sake, what had been seen or heard outside, but they were in the air about him, and they were happening on the other side of the wall.

And he on his part also examined his housemates and tried to guess what manner of men they were and what had brought them to that place. They were men of all ages, and nearly every school of the Church had sent its representatives. Here was the pale face of the ascetic and there the guileless eyes of the saint. Some were keen and alert, others were timid and slow. All wore the long black cassock of the community, and many wore the rope with three knots. They spoke little of the world outside, but it was clear that they could not dismiss it from their thoughts. Their talk was cheerful, and the Father told stories of his preaching expeditions which provoked some laughter. They had no newspapers (except one well-known High Church paper) and no games, and there was no smoking.

The bell rang for supper and they went down to the refectory. It was a large apartment in the basement, and it still bore the emblems of its ancient office. Over the great kitchen ingle there was yet another card with the inscription, "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common." A table scoured white ran round three sides of the room, the seats were forms without backs, and there was one chair—the Father's chair—in the middle.

The supper consisted of porridge and milk and brown bread, and it was eaten out of plates and cans of tin. While it lasted one of the brothers, seated at a raised desk, read first a few passages of Scripture and then some pages of a secular book which the religious were thus hearing at their meals. The supper was hardly over when the bell rang again. It was time for compline, the last service of the day, and the brothers formed in procession and passed out of the house across the courtyard into the church.

The little old place was dimly lighted, but the brothers occupied the chancel only. They sat in two companies at opposite sides of the choir, in three rows of stalls, the lay brothers in front, the novices next, and the Fathers at the back. Each side had its leader in the recitation of the prayers. The *Miserere* was said kneeling, the Psalms were sung with frequent pauses, each of the duration of the words "Ave Maria," producing the effect of a broken wail. The service was short and it ended with the absolution. There was another stroke of the bell and the brothers returned to the house in silence.

John Storm walked with the Father, and returning through the courtyard, in the light of the moon that had risen while they were at prayers, he was startled by the sound of something.

"Only the creaking of the sycamore," said the Superior.

He had thought it was the voice of Glory, but he had been hearing her cry throughout the service, so he dismissed the circumstance as a dream. Half an hour later the household had retired for the night, the lights were put out, and the Society of the Gethsemane was at rest.

John's cell was on the topmost floor, next to the quarters of the lay brothers. There was nothing above it but a lead flat, which was sometimes used by the religious as watch-tower and breathing place. The cell was a narrow room with bare floor, a small toilet table, one chair, a praying-stool and crucifix, and a stump bed, having a straw pillow and a crimson coverlet marked with a large white cross.

"Here," he thought, "my journey is at an end. This is my resting-place for life." The mighty hand of the Church was on him and he felt a deep peace. He was like a ship that had been tossed at sea and was lying quiet in harbour at last.

Without was the world, the fantastic world, the world for ever changing; within were gentle if strict rule and customs securely fixed; without were the ceaseless ebb and flow of the financial tide; within were content and sweet poverty and no disturbing fears; without were struggle and strife and the fever of gain; within were peace and happiness and the grand mysteries which God reveals to the soul in solitude.

He began to pass his life in review and to think, "Well, it is all over at all events. I

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shall never leave this place. Friends who forgive me, good-bye! And foes who are unforgiving, good-bye to you too!"

And the world, the great, vain, cruel, hypocritical world, farewell to it also! Farewell to its pomp and its glory! Farewell to life and liberty and—love ——!

The wind was rustling the leaves of the tree in the courtyard, and he could not help but hear again the voice he had heard when crossing from the church. His eyes were closed, but Glory's face, with its curling and twitching lip and its laughing and liquid eyes, was printed on the darkness.

"Ave Maria," he murmured, and saying this again and again he fell asleep.

Next morning the daylight had not quite dawned when he was awakened by a knock at his door and a low voice saying, "Benedicamus Domino!"

It was the Father, who has made it his rule to rouse the household himself, on the principle of "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

"Deo gratias," he answered, and the voice went on through the corridor. Then the bell rang for lauds and prime, and John left his cell to begin his life as Brother Storm.

II.

THOUGH it was against the nature of the Order to indulge in particular friendships, yet in obedience to the order of nature he made friends among the brothers. His feeling for the Superior became stronger than love and approached to adoration, and there were certain of the Fathers to whom his heart went out with a tender sympathy. The Father-Minister was a man of a hard, closed soul, very cantankerous and severe, but they were gentle and timid men for the most part, with a wistful outlook on the world.

It was due in part to the proximity of his cell to the quarters assigned to the lay brothers that his two closest friendships were made among them. One was with a great creature, like an overgrown boy, who kept the door to the monastery by day and alternated that duty with another by night. He was called Brother Andrew, for the lay brothers were known by their Christian names, and he was one of those characterless beings who are only happy when they have merged their individuality in another's and joined their fate to his. He attached himself to John from the first, and as often as he was at liberty he was hanging about him, ready to fetch and carry in his shambling gait, which was like the roll of an old dog. The expression of his beardless face was that of a boy, and he had no conversation, for he always agreed with everything that was said to him.

The other of John's friendships was with the lay brother whom he had known outside, the brother of Polly Love; but this was a friendship of slower growth, impeded by a tragic obstacle. John had seen him first in the refectory on the night of his arrival and observed in his face the marks of suffering and exhaustion. At various times afterwards he had seen him in the church and encountered him in the corridors, and had sometimes bowed to him and smiled, but the brother had never once given sign of recognition. At length he had begun to doubt his identity, and one morning, going upstairs from breakfast side by side with the Superior, he said—

"Father, is the lay brother with the melancholy eyes and the pale face the one whom I knew at the hospital?"

"Yes," said the Father; "but he is under the rule of silence."

"Does he know what has become of his sister?"

"No."

It was the morning hour of recreation, and the Father drew John into the courtyard and talked of Brother Paul.

He was much tormented by thoughts of the world without, and being a young man of a weak nervous system and a consumptive tendency, such struggles with the evil one were hurtful to him. Therefore, though it was the rule that a lay brother should not be consecrated until after long years of service, it had been decided that he should take the vows immediately, in order that Satan might yield up his hold of him and the world might drag at him no more.

"Is that your experience?" said John. "When a religious has taken the vows are his thoughts of the world all conquered?"

"Yes, for he is like the sailor making ready for his voyage. As long as he lies in harbour his thoughts are of the home he has left behind him, but when he has once crossed the bar and is out on the ocean he thinks only of the haven he is going to."

"But are there no backward glances, Father? The sailor may write to the friends he has parted from—surely the religious may pray for them."

"As brothers and sisters of the spirit, yes, always and at all times; as brothers and

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sisters of the flesh, no, never, save in hours of especial need. He is the spouse of Christ, my son, and all Christ's children are his kindred equally."

And as a last word the Father begged of John to abstain from all reference to anything that had happened at the hospital lest Brother Paul might hear of it and manifold evils be the result.

The warning seemed needless. From that day forward he tried to avoid Brother Paul. In church and in the refectory he kept his eyes away from him. He could not see that worn face with its hungry look and not think of a captured eagle with a broken wing. It was with a shock that he discovered that their cells were side by side. If they came near to each other in the corridors he experienced a kind of terror and was thankful for the rule of silence which forbade them to speak. Under the smouldering ashes there might be coals of fire which only wanted a puff to fan them into flame.

They came face to face at last. It was on the lead flat of the roof above their cells. John had grown accustomed to go there after compline that he might look on London from that eminence and thank God that he had escaped from its clutches. The stars were out but the roof was dark and the city lay like a great monster around and beneath. Something demoniacal had entered into his view of it. Down there was the river winding like a serpent through its sand, and here and there were the bridges like the scales across it, and farther west was the head of the great creature just beginning to be ablaze with lights.

"She is there," he thought, and then he was startled by a sound. Had he uttered the words aloud? But it was somebody else who had spoken. Brother Paul was standing by the parapet with his eyes in the same direction. When he became conscious that John was behind him he stammered something in his confusion and then hurried away as if he had been detected in a crime.

"God pity him!" thought John. "If he only knew what has happened!"

Going back to his cell he began to think of Glory. By the broken links of memory he remembered for the first time since coming into the monastery the condition of insecurity in which he had left her. How uncertain her position at the hospital, how perilous her relations with her friend!

The last prayer of the day for the brothers of the Gethsemane was the prayer before the crucifix by the side of the bed, "Thanks be to God for giving me the trials of this day." To this he added another petition, "And bless and protect her wheresoever she may be."

He ceased to frequent the roof after that, and did not go up to it again until the morning of the day on which he was to make his vows. By this time his soul had spent itself so prodigally in prayer that he had almost begun to regard himself as one who was already in another world. The morning was clear and frosty and he could see that something unusual was taking place on the earth below. Traffic was stopped, the open spaces were crowded, and processions were passing through the streets with bands of music playing and banners flying. Then he remembered what day it was—it was Lord Mayor's Day, the 9th of November—and once again he thought of Glory. She would be there, for her heart was light and she loved the world and all its scenes of gaiety and splendour.

It was the day of his final preparation, and he was under the rule of silence, so he returned to his cell and shut the door. But he could not shut out the sounds of the streets. All day long the bands were playing and the horses prancing, and there was the tramp of many feet. And even in the last hour before the ceremony, when he was on his knees in front of the crucifix and the palms of his hands were pressed against his face, he could see the gay spectacle and the surging throngs—the men, the women, the children in every window, on every parapet, and Glory in the midst of them with her laughing lips and her sparkling eyes.

Night brought peace with it at length, and then the bell rang and he went down to service. The brothers were waiting for him in the hall, and they formed into line and passed into the church; first, Brother Andrew with the cross, then Brother Paul with the incense, and the other lay brothers with the candles, then the religious in their cassocks, and the Superior in his cope, and John Storm last of all.

The altar was decorated as for a feast and the service was strange but solemn. John had drawn up in writing a promise of stability and obedience, and this he placed with his own hand on the altar. Down to that moment he had worn his costume as a secular priest, but now he was to be robed in the habit of the Order.

The Father stood on the altar steps with the habit lying at his feet. He took it up

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and blessed it and then put it on to John, saying as he bound it with the cord, "Take this cord and wear it in memory of the purity of heart wherewith you must ever hereafter seek to abide in the love and service of our Lord Jesus."

At that moment a door was suddenly and loudly slammed to signify that the world was being shut out, the choir said the *Gloria Patri* and then sang the hymn beginning—

> Farewell, thou world of sorrow,
> Unrest, and schism and strife;
> I leave thee on the threshold
> Of the celestial life!

Ecce quam bonum was intoned, and finally the chant was chanted—

> Dead to Him, then death is over,
> Dead and gone are death's dark fears.

John Storm was profoundly stirred. The heavens seemed to open to him and all the earth to pass away. It was difficult to believe that he was still in the flesh.

When he was able to collect himself he was on the roof again, but in his cassock now and gripping the cord by which it was tied. The frosty air of the morning had thickened to a fog, the fog-horns were blowing, and the mighty monster below seemed to be puffing

"John was fumbling for the door."

It was the occasion of Brother Paul's life vows also, and as John stood back from the altar steps the lay brother was brought up to them. He was very pale and nervous, and he would have stumbled but for the help of the Father-Minister and Brother Andrew, who walked on either side of him.

Then the same ceremony was gone through again, but with yet more solemn accessories. The burial service was read, the *De Profundis* was sung, the bell was tolled, the fire from a thousand nostrils and bellowing from a thousand throats.

Someone had come up to him. It was Brother Paul. He was talking nervously and even pretending to laugh a little.

"I am so happy to see you here. And I am glad the silence is at an end and I am able to tell you so."

"Thank you," said John, and he tried to pass him.

"I always knew you would come to us,

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that is to say, after the night I heard you at the hospital—the night of the nurse's ball, you remember, and the Father's visit, you know. Still, I trust there was nothing wrong — nothing at the hospital, I mean ——"

John was fumbling for the door to the dormer.

"Everybody loved you too—the patients and the nurses and everybody! How they will miss you there! I trust you left everybody well—and happy and . . . eh?"

"Good-night," said John from the head of the stair.

There was silence for a moment and then the brother said, in another voice—

"Yes, I understand you. I know quite well what you mean. It is a fault to speak of the outer world except by especial need, and I have been trying to do so. We have taken the vows, too, and are pledged for life—I am at all events. Still, if you could have told me anything . . . But I am much to blame. I must confess my fault and do my penance."

John was diving down the stair and hurrying into his room.

"God help him!" he thought. "And me too! God help both of us! How am I to live if I have to hide this secret? Yet how is he to live if he is to learn it?"

He sat on the bed and tried to compose himself. Yes, Brother Paul was an object for pity. In all the moral universe there was no spectacle more pitiable than that of a man who had left the world while his heart was still in it. What was he doing here? What had brought him? What business had such an one in such a place as this? And then his pitiful helplessness for all the uses of life and duty! Could it be right, could it be necessary, could it be God's wish and will?

Here was a man whose sister was in the world. She was young and vain and the world was gay and seductive. Without a hand to guide and guard her what evils might not befall? She was sunk already in shame and degradation, and he had put it out of his power to save her. Whatever had happened in the past, whatever might happen in the future, he was lost to her for ever and ever. The captured eagle with the broken wing was now chained to the wall as well. But prayer! Prayer was the bulwark of chastity, and God was in need of no man's efforts.

John fell to his knees before the crucifix. With the broken logic of reverie he was thinking of Glory, and Brother Paul, and Polly and Drake. They crossed his brain and weighed upon it and went out and returned. The night was cold, but the sweat stood on his brow in beads. In the depths of his soul something was speaking to him and he was trying not to listen. He was like a blind man who had stumbled to the edge of a precipice and could hear the waves breaking on the rocks beneath.

When he said his last prayer that night he omitted the petition for Glory (as duty seemed to require him to do) and then found that all life and soul and strength had gone out of it. In the middle of the night he awoke with a sense of fright. Was it only a dream that he was dead and buried? He raised his head in the darkness and stretched out his hand. No, it was true. Little by little he pieced together the incidents of the previous day. Yes, it had really happened.

"After all I am not like Paul—I am not bound for life," he told himself, and then he lay back like a child and was comforted.

He was ashamed, but he could not help it; he was feeling already as if he were a prisoner in a dungeon looking forward to his release.

III.

"5a Little Turnstile,
"High Holborn, London, W.C.
"November 9th, 18—.

"Oh yiz, oh yiz, oh yiz! This is to announce to you with due pomp and circumstance that I, Glory Quayle, am no longer at the hospital—for the present. Did I never tell you? Have you never noticed it in the regulations? Every half-year a nurse is entitled to a week's holiday, and as I have been exactly six months to-day at Martha's Vineyard, and as a week is too short a time for a trip to the 'oilan','* and as a good lady, whose acquaintance I have made here, had given me a pressing invitation to visit her . . . See?

"Being the first day since I came up to London when I have been sole mistress of my own will and pleasure, I have been letting myself loose like 'Cæsar' does the moment his mad little hoofies touch the grass. I must tell you all about it. The day began beautifully. After a spell of laughing and crying, weather and all the world sneezing and blowing its nose, there came a frosty morning with the sun shining and the air as bright as diamonds. I left the hospital between

* Island.

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eleven and twelve o'clock, and crossing the park by Birdcage Walk I noticed that flags were flying on Buckingham Palace and church bells ringing everywhere. It turned out to be the birthday of the Prince of Wales and the Lord Mayor's Day as well, and by the time I got to Storey's Gate bands of music were playing and people were scampering towards the Houses of Parliament. So I ran too, and from the gardens in front of Palace Yard I saw the Lord Mayor's Show.

"Do you know what that is, good people? It is a civic pageant. Once a year the City King makes a royal procession through the streets with his soldiers and servants and keepers and pipers and retainers, bewigged and bepowdered and bestockinged pretty much as they used to be in the days before the flood. There have been seven hundred of him in succession, and his particular vanity is to show that he is wearing the same clothes still. But it was beautiful altogether, and I could have cried with delight to see those grave-looking signors forgetting themselves for once and pretending they were big boys over again.

"Such a sight! Flags were flying everywhere and festoons were stretched across the streets with mottoes and texts such as 'Unity is strength,' and 'God save the Queen,' and other amiable if not original ideas. Traffic was stopped in the main thoroughfares, and the 'buses were sent by devious courses, much to the astonishment of the narrow streets. Then the crowds, the dense layers of potted people with white upturned faces, for all the world like the pictures of the round stones standing upright at the Giant's Causeway—it was wonderful!

"And then the fun! Until the procession arrived the policemen were really obliging in that way. The one nearest me was as fat as Falstaff, and a slim young Cockney in front kept addressing intimate remarks to him and calling him Robert. The young impudence himself was just as ridiculous, for he wore a fringe which was supported by hair-oil and soap and rolled carefully down the right side of his forehead so that he could always keep his left eye on it. And he did too.

"But the pageant itself! My gracious, how we laughed at it! There were Epping Forest keepers, and beefeaters from the Tower, and Pipers of the Scots Guards, and ladies of the ballet shivering on shaky stools and pretending to be 'Freedom' and 'Commerce,' and last of all the City King himself, smiling and bowing at his subjects, and with his liegemen behind him in yellow coats and red silk stockings. Perhaps the most popular character was a Highlander in pink tights, where his legs ought to have been, walking along as solemnly as if he thought it was a sort of religious ceremony and he was out as an idol for an airing.

"And then the bands! There must have been twenty of them, both brass and fife, and they all played the 'Washington March,' but no two had the luck to fall on the same bar at the same moment. It was a medley of all the tunes in music, an absolute kaleidoscope of sounds, and meantime there was the clash of the bells from the neighbouring belfries in honour of the Prince's birthday and the rattle of musketry from the Guards', so that when the double event was over I felt like the man whose wife presented him with twins—I wouldn't have lost either of them for a million of money, but I couldn't have found it in my heart to give a *bawbee* for another one.

"The procession took half an hour to pass, and when it was gone, remembering the ladies in lovely dresses who had rolled by in their gorgeous carriages, looking not a bit cleverer or handsomer than other people, I turned away with a little hard lump at my heart and a limp in my left foot—the young Cockney with the fringe had backed on to my toe. I suppose they are feasting with the lords and all the nobility at the Guildhall to-night, and no doubt the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table will go in pies and cakes to the alleys and courts where hunger walks, and I dare say little Lazarus in the Mile End Road is dreaming at this very moment of Dick Whittington and the Lord Mayor of London.

"It must have been some waking dream of that sort that took possession of me also, for what do you suppose I did? Shall I tell you? Yes, I will. I said to myself, 'Glory, my child, suppose you were nearly as poor as he was in this great, glorious, splendid London; suppose—only suppose—you had no home and no friends, and had left the hospital, or perhaps even been turned away from it, and hadn't a good lady's door standing open to receive you, what would you do first, my dear?' To all which I replied promptly, 'You would first get yourself lodgings, my child, and then you would just go to work to show this great, glorious London what a woman can do to bring it to her little feet.'

"I know grandfather is saying, 'Gough

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bless me, girl, you didn't try it though?' Well, yes, I did—just for fun, you know, and out of the spirit of mischief that's born in every daughter of Eve. Do you remember that Manx cat that wouldn't live in the house, notwithstanding all the bribes and corruption of Aunt Rachel's new milk and softened bread, but went off by the back-yard wall to join the tribe of pariah pussies that snatch a living how they may? Well, I felt like rumpy for once, having three 'goolden sovereigns' in my pocket and a mind superior to fate.

"It was glorious fun altogether, and the world is so amusing that I can't imagine why anybody should go out of it before he must. I hadn't gone a dozen yards in my new character as Dick Whittington *fille* before a coachman as fat as an elephant was shouting, 'Where d'ye think yer going of?' and I was nearly run down in the Broad Sanctuary by a carriage containing two brazen women in sealskin jackets, with faces so thick with powder and paint that you would have thought they had been quarrelling on washing day and thrown the blue bag at each other's eyes. I recognised one of them as a former nurse who had left the hospital in disgrace, but happily she didn't see me, for the little hard lump at my heart was turning as bitter as gall at that moment, so I made some philosophical observations to myself and passed on.

"Oh my gracious, these London landladies! They must be female Shylocks, for the pound of flesh is the badge of all their tribe. The first one I boarded asked two guineas for two rooms, and lights and fires extra. 'By the month?' says I. 'Yus, by the month if ye like,' says she. 'Two guineas a month?' says I. Marry come up! I was out of that house in a twinkling.

"Then I looked out a group of humbler thoroughfares, not far from the Houses of Parliament, where nearly every house had a card fixed up on a little green blind. At last I found a place that would do—for my week, only my week, you know. Ten shillings and no extras. 'I'll take them,' said I with a lofty air, and thereupon the landlady, a grim person, with the suspicion of a moustache, began to cross-examine me. Was I married? Oh dear no! Then what was my business? Fool that I was, I said I had none, being full of my Dick Whittingtonism, and not choosing to remember the hospital, for I was wearing my private clothes, you know. But hoot! She didn't take unmarried young ladies without businesses! and I was out in the street once more.

"I don't tyke anybody that's on the styge!"

"I didn't mind it, not I indeed, and it was only for fun after all; but since people objected to girls without businesses, I made up my mind to be a singer if anybody asked me the question again. My third landlady had only one room, and it was on the second floor back, but before I got the length of mounting this eyry I went through my

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examination afresh. 'In the profession, Miss?' 'What profession?' 'The stage, of course.' 'Well, ye—yes, something of that sort.' 'Don't tyke anybody that's on the styge!'

"Oh dear! oh dear! I could have screamed, it was so ridiculous; but time was getting on, Big Ben was striking four, and the day was closing in. Then I saw a sign, 'Home for Girls.' 'Wonder if it is a charity,' thinks I; but no, it didn't look like that, so in I went as bold as brass and inquired for the manageress. 'Is it the matron you mean, Miss?' 'Very well, the matron then,' said I, and presently she came up—no, not smiling, for she wasn't an amiable looking Christian, but I thought she would smother me with mysterious questions. 'Tired of the life, are you, my dear? It *is* a cruel one, isn't it?' I stood my ground for some minutes, and then, feeling dreadfully thick in the throat, and cold down the back, I asked her what she was talking about, whereupon she looked bewildered and inquired if I was a good girl, and being told that I hoped so, she said she couldn't take me in there, and then pointed to a card on the wall which, simpleton that I was, I hadn't read before: 'A home and rescue is offered to women who desire to leave a life of misery and disgrace.'

"I *did* scream that time, the world was so nonsensical. At one place, being 'on the styge,' I was not good enough to be taken in, at another I was not bad enough, and what in the name of all that was ridiculous was going to happen next? But it was quite dark by this time, the air was as black as a north-west gale, and I was 'aweary for all my wings,' so forgetting Dick Whittington *fille*, and only remembering the lady who had asked me to stay with her, I made a dart for Victoria Street and jumped into the first 'bus that came along, just as the hotels and the clubs and the great buildings were putting out the Prince of Wales's feathers as sign and symbol of the usual rejoicings within.

"It was an 'Atlas' omnibus, and it took me to Piccadilly Circus, and that being the wrong direction I had to change. But a fog had come down in the meanwhile, and lo, there I was in the middle of it!

"O Ananias, Azarias and Misael! Do you know what a London fog is? It's smoke, it's soot, it's sulphur. It is darker than night, for it extinguishes the lights, and denser than the mist on the Curragh, and filthier than the fumes of the brick-kiln. It makes you think the whole round earth must be a piggery copper and that London has lifted the lid off. In the midst of this inferno the cabs crawl and the 'buses creep, and foul fiends, who turn out to be men merely, go flitting about with torches, and you grope and croak and cough, and the most innocent faces come puffing and snorting down on you like the beasts in the Apocalypse.

"I thought it good fun at first, but presently I could only keep from crying by having a good laugh, and I was doing that, and asking somebody the way to the Holborn omnibus, when a policeman pushed me and said, 'Come, move on; none of yer lyterin' abart here!'

"I could have choked, but remembering something I had seen on that very spot on the night of my first day out, I dived across the street and ran in spite of curses and collisions. But the 'somebody,' whoever he was, had followed me, and he put me into the right 'bus, so I got here at last. It took two mortal hours to do it, and after that spell of purgatory this house is like a blessed paradise, peopled with angels of mercy and grace, as paradise ought to be.

"The lady was very kind, and she made tea for me in a twinkling and slaughtered the fatted calf in the shape of a pot of raspberry jam. Her name is Mrs. Jupe, and her husband is something in a club, and she has one child of eleven, whose bedfellow I am to be, and here I am now with little slyboots in our little bedroom feeling safe and sound and monarch of all I survey!

"Good-night, good people! Half an hour hence I'll be going through a mad march of the incidents of the day, turned topsy-turvy according to the way of dreams. But wae's me! wae's me! If it had all been true—if I had been really homeless and friendless and penniless, instead of having three 'goolden' pounds in my purse, and Providence, in the person of Mrs. Jupe, to fall back upon! When I grow to be a wonderful woman and have brought the eyes of all the earth upon me I am going to be good to poor girls who have no anchorage in London. John Storm was right; this great, glorious, brilliant, delightful London can be very cruel to them sometimes. It calls to them, beckons to them, smiles on them, makes them think there must be joy in the blaze of so many lights and luxury and love by the side of so many palaces, and then——

"But perhaps the mischief lies deeper

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down; and though I'm not going to cut my hair and wear a waistcoat and stand up for the equal rights of the sexes, I feel at this moment that if I were only a man I should be the happiest woman in the world, God bless me! Not that I'm afraid of London, not I indeed; and to show you how I long to take a header into its turbulent tides I hereby warn and apprise and notify you that perhaps I may use my week's holiday to find a more congenial employment than that of deputy White Owl at the hospital. I am not in my right place yet, Aunt Anna notwithstanding, so look out for revelations! To be or not to be? that is the question. Just say the word and I'll leave it to Providence, which is always a convenient legatee, and in any case. . . . But wait, only wait and see what a week will bring forth!

"Greet the island for me to the inmost core of its being. The dear little 'oilan''! Now that I am so far away I go over it in my mind's eye with the idiotic affection of a mother who knows every inch of her baby's body and would like to gobble it. The leaves must be down by this time, and there can be nothing on the bare boughs but the empty nests where the little birdies used to woo and sing. My love to them, and three tremendous kisses for yourselves!

"GLORY.

"P.S.—Oh, haven't I given you the 'newses' about John Storm? There are so many things to think about in a place like London, you see. Yes, he has gone into a monastery—communication cut off—wires broken down by the 'storm,' etc. Soberly, he has gone for good seemingly, and to talk of it lightly is like picking a penny out of a blind man's hat. Of course it was only to be expected that a man with an upper lip like that should come to grief with all those married old maids and elderly women of the opposite sex. Canons to right of him, canons to left of him, canons in front of him—but rumour says it was John himself who volleyed and thundered. He wrote me a letter when he was on the point of going, saying how London had shocked and disappointed him, and how he longed to escape from it and from himself at the same time, that he might dedicate his life to God. It was right and true, no doubt; but wherefore could not I pronounce Amen? He also mentioned something about myself, how much I had been to him; for he had never known his mother, and had never had a sister, and could never have a wife. All which was excellent, but a mere woman like Glory doesn't want to read that sort of thing in a letter, and would rather have five minutes of John Storm the man, than a whole eternity of John Storm the saint. His letter made me think of Christian on his way to the eternal city, but that person has always seemed to me a doubtful sort of hero, anyway, taking Mrs. Christian into account and the various little Christians, and I can't pity him a pin about his bundle, for he might just as well have left behind him what he couldn't enjoy of God's providence himself.

"But this is like hitting a cripple with his crutch, John being gone and past all defending himself, and when I think of it in the streets I have to run to keep myself from doing something silly, and then people think I'm chasing an omnibus when I'm really only chasing my tears. I can't tell you much about the Brotherhood. It looks like a cross between a palace and a penitentiary, and it appears that High Churchmanship has gone one better than Ritualism and is trying to introduce the monastic system, which, to an ordinary woman of the world, seems well enough for the man in the moon, though the man in the moon might have a different way of looking at things. They say the brothers are all celibates and live in cells, but I think I've seen a look in John Storm's eyes that warns me that he wasn't intended for 'the lek o' that' exactly. To tell you the truth I half blame myself for what has happened, and I am ashamed when I remember how jauntily I took matters all the time our poor John was fighting with beasts at Ephesus. But I am vexed with him too; and if only he had waited patiently before taking such a serious step in order to hear *my* arguments. . . . But no matter. A jackdaw isn't to be called a religious bird because it keeps a-cawing on a steeple, and John Storm won't make himself into a monk by shutting himself up in a cell. Good-night."

IV.

THE house to which Glory had fled out of the fog was a little dingy tobacconist's shop opening on a narrow alley that runs from Holborn into Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was kept by the baby-farmer whom she had met at the house of Polly Love, and the memory of the address thrust upon her there had been her only resource on that day of crushing disappointment and that night of terror and peril. Mrs. Jupe's husband, a coffee-room waiter at a West-End club, was a simple

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and helpless creature, very fond of his wife, much deceived by her and kept in ignorance of the darker side of her business operations. Their daughter, familiarly called "Booboo," a silent child with cunning eyes and pasty cheeks, was being brought up to help in the shop and to dodge the inspector of the School Board.

On coming downstairs next morning to the close and dingy parlour at the back, Glory had looked about her as one who had expected something she did not see, whereupon Mrs. Jupe, who was at breakfast with her husband, threw up her little twinkling eyes and said—

"Now I know what she's a-lookin' for—it's the byeby."

"Where is it?" said Glory.

"Gorn, my dear."

"Surely you don't mean ——"

"No, not dead, but I 'ad to put it out, pore thing."

"Ye see, Miss," said Mr. Jupe with his mouth full, "my missus couldn't nurse the byeby and 'tend to the bizness as well, so as reason was ——"

"It brikes my 'eart to think it; but it made such a n'ise, pore darling ——"

"Does the mother know?" said Glory.

"That wasn't necessary, my dear. It's gorn to a pusson I can trust to tyke kear of it, and I'm trooly thenkful ——"

"It jest amarnts to this, Miss—the bizness is too much for the missus as things is ——"

"I wouldn't keer if my 'ealth was what it used to be in the dyes when I 'ad Booboo."

"But it ain't, and she's often said as how she'd like a young lyedy to live with her and 'elp her with the shop."

"A nice-lookin' girl might 'ave a-many chawnces in a place syme as this, my dear."

"Lawd, yus; and when I seen the young lyedy come in at the door, 'strike me lucky!' thinks I, 'this is the one.'"

"Syme 'ere, my dear. I reckkernized ye the minute I seen ye; and if ye want to leave the hospital and mike a stawt, as you were saying last night ——"

Glory stopped them. They were on the wrong trace entirely. She had merely come to lodge with them, and if that was not agreeable ——

"Well, and so ye shell, my dear; and if ye don't like the shop all at onct, there's Booboo, —she wants lessons ——"

"But I can pay," said Glory, and then she was compelled to say something of her plans. She wanted to become a singer, perhaps an actress, and to tell them the truth she might not be staying long, for when she got engagements ——

"Jest as you like, my dear; mike yerself at 'ome. On'y don't be in a nurry about engygements. Good ones ain't tots picked up by the childring in the streets these dyes."

Nevertheless it was agreed that Glory was to lodge at the tobacconist's, and Mr. Jupe was to bring her box from the hospital on coming home that night from his work. She was to pay ten shillings a week, all told, so that her money would last four or five weeks, and leave something to spare. "But I shall be earning long before that," she thought, and her resources seemed boundless. She started on her enterprise instantly, knowing no more of how to begin than that it would first be necessary to find the office of an agent. Mr. Jupe remembered one such place.

"It's in a street off of Waterloo Road," he said, "and the name on the windows is Josephs."

Glory found this person in a fur-lined coat and an opera hat sitting in a room which was papered with photographs, chiefly of the nude and the semi-nude, intermingled with sheafs of playbills that hung from the walls like ballads from the board of the ballad-monger.

"Vell, vot's yer line?" he asked.

Glory answered nervously and indefinitely.

"Vot can you do then?"

She could sing and recite and imitate people.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "My terms are two guineas down and ten per cents. on salary."

Glory rose to go. "That is impossible. I cannot ——"

"Vait a minute. How much have you got?"

"Isn't that my business, sir?"

"Touchy, ain't ye, Miss? But if you mean bizness, I'll tyke a guinea and give you the first chawnce what comes in."

Reluctantly, fearfully, distrustfully, Glory paid her guinea and left her address.

"Daddle doo," said the agent.

Then she found herself in the street. "Two weeks less for lodgings," she thought, as she returned to the tobacconist's. But Mrs. Jupe seemed entirely satisfied.

"What did I tell ye, my dear? Good engygements ain't chasing nobody abart the streets these dyes, and there's that many girls now as can do a song and a dance and a recitashing ——"

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"'Vell, vot's yer line?' he asked."

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Three days passed, four days, five days, six days, a week, and still no word from Mr. Josephs. Glory called on him again. He counselled patience. It was the dead season at the theatres and music halls, but if she only waited ——

She waited a week longer and then called again, and again, and yet again. But she brought nothing back except her mimicry of the man's manner. She could hit him off to a hair—his raucous voice, his guttural utterance, and the shrug of his shoulders that told of the ghetto.

Mrs. Jupe shrieked with laughter. That lady's spirits were going up as Glory's came down. At the end of the third week she said, "I can't a-bear to tyke yer money no longer, my dear, you not doing nothink."

Then she hinted at a new arrangement. She had to be much from home. It was necessary; her health was poor—an obvious fiction. During her absence she had to leave Booboo in charge.

"It ain't good for the child, my dear, and it ain't good for the shop; but if anybody syme as yerself would tyke a turn behind the counter ——"

Having less than ten shillings in her pocket, Glory was forced to submit.

There was a considerable traffic through the little turnstile. Lying between Bedford Row and Lincoln's Inn, it was the usual course of lawyers and lawyers' clerks passing to and from the courts. They were not long in seeing that a fresh and beautiful face was behind the counter of the little dingy tobacco shop. Business increased, and Mrs. Jupe became radiant.

"What did I tell ye, my dear? There's more real gentlemen a-mooching rahnd here in a day than a girl would have a chawnce of meeting in a 'ospital in a twelvemonth."

Glory's very soul was sickening. The attentions of the men, their easy manners, their little liberties, their bows, their smiles, their compliments—it was gall and wormwood to the girl's unbroken spirit. Nevertheless she was conscious of a certain pleasure in the bitterness. The bitterness was her own; the pleasure someone else's, so to speak, who was looking on and laughing. She felt an unconquerable impulse to sharpen her wit on Mrs. Jupe's customers, and even to imitate them to their faces. They liked it, so she was good for business both ways.

But she remembered John Storm and felt suffocated with shame. Her thoughts turned to him constantly, and she called at the hospital to ask if there were any letters. There were two, but neither of them was from Bishopsgate Street. One was from Aunt Anna. Glory was not to dream of leaving the hospital. With tithes going down every year and everything else going up, how could she think of throwing away a salary and adding to their anxieties? The other was from her grandfather the Parson.

"Glad to hear you have had a holiday, dear Glory, and trust you are feeling the better for the change. Must confess to being a little startled by the account of your adventure on Lord Mayor's Day, with the wild scheme for cutting adrift from the hospital and taking London by storm. But it was just like my little witch, my wandering gipsy, and I knew it was all nonsense; so when Aunt Anna began to scold I took my pipe and went upstairs. Sorry to hear that John Storm has gone over to Popery, for that is what it comes to, though he is not under the Romish obedience. I am the more concerned because I failed to make his peace with his father. The old gentleman seems to blame me for everything, and has even taken to passing me on the road. Give my best respects to Mrs. Jupe when you see her again, with my thanks for taking care of you. And now that you are alone in that great and wicked Babylon, take good care of yourself, my dear one. To know that my runaway is well and happy and prosperous is all I have left to reconcile me to her absence. Yes, the harvest is over and threshed and housed, and we have fires in the parlour nearly every day, which makes Anna severe sometimes, coals being so dear just now and the turf no longer allowed to us."

It was ten days overdue. That night, in her little bedroom, with its low ceiling and sloping floor, Glory wrote her answer.

"But it isn't nonsense, my dear grandfather, and I really have left the hospital. I don't know if it was the holiday and the liberty or what, but I felt like that young hawk at Glenfaba—do you remember it?—the one that was partly snared and came dragging the trap on to the lawn by a string caught round its leg. I had to cut it away, I had to, I had to! But you mustn't feel one single moment's uneasiness about me. An able-bodied woman like Glory Quayle doesn't starve in a place like London. Besides, I am provided for already. The first morning after my arrival Mrs. Jupe told me that if I cared to take to myself the style and

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title of teacheress to her little slyboots I had only to say the word and I should be as welcome as the flowers in May. It isn't exactly first fiddling, you know, and it doesn't bring an ambassador's salary, but it may serve for the present and give me time to look about. You mustn't pay too much attention to my lamentations about being compelled by nature to wear a petticoat. Things being so arranged in this world I'll make them do. But it does make one's head swim and one's wings droop to see how hard nature is on a woman compared to a man. Unless she is a genius or a jelly-fish there seems to be only one career open to her and that is a lottery, with marriage for the prizes, and for the blanks—oh dear, oh dear! Not that I have anything to complain of, and I hate to be so sensitive. Life is wonderfully interesting and the world is such an amusing place that I've no patience with people who run away from it, and if I were a man . . . But wait, only wait, good people!"

V.

JOHN STORM had made one other friend at Bishopsgate Street—the dog of the monastery. It was a bloodhound, and nobody seemed to know whence he came and why he was there. He was a huge, ungainly and most forbidding creature, and partly for that reason, but chiefly because it was against rule to fix the affections on earthly things, the brothers rarely caressed him. Unnoticed and unheeded he slept in the house by day and prowled through the court by night, and had hardly ever been known to go out into the streets. He was the strictest monk in the monastery, for he eyed every stranger as if he had been Satan himself and howled at all music except the singing in the church.

On seeing John for the first time he broadened his big jowl and stiffened his thick tail, according to his wont with all intruders, but in this instance the intruder was not afraid. John patted him on the head and rubbed him on the nose, then opened his mouth and examined his teeth, and finally turned him on his back and tickled his chest, and they were fast friends and comrades for ever after.

Some weeks after the dedication they were in the courtyard together, and the dog was pitching and plunging and uttering deep bays which echoed between the walls like thunder at play. It was the hour of morning recreation, between terce and sext, and the religious were lolling about and talking, and one lay brother was sweeping up the leaves that had fallen from the tree, for the winter had come and the branches were bare. The lay brother was Brother Paul, and he made sidelong looks at John but kept his head down and went on with his work without speaking. One by one the brothers went back to the house and John made ready to follow them, but Paul put himself in his way. He was thinner than before, and his eyes were red and his respiration difficult. Nevertheless he smiled in a childlike way and began to talk of the dog. What life there was in the old creature still! and nobody had known there was so much play in it. But John took no notice of that.

"You are not feeling so well, are you?" said John.

"Not quite so well," he answered.

"The day is cold and this penance is too much for you."

"No, it's not that. I asked for it, you know, and I like it. It's something else. To tell you the truth I'm very foolish in some ways. When I've got anything on my mind I'm always thinking. Day and night it's the same with me, and even work——"

His breathing was audible, but he tried to laugh.

"Do you know what it is this time? It's what you said on the roof on the night of the vows, you remember. What you didn't say, I mean—and that's just the trouble. It was wrong to talk of the world without great necessity, but if you had been able to answer me in a word, if you had been able to say 'Yes' when I asked if everybody was well, you would have done it, wouldn't you?"

"We'll not talk of that now," said John.

"No, it would be the same fault as before. Still ——"

"How keen the air is! And your asthma is so troublesome! You must really let me speak to the Father."

"Oh, that's nothing. I'm used to it. But if you know yourself what it is to be always thinking of anybody ——"

John called to the dog and it capered about him. "Good-morning, Brother Paul." And he went into the house.

The lay brother leaned on his bosom and drew a long sigh that seemed to come from the depths of his chest.

John had hastened away lest his voice should betray him.

"Awful!" he thought. "It must be awful to be always thinking of somebody, and in fear of what has happened to her.

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Poor little Polly! She's not worthy of it, but what does that matter? Blood is blood and love is love, and only God is stronger."

A few days afterwards the air darkened and softened, and snow began to fall. Between vespers and evensong John went up on the roof to see London under its mantle of white. It was like an Eastern city now under an Eastern moonlight, and he was listening to the shouts and laughter of people snowballing in the streets when he heard a laboured step on the stair behind him. It was Brother Paul coming up with a spade to shovel away the snow. His features were pinched and contracted, and his young face was looking old and worn.

"John had hastened away lest his voice should betray him."

"You really must not do it," said John. "To work like this is not penance but suicide. I'll speak to the Father and he'll ——"

"Don't, for mercy's sake, don't!" said Paul. "Have some pity at all events. If you only knew what a good thing work is for me—how it drives away thoughts and stifles ——"

"But it's so useless, Brother Paul. Look! The snow is still falling, and there's more to come yet."

"All the same it's good for me. When I'm very tired I can sleep sometimes. And then God is good to you if you don't spare yourself. Some day perhaps He'll tell me something."

"He'll tell us everything in His own good time, Brother Paul."

"It's easy to counsel patience. If I were like you are I should be counting the days until my time was over, and that would help me to bear things. But when you are dedicated for life ——"

He stopped at his work and looked over the parapet, and seemed to be gazing into the weary days to come.

"Have you anybody of your own out there?"

"You mean any ——"

"Any relative—any sister?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what it is; that's why you won't give me an answer."

"Don't ask me, Brother Paul."

"Why not?"

"It might only make you the more uneasy if I told you what ——"

The lay brother let his spade fall, then slowly, very slowly, picked it up again and said—

"I understand. You needn't say any more. I shall never ask you again."

The bell rang for evensong and John hurried away. "Oh, if it were only someone who was deserving of it!" he thought. "Someone who was worthy that a man should risk his soul to save her!"

At supper and in church he saw Brother Paul going about like a man in a waking dream, and when he went up to bed he heard him moving restlessly in the adjoining cell. The fear of betraying himself was becoming unbearable, and he leapt up and stepped out into the corridor intending to ask the Superior to give him another room elsewhere. But he stopped and came back. "It's not brave," he thought, "it's not kind, it's not human," and saying this again and again, as one whistles going by a haunted house, he covered his ears and fell asleep.

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In the middle of the night, while it was still quite dark, he was awakened by a light on his face and the sense of someone looking down on him in his sleep. With a shudder he opened his eyes and saw Brother Paul, candle in hand, standing by the bed. His eyes were red and swollen and when he spoke his voice was full of tears.

"I know it's a fault to come into anybody else's cell," he said; "but I would rather do my penance than endure this torture. Something has happened—I can see that quite well; but I don't know what it is, and the suspense is killing me. The certainty would be easier to bear; and I swear to you by Him who died for us that if you tell me I shall be satisfied. Is she dead?"

"Not that," said John by a sudden impulse, and then there was an awful silence.

"Not dead!" said Paul. "Then would to God that she were dead, for it must be something worse, a thousand times worse!"

John felt as if the secret had been stolen from him in his sleep; but it was gone, and he could say nothing. Brother Paul's lips trembled, his respiration quickened, and he turned away and smote his head against the wall and sobbed.

"I knew it all the time," he said. "Her sister went the same way, and I could see that she was going too, and that was why I was so anxious. Oh, my poor mother! my poor mother!"

For two days after that John saw no more of Brother Paul. "He is doing his penance somewhere," he thought.

Meanwhile the snow was still falling, and when the brothers went out to lauds at 6 a.m. they passed through a cutting of snow which was banked up afresh every morning, though the day had not then dawned. On the third day John was the first to go down to the hall, and there he met Brother Paul, with his spade in his hands, coming out of the courtyard. He looked like a man who was melting before a fire as surely as a piece of wax.

"I am sorry now that I told you," said John.

Brother Paul hung his head.

"It is easy to see that you are suffering more than ever; and it is all my fault. I will go to the Father and confess."

Between breakfast and terce John carried out this intention. The Superior was sitting before a handful of fire, in a little room that was darkened by leather-bound books and by the flakes of snow which were falling across the window-panes.

"Is she dead?"

"Father," said John, "I am a cause of offence to another brother, and it is I who should be doing his penance." And then he told how he had broken the observance which forbids anyone to mention anything relating to the world without.

The Father listened with great solemnity. "My son," he said, "your temptation is a testimony to the reality of the religious life. Satan's rage against the home of consecrated souls is terrible, and he would fain break in

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upon it if he could with worldly thoughts and cares and passions. But we must conquer him by his own weapons. Your penance, my son, shall be of the same kind with your offence. Go to the door and take the place of the doorkeeper, and stay there day and night until the end of the year. Thus shall the evil one be made aware that you are the guardian of our house, and to be tampered with no more."

Brother Andrew was troubled when John took his place at the door that night, but John himself was unconcerned. He was doorkeeper to the household, so he began on the duties of his menial position. If anyone knocked he answered "Praise be to God!" then slid back the little grating in the middle stile of the door and looked out at the stranger. The hall was a chill place, with a stone floor, and he sat on a form that stood against one of its walls. His bed was in an alcove which had formerly been the cloak-room, and a card hung over it with the inscription, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord." He had no company except big Brother Andrew, who stole down sometimes to cheer him with his speechless presence, and the dog, which was always hanging about him.

VI.

It was at least some comfort to be out of the proximity of Brother Paul. The sounds of the lay brother in the neighbouring cell had brought back recollections of Glory, and he had more than he could do to conquer his thoughts of her. Since he had taken his vows and had ceased to mention her in his prayers she had been always with him, and his fears for her fate had been pricked and goaded by the constant presence of Brother Paul's anxieties.

On the other hand it was some loss that he could not go to the church, and he remembered with a pang how happy he had been after a night of terrors when he had gone into God's house in the morning and cast his burden on Him with one yearning cry of "God bless all women and young children!"

It was now the Christmas season and his heart tingled and thrilled as the brothers passed through the door at midday and talked of the women who attended the Christmas services. Were they really so calm as they seemed to be, and had they conquered their natural affections?

Sometimes during the midday service he would slide back the grating and listen for the women's voices. He heard one voice in all of them, but he knew it was only a dream. Then he would watch the snow falling from the little patch of dun-coloured sky crossed by bars and tell himself that that was all he was to see of the world henceforth.

The sky emptied itself at last, and Brother Paul came again to shovel away the snow. He was weaker than ever, for the wax was melting away. When he began to work his chest was oppressed and his face was feverish. John snatched the spade out of his hand and fell to doing his work instead of him.

"I can't bear to see it, and I won't!" he said.

"But the Father ——?"

"I don't care—you can tell him if you like. You are killing yourself by inches, and you are a dying man any way."

"Am I really dying?" said Brother Paul, and he staggered away like one who had heard his sentence of death.

John looked after him and thought, "Now what should I do if I were in that man's place? If the case were Glory's—and I fixed here as in a vice?"

He was ashamed when he thought of Glory like that, and he dismissed the idea, but it came back with mechanical obstinacy and he was compelled to consider it. His vows? Yes, it would be death to the soul to break them. But if she were lost who had no one but him to look to—if she went down to wreck and ruin, then the fires of hell would be as nothing to his despair.

Brother Paul came to him next day and sat on the form by his side and said—

"If I'm really dying what am I to do?"

"What would you like to do, Brother Paul?"

"I should like to go out and find her."

"What good would there be in that?"

"I could say something that would stop her and put an end to everything."

"Are you sure of it?"

A wild light came into his eyes and he answered, "Quite sure."

John played the hypocrite and began to counsel patience.

"But a man can't live without hope and not go mad," said Brother Paul.

"We must trust and pray," said John.

"But God never answers us. If it were your own case what would you do? If someone outside were lost ——?"

"I should go to the Father and say, 'Let me go in search of her.'"

"I'll do it," said Brother Paul.

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"Why not? The Father is kind and tender, and he loves his children."

"Yes, I *will* do it," said Paul, and he made for the Father's room.

He got to the door of the cell and then came back again. "I can't," he said.

"But if he will not ——"

"Then—God's will be done!"

It was morning and the Superior was reading in his room.

"Come in, my son," he said, and he laid his book on his lap. "This is a book you

"I can't bear to see it, and I won't!"

"There's something you don't know. I can't look in his face and ask."

"Stay here and I'll ask for you," said John.

"God bless you!" said Paul.

John made three hasty strides and then stopped.

must read some day—the 'Inner Life of Père Lacordaire.' Most fascinating! An inner life of intolerable horror until he had conquered his natural affections."

"Father," said John, "one of our lay brothers has a little sister in the world and

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she has fallen into trouble. She has gone from the place where he left her and God only knows where she is now. Let him go out and find her."

"Who is it, my son?"

"Brother Paul—and she is all he has, and he cannot help but think of her."

"This is a temptation of the evil one, my son. Brother Paul has newly taken the vows and so have you. The vows are a challenge to the powers of evil, and it is only to be expected that he who takes them will be tested to the uttermost."

"But, Father, she is young and thoughtless. Let him go out and find her and save her, and he will come back and praise God a thousand times the more."

"The temptations of Satan are very subtle, they come in the guise of duty. Satan is tempting our brother through love and you, also through pity. Let us turn our backs on him."

"Then it is impossible?"

"Quite impossible."

When John returned to the door Brother Paul was standing by the alcove gazing with wet eyes on the text hanging above the bed. He saw his answer in John's face, and they sat down on the form without speaking.

The bell rang for service and the religious began to pass through the hall. As the Father was crossing the threshold Brother Paul flung himself down at his feet and clutched his cassock and made a frantic appeal for pity.

"Father, have pity upon me and let me go!"

The Father's eyes became moist but his will remained unshaken. "As a man I ought to have pity," he said, "and as the Father of all of you I should be kind to my children; but it is not I who refuse you, it is God, and I should be guilty of a sin if I let you go."

Then Paul burst into mad laughter and the religious gathered round and looked at him in astonishment. There was foam on his lips and fire in his eyes, and he threw up his hands and fell back fainting.

The Father made the sign of the cross on his breast and his lips moved in silence for a moment. Then he said to John, who had raised the lay brother in his arms—

"Leave him there. Damp his forehead and hold his hands."

And turning to the religious he added, "I ask the prayers of the community for our poor brother. Satan is fighting for his soul. Let us wrestle in prayer that we may expel the spirit that possesses him."

At the next moment John was alone with the unconscious man, except for the dog which was licking his forehead. And looking after the Superior he told himself that such unlimited power over the body and soul of another the Almighty could have meant for no man. The love of God and the fear of the devil had swallowed up the love of man and stifled all human affections. Such religion must have hardened the best man ever born and left nothing to distinguish him from the brute. As for the poor broken creature lying there so still, his vows had been made to heaven and to heaven alone his obedience was due. The nature within him had spoken too loudly, but there were laws of nature which it was a sin to resist. Then why should he resist them? The cry of blood was the voice of God, or God had no voice and He could speak to no man. Then why should he not listen?

Brother Paul recovered consciousness and raised his head. The waves of memory flowed back upon him and his eyes flamed and his lip trembled.

"I will go if I have to break my vows," he said.

"No need for that," said John.

"Why so?"

"Because I will let you out at night and let you in again in the morning."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Listen!"

And then these two crushed and fettered souls, bound by no iron bonds, confined by no bolts and bars, but only under the shadow of the supernatural, sat together like prisoners in a dungeon concocting schemes for their escape.

"The Father locks the outer gate himself," said John. "Where does he keep the key?"

"In his own room on a nail above his bed," said Paul.

"Who is the lay brother attending to him now?"

"Brother Andrew."

"Brother Andrew will do anything for me," said John.

"But the dog?" said Paul. "He is always in the court at night, and he barks at the sound of a step."

"Not my step," said John.

"I'll do it," said Paul.

"I will send you to someone who can find your sister. You'll tell her you come from me and she'll take you with her."

They could hear the singing in the church and they paused to listen.

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"Paul threw up his hands and fell back fainting."

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"When I come back in the morning I'll confess everything and do my penance," said Paul.

"And I too," said John.

The sun had come out with a sudden gleam and the thawing snow was dripping from the tree in drops like diamonds. The singing ceased, the service ended, and the brothers came back to the house. When the Father entered Paul was clothed and in his right mind and sitting quietly on the form.

"Thank God for this answer to our prayers!" he said. "But you must pray without ceasing lest Satan should conquer you again. Until the end of the year say your 'Hail Mary' in the church every night alone from compline to midnight."

Then turning to John he said with a smile, "And you shall be like the anchoret of old to this household, my son. We monks pray by day, but the anchoret prays by night. Unless we know that in the dark hours the anchoret guards the house who shall rest on his bed in peace?"

(*To be continued.*)

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AN AFTERNOON CHAT WITH MR. JAMES PAYN.

By Mary Angela Dickens.

IT is difficult to imagine a pleasanter room—a room at once brighter, more comfortable, and more suggestive. On one side are long windows opening on to a veranda and leading into a delightful garden beyond—the garden of a square truly, but boasting trees as beautiful as need be. Through these windows the sunshine streams. It rests upon books, pictures, details of all kinds, each with its own charm of association, and it rests finally upon the owner of all these things—the very centre of the cheery atmosphere of the room—Mr. James Payn himself.

From a photo by [*Elliott & Fry.*

MR. JAMES PAYN.

Full of fun, full of genial kindliness, with an intimate knowledge of literary matters present and past, Mr. Payn is the most delightful companion possible. He will pass from one subject to another, throwing sidelights of all kinds on everything he touches—sidelights of experience, sidelights of keen intuition, sidelights of spontaneous and always kindly humour. There is hardly a branch of literature with which Mr. Payn is not practically acquainted; there is certainly no branch of the subject on which he has not something to say well worth the hearing. Many men have experience, though in few men is it so vivid as it is with Mr. Payn. But few men, bringing with them so much from the past, have so keen an appreciation of the present. It is his extraordinary "up-to-dateness" which is pre-eminently noticeable in his talk. He is as closely in touch with the literary world of the moment as though he still stood in the thick of the fight with his way yet to make. He is eager over the younger men—their excellencies, their successes—full of bright sympathy with their triumphs.

"Go and look at those candlesticks," he tells you, "on the table there, with the inkstand. They were given me by Merriman and Stanley Weyman; they were two of the young men to whom I happened to be able to be of use in their early days. Have you read 'The Sowers'?" he interpolates eagerly. "Isn't it a good book? There's a horribly laudatory inscription on the inkstand. But I tell them the best part of the affair is that they should be able to give silver candlesticks and inkstands." He speaks the last words with a genial laugh; its echoes make a background while you read the lines from Pope engraved upon the inkstand, and you understand something of what its owner must have been to the givers as they made their struggling way up the steep hill of success.

Nor is it only his own protégés, so to speak, who excite Mr. Payn's enthusiasm. Most men can excite themselves over their own "finds." But all good work, all "movement"—in the right direction, be it understood—enlist Mr. Payn's eager interest. He reads all the "new men," and he has

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something to say of them all. And it is essentially characteristic of him that even when that something is not approval it is so expressed that it hardly sounds like condemnation. Mr. Payn has been a reviewer of books for many years, as everybody knows. And yet "I never wrote a bad notice in my life," he declares, "except in one case where I thought the book was immoral. When I don't like a book I simply leave it alone; when I like it, I like to say so." In his "Literary Recollections" Mr. Payn has told us about the first newspaper notice his own work ever received—a good notice of course. "It was like ten thousand tonics in a single dose," he says. "When I became a reviewer myself, and had to deal with a young author who had genuine merit in him, I never failed to recall the encouragement I had myself received when I most needed it." But those who know him may be forgiven for doubting whether this incentive to justice was ever in the least needed by Mr. Payn, or whether the root of the matter does not lie considerably deeper—in his own nature indeed. For in every word he speaks, as surely as in every word he writes, rings that kindliness of truest penetration to which the good reveals itself more swiftly and distinctly than the bad.

It is well worth noticing, in connection with James Payn the reviewer, that this critic, absolutely incapable as he is of writing a malicious line, has the strongest possible opinion on the subject of signed critiques.

"It's a mistake," he says emphatically. "The fashion seems to be going out, and I'm glad of it. The critic ought to be impersonal. You don't speak of a man, even when you praise him, exactly as you speak to him—it's impossible. And if you write a criticism of your friend's work and sign it with your name, you're speaking directly to him. It must influence your point of view. It's inevitable; it can't be helped."

Turning from the work of other people to his own work, Mr. Payn becomes very much less eager, less explicit, and altogether non-enthusiastic. You feel rather as though, in effecting the transition, you had put out your light with an extinguisher! The actual facts of his career—profoundly dull reading, in Mr. Payn's opinion—are as follows: He was born at Cheltenham, and educated originally for the army. Why the army should have been the profession chosen for a boy who preferred the fireside and "The Mysteries of Udolpho" to a day's hunting, and who, to quote his own words, "was a homebird in every feather," is neither here nor there. Nature interposed, and ill-health brought about the lad's removal from Woolwich. A university career followed, with the Church as a goal. It was during these years that James Payn published his first book, a volume of poems called "Stories from Boccaccio." Poetry was his first, and perhaps always his dearest, literary love. He drifted away from her however, as men have done before and since, urged by such sordid considerations as a desire to see himself more frequently in print and a respect for pecuniary remuneration. He had an interval of uphill struggle, in the course of which his work won the recognition of the editors of *Household Words* and *Chambers's Journal*. He became a regular contributor to both these papers. Before very long he succeeded Mr. Leitch Ritchie as editor of *Chambers's Journal*. He wrote many books and a great number of miscellaneous articles. He "advanced in public favour," he says of himself, "but only in a moderate way." Then he produced "Lost Sir Massingberd." The book was a conspicuous success, and James Payn had "arrived," as the slang phrase has it. He had "arrived," and he had "come to stay." He had come to occupy a prominent and almost unique position in the literary life of his time. And yet, be it observed that this man of many "lines," this novelist, journalist, critic and publisher's reader, altogether falls foul, first and foremost, of the assumption that he was ever what is currently understood as "a great worker," that he ever worked for long hours, or in any way made a slave of himself.

"I never did imaginative work after one o'clock," he says. "I kept the afternoon for more mechanical work; and I never worked at all after four or five. After that time I used to go down to the club and play whist. It's a question of concentration," he adds, warming a little to his subject as it becomes more abstract. "If a man walks about and stares out of window he won't get through much, and he'll have to spend more hours at it. And some men, you know, have a way of saying, 'Hullo! here's a fine day! Let's go up the river!' And that doesn't answer. After all Trollope's principle was the right one—regular work, regular hours. But he turned out exactly the same quantity of work every day, and that, I am bound to say, I never did. I don't see how he managed it."

He pauses a moment, and then, with his mind still running on the question of hard

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work as represented by long hours, he goes on: "But then I never made engagements ahead; that's the mistake so many of us make nowadays. Of course it's a temptation. What everyone wants is permanent employment, and permanent employment of the genuine kind isn't easily found. If you've orders four years ahead that's a very fair substitute for a permanency. But it's a mistake. You may be ill—you may very easily be ill—but even without that any number of things may interfere, and there you are, bound, whether you can turn out good work or bad; the mere idea would be enough to make me ill at once."

During the past ten or fifteen years the spread of education has revolutionised literature, though perhaps rather as a trade than as an art. And on this subject Mr. Payn's conclusions are particularly interesting.

"Everybody reads nowadays," he says, "and the difference in the demand for books—I mean within my memory—is enormous, enormous! There's a new public altogether. It doesn't affect the classics much, but it has created a tremendous flood of second and third-rate books and magazines. That's what the mass of the public wants—second and third-rate literature. People like to find their own floating ideas expressed for them; they like the imagination that doesn't go over their heads. Look at the popularity of Tupper—that's the way to account for it. There's an immense public for the commonplace—immense!"

"As to the 'New Woman' literature," Mr. Payn continues genially, "that appeals to a very small public. Have I ever seen a 'New Woman'? Why, no"—this with the cheeriest laugh—"and to tell you the truth, I don't believe she exists, or if she does there are not more than half a dozen specimens of her."

On the subject of one much-discussed point in connection with the influence of literature, Mr. Payn has exceedingly definite and distinct opinions. Indeed such a thing as a half-hearted opinion is wholly incompatible with his temperament. The idea that the young ruffians who present themselves as precocious candidates for prison discipline have been assisted in their criminal development by the "penny dreadful," in which they are popularly supposed to steep their young souls, is regarded by Mr. Payn as a fallacy of the most patent description.

"If boys are bad, bad they will be, whatever they read," he says. "And the average boy gets no harm from the 'dreadfuls'—not that they are so very dreadful, as far as I see, for the villains always come to a bad end. Boys like excitement and adventure in their stories; that's what they read for."

The position of publisher's reader is one involving experiences many and various, and Mr. Payn is not the man to let experience go by him without extracting its last iota of humour or pathos.

"I've made my mistakes," he says frankly, "and I've had my successes. 'Vice Versâ' was one of my successes. It had been refused by ever so many publishers before I had it. There's a delightful book! I never laughed so much in my life as I laughed over that. And 'John Inglesant' was one of my failures. Yes, I refused 'John Inglesant'—and then I forgot all about it!"

The story of this episode is so good that it must be given in Mr. Payn's own words, although, as he says, he has told it already in disguised form.

"A paragraph appeared in one of the papers," says Mr. Payn, "asserting in round terms that I had had the stupidity to refuse 'John Inglesant.' I was extremely indignant at the libel, as I considered it, and I showed it to my chief when he happened to come into my room.

"'Look here,' I said, 'what these fellows are saying! Did you ever see anything so infamous? I can't stand it! I shall write and contradict it!'

"'I don't think I would trouble to do that,' was the soothing reply. 'What does it matter? They will say anything, you know.'

"'Oh, but I really must!' I said. 'It's altogether beyond a joke. I shall write to the man and give him a piece of my mind.'

"'I don't think I would if I were you,' persisted my chief.

"'Why not?' I demanded.

"'Because—well, because you *did* refuse "John Inglesant," you know.'

"'I did nothing of the kind,' I protested. 'Refuse "John Inglesant!" I refuse "John Inglesant!" I never heard of such a thing!'

"'Let's have up the letter-book,' was the mild suggestion.

"So the letter-book was brought," concludes Mr. Payn with a delicious mixture of ruefulness and enjoyment, "and there it was in black and white! I had refused 'John Inglesant,' and my publisher had never said a word of it to me. Wasn't it good of him?"

A characteristic last word. As such let it stand.

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'VARSITY TALES.

By Max Pemberton.

Illustrated by T. S. C. Crowther.

III.—THE BOATING MAN.

THERE is a ballad, well known to all boating men, though not included in any recent Minstrelsy, which asks the pertinent question—

Oh, where and oh, where is the little Cam gone,
Oh, where and oh, where can it be?
It's very hard lines on the ocean wave
If it ever gets down to the sea.

I have no pretence to accurate knowledge in criticising this offensive production, but it has always seemed to me that it must have been written by an Oxford man. Diminutive the Cam is, diminutive and dwindling, and lacking in the altogether superfluous ornament of tree and hill; nevertheless I make bold to say that she is an exceedingly dignified river, well able to defend herself. Indeed when the sun waxes hot in June and the odours of Barnwell are disseminated by the sweet breezes of late spring, there can be no question of the potency of her weapons. Yet who does not love her? Where is the oarsman whose heart does not quicken at the magic word?

It is not my purpose however to defend the Cam from the malignant satirists who have never known the true spirit or been called to the company of the aquatically saved. Should the mere spectator be in doubt as to the importance of this queen of rivers, or labour under the delusion that someone has taken her away in a bucket, you have but to lead him to the 'Varsity boathouse early on an afternoon in May when the eights are getting into their light ships and the spring poet has no feet for earth or sea. The spectacle he will see then might interest even a stockbroker. The flash of garish colour, the blazers of all hues, the graceful shape of the eights, the *mêlée* wherein tubs and pairs and funnies are jumbled as in the press of a regatta, contrive an *ensemble* which no other river in the world can show. It is true that they have more water at Oxford, but *que voulez-vous?* there is no charm in mere water, else is the Serpentine a finer river than the Isis. Assuredly, however, there is an indisputable fascination in the very shortcomings of the Cam. These compel her children to love her with a great love, to speak of the "ditch" in those hushed tones which witness to a lasting affection. She is an exacting mistress, but tribute is paid willingly.

* * * *

There is an historic chestnut often cracked at Cambridge which embodies in a time-honoured narrative the enduring affection of the boating man for his sport. This story tells of an old don whose remoter glory as an oarsman had been long since forgotten. An archdeacon had this worthy man become, performing archidiaconal functions to the spiritual and bodily welfare of a considerable flock. In his younger days he had worn the blue and been captain of his boat, but as years weighed upon him he forgot the pastime and wasted the precious hours upon such mistaken labours as "Tragoediae et Fragmenta cum Annotatt." One day it happened that he was strolling along the river bank at a moment in the Lent term when the races were being held. Quite unconscious of the meaning of the press and noise, absorbed in a perusal of his new edition of Hooker, he permitted the roaring throng of boating men to hustle past him until suddenly the magic word "Caius—well rowed, Caius!" struck upon his ear. In that moment the years were bridged. The archdeacon looked up to see the black and blue of his own college conspicuous in a very whirlwind of colour. From a hundred throats, a hundred rattles, a hundred horns, the babble arose. Caius were upon the point of bumping Hall, and the spectacle filled the veins of the godly don with the blood of youth. Away went his Hooker, away went his umbrella. "On to it, stroke!" he bawled. "Bow, you're late!" he screamed. "Row it

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out, seven!" he yelled. Panting, perspiring, stumbling, shouting, he followed the mad crowd. "O seven, get on to it—longer stroke! Bow, you're late—for goodness' sake, bow! Oh, blazes!"

At this moment the archidiaconal instinct prevailed above the aquatic. Stopping suddenly, as though the great pit he spoke of had opened at his feet, the saintly man wiped his brow and begged pity of his hearers.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "where am I—what have I said?"

They did not tell him, but pointing to

"Bow, you're late!"

the triumphant eight, they led him back to his Hooker and his umbrella and sent him upon his way rejoicing.

* * * *

The career of the boating man begins in his academic infancy. In nine cases out of ten he will be a mere novice, the sport of superior persons and the victim of unnecessary language, when first he goes to Cambridge. As a freshman his boat captain takes immediate possession of him, convincing him that he should never have been born and that suicide is his only career! In his first term he will be tubbed diligently—not with soap and soda as are the elderly ladies of the pantomime, but in a small boat where the superior person in question will reduce him to that fit state of humility beloved of the catechism. By and by he will be put into a college trial, and if he be victorious, will be given a guinea to go out and buy a toy—a pewter mug to wit. This will convince his children and his children's children of the greatness of his youth. It is not until his first May term that he may hope to get a seat in one of the college eights; it will be in his second or third year that, efficiency being assumed, the colours will be given to him. After this his career is in the president's hands. Blues are born and not made. Heaven sends most of them to Eton, where the "dear little boys," with a weight of thirteen stone apiece, send eights to Henley to beat the "great big men" whose average weight may be eleven stone. I shall never forget an old Irish woman who harangued an eight of my own college which was beaten by Eton in the final of the Ladies' Plate some few years ago. The Eton crew was one of the best ever sent up by Dr. Warre. Muttlebury had a seat in it; the others were the men who won Oxford victory in the famous years from '90 onwards. Our men hailing from Cambridge "college" weighed some ten stone odd apiece; the "little lads" from Eton school had an average of thirteen stone odd. When the lads won—as they did—with ease, the elderly Irish lady standing upon the town bridge took her pipe from her mouth and addressed the losers feelingly—

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"Houly saints!" she cried, "but it's meself that is glad this day. Would ye be bating the dear chilthren. Shame on ye ye dirty big men for thinkin' it! The Lord be praised if I had a shillelagh in me hand this minut' 'tis on yer heads I'd crack it sure!"

The good woman, I understand, made an attempt to embrace the "dear children" subsequently, but with what success I never learnt

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I have spoken of the possession which is taken by the boat captain of the freshman. If rowing be a sort of polite slavery in the first year of a man's university career, the subsequent terms do little to relieve the bondage. Once an oarsman, always an oarsman is the maxim. Terms roll by, winters and summers are numbered, but still the "wet-bob" is at his oar. Every day for him is as every other day—varied only by those spells of training which precede the Lent and the May recess. In the morning he may spare a few hours for those necessary accomplishments which will seduce ponderous examiners to the belief that he has the knowledge and the scholarship of a fourth form lad. But once he has lunched, the river claims him. Speaking of the type and not of the individual, I should describe him as a heavily-built man, generally clad in covert coat or checks of startling pattern. He walks with a lurch, though his shoulders are square enough; a fox terrier follows obediently at his heels. He is not a man ordinarily of large conversational powers, his salutation being limited to a monosyllabic greeting. Though he has to ride a horse when he is coaching an eight, he is not an accomplished equestrian, and often you may hear him bawling, "Bo-ow-ow, yo-ou-ou're l-a-a-a-t-e," the broken syllables representing the music of the trot to which he is not accustomed. But he is a man of large heart, not infrequently a fair scholar, and commonly one who holds his place in the greater battle of the world. Sometimes, of course, the merely animal is very marked in your man of aquatic fame. I remember one of the most honoured of our blues who never could make two and two anything but five. I was in for the "Little-go" at the same time as this jovial fellow, and his perplexity when they set a paper in Greek Testament before him was distressing. Subsequently he confessed his trouble to me.

"That passage for translation," he said, "was it the disciples going through the cornfields, or the publican and the sinner in the Temple? I spotted a couple of words and tossed up for it. It came down heads—which meant publican."

I consoled him as gently as possible.

"My dear fellow, it was the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Your halfpenny isn't in luck to-day."

He shook his head sadly, consoling himself with the assurance that Greek is a supererogatory study. How he got his degree subsequently, I never learnt. Perhaps the gods smile upon blues. Certainly one of his answers in the science special was unique, for when they asked him to give a list of the better known fossils of the Eocene, he wrote, "These are so common they must be familiar to all."

* * * *

A man needs to be but a little time at Cambridge before many stories of the blues are made known to him. The first figure, still mighty and resplendent, of which he will hear is that of old Tom Hockin, of Jesus. Tom Hockin rows in a lifeboat now—at least he did some years ago when he became one of a squirearchy in the South. In his day no brighter sun ever shone upon Cambridge. They say that the fame of Tom was so great that once when he found himself—probably to his exceeding surprise—in the 'Varsity church a little boy in the gallery was unable to restrain himself, and cried, to the amazement of the select preacher, "Well rowed, 'Ockin!" For nearly a decade the glory of Tom Hockin waxed strong in Cambridge. Then he went off to his lifeboat, and the local fisherman told him that if he wanted to learn to row he'd better "lug his hoar a bit at the hend."

Linked with Hockin's is the name of Rhodes, of Jesus, that great oarsman who, having played all day in a 'Varsity cricket match, came down one ever to be remembered evening in June and stroked his college crew when it was head of the river. Whether men of this calibre—the Hockins, the Rhodes, the Goldies—were greater wonders than some of their successors is a question this generation may not decide. Unquestionably time has added to their prestige, has made of them, as it were, aquatic models which must serve for many generations. Modern men, perhaps, might contend that we have never seen a finer stroke than West, a finer heavy-weight than Mr.

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Muttlebury, but these, great as is their renown, do not yet enjoy the patriarchal distinction of the others. Mr. West I hold to be the prettiest stroke that ever sat in a boat. And he was something of a wit, too. His retort to Moore in the race of 1883, when the Cambridge president remarked to him, "We've got you on toast this time, West," is historic. "Mind the toast is not buttered, and that you don't slip off!" were the words. And the toast was very much buttered. Does not aquatic history relate how that Oxford, against whom the odds of three to one were laid, slipped away at the start, West rowing magnificently, and were never again headed. "We thought we should catch them every minute," said Fox, of Trinity, afterwards; "it was only when the race was lost that we knew we should never catch them." West, it is possible to assume, was of that opinion all the time.

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It is demanded of a great rowing figure that he must never give way to uncontrollable enthusiasm, except it be at a bump supper. All our greatest rowing men have been men of silence, grave, reverend, if slightly blasphemous seigneurs. Even in the face of mundane impertinence or obstruction your rowing man must control his tongue. I heard a story the other day—heaven knows if it be true or false—of this wonderful control as exemplified by Mr. Muttlebury at a recent Henley regatta. He was coaching a coxswainless four at the time, and it befell that a couple of Cockneys out in a "shilling-an-hourer" rammed the bows of the four and seriously damaged the ship. Subsequently the Cockneys rowed to shore, and one of them strolled up to argue it out with the famous light blue coach. Did Mr. Muttlebury answer him with angry words? Did he expostulate or reason? Not at all. He picked up the Cockney by the scruff of the neck and threw him into the river. An Oxford blue, leaning, hands in pockets, against the boat-tent, approved the action warmly. "Bravo, Muttle.!" he cried, without changing his position, "throw him in again!"

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But a boating man has much to do before he may enjoy a fame like this. Let us assume for the moment that he is merely rowing in his college eight in the merry month of May. To follow him through a day's work at such a season is not without interest, as showing the typical life of the athlete. He will be up at seven o'clock in the morning unfailingly; or if he be not, his boat captain will be there to remind him with a wet sponge that the cock has crowed on any number of hills since dawn. There is nothing like a wet sponge to help a man to the habit of early rising or to school him to that nice distinction of phrase which befits a well-balanced mind. And once you have your man out of bed the rest is easy. Vanity does not compel him to linger long over his toilet when that toilet consists of a pair of thick flannels, a sweater, and a blazer. Tubbed and well-rubbed down, our man

"Bravo, Muttle.!"

passes from his college to the backs, and there runs for a quarter of an hour, oblivious of the beauties of the scene and mindful only of the indecent partiality of aquatic people for early habits. It will be half-past seven or more when this fellow returns to his room, to put on the modest checks and to go to chapel. All boating men go to morning chapel when they are in training, to the delight of the dean, who lives in the hope that one day they will come and hear him preach. And when chapel is done there is breakfast, such a breakfast as might move your town man to all the adjectives of disgust. Porridge—great bowls of it; chops and eggs—piles of them; fish—three for

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each man ; bread –loaves of the best, "yesterday's," to be consumed with layers of "squish" or fine ripe jam. And tea is the drink, I may say, weak tea, of which you may consume two cups and not a drop more. Small wonder if a man feels slightly pensive and dolorous after a breakfast such as this ; small wonder if his walk be slow and his air dejected.

From breakfast until one or two o'clock the boating man's time is his own, but he must be a hero if he can devote it to the making of elegiacs or to the niceties of conics. Very possibly, the day being sunny and the town of Cambridge full of "sisters," he will go for a stroll along King's Parade, buying things for which he has no earthly use, or inspecting the tobacconist's store with the greedy eyes of the man who may not smoke. This will give him an appetite for the chop and the half-pint of beer or claret and water he will get at one o'clock. Fortified for the second time, he goes off to the river to grapple with the tremendous work of the day. Were you to offer him a pound a week and his meals to perform this work as a paid servant he would treat your offer with scorn ; but being a servant of honour he thinks nothing of it, going out to let a coach blackguard him in a tub, and rowing subsequently to Baitsbite and back with the air of a man who is enjoying himself. Thereafter he will return to college, though not to afternoon tea, for tea is forbidden ; but his dinner will be worthy of the great eaters of the past, and when that is done, it is ten to one that he will go to sleep in his armchair with an uncut "Apology" open, for the look of the thing, on the reading desk at his side. A month of such slavery fits him for the great race week, and he is ready to make a Cambridge holiday, though he would resent the suggestion. Should he reap victory, his reward is a little bunch of flowers worn in his hat. No pot or medal, or even impossible clock, testifies to his success. They work you like a horse at Cambridge, and for your pains thank you that you permitted them to spring rattles and ring bells, to fire off pistols, and to bawl with mighty lungs.

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I say that no reward awaits the boating man, yet this is a manner of speech. Perhaps the most cherished reward of all is that moment when he learns that training is done, and that he has his liberty once more. No tongue can express the delight of this ! The last race is rowed, the cheers ring out from twenty boathouses ; the banks of the Cam are still bright with the fine raiment of the "sisters" ; the hoarse throats of victors continue to proclain the victory. But our boating man has no ears for the cries, no eyes for the fine raiment. He is dressing now, dressing with the feverish impatience of a man on his bridal day. Away go "shorts," away go "longs," he will not want those for many a month. Garbed once more in the festive checks, he hastens across Jesus Piece to his rooms. Thank heaven, he will light a pipe this night which all Cambridge shall not put out ! And tea, tea with muffins and crumpets and cakes full of currants, and swelling buns—anything so long as it is properly indigestible. There is a sardonic joy in thinking that a boat captain can domineer no longer ; a tremulous pleasure in recalling that month of suffering when the pipe has dried upon the chimney-piece and the cigars have been smoked by heretics who do not row. Better this hour than a hundred pots of german silver. The memory of such a reward will linger many a day, will come again in age bitterly as a vision of the gardens of youth.

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That an apocalypse should have been preached of late years against the bump supper is very fit and proper. Happily we have broken with the drinking traditions of our forefathers ; we measure a man's worth no longer by the number of bottles he can consume. And while in recent years it would be folly to pretend that strong drink is one of the evils of universities, nevertheless the excitement of a bump supper has intoxicated many a man. I have seen boys who scorned the tippler's habit as drunk with the mere effort of shouting and bawling —added perhaps to the third of a bottle of champagne—as a sailor fresh from a voyage to the Indies. I have seen a promising fellow with no vice in him sent down to ruin because in a moment of hilarious excitement following upon a bump supper he undressed in the Market Place and insisted on bathing there at midnight. Instances might be multiplied *ad nauseam*. One of the most sedate oarsmen of my day nearly wrecked his career fifteen years ago by a freak of folly so ludicrous that the pen almost hesitates to set it down. A bump supper was the occasion, of course. The good fellow drank a little wine and then fell into a fit of despondency. He crept away from

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the table; he hid himself, no man knew where. At midnight we set out to search for him. He was found at last quietly taking up the carpet of the combination room. There he sat in the dark room, alone and absorbed. Nail after nail he wrenched from the floor. Remonstrance and persuasion were alike unavailing to drag him from his self-appointed task.

"Go away," he said to the friends who would have put him to bed, "go away, I have my work to do!"

This man is a distinguished barrister now. I never see him but I recall that moment when he took up the carpet in the combination room at—but no matter. His case is the case of hundreds of others. You meet a friend walking the way of life sedately, a doctor, a lawyer, even a parson, and the first thing you remember is a folly which that friend perpetrated at his last bump supper. Scarcely a month ago I came face to face with a manikin in a northern suburb, a manikin I knew fifteen years ago at Cambridge. But how changed from that undergraduate who, in the prime of a lusty youth, had steered our boat so magnificently. Checks no longer adorned his little limbs. He was dressed in the sombre black of the curate. Five ancient ladies hung upon his words. To them, I do not doubt, he points the straight and narrow way. When last I saw him at Cambridge he was inside his own piano, treading on the wires and calling all the world to witness that he was the wreck of the *Hesperus!* Does he remember that night, I wonder; does a thought of it ever occur to him when from the pulpit he proclaims the text, "My brethren, be sober, vigilant and watchful, or your adversary the devil will put you in a piano?" One of life's little ironies assuredly.

Eccentricities such as these have helped not a little to rob the bump supper of its glory. Dons protest that it is better to send a boating man supperless to bed than to have him abroad in the courts of his college seeking, like a ravenous beast, whom he may devour. With such a decision it is impossible to quarrel. In my own college the bump supper received its death-blow when a band of ravaging oarsmen took it into their heads to paint all the statues white. Armed with many buckets of whitewash, masked and wearing slippers of felt, the eight, fresh from the celebration of victory, crept into the great court at midnight and began upon the statue of a famous doctor for whom deans pray devoutly when they remember our

ON THE LANDING-STAGE.

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benefactors. This illustrious man shone next morning with the whiteness of snow new fallen. A little devil painted upon his chest might have suggested a san-benito; he had red eyes and the suggestion of a Union Jack deftly sketched upon that portion of his body which the schoolboy described as "the place where you don't hit people." Unhappily the venerable doctor was not alone among the historic dead in having his statue desecrated. Elsewhere in the court white deans, white bishops, white mathematicians testified to the exuberant joy of the bump supper. The wanton act damaged irreparably work which had cost many thousands of pounds; while it was deeply resented by the sane among undergraduates, it remained unpunished. The eight wore the masks to the last. The very man who had handled the desecrating brush was assured by the senior tutor that "he could not possibly know anything about so dastardly an outrage."

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Dons are but human. No man likes to think that his statue will be painted white when he has been a "long time dead." Nevertheless this outrage alone might not have killed the bump supper in our place had not it been supplemented a year later by a strange and wholly inexplicable attack upon the plates off which the bump supper was eaten. Prompted by heaven knows what impulse, a dozen silly youths took it into their heads to walk up and down the glass-decked tables of the hall; and afterwards, the hour being midnight, to use the two hundred plates upon which the feast had been served as so many skittles. The leader of the gang, dressed in his shirt and wearing a lamp shade for headgear, called upon the dean at one o'clock in the morning and endeavoured to seduce him to an argument for the Christian religion. Failing in this, the bright idea came to him that he might unscrew the gates of the chapel. Many willing hands were ready to further the notion. At daybreak the chapel gates were safely housed in the rooms of a man who had gone down. Three weeks passed before the dons found them. When the day of discovery came the gentleman who had led the gang was with his friends, enjoying a vacation which has not yet drawn to a close. It began ten years ago.

It would be unfair to ask follies such as these to witness to the life of the boating man. We have come to believe nowadays that the gospel of muscle may well be preached from the same pulpit as the gospel of mind. No sport has more distinguished children to adorn the moral than the sport of rowing. Judges who once bawled at First Post or at Ditton, now deliver judgments in modulated and dulcet accents. Counsels hammer upon deed-boxes who once hammered upon the necessity of "keeping it long." The greater honours of the river endure to a man's death. "He rowed in the 'Varsity eight of such a year." The introduction is perfect. The eyes of the simpering Miss are aglow with a tender admiration. Her father asks after his young friend's heart, coming to the conclusion ultimately that, diseased though it may be, it has not impaired his appetite or spoilt his palate for "sixty-three" port. And of course the heart of every rowing man is diseased. Ask your local doctor and he will tell you that it must be so. Possibly, as some of the judges have shown us, you may attain the comfortable age of ninety with an organ so imperfect. That is another story.

* * * *

Whatever his subsequent physical weakness, the blue remains the light of his university while he is in residence. It is instructive to stand on the banks of the Cam any day in the May term and to watch the honour which is paid to the worn blue coat or the tattered blue cap. All colours come and go, but this alone compels homage. Here is the red and black of Jesus, once potent to awe; there the black and white of the Hall and of the immortal Mr. Trevor Jones; here the dark blue of First; there the scarlet of John's. You pass them by with a critical word. How different it is if, among colours so brilliant, the faded light blue of a 'Varsity oarsman be detected. Men run then that they may watch the great man's blade or listen to the words of wisdom which fall from his lips. Sometimes these words are words of sarcasm. I heard a well-known blue remark the other day to the seven of a college eight, who had momentarily released his hold of the oar during an easy, "Seven, don't forget your oar; you might want it!" The freshman wonders how it would feel to wear such a coat. Will the day ever come for him? He tells himself that it will, and is going on to dream other dreams when the voice of his coach shatters the visions.

"Sit up five! You look like a bag of sawdust!"

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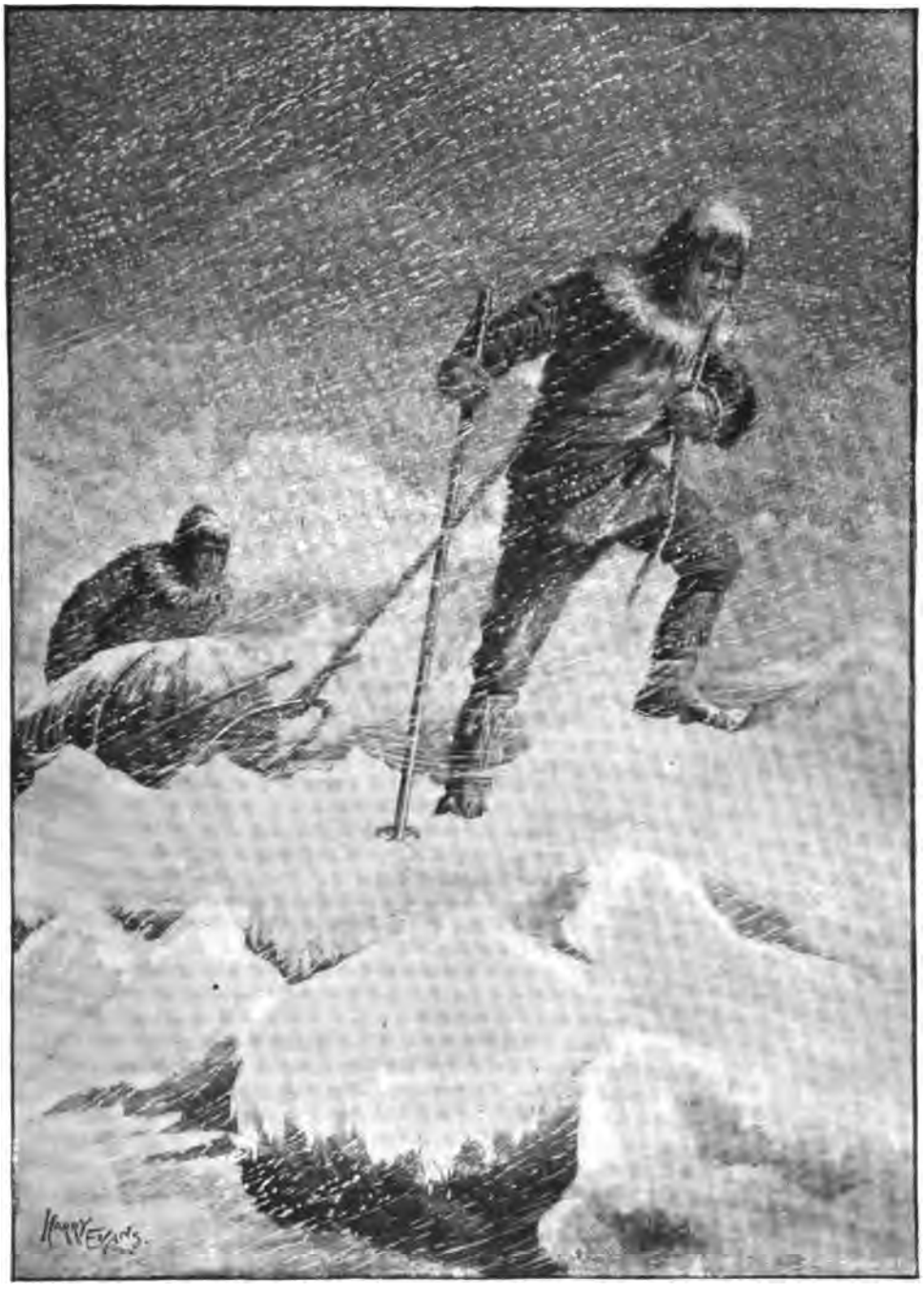

A REMINISCENCE OF NANSEN IN THE NORTH.

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DUBLIN·AS·IT·IS·

By John A. Steuart.

THERE are several things upon which Dublin has excellent reason to pride herself. She has the Liffey, the soupy savoury Liffey, the Phœnix Park, the Castle, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity College, and a tradition too romantic to be analysed, too hoary to be reckoned in years. For aught we know to the contrary, Dublin may be older than Damascus, "the oldest city in the world." How many empires she has seen rise and flourish, decline and fall, no man, not even a cob-webbed antiquary, may say. When men marvelled over the invention of cuneiform writing she had a language of her own (though the brogue may have changed a little since). She might have discussed contemporary accounts of the defeat of Saul at Gilboa, of the conquests of Cyrus and Darius, and the sacking of Thebes by the Persian. She was ancient when Cæsar blinked in his cradle and experienced in heathen intrigue when Antony made love to Cleopatra, or Cleopatra to Antony, which you please. I mention these things to show that she is not a city of yesterday.

Nor, so far as one can gather, has she ever lacked the elements of variety and excitement. From the Scythian era to that of the Danes her records are misty, but there is every reason to suppose that from the very first she had her fair share of the fierce joys of conflict. From the day, the glorious day, as Irish historians call it, on which the redoubtable Brian Boru broke the Danish power at Clontarf, continuously through the epochs of Malachi, Strongbow, the Henrys, Elizabeth and Cromwell to the time of O'Connell, nay, of Parnell and Mr. Balfour, her history has been the reverse of monotonous. Some day an Irish wizard will arise and enchant the world with tales of the wild Irishry in the good old days, the golden age, when a pike or a sword was a man's best friend and the law of Robin Hood had universal force. Some Hibernian Scott or Dumas will tell an eager generation of the

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VICE-REGAL LODGE, DUBLIN.

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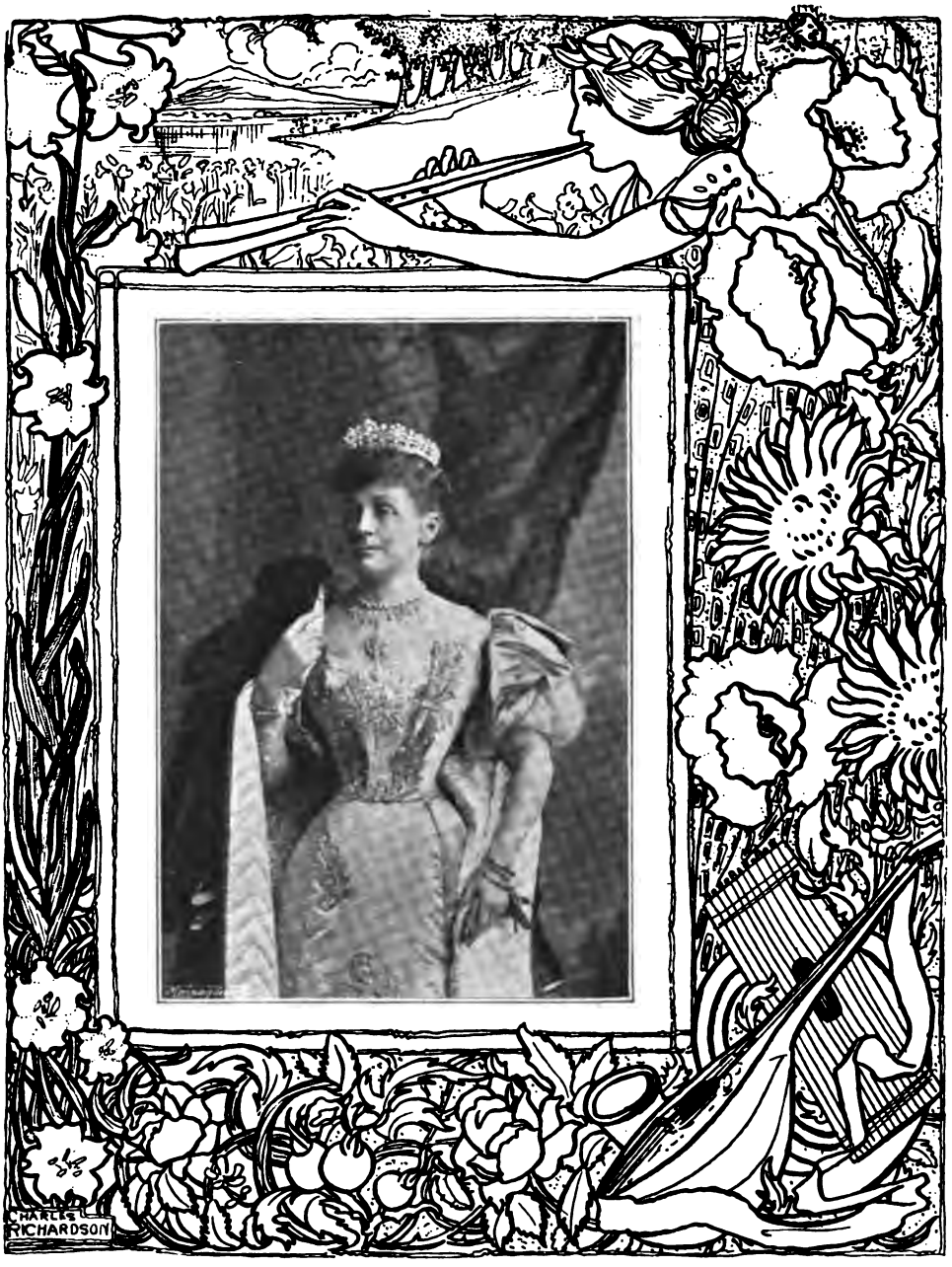

COUNTESS CADOGAN, WIFE OF THE VICEROY OF IRELAND.

(From a photograph by Lafayette.)

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sanguinary doughtiness of McMurrough and Roderick O'Connor, of Tyrconnel, Tyrone and Kildare, and the conquering genius of Cromwell as exhibited outside the pages of Carlyle. When the tale shall have been written it will be one for which editors will contend hotly, and publishers offer fabulous royalties. That "far off divine event" however demands the exercise of patience. Meantime we must content ourselves with hope and such stirrings of the imagination as may come of sadly inadequate narratives of picturesque times and events. The Irish historian has never done justice to Irish history. Let Mr. Lecky be admonished.

A taste for battle is said to be characteristic of the people of Dublin to this day. Probably they dearly like a shindy (who does not?), but the present writer is bound to remark that his recent visit to them brought forth no sign or evidence whatever of the bellicose temper. On the contrary, he found them the soul of good humour and geniality. Indeed the word which to my mind most accurately characterises them is "mellow." They are hospitable, cordial, intelligent, polite, often brilliant, and nearly always fascinating, but above all they are mellow. Harshness or brusqueness is as alien to them as an east wind to Devon. The Dublin accent is probably the most mellifluous known among men. It imparts savour to the most crabbed of words, and to doubtful sentiments an ineffable aroma. It charms the ear and titillates the fancy. A Dublin jarvey curses his refractory horse in tones that a singing-master might envy, while a commonplace from the lips of a Dublin belle is as that strain of heavenly music of which romances so frequently tell us, but which so few of us ever hear. One wonders that poets and novelists have not made more of the brogue, for it must surely be one of the rarest possessions of any city in the empire.

Moreover, it would make an agreeable variation on the eternal theme of dimples, mouth and eyes of the ordinary story-teller. Not that dimples, lips and eyes are to be disdained, and in Dublin they are especially "sweet," if I may use the favourite expression of the lady novelist. Nowhere out of France or America will you find brighter eyes than belong to the Dublin girls, and their roses are unmatchable. Mr. Meredith describes the ideal girl in Lucy of "Richard Feverel" fame: "The soft roses in her cheeks, the clearness of her eyes bore witness to the lady's virtue, and health and happy blood were in her bearing." There are whole regiments of girls in Dublin fit to stand beside Lucy, and when the national genius, for whom we are all waiting, arrives the world will know them, ay, and love them. It has never been my good fortune to experience the peculiar ecstasy of it, but the responses of a Dublin Juliet to the impassioned speeches of her Romeo must tingle and thrill along the heart-strings in a manner not to be forgotten. Love's young dream must have as many fervid memories and associations in Dublin as in Italy itself.

The Irish capital is nothing if not fashion-

From a photo by [*Frith, Reigate.*

KINGSTOWN HARBOUR.

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able. Those who visit her expecting to see displays of shillelaghs and knee-breeches will return disappointed. During my sojourn by the Liffey I did not see a single shillelagh (save in shops for English and American visitors), nor so much as one pair of knee-breeches. These things are as decidedly of the past as the manners of the marauding Danes or of their vanquisher, the gallant Brian. For Dublin prides herself on being up to date. She has her Court circle and her West-End, or rather her South Side, whence radiate influences which keep her society abreast of Paris or London, and usually a step ahead of Edinburgh. She sets unlimited store by etiquette. Scrupulous in attending Court functions, she jealously guards her royal privileges and will tell you frankly that in social affairs she never plays second fiddle. But of fashion and gaiety we shall have more to say presently.

From a photo by] [*Frith, Reigate.*

FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

Dublin can scarcely be called a bustling city. Thackeray found her depressingly inactive, and what she was in his day she practically is now. The number of drays, tram and jaunting-cars has increased since the author of "Esmond" took his solitary walk in St. Stephen's Green, but the city still gives the stranger an impression of leisurely quiet. She does not rush, nor does she shine by statistics. Belfast will dispute in figures with Mr. Gladstone himself. Ambitious, eager, energetic, it will pile you up column upon column of statistics to prove the volume of its trade and the extent of its riches. It will tell you that it has the largest shipbuilding yard, the largest tobacco manufactory, and the largest ropeworks in the world, that it is equally noted for whisky and ginger-beer, that its imports and exports are enormous, and looking round you are disposed to take all these facts for granted. Dublin modestly eschews tabulated returns, and to say truth, would not do herself credit if she resorted to them. "We have Guinness's brewery, you know," the inhabitants will tell you with a smile; and to be sure they have Guinness's brewery, the greatest concern of its particular kind in existence, a concern which yields the Treasury some £2000 a day in excise duty. There, however, her first-class industries end. And she did not seem to me to be at all anxious to add to them. The truth is she has an odd old-world antipathy to undue enterprise, incongruous but refreshing in this age of push. The

From a photo by] [*Lawrence, Dublin.*

COLLEGE GREEN, AND FRONT OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

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spirit of the place is "clane agin" intemperance in work, though there is neither stint nor lack of activity in some other directions. Light-hearted, merry, easy-going, caring vastly more for to-day than for either yesterday or to-morrow, the people appear to order their existence on the principle that since we make life's journey but once we ought to make it as pleasantly as possible. One can if they were in a perpetual panic, her shops are not prodigiously big, nor are they commonly overcrowded. In the midst of her activities she takes time to breathe and smile, and is ever ready to crack a jest. Even her courts share the general *bonhomie*. An Irish judge often sentences a culprit so sweetly and with so tender a regard for the feelings that it must be a pleasure to go to

From a photo by] [*Lawrence, Dublin.*

SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

fancy them chiming in with the wise singer of Naishápúr—

> Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
> Of this and that endeavour and dispute;
> Better be jocund with the fruitful grape,
> Than sadden after none, or bitter fruit.

Admirable philosophy, though those who act upon it are not at all likely to die millionaires. Nor is that questionable crop grown in Dublin Wealthy men she has not a few, but she does not make the golden calf her idol. If money come easily she will accept it and try to be merry; but she will not kill herself for sake of lucre, and at all hazards she will make shift to be happy. Her business men do not fly along the streets as gaol. "I am very sorry," said an occupant of the Irish bench once to a convicted criminal, "that the law compels me to sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead. But suitable arrangements will be made to enable you to repent of your sins before execution." Politeness and good humour could not go beyond that.

Architecturally, Dublin may hold up her head with the best. "A handsomer town, with fewer people in it, it is impossible to see on a summer's day," was Thackeray's verdict. Carlyle, it is true, growled over her "vapid inane streets," her side cars and her "trashery," but that was just "pretty Fanny's way." The Irish capital is

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certainly handsome, and knows it. She has the hardihood, the brazen hardihood, to sneer at London. "Show me anything in Sootopolis like my Sackville Sthrate," she says jubilantly. There is nothing in our dear, grimy London, I am glad to say, like Sackville Street. Heaven preserve us from ever imitating that noble thoroughfare! It has fine buildings, so much must be granted instantly, but somehow they seem to accentuate the loneliness as mountains give an added dreariness to the wilderness; and the cobble stones, oh, the cobble stones! The clatter of a solitary car over them at dead of night is as the stampede of an entire cabstand; any bustle of traffic makes the distracted stranger fly wildly to cotton-wool. Yet Sackville Street is unquestionably handsome. It is wide, extremely wide, and clean; it has the General Post Office, which cost a cool £50,000, and is ornamented with noble Ionic columns and emblematic figures of Hibernia, Mercury and Fidelity; it has also Nelson's pillar, half a dozen hotels, and some of the best shops in the city.

An old writer, taking his stand upon O'Connell Bridge, thus describes the scene at dawn of a June day: "Behind us lie Westmoreland Street, terminated by the ancient walls of Trinity College, and the noble Corinthian portico of the Bank of Ireland; on the opposite side of the river Sackville Street extends its full perspective of architectural beauty uninterrupted, save by the memorial of the brave Nelson, whose pillar seems to have been dropped there in defiance of all the laws of good taste. Let us," he proceeds enthusiastically, "walk up this beautiful street. We are now opposite the post office, and who can say that the republic of *letters* is declining" (sorry witticism) "when they look upon that magnificent pile? . . . Before us lies the Rotunda, where revelry so often holds its court, while 'meek-eyed charity' extends its hand to succour the children of misery" (to wit in the lying-in hospital). "Let us now turn round and survey from this eminence the splendid scene which lies before us. The deserted streets, like the exhumated cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, seem but as the monuments of departed splendour." Thackeray too was charmed by the view from the same bridge. "Very brilliant and beautiful prospect," he wrote in the "Irish Sketch Book." "The four courts and their dome to the left, the custom house and its dome to the right, and in this direction seaward a considerable number of vessels are moored." And he goes on to describe the "pompous image" of his "defunct majesty" George III, Sackville Street, and other spots at which we have already glanced. The great novelist was favourably impressed by all save the desert-like solitude.

Of public buildings the Bank of Ireland in College Green is the most notable. The history of this fine edifice has often been told. Even Macaulay's schoolboy knows that the bank was once the Parliament House of Ireland, was sold for £40,000—not an exorbitant figure—and that ever since Mammon has held the ancient seat of eloquence. One wonders whether it would have been bought back again and put to "old and honourable" uses had Home Rule and a separate Parliament been granted to Ireland. It is an imposing pile and perhaps does more than any other building to impress the stranger with a sense of the importance of Dublin. "'Tain't no one-horse town," remarked an admiring American surveying its Ionic colonnade, "that kin show a block like that." And he was right. Considerable alterations have been made internally since its walls echoed "the thunders of denunciation" levelled at perfidious Albion. Dublin seems to have no recollection of those great feats of oratory and on the whole is satisfied with the Union.

From a photo by [*Lawrence, Dublin.*

BANK OF IRELAND (IRISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT).

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It is interesting to note that the Irish House of Lords is now a Board-room, and that where once "sat legislation's sovereign power" dividends are now declared. Such are the changes which the whirligig of time brings about.

Close by the bank is Trinity—ould Trinity—assuredly the most famous seat of learning in Ireland. The institution is now some three hundred years old, and has sent forth its quota of famous men. Burke, greatest of all Irishmen, first of British orators and political philosophers, best of British prose writers, as Matthew Arnold held, was among its *alumni*. Swift also studied within its walls, side by side with Congreve, the two curiously enough devoting themselves especially to mathematics. Goldsmith likewise

From a photo by [*Lawrence, Dublin.*

CAMPANILE OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

favoured it with his presence, but does not appear to have shone in the class lists. To-day, however, Trinity has a statue to him—a rather shabby affair it must be admitted; the same, I regret to add, must be said of the Burke memorial. Among others who have shed lustre on Trinity are Tom Moore, Flood and Grattan.

Architecturally, Trinity is a credit to the city, though its general aspect is rather cold and forbidding. Massive and gloomy, it gives from certain points of view rather the impression of a prison than a famous college. The later buildings, however, help to dispel this notion since they have an airiness which the original structure lacks. The library is famous. It contains many works of great interest and value to the scholar, including the famous "Book of Kells," "the most beautiful book in the world"; the "Book of Armagh," the "Book of Leinster," not to speak of the harp of Brian Boru. It has altogether a collection of some 250,000 books, and has the good fortune to be one of five libraries in the United Kingdom to which publishers must send a copy of every work they issue, provided the librarian applies for it within a year from date of publication. The librarian, be it said, seldom fails in this duty. There is also a fine museum attached, to which I cannot do more than refer.

It has been remarked that Trinity, as represented by the teaching staff, has never made a permanent or worthy contribution to literature. There is something in the charge.

> Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
> Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
> Faix and the divil and all at Divinity,
> Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!
> Come, I venture to give ye my word,
> Never the likes of his logic was heard,
> Down from Mythology into Thayology,
> Troth, and Conchology, if he'd the call

sings Mr. Graves. Father O'Flynn, as we know, was a "janius." Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity and the divil and all at Divinity, the men of Trinity have always been, and are, even if their lights grow dim, before the luminary from ould Donegal; but it must be owned their original contributions to English literature are, to say the least, scanty. There are signs, however, that the reproach is to be taken away. Professors Mahaffy, Dowden and Bury are doing excellent work in criticism. What the first two have accomplished need not be recapitulated here, but particular mention may be made of Professor Bury's edition of the "Decline and Fall," now passing through the press. When complete this will be beyond all question the best edition of Gibbon's history ever issued. *Vive la Trinité!*

Connected with Trinity by many a tie and association are the four courts, one of the chief glories of Dublin. The superb Corinthian portico is in itself worth a journey of many miles. As you gaze up, thinking perhaps of the hands that wrought all this grandeur in stone, you catch sight of Moses and Justice and Mercy looking placidly down at once to awe and encourage. Wisdom and authority seem to warn the beholder that a law court is no jesting matter. Yet the Irish Bar was long famous for its success in relieving the dryness of legal argument by a happy admixture of the native quality of humour. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, say

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our vivacious Gallic neighbours. So far as I have been able to gather, no Curran or Grattan, no O'Connell or Butt, electrifies judge and jury to-day in Dublin. Perhaps this is because Ireland now sends her best legal talent to England. Within recent years she has given us a Lord Chancellor and a Lord Chief Justice, several eminent judges and many brilliant barristers. And there is still ability in Dublin, even if it lacks the old fire and appears to be getting preternaturally grave. When, after fifty years' absence, Carlyle visited the Parliament House in Edinburgh, he thought the place had fallen asleep. An air of somnolence pervades the four courts also, and the visitor who strolls into them expecting to be thrilled or amused will come out disappointed. Perhaps Ireland is becoming too civilised, too cultured for its reputation; certainly it is much less facetious in reality than in tradition. In Dublin as elsewhere "the study and practice of the law," to which the learned Sergeant Buzfuz attached so much importance and made so entertaining, is, it is to be feared, becoming as prosaic as gold mining or company promoting. Does learning crush out wit or material interest dull the sense of humour? It is said the Iron Duke could not now pass for the army, and no doubt the youngest of the host of briefless barristers that infests the four courts knows infinitely more about law than John Philpot Curran knew, yet I have not heard that we have greater generals than Wellington or more successful advocates than Curran. Let educationists explain the puzzle.

The Castle, the official residence of the Lord Lieutenant, is disappointing—I mean externally. A huddled congeries of buildings, it gives an impression of endless confusion, and is not exempt from the charge of shabbiness. Despite its importance socially and politically, it is the least imposing of all the public edifices of note in Dublin, and, to the eye of the novice, the least orderly. Viceroys were wont to complain of the difficulty of keeping it habitable. There is no complaint on the score of habitability to-day, but England might be more impressively represented in her governmental offices. As the world knows, the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary have their headquarters in the Castle, and it is wholly appropriate that the Chief Commissioner of Police should be close at hand, for Irish political officials have more than once during recent years stood sorely in need of "police surveillance." Externally, the most interesting spot is the Castle chapel, with its legends and Record Tower, a building in the florid Gothic style, well worth half an hour's attention. But internally the whole pile is of unsurpassed interest to every student of Irish, or for that matter of English, history. The State apartments are splendid enough to suggest sovereignty. In the decorations the fine arts have played a conspicuous part. In St. Patrick's Hall you may see George III loyally supported by Justice and Liberty, St. Patrick convincing the Druids of the error of their ways, and Henry II receiving the submission of the kings of Ireland. By courtesy of the

From a photo by] [*Frith, Reigate.*

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN.

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Corporation officials I handled the original charter granted to the city by his Majesty in 1172, a parchment about the size of a man's hand, but wondrously preserved. If it could tell all that has happened during the 800 years of its existence what a tale of romance we should have! There are many valuable portraits in the Castle, and one can conceive that with the beauty and fashion of Dublin coruscating in its stately rooms the effect would be dazzling. But unhappily at the time of my visit beauty and fashion were elsewhere.

Just outside the Castle walls, in Hoey's Court, Jonathan Swift first drew the troubled breath of life. Poor Jonathan, monster, man of genius, humorist, satirist, cynic, philanthropist, misanthrope, preacher, courtier, lover, what a fame has been his! With the single exception of Shakespeare perhaps, no English author has been such a mark for the biographer and commentator, and grievously have these esteemed gentlemen abused their opportunities. St. Patrick's Cathedral, which stands contiguous to Hoey's Court, is for ever associated with the name of Swift, and to me his memory haunted the place as the face of Napoleon haunts the picture-galleries of Paris. Among all the illustrious men who have trodden those twilight aisles or thundered from that pulpit, surely there was not such another as the great dean. St. Patrick's is in many respects the most interesting building in the island, for it condenses the history of Ireland as Westminster Abbey condenses the history of England. Nor architecturally is it unworthy of its fame, notwithstanding its medley of styles. It has its monuments and memorial windows too, many of them beautiful, and all of them strangely suggestive of what Carlyle called the old dead time. Curran, Lever, Lord Mayo, the Duke of Schomberg, are among those commemorated. But to me, at least, Swift dominated the place. That proud spirit still keeps possession, as if defying time, change and mutation. For a hundred and fifty years his bones, buried secretly at dead of night, have mouldered beneath the cathedral stones, but he yet "rules our spirits from his urn." It is of him and of Stella that strangers think first and think last. Singular pair! Greatly they loved in life, and in their death they are not divided. Under the feet of the trampling generations they lie side by side, their romance perennially fresh, their tragic secret well kept. Sixty years ago, during

From a photo by [*Frith, Reigate.*

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

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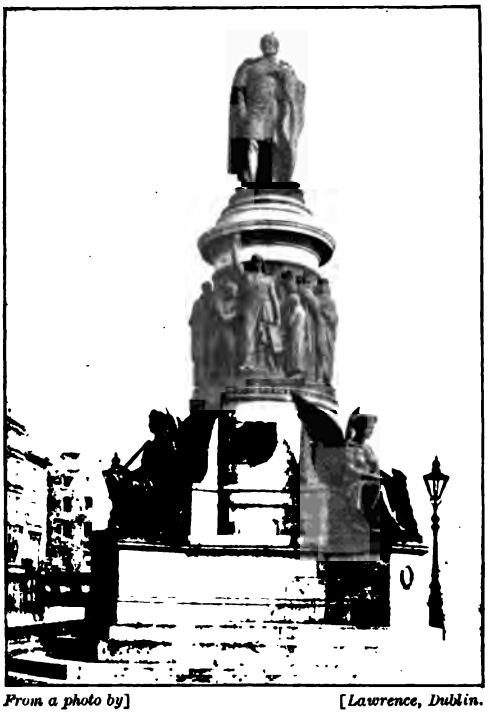
some alterations to the cathedral, their coffins were exposed to view, and casts were taken of their skulls. Grisly sight! "Fall, dark curtain, upon their pageant, their pride, their grief, their awful tragedy."

The Cathedral of Saint Patrick stands in the midst of what is probably the most squalid district in a city by no means lacking in squalor. Peddlers, hucksters, "ole-clo'" men (who strew their unwholesome wares on the pavements), corner-boys—that is to say, loafers, euphemistically roughs—tenth-rate, ill-smelling beer and eating-shops, crumbling insanitary houses, an unwashed, purple-faced, ungracious population, these engirdle as an entrenchment the most famous ecclesiastical edifice in Ireland. Cannot the Corporation remove the eye-sore? Belfast, with the regard for sanitation and appearances which marks progressive towns, has lately been clearing out her Seven Dials, her Patrick Streets. Might not Dublin advantageously follow her example? The surroundings of her chief cathedral are certainly no credit to a metropolitan city. The rancid odours of them abide in the nostrils long after the delicate aroma of the church has faded; cathedral and slum rise in the memory together. Faugh! Dublin. Among other notable buildings, the beauties of which must be taken for granted by my readers, are Christ Church, the metropolitan Roman Catholic pro-Cathedral, the city hall and the custom house. The last, which cost some £400,000, is one of the sights of the town, both from its noble proportions and its picturesque situation on the banks of the river.

The visitor will not of course fail to see the Phœnix Park, which is seven miles in circumference and 1760 acres in extent, that is to say, more than four times the size of our Hyde Park. Within its trim attractive bounds stands the Vice-regal lodge, where the Lord Lieutenant lives *en famille*, and the Chief Secretary's lodge. It was within a stone-throw of the latter that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated on that May evening fourteen years ago. Guides will point you out the exact spot on which the deed of horror was committed, giving such realistic and moving details of the tragedy as even M. Zola might envy. The Zoo has also its place within the park, and there is an obelisk to the memory of Wellington, locally known as the "big mile stone." I was too late for the strawberries, but they are said to be among the finest in the kingdom. Dublin loves to regale on them on balmy June evenings. Kilmainham, so celebrated in recent history, is not far off, and the Wicklow hills make a charming background. Glasnevin is yet another of the notable spots. In Prospect Cemetery the O'Connell monument dwarfs all other memorials of the dead, as "the Liberator" dwarfed his fellow-citizens in life. The handsome granite tower rises to a height of 170 feet and attracts the eyes of Dublin as Mecca attracts the pious Moslem. Below in a vault lie O'Connell's bones. The undistinguished grave of Charles Stewart Parnell is faithfully shown, and among other tombs



From a photo by] *[Lawrence, Dublin.*

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT.

to be especially noted are those of Curran and William Smith O'Brien.

To the stranger of a literary turn of mind Glasnevin has associations of uncommon piquancy. By the banks of the babbling Tolka, Swift and Addison, Steele and Sheridan wandered and thought and sparkled, and thither Stella stole to be near her eccentric lover—or was it her husband? What a marvellous affection was hers to have survived the shocks and buffets which it must often have received. Did the dean plan "Gulliver"—most flagrant of libels on humanity, most fascinating of romances—in

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that quiet retreat, or Addison muse on Sir Roger and the Vision of Mirza, or Dicky Steele devise "a new way of paying old

From a photo by] [*Lafayette.*

EARL CADOGAN, K.G.
(*Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*).

debts"? Who shall say? It may be added that the ground now occupied by the Botanic Gardens was once the property of Tickell the poet. Glasnevin has certainly had its celebrities.

The literary tradition is not maintained. It must always be an inexplicable puzzle why Ireland, with all her vivacities, her wit, humour and general brightness contributes so little to current literature. She has not so much as a "kail-yard" school, and Dublin is scarcely concerned in any of the literary movements of the day, if we except the spasmodic attempt to revive Celtic studies. She is probably the least literary of capitals. To me she seemed to care little for the fame of even such writers as Swift and Moore. She thinks more of O'Connell than of Burke, of Parnell than of Lever. Of Newman I heard not a single mention. The fervour which pervaded her in the palmy days of the *Nation*, when Duffy and his band of poetic patriots rhymed themselves into the hearts of the people, has passed, leaving scarce a trace of influence. Nor could I discover any active interest in those who are to-day endeavouring to maintain an Irish literature. Miss Barlow is better known in London than in Dublin. Is a prophetess without honour in her own country and among her own people?

But there can be no question that Dublin understands the fine art of gaiety. An adept and connoisseur in all things social or fashionable, she allows nothing, not even the quest for the root of all evil, to interfere with her devotion to Levée and Drawing-Room. And that she may not miss chances elsewhere—in London, for example she arranges to have her season over early; it opens in the last

PROFESSOR LECKY, M.P.

week of January and ends on St. Patrick's Day with a grand ball, at which everybody who is anybody in the social world

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"trips the light fantastic toe." Then the Lord Lieutenant represents royalty in its magnificence, and with something of its awe-inspiring ceremony, while Dublin, brimming with enjoyment, pirouettes and parades, bows and beams in a dazzling lustre. On these State occasions the dresses are said (for I am no judge in such matters) to be of a quality and splendour that would move an artist's enthusiasm. Last season was especially brilliant. The initiated declare that Lady Cadogan is an ideal leader of society, and will be exceedingly hard to succeed when the political cards are once more shuffled.

A conspicuous figure in Dublin society is the commander-in-chief of the forces. Shall I be guilty of invidiousness if I declare my conviction that Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is, on the whole, the most popular man in Ireland? Soldier and civilian alike name him with unstinted praise, and he is at least as much the favourite of society as the hero of the army. I am not sure however that he greatly cares for the whirl of fashion. The tented field and forced marches are probably more to his taste, and in Dublin there is luckily no fighting of the soldierly kind to be done. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have also their place in social life, and at civic functions are of course indispensable.

SIR ROBERT SEXTON.

A Dublin man who must not be overlooked—which in a physical sense would be a difficult feat!—is Professor W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. This famous historian became in December 1895 the member for Dublin University in succession to Mr. David Plunket, who was elevated to the peerage. Professor Lecky was born near Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College, so that the city has good reason for claiming him as a credit. Another leading citizen who deserves mention in this article is Sir Robert Sexton, who has long been held in high esteem in Dublin.

I had intended to say something of the environs of Dublin—of the bay, which is almost as famous as that of Naples, of Kingstown, erstwhile Dunleary, of Bray and Malahide, Lucan and Howth, of peerless Wicklow, with its hills and glens, its Dargles and Avocas, but I have already exceeded my allotted space. Dublin is particularly fortunate in her surroundings. But it is by her active social life that she is what she is. Native experts will tell you that in "go," as well as in the delicate conventionalities which are at once the breath and savour of fashion, she has "nothing to learn from nobody." These be nice questions to decide, my masters. For myself,

> I know not how the truth may be;
> I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

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THE DORRINGTON DEED-BOX.

By Arthur Morrison.*
(*Author of "Adventures of Martin Hewitt."*)

Illustrated by Sydney Cowell.

III.—THE CASE OF THE "MIRROR OF PORTUGAL."

WHETHER or not this case has an historical interest is a matter of conjecture. If it has none, then the title I have given it is a misnomer. But I think the conjecture that some historical interest attaches to it is by no means an empty one, and all that can be urged against it is the common though not always declared error that romance expired fifty years at least ago, and history with it. This makes it seem improbable that the answer to an unsolved riddle of a century since should be found to-day in an inquiry agent's dingy office in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Whether or not it has so been found the reader may judge for himself, though the evidence stops far short of actual proof of the identity of the "Mirror of Portugal" with the stone wherewith this case was concerned.

But first, as to the "Mirror of Portugal." This was a diamond of much and ancient fame. It was of Indian origin, and it had lain in the possession of the royal family of Portugal in the time of Portugal's ancient splendour. But three hundred years ago, after the extinction of the early line of succession, the diamond, with other jewels, fell into the possession of Don Antonio, one of the half-dozen pretenders who were then scrambling for the throne. Don Antonio, badly in want of money, deposited the stone in pledge with Queen Elizabeth of England, and never redeemed it. Thus it took its place as one of the English Crown jewels, and so remained till the overthrow and death of Charles the First. Queen Henrietta then carried it with her to France, and there, to obtain money to satisfy her creditors, she sold it to the great Cardinal Mazarin. He bequeathed it, at his death, to the French Crown, and among the Crown jewels of France it once more found a temporary abiding place. But once more it brought disaster with it in shape of a revolution, and again a king lost his head at the executioner's hands. And in the riot and confusion of the great Revolution of 1792 the "Mirror of Portugal," with other jewels, vanished utterly. Where it went to, and who took it, nobody ever knew. The "Mirror of Portugal" disappeared as suddenly and effectually as though fused to vapour by electric combustion.

So much for the famous "Mirror." Whether or not its history is germane to the narrative which follows, probably nobody will ever certainly know. But that Dorrington considered that it was, his notes on the case abundantly testify.

For some days before Dorrington's attention was in any way given to this matter, a poorly-dressed and not altogether prepossessing Frenchman had been haunting the staircase and tapping at the office door, unsuccessfully attempting an interview with Dorrington, who happened to be out, or busy, whenever he called. The man never asked for Hicks, Dorrington's partner; but this was very natural. In the first place it was always Dorrington who met all strangers and conducted all negotiations, and in the second, Dorrington had just lately, in a case regarding a secret society in Soho, made his name much known and respected, not to say feared, in the foreign colony of that quarter; wherefore it was likely that a man who bore evidence of residence in that neighbourhood should come with the name of Dorrington on his tongue.

The weather was cold, but the man's clothes were thin and threadbare, and he had no overcoat. His face was of a broad,

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low type, coarse in feature and small in forehead, and he wore the baggy black linen peaked cap familiar on the heads of men of his class in parts of Paris. He had called unsuccessfully, as I have said, sometimes once sometimes more frequently, on each of three or four days before he succeeded in seeing Dorrington. At last, however, he intercepted him on the stairs, as Dorrington arrived at about eleven in the morning.

"Pardon, m'sieu," he said laying his finger on Dorrington's arm, "it is M. Dorrington—not?"

"Well—suppose it is, what then?" Dorrington never admitted his identity to a stranger without first seeing good cause.

"I 'ave beesness—very great beesness; beesness of a large profit for you if you please to take it. Where shall I tell it?"

"Come in here," Dorrington replied, leading the way to his private room. The man did not look like a wealthy client, but that signified nothing. Dorrington had made profitable strokes after introductions even less promising.

The man followed Dorrington, pulled off his cap, and sat in the chair Dorrington pointed at.

"In the first place," said Dorrington, "what's your name?"

"Ah, yas—but before—all that I tell is for ourselves alone, is it not? It is all in confidence, eh?"

"Yes, yes, of course," Dorrington answered, with virtuous impatience. "Whatever is said in this room is regarded as strictly confidential. What's your name?"

"Jacques Bouvier."

"Living at ——?"

"Little Norham Street, Soho."

"And now the business you speak of."

"The beesness is this. My cousin, Léon Bouvier—he is *coquin*—a rrrascal!"

"Very likely."

"He has a great jewel—it is, I have no doubt, a diamond—of a great value. It is not his! There is no right of him to it! It should be mine. If you get it for me one-quarter of it in money shall be yours! And it is of a great value."

"Where does your cousin live? What is he?"

"Beck Street, Soho. He has a shop—a café—Café des Bons Camarades. And he give me not a crrrust—if I starve!"

It scarcely seemed likely that the keeper of a little foreign café in a back street of Soho would be possessed of a jewel a quarter of whose value would be prize enough to tempt Dorrington to take a new case up. But Dorrington bore with the man a little longer. "What is this jewel you talk of?" he asked. "And if you don't know enough about it to be quite sure whether it is a diamond or not, what *do* you know?"

"Listen! The stone I have never seen; but that it is a diamond makes probable. What else so much value? And it is much value that gives my cousin so great care and trouble—*cochon*! Listen! I relate to you. My father—he was charcoal-burner at Bonneuil, department of Seine. My uncle—the father of my cousin, also was charcoal-burner. The grandfather—charcoal-burner also; and his father and his grandfather before him—all burners of charcoal, at Bonneuil. Now perceive. The father of my grandfather was of the great Revolution—a young man, great among those who stormed the Bastille, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, brave, and a leader. Now, when palaces were burnt and heads were falling there was naturally much confusion. Things were lost—things of large value. What more natural? While so many were losing the head from the shoulders, it was not strange that some should lose jewels from the neck. And when these things were lost who might have a greater right to keep them than the young men of the Revolution, the brave, and the leaders, they who did the work?"

"If you mean that your respectable great-grandfather stole something, you needn't explain it any more," Dorrington said. "I quite understand."

"I do not say stole; when there is a great revolution a thing is anybody's. But it would not be convenient to tell of it at the time, for the new Government might believe everything to be its own. These things I do not know, you will understand—I suggest an explanation, that is all. After the great Revolution, my great-grandfather lives alone and quiet, and burns the charcoal as before. Why? The jewel is too great to sell so soon. So he gives it to his son and dies. He also, my grandfather, still burns the charcoal. Again, why? Because, as I believe, he is too poor, too common a man to go about openly to sell so great a stone. More, he loves the stone, for with that he is always rich; and so he burns his charcoal and lives contented as his father had done, and he is rich and nobody knows it. What then? He has two sons. When he dies, which son does he leave the stone to?

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Each one says it is for himself—that is natural. I say it was for my father. But however that may make itself, my father dies suddenly. He falls in a pit—by accident, says his brother, not by accident, says my mother; and soon after, she dies too. By accident too, perhaps you ask? Oh yes, by accident too, no doubt." The man laughed disagreeably. "So I am left alone, a little boy, to burn charcoal. When I am a bigger boy there comes the great war, and the Prussians besiege Paris. My uncle, he, burning charcoal no more, goes at night, and takes things from the dead Prussians. Perhaps they are not always quite dead when he finds them,—perhaps he makes them so. Be that as it will, the Prussians take him one dark night; and they stand him against a garden wall, and pif! paf! they shoot him. That is all of my uncle, but he dies a rich man, and nobody knows. What does his wife do? She has the jewel, and she has a little money that has been got from the dead Prussians. So when the war is over, she comes to London with my cousin, the bad Léon, and she has the café—Café des Bons Camarades. And Léon grows up, and his mother dies, and he has the Café, and with the jewel is a rich man—nobody knowing; nobody but me. But, figure to yourself; shall I burn charcoal and starve at Bonneuil with a rich cousin in London—rich with a diamond that should be mine? Not so. I come over, and Léon at first, he lets me wait at the café. But I do not want that—there is the stone, and I can never see it, never find it. So one day Léon finds me looking in a box, and—chut! out I go. I tell Léon that I will share the jewel with him or I will tell the police. He laughs at me—there is no jewel, he says—I am mad. I do not tell the police, for that is to lose it altogether. But I come here and I offer you one quarter of the diamond if you shall get it."

"Steal it for you, eh?"

Jacques Bouvier shrugged his shoulders. "The word is as you please," he said. "The jewel is not his. And if there is delay it will be gone. Already he goes each day to Hatton Garden, leaving his wife to keep the Café des Bons Camarades. Perhaps he is selling the jewel to-day! Who can tell? So that it will be well that you begin at once."

"Very well. My fee in advance will be twenty guineas."

"What? *Dieu!*—I have no money I tell you! Get the diamond, and there is one quarter—twenty-five per cent.—for you!"

"But what guarantee do you give that this story of yours isn't all a hoax? Can you expect me to take everything on trust, and work for nothing?"

The man rose and waved his arms excitedly. "It is true, I say!" he exclaimed. "It is a fortune! There is much for you, and it will pay! I have no money or you should have some. What can I do? You will lose the chance if you are foolish!"

"It rather seems to me, my friend, that I shall be foolish to give valuable time to gratifying your cock-and-bull fancies. See here now. I'm a man of business and my time is fully occupied. You come here and waste half an hour or more of it with a long rigmarole about some valuable article that you say yourself you have never seen, and you don't even know whether it is a diamond or not. You wander at large over family traditions which you may believe yourself or may not. You have no money, and you offer no fee as a guarantee of your *bona fides*, and the sum of the thing is that you ask me to go and commit a theft—to purloin an article you can't even describe, and then to give you three-quarters of the proceeds.

"Sir—you are a ver' big fool!"

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No, my man, you have made a mistake. You must go away from here at once, and if I find you hanging about my door again I shall have you taken away very summarily. Do you understand? Now go away."

"*Mon Dieu!* But ——"

"I've no more time to waste," Dorrington answered, opening the door and pointing to the stairs. "If you stay here any longer you'll get into trouble."

Jacques Bouvier walked out, muttering and agitating his hands. At the top stair he turned and, almost too angry for words, burst out, "Sir—you are a ver' big fool—a fool!" But Dorrington slammed the door.

He determined, however, if he could find a little time, to learn a little more of Léon Bouvier—perhaps to put a man to watch at the Café des Bons Camarades. That the keeper of this place in Soho should go regularly to Hatton Garden, the diamond market, was curious, and Dorrington had met and analysed too many extraordinary romances to put aside unexamined Jacques Bouvier's seemingly improbable story. But, having heard all the man had to say, it had clearly been his policy to get rid of him in the way he had done. Dorrington was quite ready to steal a diamond, or anything else of value, if it could be done quite safely, but he was no such fool as to give three-quarters of his plunder—or any of it—to somebody else. So that the politic plan was to send Jacques Bouvier away with the impression that his story was altogether pooh-poohed and was to be forgotten.

II.

DORRINGTON left his office late that day, and, the evening being clear, though dark, he walked toward Conduit Street by way of Soho; he thought to take a glance at the Café des Bons Camarades on his way, without being observed, should Jacques Bouvier be in the vicinity.

Beck Street, Soho, was a short and narrow street lying east and west, and joining two of the larger streets that stretch north and south across the district. It was even a trifle dirtier than these by-streets in that quarter are wont to be. The Café des Bons Camarades was a little green-painted shop the window whereof was backed by muslin curtains, while upon the window itself appeared in florid painted letters the words "Cuisine Française." It was the only shop in the street, with the exception of a small coal and firewood shed at one end, the other buildings consisting of the side wall of a factory, now closed for the night, and a few tenement houses. An alley entrance—apparently the gate of a stable-yard—stood next the café. As Dorrington walked by the steamy window, he was startled to hear his own name and some part of his office address spoken in excited tones somewhere in this dark alley entrance; and suddenly a man rather well dressed, and cramming a damaged tall hat on his head as he went, darted from the entrance and ran in the direction from which Dorrington had come. A stoutly built Frenchwoman, carrying on her face every indication of extreme excitement, watched him from the gateway, and Dorrington made no doubt that it was in her voice that he had heard his name mentioned. He walked briskly to the end of the short street, turned at the end, and hurried round the block of houses, in hope to catch another sight of the man. Presently he saw him, running, in Old Compton Street, and making in the direction of Charing Cross Road. Dorrington mended his pace, and followed. The man emerged where Shaftesbury Avenue meets Charing Cross Road, and, as he crossed, hesitated once or twice, as though he thought of hailing a cab, but decided rather to trust his own legs. He hastened through the byways to St. Martin's Lane, and Dorrington now perceived that one side and half the back of his coat was dripping with wet mud. Also it was plain, as Dorrington had suspected, that his destination was Dorrington's own office in Bedford Street. So the follower broke into a trot, and at last came upon the muddy man wrenching at the bell and pounding at the closed door of the house in Bedford Street, just as the housekeeper began to turn the lock.

"M'sieu Dorrington—M'sieu Dorrington," the man exclaimed excitedly as the door was opened.

"'E's gawn 'ome long ago," the caretaker growled; "you might 'a known that. Oh, 'ere 'e is though—good evenin', sir."

"I am Mr. Dorrington," the inquiry agent said politely. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Ah yes—it is important—at once! I am robbed!"

"Just step upstairs, then, and tell me about it."

Dorrington had but begun to light the gas in his office when his visitor broke out, "I am robbed, M'sieu Dorrington, robbed by my cousin—*coquin!* Rrrobbed of everything! Rrrobbed I tell you!" He seemed astonished to find the other so little excited by the intelligence.

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"Let me take your coat," Dorrington said, calmly. "You've had a downer in the mud I see. Why, what's this? he smelt the collar as he went toward a hat-peg. "Chloroform!"

"Ah yes—it is that rrrascal Jacques! I will tell you. This evening I go into the gateway next my house—Café des Bons Camarades—to enter by the side-door, and —paf!—a shawl is fling across my face from behind—it is pull tight—there is a knee in my back—I can catch nothing with my hand —it smell all hot in my throat—I choke and I fall over—there is no more. I wake up and I see my wife, and she takes me into the house. I am all muddy and tired, but I feel—and I have lost my property—it is a diamond —and my cousin Jacques, he has done it!"

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure? Oh yes—it is certain, I tell you —certain!"

"Then why not inform the police?"

The visitor was clearly taken aback by this question. He faltered, and looked searchingly in Dorrington's face. "That is not always the convenient way," he said. "I would rather that you do it. It is the diamond that I want—not to punish my cousin—thief that he is!"

Dorrington mended a quill with ostentatious care, saying encouragingly as he did so, "I can quite understand that you may not wish to prosecute your cousin—only to recover the diamond you speak of. Also I can quite understand that there may be reasons —family reasons perhaps, perhaps others— which may render it inadvisable to make even the existence of the jewel known more than absolutely necessary. For instance, there may be other claimants, Monsieur Léon Bouvier."

The visitor started. "You know my name then?" he asked. "How is that?"

Dorrington smiled the smile of a sphinx. "M. Bouvier," he said, "it is my trade to know everything—everything." He put the pen down and gazed whimsically at the other. "My agents are everywhere. You talk of the secret agents of the Russian police—they are nothing. It is my trade to know all things. For instance"—Dorrington unlocked a drawer and produced a book (it was but an office diary), and, turning its pages, went on. "Let me see—B. It is my trade, for instance, to know about the Café des Bons Camarades, established by the late Madame Bouvier, now unhappily deceased. It is my trade to know of Madame Bouvier at Bonneuil, where the charcoal was burnt, and where Madame Bouvier was unfortunately left a widow at the time of the siege of Paris, because of some lamentable misunderstanding of her husband's with a file of Prussian soldiers by an orchard wall. It is my trade, moreover, to know something of the sad death of that husband's brother—in a pit—and of the later death of his widow. Oh yes. More" (turning a page attentively, as though following detailed notes), "it is my trade to know of a little quarrel between those brothers—it might even have been about a diamond, just such a diamond as you have come about to-night—and of jewels missed from the Tuileries in the great Revolution a hundred years ago." He shut the book with a bang and returned it to its place. "And there are other things—too many to talk about," he said, crossing his legs and smiling calmly at the Frenchman.

During this long pretence at reading, Bouvier had slid farther and farther forward on his chair, till he sat on the edge, his eyes staring wide, and his chin dropped. He had been pale when he arrived, but now he was of a leaden gray. He said not a word.

Dorrington laughed lightly. "Come," he said, "I see you are astonished. Very likely. Very few of the people and families whose *dossiers* we have here" (he waved his hand generally about the room) "are aware of what we know. But we don't make a song of it, I assure you, unless it is for the benefit of clients. A client's affairs are sacred, of course, and our resources are at his disposal. Do I understand that you become a client?"

Bouvier sat a little farther back on his chair and closed his mouth. "A—a—yes," he answered at length, with an effort, moistening his lips as he spoke. "That is why I come."

"Ah, now we shall understand each other," Dorrington replied genially, opening an ink-pot and clearing his blotting-pad. "We're not connected with the police here, or anything of that sort, and except so far as we can help them we leave our client's affairs alone. You wish to be a client, and you wish me to recover your lost diamond. Very well, that is business. The first thing is the usual fee in advance—twenty guineas. Will you write a cheque?"

Bouvier had recovered some of his self-possession, and he hesitated. "It is a large fee," he said.

"Large? Nonsense! It is the sort of fee that might easily be swallowed up in half a day's expenses. And besides—a rich diamond merchant like yourself!"

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Bouvier looked up quickly. "Diamond merchant?" he said. "I do not understand. I have lost my diamond—there was but one."

"And yet you go to Hatton Garden every day."

"What!" cried Bouvier, letting his hand fall from the table, "you know that too?"

"Of course," Dorrington laughed, easily; "it is my trade, I tell you. But write the cheque."

Bouvier produced a crumpled and dirty cheque-book and complied, with many pauses, looking up dazedly from time to time into Dorrington's face.

"Now," said Dorrington, "tell me where you kept your diamond, and all about it."

"It was in an old little wooden box—so." Bouvier, not yet quite master of himself, sketched an oblong of something less than three inches long by two broad. "The box was old and black—my grandfather may have made it, or his father. The lid fitted very tight, and the inside was packed with fine charcoal powder with the diamond resting in it. The diamond—oh, it was great; like that—so." He made another sketch, roughly square, an inch and a quarter across. "But it looked even much greater still, so bright, so wonderful! It is easy to understand that my grandfather did not sell it—beside the danger. It is so beautiful a thing, and it is such great riches—all in one little box. Why should not a poor charcoal-burner be rich in secret, and look at his diamond, and get all the few things he wants by burning his charcoal? And there was the danger. But that is long ago. I am a man of beesness, and I desired to sell it, and be rich. And that Jacques—he has stolen it!"

"Let us keep to the point. The diamond was in a box. Well, where was the box?"

"On the outside of the box there were notches—so, and so. Round the box at each place there was a tight, strong, silk cord—that is two cords. The cords were round my neck, under my shirt, so. And the box was under my arm—just as a boy carries his satchel, but high up—in the armpit, where I could feel it at all times. To-night, when I come to myself, my collar was broken at the stud—see—the cords were cut—and all was gone!"

"You say your cousin Jacques has done this. How do you know?"

"Ah! But who else? Who else could know? And he has always tried to steal it. At first, I let him wait at the Café des Bons Camarades. What does he do? He prys about my house, and opens drawers; and I catch him at last looking in a box, and I turn him out. And he calls me a thief! *Sacré!* He goes—I have no more of him; and so—he does this!"

"Very well. Write down his name and address on this piece of paper, and your own." Bouvier did so. "And now tell me what you have been doing at Hatton Garden."

"Well, it was a very great diamond—I could not go to the first man and show it to sell. I must make myself known."

"It never struck you to get the stone cut in two, did it?"

"Eh? What?—*Nom de chien!* No!" He struck his knee with his hand. "Fool! Why did I not think of that? But still"—he grew more thoughtful—"I should have to show it to get it cut, and I did not know where to go. And the value would have been less."

"Just so—but it's the regular thing to do, I may tell you, in cases like this. But go on. About Hatton Garden, you know."

"I thought that I must make myself known among the merchants of diamonds, and then, perhaps, I should learn the ways, and one day be able to sell. As it was, I knew nothing—nothing at all. I waited, and I saved money in the café. Then, when I could do it, I dressed well and went and bought some diamonds of a dealer—very little diamonds, a little trayful for twenty pounds, and I try to sell them again. But I have paid too much—I can only sell for fifteen pounds. Then I buy more, and sell them for what I give. Then I take an office in Hatton Garden—that is, I share a room with a dealer, and there is a partition between our desks. My wife attends the café, I go to Hatton Garden to buy and sell. It loses me money, but I must lose till I can sell the great diamond. I get to know the dealers more and more, and then to-night, as I go home ——" he finished with an expressive shrug and a wave of the hand.

"Yes, yes, I think I see," Dorrington said. "As to the diamond again. It doesn't happen to be a *blue* diamond, does it?"

"No—pure white; perfect."

Dorrington had asked because two especially famous diamonds disappeared from among the French Crown jewels at the time of the great Revolution. One blue, the greatest coloured diamond ever known, and the other the "Mirror of Portugal." Bouvier's reply made it plain that it was certainly not the first which he had just lost.

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"Come," Dorrington said, "I will call and inspect the scene of your disaster. I haven't dined yet, and it must be well past nine o'clock now."

They returned to Beck Street. There were gates at the dark entry by the side of the Café des Bons Camarades, but they were never shut, Bouvier explained. Dorrington had them shut now, however, and a lantern

"Bouvier and his wife stood huddled and staring on the threshold of the side door."

was produced. The paving was of rough cobble stones, deep in mud.

"Do many people come down here in the course of an evening?" Dorrington asked.

"Never anybody but myself."

"Very well. Stand away at your side door."

Bouvier and his wife stood huddled and staring on the threshold of the side door, while Dorrington, with the lantern, explored the muddy cobble stones. The pieces of a broken bottle lay in a little heap, and a cork lay a yard away from them. Dorrington smelt the cork, and then collected together the broken glass (there were but four or five pieces) from the little heap. Another piece of glass lay by itself a little way off, and this also Dorrington took up, scrutinising it narrowly. Then he traversed the whole passage carefully, stepping from bare stone to bare stone, and skimming the ground with the lantern. The mud lay confused and trackless in most places, though the place where Bouvier had been lying was indicated by an appearance of sweeping, caused, no doubt, by his wife dragging him to his feet. Only one other thing beside the glass and the cork did Dorrington carry away as evidence, and that the Bouvier's knew nothing of; for it was the remembrance of the mark of a sharp, small boot-heel in more than one patch of mud between the stones.

"Will you object, Madame Bouvier," he asked, as he handed back the lantern, "to show me the shoes you wore when you found your husband lying out here?"

Madame Bouvier had no objection at all. They were what she was then wearing, and had worn all day. She lifted her foot and exhibited one. There was no need for a second glance. It was a loose easy cashmere boot, with spring sides and heels cut down flat for indoor comfort.

"And this was at what time?"

It was between seven and eight o'clock, both agreed, though they differed a little as to the exact time. Bouvier had recovered when his wife raised him, had entered the house with her, at once discovered his loss, and immediately, on his wife's advice, set out to find Dorrington, whose name the woman had heard spoken of frequently among the visitors to the café in connection with the affair of the secret society already alluded to.

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He had felt certain that Dorrington would not be at his office, but trusted to be directed where to find him.

"Now," Dorrington asked of Bouvier (the woman had been called away), "tell me some more about your cousin. Where does he live?"

"In Little Norham Street; the third house from this end on the right and the back room at the top. That is unless he has moved just lately."

"Has he been ill recently?"

"Ill?" Bouvier considered. "Not that I can say—no. I have never heard of Jacques being ill." It seemed to strike him as an incongruous and new idea. "Nothing has made him ill all his life—he is too good in constitution, I think."

"Does he wear spectacles?"

"Spectacles? *Mais non!* Never! Why should he wear spectacles? His eyes are good as mine."

"Very well. Now attend. To-morrow you must not go to Hatton Garden—I will go for you. If you see your cousin Jacques you must say nothing, take no notice; let everything proceed as though nothing had happened; leave all to me. Give me your address at Hatton Garden."

"But what is it you must do there?"

"That is my business. I do my business in my own way. Still I will give you a hint. Where is it that diamonds are sold? In Hatton Garden, as you so well know—as I expect your cousin knows if he has been watching you. Then where will your cousin go to sell it? Hatton Garden, of course. Never mind what I shall do there to intercept it. I am to be your new partner, you understand, bringing money into the business. You must be ill and stay at home till you hear from me. Go now and write me a letter of introduction to the man who shares the office with you. Or I will write it if you like, and you shall sign it. What sort of a man is he?"

"Very quiet—a tall man, perhaps English, but perhaps not."

"Ever buy or sell diamonds with him?"

"Once only. It was the first time. That is how I learned of the half-office to let."

The letter was written, and Dorrington stuffed it carelessly into his pocket. "Mr. Hamer is the name, is it?" he said. "I fancy I have met him somewhere. He is short-sighted, isn't he?"

"Oh yes, he is short-sighted. With *pince-nez*."

"Not very well lately?"

"No—I think not. He takes medicine in the office. But you will be careful, eh? He must not know."

"Do you think so? Perhaps I may tell him, though."

"Tell him? *Ciel*—no! You must not tell people! No!"

"Shall I throw the whole case over, and keep your deposit fee?"

"No—no, not that. But it is foolish to tell to people!"

"I am to judge what is foolish and what wise, M. Bouvier. Good evening!"

"Good evening, M. Dorrington; good evening." Bouvier followed him out to the gate. "And will you tell me—do you think there is a way to get the diamond? Have you any plan?"

"Oh yes, M. Bouvier, I have a plan. But as I have said, that is my business. It may be a successful plan, or it may not; that we shall see."

"And—and the *dossier*. The notes that you so marvellously have, written out in the book you read. When this business is over you will destroy them, eh? You will not leave a clue?"

"The notes that I have in my books," answered Dorrington, without relaxing a muscle of his face, "are my property, for my own purposes, and were mine before you came to me. Those relating to you are a mere item in thousands. So long as you behave well, M. Bouvier, they will not harm you, and as I said, the confidences of a client are sacred to Dorrington & Hicks. But as to keeping them—certainly I shall. Once more—good evening!"

Even the stony-faced Dorrington could not repress a smile and something very like a chuckle as he turned the end of the street and struck out across Golden Square towards his rooms in Conduit Street. The simple Frenchman, only half a rogue—even less than half—was now bamboozled and put aside as effectually as his cousin had been. Certainly there was a diamond, and an immense one; if only the Bouvier tradition were true, probably the famous "Mirror of Portugal"; and nothing stood between Dorrington and absolute possession of that diamond, but an ordinary sort of case such as he dealt with every day. And he had made Bouvier pay a fee for the privilege of putting him completely on the track of it! Dorrington smiled again.

His dinner was spoilt by waiting, but he troubled little of that. He spread before him, and examined again, the pieces of glass

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and the cork. The bottle had been a druggist's ordinary flat bottle, graduated with dose-marks, and altogether seven inches high, or thereabout. It had, without a doubt, contained the chloroform wherewith Léon Bouvier had been assaulted, as Dorrington had judged from the smell of the cork. The fact of the bottle being corked showed that the chloroform had not been bought all at once—since in that case it would have been put up in a stoppered bottle. More probably it had been procured in very small quantities (ostensibly for toothache, or something of that kind) at different druggists, and put together in this larger bottle, which had originally been used for something else. The bottle had been distinguished by a label—the usual white label affixed by the druggist, with directions as to taking the medicine—and this label had been scraped off; all except a small piece at the bottom edge by the right hand side, whereon might be just distinguished the greater part of the letters N, E. The piece of glass that had lain a little way apart from the bottle was not a part of it, as a casual observer might have supposed. It was a fragment of a concave lens, with a channel ground in the edge.

"But now Dorrington had a revolver in his hand, though his manner was as genial as ever."

III.

At ten precisely next morning, as usual, Mr. Ludwig Hamer mounted the stairs of the house in Hatton Garden, wherein he rented half a room as office. He was a tall, fair man, wearing thick convex *pince-nez*. He spoke English like a native, and, indeed, he called himself an Englishman, though there were those who doubted the Briticism of his name. Scarce had he entered his office when Dorrington followed him.

The room had never been a very large one, and now a partition divided it in two, leaving a passage at one side only, by the window. On each side of this partition stood a small pedestal table, a couple of chairs, a copying-press, and the other articles usual in a meagrely furnished office. Dorrington strode past Bouvier's half of the room and came upon Hamer as he was hanging his coat on a peg. The letter of introduction had been burnt, since Dorrington had only asked for it in order to get Hamer's name and the Hatton Garden address without betraying to Bouvier the fact that he did not already know all about it.

"Good morning, Mr. Hamer," said Dorrington, loudly, "Sorry to see you're not well"—he pointed familiarly with his stick at a range of medicine bottles on the mantelpiece—"but it's very trying weather, of course. You've been suffering from toothache, I believe?"

Hamer seemed at first disposed to resent

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the loudness and familiarity of this speech, but at the reference to toothache he started suddenly and set his lips.

"Chloroform's a capital thing for toothache, Mr. Hamer, and for—for other things. I'm not in your line of business myself, but I believe it has even been used in the diamond trade."

"What do you mean?" asked Hamer, flushing angrily.

"Mean? Why, bless me—nothing more than I said. By the way, I'm afraid you dropped one of your medicine bottles last night. I've brought it back, though I'm afraid it's past repair. It's a good job you didn't quite clear the label off before you took it out with you, else I might have had a difficulty." Dorrington placed the fragments on the table. "You see you've just left the first letter of 'E.C.' in the druggist's address, and the last 'N' of Hatton Garden, just before it. There doesn't happen to be any other Garden in E.C. district that I know of, nor does the name of any other thoroughfare end in N—they are mostly streets, or lanes, or courts, you see. And there seems to be only one druggist in Hatton Garden—capital fellow, no doubt—the one whose name and address I observe on those bottles on the mantelpiece."

Dorrington stood with his foot on a chair, and tapped his knee carelessly with his stick. Hamer dropped into the other chair and regarded him with a frown, though his face was pale. Presently he said, in a strained voice, "Well?"

"Yes; there *is* something else, Mr. Hamer, as you appear to suggest. I see you're wearing a new pair of glasses this morning; pity you broke the others last night, but I've brought the piece you left behind." He gathered up the broken bottle, and held up the piece of concave lens. "I think, after all, it's really best to use a cord with *pince-nez*. It's awkward, and it catches in things, I know, but it saves a breakage, and you're liable to get the glasses knocked off, you know—in certain circumstances."

Hamer sprang to his feet with a snarl, slammed the door, locked it, and turned on Dorrington. But now Dorrington had a revolver in his hand, though his manner was as genial as ever.

"Yes, yes," he said; "best to shut the door, of course. People listen, don't they? But sit down again. I'm not anxious to hurt you, and, as you will perceive, you're quite unable to hurt me. What I chiefly came to say is this; last evening my client, M. Léon Bouvier, of this office and the Café des Bons Camarades, was attacked in the passage adjoining his house by a man who was waiting for him, with a woman—was it really Mrs. Hamer? but there, I won't ask—keeping watch. He was robbed of a small old wooden box, containing charcoal and—a diamond. My name is Dorrington—firm of Dorrington & Hicks, which you may have heard of. That's my card. I've come to take away that diamond."

Hamer was pale and angry, but, in his way, was almost as calm as Dorrington. He put down the card without looking at it. "I don't understand you," he said. "How do you know I've got it?"

"Come, come, Mr. Hamer," Dorrington replied, rubbing the barrel of his revolver on his knee, "that's hardly worthy of you. You're a man of business, with a head on your shoulders—the sort of man I like doing business with, in fact. Men like ourselves needn't trifle. I've shown you most of the cards I hold, though not all, I assure you. I'll tell you, if you like, all about your little tour round among the druggists with the convenient toothache, all about the evenings on which you watched Bouvier home, and so on. But, really, need we, as men of the world, descend to such peddling detail?"

"Well, suppose I have got it, and suppose I refuse to give it you. What then?"

"What then? But why should we talk of unpleasant things? You won't refuse, you know."

"Do you mean you'd get it out of me by help of that pistol?"

"Well," said Dorrington, deliberately, "the pistol is noisy, and it makes a mess, and all that, but it's a useful thing, and I *might* do it with that, you know, in certain circumstances. But I wasn't thinking of it—there's a much less troublesome way."

"Which?"

"You're a slower man than I took you for, Mr. Hamer—or perhaps you haven't quite appreciated *me* yet. If I were to go to that window and call the police, what with the little bits of evidence in my pocket, and the other little bits that the druggists who sold the chloroform would give, and the other bits in reserve, that I prefer not to talk about just now—there would be rather an awkwardly complete case of robbery with violence, wouldn't there? And you'd have to lose the diamond after all, to say nothing of a little rest in gaol and general ruination."

"That sounds very well, but what about your client? Come now, you call me a man

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of the world, and I am one. How will your client account for the possession of a diamond worth eighty thousand pounds or so? He doesn't seem a millionaire. The police would want to know about him as well as about me, if you were such a fool as to bring them in. Where did *he* steal it, eh?"

Dorrington smiled and bowed at the question. "That's a very good card to play, Mr. Hamer," he said, "a capital card, really. To a superficial observer it might look like winning the trick. But I think I can trump it." He bent farther forward and tapped the table with the pistol-barrel. "Suppose I don't care one solitary dump what becomes of my client? Suppose I don't care whether he goes to gaol or stays out of it—in short, suppose I prefer my own interests to his?"

"Ho! ho!" Hamer cried. "I begin to understand. You want to grab the diamond for yourself then?"

"I haven't said anything of the kind, Mr. Hamer," Dorrington replied, suavely. "I have simply demanded the diamond which you stole last night, and I have mentioned an alternative."

"Oh yes, yes, but we understand one another. Come, we'll arrange this. How much do you want?"

Dorrington stared at him stonily. "I—I beg your pardon," he said, "but I don't understand. I want the diamond you stole."

"But come now, we'll divide. Bouvier had no right to it, and he's out. You and I, perhaps, haven't much right to it, legally, but it's between us, and we're both in the same position."

"Pardon me," Dorrington replied, silkily, but there you mistake. We are *not* in the same position, by a long way. You are liable to an instant criminal prosecution. I have simply come, authorised by my client, who bears all the responsibility, to demand a piece of property which you have stolen. That is the difference between our positions, Mr. Hamer. Come now, a policeman is just standing opposite. Shall I open the window and call him, or do you give in?"

"Oh, I give in, I suppose," Hamer groaned. "But you're a deal too hard. A man of your abilities shouldn't be so mean."

"That's right and reasonable," Dorrington answered briskly. "The wise man is the man who knows when he is beaten, and saves further trouble. You may not find me so mean after all, but I must have the stone first. I hold the trumps, and I'm not going to let the other player make conditions. Where's the diamond?"

"It isn't here—it's at home. You'll have to get it out of Mrs. Hamer. Shall I go and wire to her?"

"No no," said Dorrington, "that's not the way. We'll just go together, and take Mrs. Hamer by surprise, I think. I mustn't let you out of sight, you know. Come, we'll get a hansom. Is it far?"

"Bessborough Street, Pimlico. You'll find Mrs. Hamer has a temper of her own."

"Well, well, we all have our failings. But before we start, now, observe." For a moment Dorrington was stern and menacing. "You wriggled a little at first, but that was quite natural. Now you've given in; and at the first sign of another wriggle I stop it once and for all. Understand? No tricks, now."

They entered a hansom at the door. Hamer was moody and silent at first, but under the influence of Dorrington's gay talk he opened out after a while. "Well," he said, "you're far the cleverest of the three, no doubt, and perhaps in that way you deserve to win. It's mighty smart for you to come in like this, and push Bouvier on one side and me on the other, and both of us helpless. But it's rough on me after having all the trouble."

"Don't be a bad loser, man!" Dorrington answered. "You might have had a deal more trouble and a deal more roughness too, I assure you."

"Oh yes, so I might. I'm not grumbling. But there's one thing has puzzled me all along. Where did Bouvier get that stone from?"

"He inherited it. It's the most important of the family jewels, I assure you."

"Oh, skittles! I might have known you wouldn't tell me, even if you knew yourself. But I should like to know. What sort of a duffer must it have been that let Bouvier do him for that big stone—Bouvier of all men in the world? Why, he was a record flat himself—couldn't tell a diamond from a glass marble, I should think. Why, he used to buy peddling little trays of rotters in the Garden at twice their value! And then he'd sell them for what he could get. I knew very well he wasn't going on systematically dropping money like that for no reason at all. He had some axe to grind, that was plain. And after a while he got asking timid questions as to the sale of big diamonds, and how it was done, and who bought them, and all that. That put me on it at once. All this

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buying and selling at a loss was a blind. He wanted to get into the trade to sell stolen diamonds, that was clear; and there was some value in them too, else he couldn't afford to waste months of time and lose money every day over it. So I kept my eye on him. I noticed, when he put his overcoat on, and thought I wasn't looking, he would settle a string of some sort round his neck, under his shirt-collar, and feel to pack up something close under his armpit. Then I just watched him home, and saw the sort of shanty he lived in. I mentioned these things to Mrs. H., and she was naturally indignant at the idea of a chap like Bouvier having something valuable in a dishonest way, and agreed with me that if possible it ought to be got from him, if only in the interests of virtue." Hamer laughed jerkily. "So at any rate we determined to get a look at whatever it was hanging round his neck, and we made the arrangements you know about. It seemed to me that Bouvier was pretty sure to lose it before long, one way or another, if it had any value at all, to judge by the way he was done in other matters. But I assure you I nearly fell down like Bouvier himself when I saw what it was. No wonder we left the bottle behind where I'd dropped it, after soaking the shawl—I wonder I didn't leave the shawl itself, and my hat, and everything. I assure you we sat up half last night looking at that wonderful stone!"

"No doubt. I shall have a good look at it myself, I assure you. Here is Bessborough Street. Which is the number?"

They alighted, and entered a house rather smaller than those about it. "Ask Mrs. Hamer to come here," said Hamer, gloomily, to the servant.

The men sat in the drawing-room. Presently Mrs. Hamer entered—a shortish, sharp, keen-eyed woman of forty-five. "This is Mr. Dorrington," said Hamer, "of Dorrington & Hicks, private detectives. He wants us to give him that diamond."

The little woman gave a sort of involuntary bounce, and exclaimed. "What? Diamond? What d'ye mean?"

"Oh, it's no good, Maria," Hamer answered, dolefully. "I've tried it every way myself. One comfort is we're safe, as long as we give it up. Here," he added, turning to Dorrington, "show her some of your evidence—that'll convince her."

Very politely Dorrington brought forth, with full explanations, the cork and the broken glass; while Mrs. Hamer, biting hard at her thin lips, grew shinier and redder in the face every moment, and her hard gray eyes flashed fury.

"And you let this man," she burst out to her husband, when Dorrington had finished, "you let this man leave your office with these things in his possession after he had shown them to you, and you as big as he is and bigger! Coward!"

"My dear, you don't appreciate Mr. Dorrington's forethought, hang it! I made preparations for the very line of action you recommend, but he was ready. He brought out a very well kept revolver, and he has it in his pocket now!"

Mrs. Hamer only glared, speechless with anger.

"You might just get Mr. Dorrington a whisky and soda, Maria," Hamer pursued, with a slight lift of the eyebrows which he did not intend Dorrington to see. The woman was on her feet in a moment.

"Thank you, no," interposed Dorrington, rising also, "I won't trouble you. I'd rather not drink anything just now, and, although I fear I may appear rude, I can't allow either of you to leave the room. In short," he added, "I must stay with you both till I get the diamond."

"And this man Bouvier," asked Mrs. Hamer, "what is his right to the stone?"

"Really, I don't feel competent to offer an opinion, do you know," Dorrington answered sweetly. "To tell the truth, M. Bouvier doesn't interest me very much."

"No go, Maria!" growled Hamer. "I've tried it all. The fact is we've got to give Dorrington the diamond. If we don't he'll just call in the police—then we shall lose diamond and everything else too. He doesn't care what becomes of Bouvier. He's got us, that's what it is. He won't even bargain to give us a share."

Mrs. Hamer looked quickly up. "Oh, but that's nonsense!" she said. "We got the thing. We ought at least to say halves."

Her sharp eyes searched Dorrington's face, but there was no encouragement in it. "I am sorry to disappoint a lady," he said, "but this time it is my business to impose terms, not to submit to them. Come, the diamond!"

"Well, you'll give us something, surely?" the woman cried.

"Nothing is sure, madam, except that you will give me that diamond, or face a policeman in five minutes!"

The woman realised her helplessness. "Well," she said, "much good may it do you. You'll have to come and get it—I'm

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"There's your diamond, you dirty thief!"

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keeping it somewhere else. I'll go and get my hat."

Again Dorrington interposed. "I think we'll send your servant for the hat," he said, reaching for the bell-rope. "I'll come wherever you like, but I shall not leave you till this affair is settled, I promise you. And, as I reminded your husband a little time ago, you'll find tricks come expensive."

The servant brought Mrs. Hamer's hat and cloak, and that lady put them on, her eyes ablaze with anger. Dorrington made the pair walk before him to the front door, and followed them into the street. "Now," he said, "where is this place? Remember, no tricks!"

Mrs. Hamer turned toward Vauxhall Bridge. "It's just over by Upper Kennington Lane," she said. "Not far."

She paced out before them, Dorrington and Hamer following, the former affable and business-like, the latter apparently a little puzzled. When they came about the middle of the bridge, the woman turned suddenly. "Come, Mr. Dorrington," she said, in a more subdued voice than she had yet used, "I give in. It's no use trying to shake you off, I can see. I have the diamond with me. Here."

She put a little old black wooden box in his hand. He made to open the lid, which fitted tightly, and at that moment the woman, pulling her other hand free from under her cloak, flung away over the parapet something that shone like fifty points of electric light.

"There it goes!" she screamed aloud, pointing with her finger. "There's your diamond, you dirty thief! You bully! Go after it now, you spy!"

The great diamond made a curve of glitter and disappeared into the river.

For the moment Dorrington lost his cool temper. He seized the woman by the arm. "Do you know what you've done, you wild cat?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I do!" the woman screamed, almost foaming with passion, while boys began to collect, though there had been but few people on the bridge. "Yes, I do! And now you can do what you please, you thief! you bully!"

Dorrington was calm again in a moment. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away. Hamer was frightened. He came at Dorrington's side and faltered, "I—I told you she had a temper. What will you do?"

Dorrington forced a laugh. "Oh, nothing," he said. "What can I do? Locking you up now wouldn't fetch the diamond back. And besides I'm not sure that Mrs. Hamer won't attend to your punishment faithfully enough." And he walked briskly away.

"What did she do, Bill?" asked one boy of another.

"Why, didn't ye see? She chucked that man's watch in the river."

"Garn! that wasn't his watch!" interrupted a third, "it was a little glass tumbler. I see it!"

* * * * *

"Have you got my diamond?" asked the agonised Léon Bouvier of Dorrington a day later.

"No, I have not," Dorrington replied drily. "Nor has your cousin Jacques. But I know where it is, and you can get it as easily as I."

"*Mon Dieu!* Where?"

"At the bottom of the river Thames, exactly in the centre, rather to the right of Vauxhall Bridge, looking from this side. I expect it will be rediscovered in some future age, when the bed of the Thames is a diamond-field."

The rest of Bouvier's savings went in the purchase of a boat, and in this, with a pail on a long rope, he was very busy for some time afterward. But he only got a great deal of mud into his boat.

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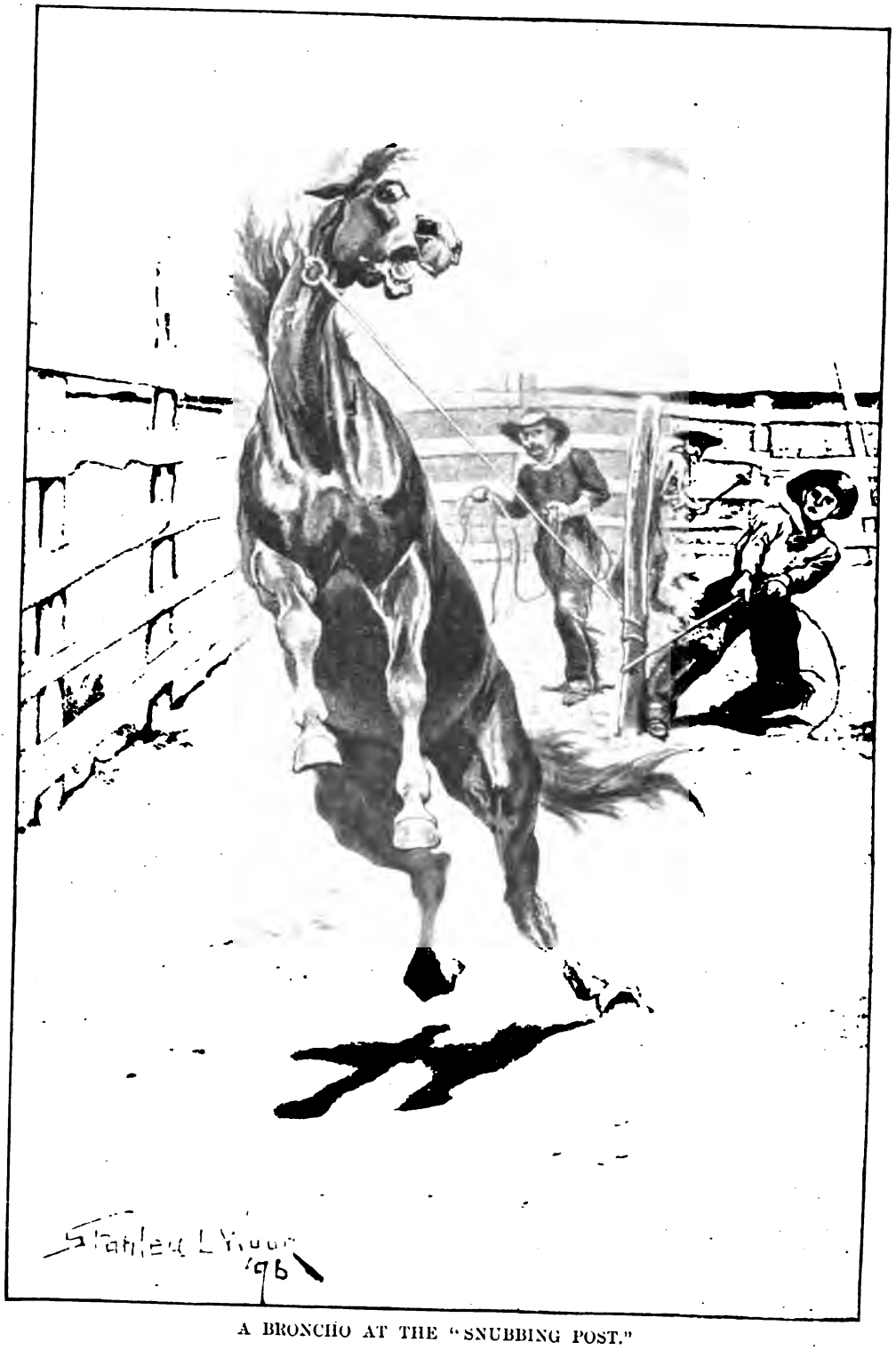

A BRONCHO AT THE "SNUBBING POST."

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A "TENDERFOOT" IN TEXAS.

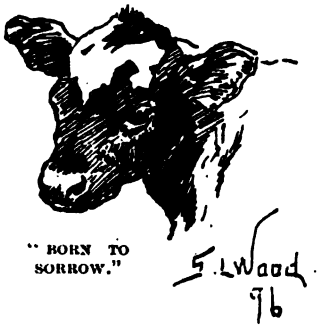
Written and Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD.

II.—CATTLE-BRANDING.

THE stars shone out over stretches of boundless sand and low bushes, and the great moon rose with startling quickness as we drove leisurely along the dusty track.

We were "taking it easy," sitting in a rough Western farm wagon drawn by two bony grays. When I say *we*, I mean the boss of the "half-circle cross outfit" and my humble self, because "niggers don't count" in the South-West, and we had one on board.

But in my eyes, at least, Bill did count, for he was the best "man of colour" I have yet met—of which more anon; furthermore, he was the cook. Earlier in the night—for we were travelling at night to avoid the heat of the day—I had surprised the boss by presenting Bill with a cigar.



"BORN TO SORROW."

Bill showed two rows of gleaming ivories, and chuckled out profuse thanks. The boss turned and looked at him in much the same way that a master looks at his pet dog when a stranger gives it a biscuit.

"Say, Bill, you hain't often had a white man give yer a see-gar, heh?" said he. At which Bill grinned the more.

And yet Bill's position was a higher one than my own at that particular time, although I ranked above him in what artists might call the "colour scheme." He was cook to the outfit; a position of trust and to be treated with due respect, although this outfit bade fair not to be a very extensive affair. In addition he was to work as a roper, brander, and anything else that the boss happened to want. This was Bill's birthright; he was a nigger, and he could work all the time if he wanted to, for he was in the cow country, where niggers are scarce, and where it is not healthy for a man of colour to "put on frills" and talk of "dirty low down white trash"—not even in his sleep. Bill was a good nigger and always busy; when he was awake he was working, and when asleep he was always trying to snore himself awake again.

As to my humble self, I was to do any work among the cattle the boss might require, and return to civilisation with the notion I'd had a good time. Also I could "sling my hook" any time I wanted without damaging in any way the financial position of the said boss. As we sat smoking in that old wagon, with the great theatrical moon shining down upon us, we talked of many things. Strange as it may seem, the boss showed an intense interest in the doings of the members of our royal family, particularly as regards the Prince of Wales.

Of necessity the South-West is a "horsy" country, and news of Persimmon's winning the Derby had drifted down to this remote part of Texas. So it came about that our conversation that night, as the two bony grays stamped up the alkali dust of that Western trail, was not so much of cattle or coyotes as of royal racers, Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

My knowledge of the home life of our royal family is limited, *strictly limited* in fact. And I fear that most of the stories I could remember as likely to interest a ranchman were more picturesque than truthful.

He however informed me he had long wanted to see "Wales"; that "Wales" and he were about the same sort, and if he ever "struck things fat" in the cattle biz, why he would go over to that little island and find "Wales." He should say, "Why, now, 'Wales,' come right *along* and have a good time with *me*! And, sirree, you *bet* he would! S—a—y! Why, 'Wales' and me is jist the same sort, you bet yer!—Git up thar!"

And the whip struck the bony side of the near gray, making him leap forward, and the boss grinned an expansive grin at the big moon—probably thinking of the good

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times to come, and how he and the Heir-apparent would, as he said, "Jist paint things *red*!"—that is if he ever "struck it fat" in the cattle business.

If memory serves me right, I believe there was a gentleman named Alnaschar in the "Arabian Nights," who dealt in glass and had day dreams of "a good time coming," which so "got on his nerves" that without thinking he kicked over his stock-in-trade, which rapidly brought him down from a seventh heaven to a very sordid earth. The story goes on to say "he bemoaned his fate," it doesn't say he *swore*.

And so too the alighting from the wagon in the small hours brought our modern Alnaschar down from his prospective romps with the heir to England's throne to the fact that the windmill was broken, and that the night air was laden with an odour not at all like the scents of Araby, but distinctly of *cattle*—*dead* cattle.

A ROPER IN THE CORRAL.

We inspected the windmill, saw that the pumping-rod must be repaired, noted bunches of wild-eyed cattle, spectral in the moonlight, then—well then the boss did what Alnaschar would have done had he run his glass business in a cow-town—he swore—Bill called it "cursing."

But I prefer to stick to the plain statement—that *the boss swore*. Now I have spent midnight hours in a cavalry guard-room listening to the troopers' yarns when the language—well, is just a "wee bit" coarse. I have heard the festive navvy "calling to his mate" when he felt aggrieved; I have noted the chief officer of a cattle boat "talk straight" to a gang of evil-eyed cattle hands; and once, just once, I was startled at what an artist friend said when his wet Academy picture fell face downwards on a dusty floor. But never have I stood so spell-bound, so astonished, and feeling so utterly feeble and small as when the boss launched his wrath at that mill.

Not only was it the windmill which ought not to have broken, but, from what my dazed senses could gather, the windmill ought never to have been there! The cattle ought never to want water! They ought never to have been cattle!

Well, the boss continued to say naughty words, and Bill and I got the blankets out. We dumped out of the wagon our saddles and other articles, and though the world on that great gray plain was good, and the tobacco smokable, what I wanted just then was sleep. So, kicking off my boots, I rolled into my blankets by the side of the still blaspheming boss, and with the cool night wind blowing, and away in the distance the faint howl of a prairie wolf for a lullaby, I dropped off into a sound sleep.

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I awoke in the chilly dawn to find Bill boiling coffee made from very stagnant alkali water, and to see the boss reflectively picking sand grits out of his head. He informed me he had had a bad night, mental visions of "Wales" and windmills, of "them marble halls" and dying cattle had haunted him in his prairie slumbers. But fat fried bacon, hot heavy bread and sandy coffee soon had their cheering effect upon him, and he grew jovial over the delights of a cattle-owner's existence. He had no house to worry about.

Bill mounted and rode away into that great nothingness of prairie, to emerge in three hours' time driving before him a spare broncho, my mount for the time. And then at daybreak the branding began.

To describe, detail for detail, every incident that occurred would not only take up more space than is worth giving to such an amateur penman as my humble self, but would probably also tire out the reader—and may the gods grant that the WINDSOR may never do *that*!

A ROPER AT WORK.

When he was out on the ranges he lived by his wagon, other times he lived "in town," sleeping on a camp bed among the saddles and lariats in his brother's harness store. When we had finished our not too elegant feed the boss lit his pipe and remarked there was nothing to be done until the windmill was mended. So all that blazing day we toiled at that mill, mending it at last by evening. There was joy in the eyes of those wild cattle as the water gushed out once again into the troughs.

But a general idea of a branding is this: Imagine a great enclosure surrounded by a high rail fence, the fire burning in one corner, the branding irons ready. Imagine this enclosure periodically filled with calves, say two or three hundred at a time. Within this "corral" sun-tanned men are seizing, throwing and holding down calves, while the punchers stamp the brand with red-hot irons on flank or side. The bellowing and roaring of the calves; the laughing, yelling, and swearing of the "boys"; the smell of

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the singeing hair, and the heavy choking clouds of sandy dust hanging over all make up a strange semi-savage picture. Noise! Why, it's a pandemonium!

A man must keep his wits too. I saw a "boy" have his face from mouth to ear laid open by a kick from a calf, and all the sympathy he got was a general laugh. He ought not to have been so clumsy. This part of the work—branding the calves—is looked upon more as fun, as it is generally now done on foot in the branding corral.

And yet in getting the calves into the corral one gets all the work one wants. I have far more respect now for the running abilities of a Texan calf than formerly. But in roping and branding in the open, what a picture it is to see the plain alive with the cowboys on their wiry bronchos! One is at full gallop in the rear of some bovine youngster, the ever-ready rope whirling in widening circles until—whiz! and with a sudden tightening of the reins the broncho wheels and the four legs of the calf go up into the air together. With the lasso round his neck he goes bumping, grunting and bawling, towed along in the wake of the flying steed until the "calf wrestlers" seize him, and a big brand is burnt on him before he is really fully aware of it.

Poor little chap! It's a case of the inevitable, "seeing as how he's a Texan." He should thank the "Lone Star," or whatever star calves are in the habit of thanking, that it does not last long, otherwise the process of being hauled along at the end of a forty-foot rope over not too smooth ground might upset the living capacity of even a four-footed child of the plains.

SEEING AS HOW HE'S A TEXAN."

With the steers the work really requires more nerve, but it is done in much the same manner. The cow-puncher catches him on

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the run, either round the horns, neck, or hind legs, tows him up to the fire, another "boy" getting him round with his rope, bracing back to make the ropes taut, thereby pulling the steer out on his side; then the brand is put on. But it was always at the horse brandings that I was most interested. A band of unbroken, long-tailed, wild-eyed bronchos, of all colours and sizes, all pacing swiftly round the corral, the ground shaking with the thunder of their unshod hoofs, the dust rising and settling in fine powdery clouds over all.

In the centre of the enclosure stand the ropers. And see those horses as the rope whirls in the air—how they bunch together and make a wild rush to avoid the loop they know so well is meant for one or all in time! Occasionally they make a dash for the closed gate or high fence; and I have seen it once fly in splinters beneath their combined weight.

A man as a rule stands at the gate, on the inside of the enclosure, rope in hand, to keep the wild mob from rushing it by main force, for the swinging lassoes of the ropers send the herd crazy. As I have been the man at the gate I can speak from experience. The general effect is that of a lot of great staring eyes, blood-red extended nostrils, flying manes and an indescribable noise of hoofs bearing down straight upon you. Even if you call yourself an artist you *don't* drop your rope and take out your sketch book and sit down and make careful fore-shortened studies of semi-distracted bronchos. Oh no, you yell and whirl your rope, and lose your hat and get hot, and feel very little, and wonder with a strange awe how big and various and nightmarey those gee-gees have grown. And as you scare them by you the rush of their hoofs feels far too near. Perhaps you get a swipe over the face with one of those long tails, and it stings, and you get a pound and a half of sand grit down your throat, and as much again in your ears and eyes and shirt. You wait for a lull in this living nightmare to make a break for a tin pail of lukewarm alkali water, and you drink about a quart, and it tastes better than champagne.

Well, there goes the rope! Zip! over the mob; settles with a vicious jerk, with an iron-muscled cowboy at one end and a pitching, bucking collection of hair, hoofs and staring eyes at the other. Two twists round the stout "snubbing post" in the centre of the corral, and no broncho in Texas can break away. The tightening rope draws the neck as small as a man's arm, and the four legs are straightened out as stiff as iron.

Roper number two playfully flicks a leg with his noose, and of course the broncho is so angry with this liberty that up comes his foot, possibly to strike, and when it comes down—why, it has stepped clear into the loop, drawn tight; then another leg is caught, a hind one, and with the slackening of the neck rope the animal thinks he can rear, which he can't. But he can make a trial trip, which he does, and goes flop on his side with his legs pulled together by one rope ending in the hands of a grinning cowboy.

Now before the broncho can do more than squeal he feels a something that stings his flank, and he'd plunge if he could. But there's a gentleman in mail-bag leather overalls, trimmed with buckskin fringe, who is sitting on his head, and when this gentleman gets up the rope is off and the broncho rises, free, but carrying his own advertisement to the effect that he belongs to the "Cross-Loop," the "Bar-Cross," "Two Star," or any other ranch, as the case may be.

As a horse is branded with his owner's stamp, and as he may sometimes change hands a good deal, his flanks and shoulders get in time to carry as many souvenirs of former meetings as a lovers' trysting-tree. I remember one gray which was so branded you could have taught a child his alphabet off his near shoulder. He looked quite like a walking magazine article. Then, as he had little diamonds and crosses, star and garter burns all over him as well, he looked like an *illustrated* magazine article. This seemed hard on him, at least from a realist's point of view. But I didn't pity him at all, because when he wasn't trying to roll with me he wanted to play at buck jumping, and I don't like that game, it makes you think too rapidly!

Now I believe I hinted I was going to mention Bill the cook again, and here is where my respect for that "coon" comes in. The horses and steers and calves were all duly branded, and the outfit was thinking of disbanding. Well, we had run out of grub, all but coffee, and my time to return to "town" was drawing near, the boss had again started to blank things—this time calves and niggers. The blanking this time was all due to the fact that one calf wouldn't come in and say, "See here now, you fellows, just punch me with a hot iron, as me and mammy want to be getting away with the rest of 'em!" No,

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the calf did nothing of the kind, but he apparently just laughed at us and then disappeared.

The boss consigned Bill and all Bill's immediate relations to a far more sultry climate than—well, even Arizona—and it's hot *there*! This I heard as my mare and I started after the spotted demon, and adown the western wind floated the tail-end of something about "blanked calves" too.

I didn't stop—that calf had to be taken. Away out on the miraged-fringed sand-plain I saw Mr. Calf calmly punching his mother's ribs with his shiny nose, and I went for him. Away to my right I saw Bill cantering along on his wicked gray horse, a small branding-iron between his leg and stirrup leather, a rope coil in his hand, and confidence and perspiration shining on his black face.

The calf doubled and dodged me; evil thoughts of infanticide filled my heart. I would gladly have slaughtered that long-tailed youngster before his wild-eyed mother. By the time I had wheeled my steed the calf was going like an intoxicated express train away out on the plain, but thundering in his rear, with the fatal rope well out, was that black philosopher and—well, there he got him; and not only got him but dismounted too, the horse standing still all the while. Bill tied that calf's legs, lit a small fire of "skeet" bush, heated his iron and "punched the brand" single handed—that is if you don't count the horse! And not only that, but he finished by pretty nearly starting a regular prairie fire too!

THE MAN AT THE GATE: HOW IT FEELS.

That was a good enough ending to my cattle experience; so mounting a fresh horse, and not stopping to eat—for the very trivial fact that there was nothing more eatable left than coffee-beans—I turned my broncho's head in the direction of the settlement. Thus I started off "on the dead run" over those prairies, on the way back to civilisation, coffee without sand, water *with* soap, and now and then a long glass with ice in it—and something else.

How I was received in town would not be of much interest to the reader, but will always

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remain in this "tenderfoot" heart and bind him pretty close to the "Lone Star State." Rough, big, self-reliant, ready to risk their life at a woman's word, are the Texan boys. Yet after all, in spite of what the books tell us, is there really in their everyday life so very much romance and sentiment? Romance and sentiment become very hard facts when they become incidents in daily life.

Away out on the borders of Arizona, up to a cattle camp at early dawn rode a wounded man, the blood trickling from his leg as he bent nearly double over his saddle horn. Indians; a stolen horse; a little counter-stealing on the white man's part; a running fight; three bullets in his leg. But to me the only really semi-romantic Captain Mayne Reid incident about it was that the cook wanted to try and get those bullets out with a fork!

A long room with a bar running the whole length; a crowd of big-hatted men, all armed, drinking; a table at which a party are having a quiet little game of cards—so quiet that if there's any cheating found out there'll be a coroner's inquest in the morning.

A border settlement and an alarm that the Indians are "out"; a general collecting of cowboys in town—for what? To come in for mutual protection? Oh no! For cartridges and another gun or two, and then out to meet the Indian raider on his own ground.

These and similar memories mingle with the smoke from my pipe as I look back to that perhaps too brief border experience in the land

> Where the sun sinks through leagues of arid sky,
> Where the sun dies o'er leagues of arid plain,

and where the free-hearted Western rider lives, works and dies. It's a great land; and if it breeds great faults it also breeds great virtues and good, kind, manly hearts.

In the near future there may be no cow-puncher left, and the boys of the next generation will only read about the man on the horse with the big spurs and the "gun." Therefore, as a mere illustrator, I am thankful to have seen those living pictures of plains life, if even from the point of view of a "tenderfoot" in Texas.

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THE DREAMLAND CAR.

By H. M. Waithman.

I drove away in the Dreamland Car,
And sleep was the charioteer;
We sought the road to a distant star,
Away from the known and near.

We went away from the wakeful lands,
And the realm of the hopeless eyes,
And past the house of the folded hands,
And of love that lives and dies.

We crossed the plains of the purple night
And the track of the frozen moon,
Beyond the heat and beyond the light
Of the sun in his nightless noon.

The stars drew near and the stars went by,
And were lost in the deeps of space,
Till at last the star that we sought drew nigh,
And I met her face to face!

Ah, that was a dream in a dream enclosed,
As a shrine in a shrine is set,
Or a sunset hues in a rose enrosed;
There was silence—for we met!

I drove away in the Dreamland Car,
And sleep was the charioteer;
He brought me back from the distant star,
And I wept when I found me here.

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MAKING AND LAYING AN ATLANTIC CABLE.

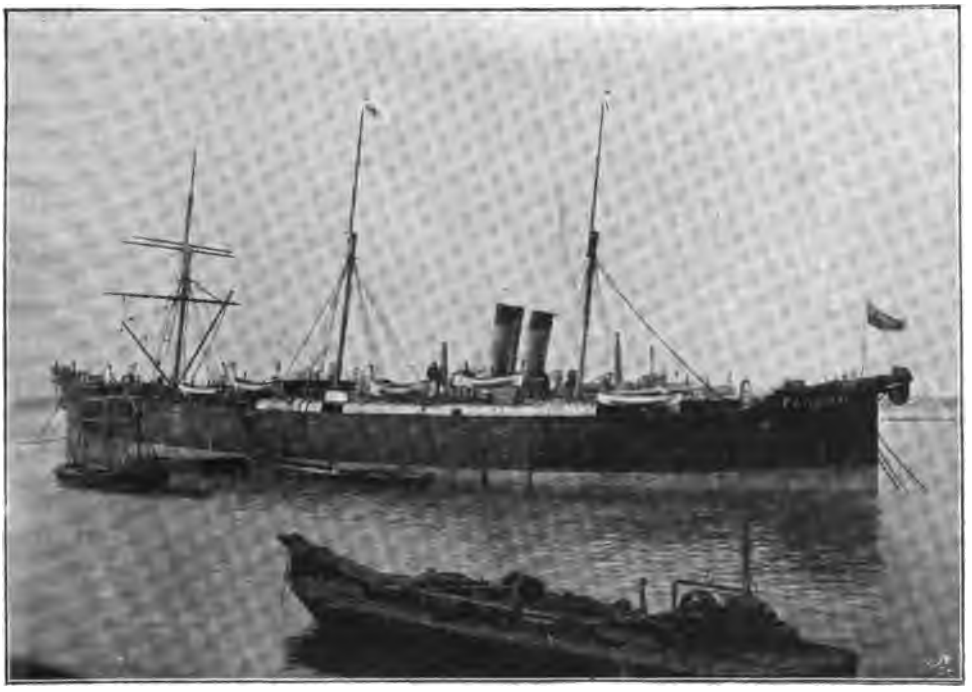
By Roland Belfort.

Illustrated from Photographs by Messrs. Angove.

IT is really doubtful whether we properly realise the magnitude of the work accomplished, mainly by the British, in the establishment of submarine telegraph communication—the materialisation of Shakspeare's famous "girdle round the earth in forty minutes." This great work has been executed amid comparative indifference; important extensions are constantly being made without attracting the slightest attention. And yet what a terrible calamity it would be for the Press, commerce, diplomacy, and, indeed, the world generally, should certain omnipotent cable kings decree the sudden and universal severance of this spinal cord of civilisation!

There is no corner of the world into which these hardy pioneers have not made their pacific, scientific raid, developing international communications, disseminating intelligence, expediting the world's commerce, and completing that vital chain which may ultimately bind the world in the bonds of peace. Is it not a significant fact that since the establishment of this admirable system England has not been involved in any serious conflict, although ominous war-clouds have frequently gathered? In their dispersion the cable has always played a prominent part.

When, in 1851, Brett laid his Dover-Calais cable, he scarcely anticipated that within forty years every point of the globe would be placed in permanent intercommunication. With what surprise would he contemplate the latest telegraphic map intersected by 1300 cables, aggregating 162,000 knots, and varying in length from 1 to 2700 knots. He who experienced such difficulty in raising his modest capital would marvel at the £45,000,000 invested, the vast army of men and the fleet of forty-one ships now employed in cable work.



THE CABLE STEAMER "FARADAY."

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A recent interview with Mr. Alexander Siemens, director of the famous firm of Siemens Brothers & Co., so long identified with submarine telegraphy, and a visit to their cable works, furnished me with many interesting details concerning this cosmopolitan enterprise.

Messrs. Siemens have laid seven out of the twelve existing Atlantic cables: one for the "Direct" Company, one for a French company, two for Jay Gould, and three for Mr. Mackay, the Silver King. Jay Gould acted with characteristic boldness. One day he cabled to Messrs. Siemens—

"Cable estimate for making and laying two Atlantic cables."

The firm immediately quoted their price, the amount considerably exceeding £1,000,000!

"Accept offer. Will buy *Faraday*," instantly responded the Napoleon of finance.

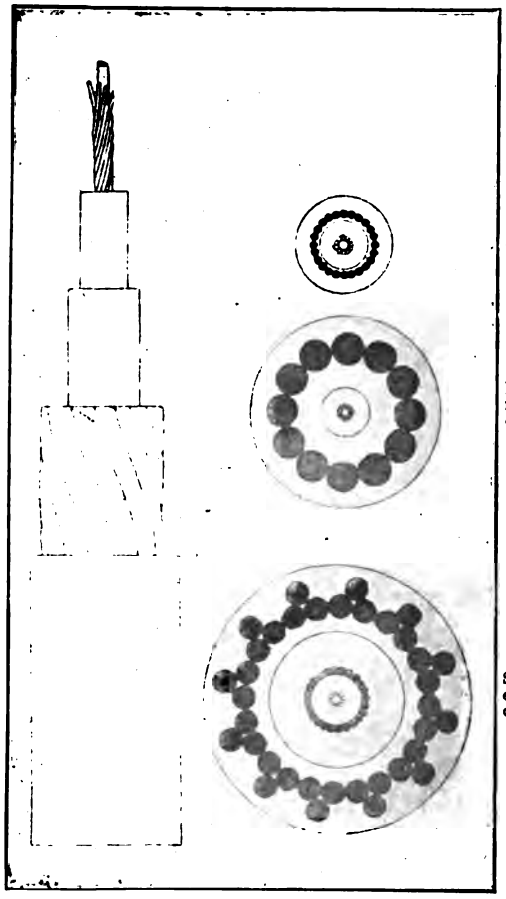
But, alas! there are many things that even a millionaire cannot buy, among these being the *Faraday*. However, Jay Gould, restraining his acquisitive ardour, cabled—

"Make and lay two cables. £50,000 deposited at your bankers."

The cables were promptly made and laid.

Immediately on receiving the purchaser's order the contractors prepare for mutual signature a printed agreement minutely specifying, among many other things, the price, length, weight, quality, landing-places, ocean routes and date of completion of the proposed cables. All preliminary arrangements having been completed, the scene of this interesting commercial drama changes from Westminster to Woolwich.

Messrs. Siemens' headquarters are at 12 Queen Anne's Gate—an old-world mansion with long passages, lofty, domed recesses and spacious apartments, many of which, overlooking the sylvan, verdant expanse of St. James's Park, seem far removed from the storm and stress of our feverish London life. In striking contrast are their Woolwich works, consisting of a long line of brick buildings of varying heights and severe aspect, dominated by an immense chimney-shaft, whose smoke intensifies the hazy atmosphere so characteristic of these riparian regions. A dreary expanse of waste land, bordered by humble cottages, faces the works. On the other side flows the turgid Thames, with its long lines of dingy wharves and malodorous factories, and its constant stream of bustling river traffic.



Accompanied by Messrs. Siemens' representative, who kindly pilots me through this industrial labyrinth, I sign the visitors' book, which contains the autographs of many distinguished people. The establishment covers eight acres and often employs a staff of three thousand men—submarine cable-making being only one of the numerous electrical enterprises conducted here. The works are intersected by avenues and streets like a small town. I observe a light railway, an electric tramway; telephonic, fire-alarm and electric-light wires run above and under ground. On every hand are immense buildings filled with

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ponderous engines, steam-hammers, cranes and every description of machinery. The air literally throbs with the nervous vibrations of an endless series of whirring wheels and bobbins, revolving shafts and flashing belts, all driven by tiny motors supplied with electric current from a central station. There are smithies with glowing forges, huge storehouses, testing-rooms with a bright array of shining instruments, vast show-rooms, general offices with an army of busy clerks, carpenters' shops, timber-yards, piles of wire, big boilers, colossal, red-faced, rotund buoys, and a thousand other objects bewildering in their diversity. The greatest activity reigns everywhere; vigilant overseers supervise both men and machinery, for here accidents positively must not happen! This scene of disciplined industrial activity causes me to reflect on the talent amounting to genius required to organise and control from Westminster this dual mechanical and human force and extract therefrom such admirable results. Every man seems to fit into his place as perfectly as the cog-wheels fit into the machinery. In fact, men and machinery almost seem to form but one, so homogeneous is their joint action.

WIRE-STRANDING MACHINERY.

After this general survey we enter the cable factory, our first visit being to the storehouses, containing enormous stocks of material. For instance, the latest "commercial" Atlantic cable made here was 2201 knots long and absorbed—copper wire, 495 tons; gutta-percha, 315 tons; jute yarn, 575 tons; steel wire, 3000 tons; compound and tar, 1075 tons; total, 5460 tons. This cable was ordered, made, laid and worked within seven months. Ten machines, working night and day, averaged 55 knots of cable every twenty-four hours. And this is not the first time such a feat has been performed by Messrs. Siemens, who have twenty years' experience, a staff of electrical, mechanical and nautical experts, and extensive works equipped with the latest apparatus and machinery known to science—invented, in many cases, by members of the firm. Otherwise it could not be done.

For laying near the coast in shallow water, where the cable is buffeted by the waves and chafes on the rocks, it is made heavy, thick and strong. For the depths of mid-ocean it is of lighter make, lesser depths necessitating a suitable intermediate size. These three types are known as "shore end," "deep sea," and "intermediate." In each case the core, hereafter described, is uniform throughout.

All material is carefully tested before use, so that the operations of testing and verification equal the sum of actual work performed. Each coil of wire is tested as to its weight, size and purity. Compound, gutta-percha, india-rubber must be purified and otherwise manipulated before use. Every knot of cable is tested twice: first by the contractors' electricians, then by those representing the purchasing company. An Atlantic cable contains about 1300 joints, each one being carefully tested, numbered, labelled and registered. Every operation, simple or complex, is so carefully checked that a flaw becomes a practical impossibility. Hence the enviable reputation enjoyed by the firm.

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The initial process in cable-making is the stranding of the twelve copper wires composing the conductor. This is effected by an ingenious arrangement of revolving discs with bobbins of copper wire, which act like gigantic spinning-jennies. The wires thus stranded are covered with a thin layer of compound, to ensure the perfect adhesion of the gutta-percha which is then applied. When this is cold the core is wound on drums, taken to the tank-houses, submerged in water and tested electrically to make certain that the gutta-percha covering is flawless. As a fault in a core may ruin a cable, this test is obviously of paramount importance. In order to test its capacity for resisting the enormous pressure of the water when submerged, the cable is now subjected to hydraulic pressure averaging four tons to the square inch. Then the embryo cable is transferred to the cable shop, where it is covered with yarn, laid on helically by a process similar to that used for stranding the wires. The short lengths are now jointed and tested, and form one long cable. This is transferred to the principal machine shop — the home of "Jumbo," probably the largest cable-spinning machine extant, by which sixty-four sheathing wires can be simultaneously applied. Many similar but smaller machines occupy adjacent positions. The manner in which the wires are manipulated and securely wound round the cable is as ingenious as it is striking. The cable passes through the hollow axle of an immense circular frame carrying bobbins filled with steel wire. This frame, rapidly revolving, lays the wires round the cable, the jute yarn acting as a buffer between the gutta-percha and the heavy wire. The same machine applies a layer of compound, followed by one of jute. Then come a second layer of compound and a second layer of jute, the latter being applied in the reverse direction to the first. The application of a third layer of compound completes the cable. It is then coiled away in immense circular tanks filled with water, and is regularly tested until it reaches its final resting-place beneath the waters. Accidents apart, it should last sixty years or more.

CABLE MACHINERY ON THE "FARADAY."

During shipment the *Faraday* is moored near the works, and the cable travels from tanks to ship over guide-pulleys mounted on tall floating frames. In the ship's tanks are men who carefully arrange the cable in coils, whitewash being used to prevent these sticking. Very curious is this scene: the immense sea-serpent gliding into the tank with a wriggling, ceaseless motion; the shadowy tank; the ghostly forms of the men, looking like uncanny witches muttering dark incantations and performing mysterious rites inside a colossal caldron.

The *Faraday* was designed by Sir William Siemens, who, dissatisfied with existing cable-ships, determined to design one himself. Although a novice in naval architecture, he evolved a ship pronounced by cable experts to be a model. About 5000 tons register, 360 feet long, and 36 feet deep, she is one of the two largest cable-ships afloat. Three enormous tanks, each capable of holding a fair-sized villa, accommodate 1700 knots of cable. They are so built as to add materially to her structural strength. She has such novel features as double bows and funnels *abreast*, manœuvres rapidly, and turns in her own length.

During an expedition she carries 180 men. The work is divided into three departments,

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with separate chiefs and staffs, who, however, always work in perfect harmony. The cable-laying, picking-up, and other engineering operations are superintended by Mr. John Brittle, C.E., a cool, quiet, resourceful man, familiar with every phase of cable work. Captain Le Fanu, an experienced officer, navigates the ship; while the electrical department is controlled by Mr. Frank Jacob, an electrician of uncommon scientific attainments. The supreme command is generally assumed by Mr. Alexander Siemens, a past president of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and a recognised authority on everything relating to submarine telegraphy.

The *Faraday* is a floating town rather than an ordinary ship. Her decks are crowded with machinery: paying-out and picking-up gear, huge buoys, grapnels, chains, sounding apparatus, donkey-engines, cranes and derricks. Both bows are fitted with large projecting iron pulleys called "sheaves," which keep the cable clear of the ship during operations. These sheaves are enclosed in a railed gangway, which serves as a look-out station for officers and men. Throughout the ship are distributed smithies, carpenters' shop, electric-light house, ice-house, doctor's surgery, photographic studio, steward's store-rooms, butcher's shop, bake-house and an immense kitchen. Along the decks are penned the live stock—poultry, sheep, cattle, all tenderly nurtured by the butchers until the hour for slaughter arrives. A spacious testing-room is fitted with electrical apparatus of every description. Comfortable messing and sleeping accommodation is provided for each category of men. The saloons and state-rooms occupied by the chiefs and principal officers of the expedition are luxurious, and fitted with all the latest space-saving notions. Bath-rooms, buffet, and cosy writing-rooms complete the installation. Throughout the ship glows the electric light, which also provides powerful search-lights for night work. Strict discipline is maintained; every man has a defined duty, which he performs with cheerful alacrity. Well paid, well treated, having perfect confidence in their chiefs, all hands work with a pluck and enthusiasm which the most formidable obstacles cannot resist. The ship may be in a fog, a gale, surrounded by ice-bergs or rolling and pitching in a terrible manner, delicate electrical experiments, smart engineering and navigating feats are performed with as much precision and regularity as they could be in harbour.

From a photo by] [*Angove, Canso, N.S.*

CARRYING THE CABLE ON SHORE.

In an Atlantic expedition the *Faraday* commences by laying about 150 miles of cable from the Irish coast westward. The landing of shore ends is an interesting operation, in which boats, buoys, rafts and steam-launches play a prominent part. In stormy weather exciting events sometimes occur. Near the shore, brawny cable hands jump into the water, resolutely seize the cable, and haul it by main strength along a trench into the cable hut. The ocean end is attached to an immense buoy, which

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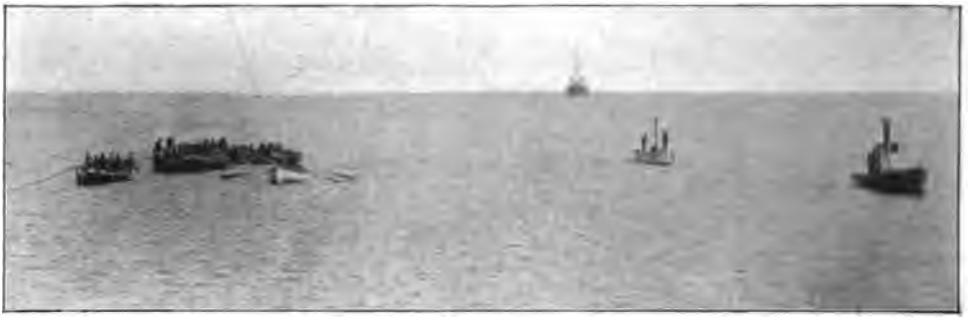
remains at the mercy of the waves whilst the ship crosses the "pond" to lay 400 knots from the Nova Scotian coast across the great banks of Newfoundland. Buoying this she returns to ship the deep-sea section—1650 miles.

The *Faraday's* departure creates considerable excitement. With her go the good wishes of thousands connected with Siemens'. The adjacent wharves are crowded with people, and as she slowly leaves her moorings hats and handkerchiefs are waved, and "Good-bye!" is shouted by mothers, sweethearts, wives, children. Responsive cries are heard from the ship. Finally the leviathan disappears; many sympathetic spectators retire to some tavern, there to honour the toast: *Bon voyage.*

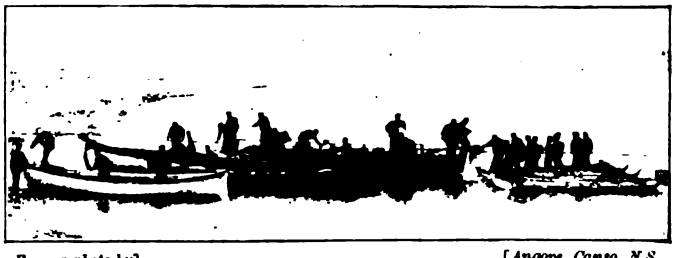
On her second voyage the ship makes for the end buoyed off the Irish coast, "clearing for action" during her run down Channel. On arrival fog may prevail, but calculations by dead reckoning reveal the vicinity of the buoys. When fog prevents operations the ship lies to until it lifts. Then they pick up the buoys—an easy matter under favourable circumstances. But stormy weather sometimes causes cable and buoy to part company. The ocean bed must then be raked with a grapnel to recover the lost cable—an arduous task not exempt from risk and even danger.

If the buoy be found in position the sea may be rough or the ship rolling heavily, but a lifeboat manned by sturdy fellows wearing cork jackets is rapidly lowered. The tiny craft pitches and tosses on the angry, white-capped waves in a terrific manner. But these men, smart, plucky, gallantly pull for the dancing buoy. Watching their opportunity they attach thereto a steadying rope, one of them springs on the buoy with simian agility; attaching strong ropes, he hops back into the boat—sometimes into the sea—and both buoy and cable are hauled on board. The boat with its drenched crew returns to the ship; the two ends of the cable are tested and spliced, the *Faraday's* prow pointed westward, paying out commences. Night and day watches are organised in every department; every man is at his post; wonderful animation reigns everywhere. The ship forges ahead at seven knots an hour; the cable shoots up from the tank. Gliding over certain pulleys it winds around a swiftly-revolving drum, fitted with weighted breaks destined to control and check the speed of paying out. Then diving under the wheel of a dynamometer, which indicates the strain on the cable, it passes over the stern sheaves, dips into the sea, and finally disappears. Cable-laying necessitates constant attention, resourcefulness, engineering skill, and familiarity with the ocean bed. A cable laid too slack causes waste and sometimes dangerous "kinks"; if too tight it remains suspended between the peaks of submarine mountains, exposed to fracture by its own weight.



From a photo by] [*Angove, Canso, N.S.*

HAULING THE CABLE TO SHORE.



From a photo by] [*Angove, Canso, N.S.*

LANDING THE CABLE.

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In the tanks are stationed men to facilitate the cable's exit and prevent accidents. On deck, whatever the weather, the contractors' and purchasing company's engineers supervise all operations, minutely recording everything that transpires for future reference. The electricians are equally vigilant, testing and recording all results. The navigating and engine-room staffs are on the alert. During the night work continues by electric light. A brilliant cresset at the mast-head announces to passing ships that a cable steamer is at work.

Occasionally some mishap occurs. An excited electrician rushes out of the testing-room shouting, "Stop her!"—communication with the shore has ceased. The telegraph-bell clangs, the engines cease to throb, the breaks arrest the drum, the cable is secured. The leviathan drifts like a log on the ocean. Very impressive is this sudden stillness succeeding the previous uproar. The chiefs immediately assemble; the cable is tested. Sometimes it is a false alarm; at others a slight fault is discovered. According to circumstances, the faulty portion of the cable is hauled back on board and repaired, or the end is buoyed and the ship steams back to pick up and repair the damaged section. The buoyed cable is then recovered and operations are resumed. But such accidents are rare; the work generally runs on smoothly, even in stormy weather. Day by day the cable is laid over hill and valley, gorge and crevice, and along immense undulating table-lands. The depths vary, according to the configuration of the ocean bed, from 300 feet to 3½ miles.

During the entire expedition the electricians, maintaining constant communication with the shore, are kept informed of passing events. The birth of Prince Edward of York was thus communicated. Mr. Alexander Siemens flashed congratulations, and the Duke of York sent a gracious response to this unique message from the sea.

Finally, about the tenth day out, the ship reaches the vicinity of the buoyed end. In these latitudes fogs and icebergs are frequently encountered. The cable is cut and buoyed, and the ship lies to until the fog disappears, when the buoys are sought for and picked up. To the shore end is spliced sufficient cable to meet the ocean end, which is brought on board and tested. Then the final splice is made—a critical operation. Amid wild excitement the retaining ropes are severed by mighty axes, and the cable gently drops into the sea. After being tested from shore to shore, congratulatory messages circulate; the *Faraday* returns home. But the expedition is not *quite* finished; for thirty days the contractors are responsible for the cable. Should it break even at the twenty-third hour of the thirtieth day they must repair it at their own expense. With what anxious care are the final tests taken! If quite satisfied, the purchasing company's representative informs his chief: "Cable perfect." It is then officially accepted from the contractors.

From a photo by] [*Angove, Canso, N.S.*

ICEBERGS IN CANSO HARBOUR.

The expedition usually terminates with a banquet given by the firm; congratulatory speeches and sparkling champagne kindle professional enthusiasm and promote general gaiety. The chief thanks one and all for their hearty co-operation, reminiscences are exchanged, toasts are duly honoured. These festivities efface the souvenir of the dangers and hardships encountered whilst battling with the elements in "the roaring forties."

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THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

THE large number of correspondents who have pointed out a slight error in Mr. Hall Caine's story, "The Christian," is a proof of how closely the work of that eminent novelist is watched. I need not say that it is a gratification to him to experience this kindly scrutiny. He asks me to say that a certain sentence in the early chapters of "The Christian" should have stated that John Storm was "nominated" (not "inducted") by Parson Quayle.

From a photo by [*Lallie Garet-Charles.*

"CHILDHOOD'S WONDER IN HER EYES."

I HAVE received from a barrister a letter of remonstrance with regard to a recent article on politicians. He is grieved that "hogs should be treated as human beings." Other epithets applied by this "gentleman" include, "petty reptiles," "beasts," and "spawn of the devil." Truly a pleasant little list! This correspondent says also, "I would crawl 59½ miles"—(why not 60?)—"on my bear (*sic*) knees over sharp-pointed flints to see these reptiles scraped to death with oyster shells!" That misspelt word "bear" is not so wrong after all.

NOT only do our correspondents write us from all lands under the sun, but from the waters also; and some very interesting letters frequently reach us from "those at sea." A captain writes us his appreciation of the WINDSOR. He says: "Now I call 'In Strange Company' a really racy yarn; nearly every sailor has been through something of the sort. Why, that prison at Batavia has often been broken open and the fellows cleared out. They are not merely imprisoned for crime, but for any roguery. I remember one of our men being put in because he had been enjoying too many bananas. We were lying at Tanjong Priok, so he went into a garden and, right in front of the house, climbed a tree and assisted himself to a bunch of bananas. Now the people could not really let that pass, and they therefore assisted him into prison. But, bless you! he was soon out again. He then mounted a cocoa-nut tree; here, however, retribution quickly overtook him. He slipped down again rather suddenly, and was seen to rush to the water and jump in without any ceremony. Then it transpired that he had disturbed a nest of white ants, and they did not hesitate to let him know it. As Mr. Guy Boothby takes one round it brings back one's own escapades. There were some thrilling yarns to be spun in connection with that last insurrection in Chili, which he mentions in 'In Strange Company.' I saw some awful tragedies there. But Chili is a funny show at the best of times!"

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MY RUNAWAY WIFE.

By Janet Achurch.

Illustrated by
Henry N. Browne.

IT really does not matter, even if I could remember, what the quarrel was about, but it was our first, and it left us very sore and distant.

Doris was dignified about it. She had always professed a detestation of the New Woman, but there was certainly a suspicion of that already old-fashioned person about the attitude my wife occasionally took up.

"This kind of thing is lowering to both our characters, Allan."

As she spoke she was tying on her hat with trembling fingers. It was a hat I had chosen for her myself, and was particularly becoming. When I saw it going on that harum-scarum little head back to front, *my* dignity gave way.

"I don't think you're putting that on quite right," I hazarded.

"What do you mean?" demanded Doris, glancing hastily at the glass. She bit her lips—she was longing to laugh, but she wouldn't—and I saw her get first pink and then crimson with annoyance as the velvet strings resolved themselves into a complicated knot. One or two vicious tugs only made matters worse.

"Can I assist you?" I inquired blandly; and though it was gall and wormwood to Doris at such a moment to accept my help, she appeared, after a short conference with dignity, to make up her mind that it was her best course, and with an ultra-polite "I'm afraid I must trouble you," resigned herself for the moment.

Doris is not very tall; I stand six foot one in my socks; I therefore had, in a sense, the command of the situation, and the situation had its advantages. Black velvet looks well in conjunction with reddy-brown hair and a white skin; and everybody knows that velvet knots are difficult to undo.

I took my time, while Doris's cheeks grew pinker and Doris's temper shorter.

All might have been well, for we both

"She was tying on her hat with trembling fingers."

have a sense of humour, and after sundry attempts I had succeeded in making those sapphire eyes meet my appealing glance,

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when, just as I got the strings disentangled, an unlucky temptation overthrew me.

She looked so deliciously absurd, with the shamefaced flush on her cheeks and the kept-down laughter in her eyes, that she was altogether irresistible, and with a velvet string in each hand I drew her on to the tips of her dear little toes and kissed that defiant, dimpled chin.

This time Doris was *really* angry. "How *dare* you!" she stammered, with tears of rage in her eyes. I suppose it was a sultanic thing to do, but she shouldn't have looked like that.

Then she flung off the pretty hat and seized a travelling Tam-o'-Shanter, which she knew I abominated, flung her mackintosh over her shoulder, and armed herself with her second-best umbrella.

"I will not stay here to be insulted," said Doris in a voice to match her costume. "It is useless to hope we shall ever understand each other. I will write to you from England," and she swept out of the room.

I stood aghast. My mind, what there is of it, works quickly, but I don't usually make a movement till I know what it's going to be, so I did not attempt to follow her at once, but rapidly thought the situation out.

We were in Paris, staying at the Hôtel des Capucines. It had been snowing hard all the morning; now the sky was clear and the ground covered with thick white flakes, which had frozen as they fell. The lamps were being lighted, and in an hour or so there would be one of those glittering, moonlit, blue and silver evenings that Parisians love.

What money Doris had in her purse I was not sure, but I knew it wasn't much. It was the first week of the New Year, and Paris was still somewhat *en fête*. Paris, at festival time, and the "blonde Meess," as the hotel waiters *would* call her, afoot and alone! This wouldn't do; and then I remembered she had eaten nothing to speak of since eleven o'clock that morning, and remorsefully seizing my hat I was out in the streets and following her.

For half an hour or so she went quickly but aimlessly up and down the various thoroughfares, and then pulled up short at a telegraph office in the Rue de la Paix. Through the window I saw her take a foreign form and recognised with some annoyance that there was more tenacity in her rebellious mood than I had thought.

She was going to wire to her father that he might expect her. "Just a little bit too bad," I thought, and was turning moodily away, leaving her to come to her senses when I saw her impatiently tearing up what she had written. Twice, three times she wrote out something, as unsatisfactory as the first attempt apparently, for each met with the same fate, and finally, with the petulant toss of her little head I knew so well, she turned to leave the office.

She would certainly have caught me for, in my interest in her movements, I should certainly have run against her had she not stopped on the doorstep to examine the resources of her purse. I'm afraid I smiled somewhat maliciously as a glimpse of her fallen countenance showed me that she had realised how limited they were. "She knows precious little French, and she *must* be hungry," I chuckled. "She will soon be home now."

But Doris didn't go towards home. She passed the turning which led to the Capucines, and after crossing the street—bringing my heart into my mouth by being nearly run over twice—she paused to look about her.

I really felt indignant.

"The little wretch!" thought I; "she'll go to another hotel for the night and write to her father for funds."

I knew that her father would refuse her nothing, and I felt that it would give me great satisfaction to shake parent and infant together in a bag; but the hungry way in which Doris's eyes fastened on a pastrycook's window softened me again. "Poor little soul! She hates cakes and kickshaws, and she hasn't money enough for anything else." As I was pitying her Doris raised her head with sudden resolution and marched into the adjacent Café Riche.

"I don't believe she's got more than three francs or so," I reflected hopefully. "What is she going to do?"

Much *intrigué* I slipped in at the side door on the right, and, trusting to a large newspaper and Doris's abstracted mood, took my seat a little way behind her with the idea of disclosing my presence when wanted. Two eager waiters "confounded themselves" in attentions to my pretty wife—who comes, is seen and captivates in whatever land we sojourn; but Doris with great *sang-froid*, and mindful of her straitened means, confined herself to an order for "Une demi-tasse, le *Figaro* et le menu, s'il vous plait."

These presented themselves in a flash of time, and—one of the waiters hovering admiringly near—Doris sipped her coffee with a transparent show of indifference and scanned the *carte du jour*. I received a corresponding card with an absinthe from

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my waiter, and with this and my private information to guide me, I divined that the items Doris was pursuing with eager rosy finger-tip were those procurable for the sum of *un franc*.

After an interval of suspense on my part, and much puckering of Doris's brows, I heard the order given, "Une grive, s'il vous plait," and in some mystification the fascinated waiter flew to execute the order.

I smiled broadly behind my *Gaulois*. Héaven knows what my wife thought a "grive" was! Probably a partridge or watercress, was almost too much for me! I had much ado to restrain myself from ordering my ignorant, hungry darling a substantial meal, but refrained; I wanted to see the game out; besides I was afraid of rousing that little demon of pride again.

After the poor little thing had picked the bones of that little bird clean—ah! so clean—she called for and paid her bill with an air, and giving the garçon fifty centimes, with a half-suppressed sigh which went straight to my heart, but made me hope that it was her last coin, she pulled down her veil

"She scanned the *carte du jour*."

quail at the least. She knew very little of the French vocabulary, and still less of the prices at the Café Riche. I composed myself and waited for her next move. While she took off her gloves, turned up her veil and awaited her meal with outward calmness, I could see she was trying hard not to think, and indeed the novelty of her position evidently had charms for my nineteen-year-old wife.

But her face, when a tiny thrush arrived, mounted on a square inch of toast, and flanked on either side by two little twigs of and, trying hard not to look at other people's dinners, went out into the street once more.

At this moment a would-be gallant Frenchman nearly put an end to her adventures, for as Doris paused, tapping the kerbstone with an undecided little foot, he went closer to her than was pleasant and apostrophised the evening air with an "Ah, la charmante!" I felt my teeth click ominously, and prepared to handle the situation; but in these cases Doris can take care of herself.

Her slight figure erected itself till she seemed at least two inches taller, and looking

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the brute full in the face she said "Pah!" in a tone of such icy convincing contempt that he shrank as if lashed by the thong of a whip.

Doris went on her way, turning towards the Place de l'Opera, but this encounter had made her nervous. Her steps were hurried and uncertain. She glanced often and anxiously over her shoulder and kept well in the light of the shop windows. My office of unseen guardian was in consequence difficult, and at last I was somewhat grimly amused to find that Doris was really frightened of somebody, and that that somebody was—*me*. She tried hard to give me the slip—I need not say unsuccessfully—and after about a quarter of an hour we found ourselves in the Boulevard des Malesherbes, close upon the church of La Madeleine.

In a sudden gush of tenderness I was about to step forward and make myself known, when I saw Doris suddenly stop and stand looking at a crouching figure which was rocking itself to and fro on the steps of the church. She had evidently forgotten her fear of being followed, in the sight of the suffering before her. Doris never could learn to let ill alone.

Profiting by an adjacent pillar I slipped into a corner where I could see and hear. The figure was that of an old woman in neat but extremely shabby black clothes, a black hood over her head, against which thin silvery-white hair and a strongly marked grief-stricken face showed, in the moonlight, picturesquely.

The poor old soul crouched with her head on her hands in an attitude that was eloquent of misery; now and again she threw her arms with a wild gesture up towards the sky, and always the same words escaped her, moaned again and again like a dirge, "Pas même une chandelle! pas même une chandelle!"

As my Doris stood looking down at her, self-oblivious—the tight little lips opened, the resolute little chin sank, and I saw the wilful *piquante* face grow earnest and pitiful as she looked and listened.

After a minute or two's silent attention, during which I managed, unseen, to get quite close, she stooped and touched the woman's shoulder, and I heard her say, "It is too cold here; vous vous avez froid."

The withered, haggard face stared at her with a moment's dull wonder, and again broke out the bitter wail, "Pas même une chandelle! Ah, Dieu des Dieux! Marie Reine du Ciel! pas même une chandelle!"

"Une chandelle—that's a candle, I know," said poor Doris bewildered. "What a queer thing to want!" Then gently touching the woman's shoulder again she stammered, "Est-ce que? est-ce que?" only she pronounced it "esker," and I couldn't help smiling, as the thought of Mr. Podsnap and the nervous young gentleman *would* come to my mind.

Doris did not seem able to get beyond that "esker" either; but if Doris's French could not carry her far, Doris's sympathy *could*, and the old woman was soon pouring out a tale of misery which I could follow better than my wife.

It was a piteous hearing. Her son, her only son, was drowned in a herring fishery expedition off the coast of Brest—the news had only just reached her. Her husband was bedridden and deaf, and understood no longer anything; they were *very* poor—had just a little pension for their actual needs, and of this she dared take nothing to buy candles for masses for her boy's soul. To have lost her son was grief enough, but not to have the means of praying him out of purgatory was the agony that had brought her there, from the side of her helpless old man, out into the bitter night.

"Ah, c'est terrible! Mon brave garçon! Et pas même une seule chandelle!" and again the poor old soul relapsed into her monotonous lament and rocked herself too and fro under the influence of her hopeless misery.

Doris seemed to understand her on the whole, and was evidently in sore distress. "Je n'ai pas d'argent," I heard her murmur regretfully—"pas un sou"; but then she seemed to think of something, and drawing off one of her fur gloves stood a moment before she spoke to the old woman again. When she did, it was to ask the way to the nearest Mont de Piété. She had drawn from her middle finger a half hoop of turquoise, the only jewel she was wearing that I had not given her. Dear little Doris!

The old woman made some faint attempt at dissuasion, but when Doris, pointing first to her ring and then to a pair of gaily decorated candles, about five feet high, which occupied the place of honour in an adjacent shop window, repeated, "Mont de Piété—venez avec moi—pour votre fils," she was soon on her feet, after hastily embracing Doris's skirts and pouring forth a flood of Gallic blessing, which my wife vainly tried to check.

They made a picturesque pair in the moonlight—the bent figure of the old crone, shaking with excitement, her time-worn,

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tear-stained face, upturned to meet my darling's tender, pitying glance; Doris, with her hand placed gently on the woman's arm to steady her, when emotion and the wind left her bent form more than usually at the mercy of passengers and vehicles.

Rapidly threading three or four narrow streets, the pair arrived at their destination. Undoubtedly they manage these things better in France. To have seen my Doris enter one of those squalid boxes, over which, in our country, swing the three golden balls, would have been too much for my patience; but here a recognised official respected his own position, and might be trusted, on the whole, to respect his customer's.

Tedium and red-tapeism may wait for you by the counters of a Mont de Piété, but the personalities and insolence which so often make this business a hell to the unhardened in our own chivalrous country are almost unknown there.

Aware of this, I was able to wait for Doris's reappearance through those swinging doors with fortitude, and when she came out, fortune favoured me again. Always heedless where she herself was concerned, Doris thrust the paper—which was the only evidence of her claim to the property she had pledged—into one of the shallow side-pockets of her coat, and did it so carelessly that a slight puff of wind, meeting her at the first street corner of their return journey, dislodged it again without her noticing the loss. I caught it up as it waltzed along the pavement past me, and hurried with it back to the Mont de Piété. A bland official, after a few searching questions, gave me back the trinket with a smile.

"I did not think it would remain with us long," he assured me. "Madame is not, by appearance, of those who need our help; but—que voulez-vous? One never knows!" And with the characteristic shrug of his nation, he dismissed me and the incident from his mind.

Hurrying back to the Madeleine steps I regained my corner just in time to see Doris and the old woman come out of the little shop, whose window was bereaved of the magnificent five feet high pair of painted candles I had noticed. They each carried one, my wife with a gleam of half-embarrassed amusement shining through the sweet sympathy of her face, her companion gazing at the treasure she carried with awe-struck rapture.

Many were the curious glances they attracted from the few scattered worshippers. In one of the chapels a service was going on, the weary monotone of the priest and the low muttered responses of the little crowd gathered round him making a subdued humming noise that echoed through every corner of the building.

It was towards a small shrine in a recess, dedicated to "Our Lady of Tears," that Doris was drawn by the eager, trembling old woman, who watched with jealous eyes while the sacristan, who had followed their movements—such candles commanded an uncommon degree of respect—took their treasures and set them up on spikes before the little altar. In obedience to a gesture from my wife he then left them, and after the first flicker on each candle had changed into a broad and steady flame Doris stood by, while the poor mother poured out her rapture and agony in a great burst of prayerful sobbing which threatened to tear the feeble body in pieces. Doris's eyes streamed in sympathy, and I am not sure that my own were dry.

I felt half inclined to make myself known to little Doris while she was in melting mood and carry her off to a good dinner, but somehow an Englishman always feels at a horrible disadvantage if he is caught blubbering, and just then I didn't feel quite equal to keeping up the masculine rigidity which has become the only comfortable attitude to the Anglo-Saxon race.

This feeling was very much emphasised by seeing a stout Frenchman, of pronounced boulevardier type, with a long nose and pointed beard, standing near the group and weeping unrestrainedly in sympathy.

I was not sorry to see that Doris too was a little uncomfortable at this accession to the sentimental party. She had caught one of the sobs from the stout and sympathetic worshipper just behind her, and, saying a word to the old Frenchwoman, was hurriedly leaving the church.

I stopped behind for a minute to put a napoleon into the old woman's hand and exchange a word with her, but in trying to catch up Doris I had reckoned without my host. The old Frenchwoman literally clung to my legs in her efforts to thank me, and short of absolute brute force I could not immediately free myself.

When I managed to escape and reach the street Doris was out of sight, and I cursed my own sentimentality. I had convinced myself over and over again, by the harshest experience, that giving people money is never any good. Why had I been idiot enough to

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give the reins to impulse on this occasion, when of all others I ought to have kept watch over my dear little wife?

I had three turnings from which to choose and nothing to guide me as to which road to take, and I was just spinning a coin in my despair of finding a more sensible method of choosing my path, when a loud scream drove the blood from my heart, for I had recognised Doris's voice. With a shout of despair I yelled at the top of my voice, "Doris! Doris! Where are you?"

No answer! But before I could cry out again, a shadow on the wall of a little *cul de sac*, which ran out of the street, caught my eye—the shadow of a man carrying something. I raced towards it and confronted the stout Frenchman I had seen in the church! He was holding Doris in his arms. She had fainted and lay inanimate in his horrible grasp.

"We had supper that night at the Café Riche."

I never told Doris what happened to that sentimental Frenchman, and I would rather not set it down here. There is a self-restraint about the Anglo-Saxon nature which stands it in excellent stead on such occasions, and I did not *kill* him.

When next day I read in the *Gaulois* of a terrible outrage committed in one of the small streets leading from the Rue Malesherbes, I hid the paper from Doris and said nothing on the subject.

My darling was not hurt, though almost frightened to death. As soon as she came to herself in my arms she told me her story.

"After my adventure with the old Frenchwoman, Allan," sobbed my little wife, "I felt how wicked I had been and how happy I ought to be, and how good you are to me, and—and ——" Here she broke down for a time, and clung hysterically round my neck.

"I was starting back to our hotel," she continued presently, "and seeing that horrible man, and thinking he *must* mean well as he cried in church, though he certainly looked unpleasant, I asked him the way. Then the wretch began saying things I didn't understand. He evidently meant them for compliments, because they were full of *anges* and *belles*. I hurried on, but he followed me. He put his great fat arm round my waist, and I cried out, but I *couldn't* get away he was so strong. Then he caught me up in his arms, and just as I fainted I heard your voice ——" And again my little wife collapsed.

We had supper that night at the Café Riche, and I insisted on ordering a thrush on toast with our first glass of champagne. "You must study French before you run away again, Doris," I couldn't help saying.

"I shan't choose Paris next time," she answered saucily, stopping my mouth with a little dimpled hand.

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From a photo by] [*W. Shaw, Camberley.*

FRONT VIEW OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SHOWING ENTIRE LENGTH.

SOLDIERING AT SANDHURST:

A VISIT TO THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

By Ernest W. Low.

A RUN of a little over an hour from Waterloo brings you to the quiet little Surrey village of Camberley, from which a short walk through typical English scenery brings you to the Royal Military College.

Very delightful to a lover of nature are its surroundings. Turning to the right, off the High Street, the road lies between tall pines and straggling gorse, so characteristic of the most beautiful of the home counties. On the left between the trees one catches from time to time a glimpse of the lake, which presently widens out into fuller amplitude. A little farther on the woods are left behind, and one emerges upon the wide lawn-like stretches of turf on the other side of which are the college buildings—the only blot on the otherwise charming landscape.

It is in truth an atrociously ugly piece of architecture, resembling a barracks of the most antiquated and gloomy type. But even the philistine obtrusiveness of the building avails little to destroy the pleasurable sensation experienced when viewing the prospect from its front. The green turf stretching away right and left and bounded on all sides by the darker background of pine woods, goes to make up a picture very different from that usually associated with Government property, and perhaps all the more to be appreciated on that account.

The country was looking its best when, on a fine mild morning, I journeyed down to take advantage of the invitation extended me by the courtesy of Colonel Wynyard, the assistant commandant.

It was not my first visit to the college, for I had been present just before Christmas at the function which, during the period of office of the late commander-in-chief, was known as the Duke's Day, but which, since Lord Wolseley has succeeded to that position, is somewhat irreverently dubbed "Lord's Day," when the whole of the cadets are inspected by the commander-in-chief. But that occasion—pleasant enough from a spectacular point of view—was not a very favourable one for seeing the college under its ordinary working conditions. And so, after witnessing the spectacle of the cadets in full dress on parade under the eye of Lord Wolseley, I made up my mind to pay another visit in order to see the everyday life at the college.

On reaching the main entrance I was met by Major A. F. Gatliff, one of the instructors of fortification, who had kindly constituted himself my cicerone, and to whose untiring assiduity I am indebted for such insight as I possess into the methods of instruction and life at the college.

"Just in time to see our professor give a lecture and practical object-lesson on the work of demolition," was his greeting.

So off we set alongside Major Gatliff's company for the part of the grounds where the senior cadets are shown the destructive

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effects of gun-cotton and other explosives which play so important a part in our modern system of warfare.

Arrived there we found the students at the staff college already on the ground, the gorgeous and in some cases rather bizarre uniforms of some of the officers of the Indian Army provoking a good deal of quiet comment among the cadets.

"Who's that chap with the burnisher on his shoulders?" was the naïve question asked by one in reference to the steel scales worn by an officer of the Bengal Lancers. Chaff and small talk soon ceased however, for Major Chippindall had commenced his lecture.

The key-note to the system of instruction in vogue at the college is this—that as far as possible the cadets are given practical demonstrations of all matters which are dealt with by the instructors in the class-rooms. Not only do they witness the carrying out of field work of almost every kind, but they have to pull off their coats and take a hand themselves at digging trenches, throwing up earthworks, building bridges, and in everything in which they may be called upon to superintend their men in the days to come. For obvious reasons, however, it is desirable that work in connection with explosives should be left to men specially trained to their handling, so that where this branch of the education of an officer is concerned the cadets have to resign themselves to being spectators, the actual work being carried out by the engineer working party which is maintained for the purpose; of course all under the watchful eye of the professor.

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PONTOON BRIDGING.

Eminently clear, soldier-like, and straight to the point were the professor's utterances. A few words of explanation, a reminder of what had already been demonstrated in the

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"hall of study" (for by such a name is the familiar school-room dignified), and then the experiment to drive the matter home. Commencing at the very beginning with a description of the different sort of fuzes—slow and instantaneous—the professor went on to explain the methods in use for blowing down trees. Previous to the object-lesson on this part of the subject we judged it advisable to retire a few yards as the professor prepared to try the effects of gun-cotton on two fine young pines standing some 40 ft. high and having a girth of about 14 inches.

The first method was by boring an auger hole through the trunk, in which the gun-cotton was placed; the effect of the explosive in this confined space is very powerful and therefore only a very small quantity is required. The alternative mode is known as the "necklace" method; in this case a ring or necklace of the explosive being made outside the trunk—a very much larger amount being of course necessary. In both instances the experiment was altogether successful. The gun-cotton was ignited by means of a long fuze, a period of suspense, just long enough to be pleasurably exhilarating, followed; then, with a loud report the charge exploded and the fir, cut clean through about a couple of feet from the ground, came crashing down among the undergrowth on the hill-side.

Following a brief inspection of the effects of the gun-cotton we made our way to the scene of the final act of destruction—the making a breach in a strong stockade, for which purpose 20 lbs. of gun-cotton were used. The spot chosen for the purpose forms a sort of natural theatre, the stockade being in the position of the stage while the gentle gorse-covered slope opposite forms a tier of stalls from which the spectators are enabled to watch the proceedings enacted down below in safety. No hitch occurred to mar the effect of this demonstration. The peculiar nature of gun-cotton, its viability, and at the same time the local nature of its effects, was well exemplified. The logs touching the slabs of gun-cotton rose bodily in the air leaving a breach of about 4 feet wide, while the adjacent ones were left standing almost intact.

From a photo by [*W. Shaw, Camberley.*

CONSTRUCTING A DOUBLE-LOCK BRIDGE.

At the suggestion of Major Chippindall I accompanied him for a long walk round the portion of the ground devoted to field work, which is carried out under his supervision.

Certainly the cadets go through a sufficiently thorough course in the art of fortification and all appertaining thereto. I was rather astonished to hear that their brother cadets at the Woolwich Academy—which is devoted to the "scientific" branches of the service—do not enjoy similar advantages, for one thing owing to the lack of space at that establishment. Here I saw specimens of roads laid down over boggy and treacherous ground, rifle pits and an infantry fort, for the most part the work of the cadets themselves. This is only one

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From a photo by] [*W. Shaw, Camberley.*

A WOODLAND WALK.

of the three branches into which their military education is divided, the others being tactics and topography. Of the former I had necessarily little opportunity of making any personal observation, but the sketches of the surrounding country which were to be seen displayed on the day of the inspection conveyed a very satisfactory conclusion as to the scope of the work undertaken in this direction. Many technical details which, to use a hackneyed phrase, would be "caviare to the general public" were explained to me by the professor, and the impression uppermost on my mind when leaving him at the main entrance, where I had arranged to rejoin Major Gatliff, was that certainly, so far as his department was concerned, the instruction bore the hall-mark of thoroughness, and this impression was more than confirmed by my subsequent investigations.

After lunch in the mess-room of B company, the table of which was resplendent with trophies, telling a tale of athletic prowess, Major Gatliff suggested that we should go and witness a company football match which was taking place in the afternoon, and concerning which there was no small amount of friendly rivalry. But I was anxious to learn something about the internal life at the college, so, recognising his responsibilities as a host, he waived his own inclinations and took me off to his quarters where the inner workings of the establishment, its many good features, and the few which are not so good, were laid open to me.

The organisation of the college is of course on a military basis. The heir to a title and broad acres has to obey the same code of discipline as the son of a country parson who, by dint of years of saving, has just managed to scrape together the funds to pay for his son's education. To maintain discipline at such an establishment is by no means an easy task, for, as the standing orders say, "officers have to remember that authority is given them more as a means of maintaining discipline and checking ungentlemanlike and improper behaviour than for the purpose of endeavouring to enforce good conduct by the infliction of punishment." It is not like commanding a company of "Tommys," where, as long as

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THE GYMNASIUM AND CRICKET PAVILION.

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they do not actually commit themselves, an officer need not trouble much about the moral tone of his men. The duty involved in having charge of a company of cadets is one that above all things requires a great amount of tact.

There are about 370 cadets at the college, divided into six companies. A company commander at the R.M.C., while he has to be a strict disciplinarian, must always bear in mind that those under him are gentlemen and are designed for a career the primary duty of which is to lead men. The power of inflicting punishment he possesses must be sparingly used, and he must endeavour by his own behaviour whilst amongst them to gain the esteem and respect of the cadets by appealing to their better instincts.

To further the feeling of self-reliance, and to take some of the routine work off the shoulders of the officers (who are also instructors in one of the three branches included in the college curriculum), there are various chances of promotion afforded to the cadets. In each company there are four corporals, two senior corporals and one under-officer. The latter acts as a subaltern to his company officer, and assists him in no small degree in maintaining the general tone of the company. The position of under-officer is much sought after, not only on account of the accession of dignity which the position bestows, but also by reason of the privileges which the cadet obtaining it enjoys. Each under-officer receives fifty marks towards his aggregate in passing out of the college, and the most deserving at the final examination each term is awarded a sword. This, the most sought after and highly valued distinction that can be obtained, is not necessarily bestowed upon the cadet who distinguishes himself most in the examination, but rather to him who has been recommended by reason of his good conduct and high intelligence; the recipient of the sword *may* be a man of intellect—he *must* be a man of character.

From a photo by] [*W. Shaw, Camberley.*

THE LAKE AND BOAT-HOUSE.

The course of instruction at the college extends over eighteen months, which period is divided into three terms, corresponding to which are three divisions—senior, intermediate and junior. At the end of each term there is an examination, and no cadet failing in two of these is allowed, barring exceptional circumstances, to remain at the college.

The examinations embrace all the subjects in which instruction is given, including drill, riding and gymnastics, but only the senior division are tested in these accomplishments

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From a photo by] *[W. Shaw, Camberley.*

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE CHAPEL.

at the final examination prior to receiving commissions in the army. The riding-school is a very prominent feature of the establishment. The gentlemen cadets (or G.C's as they call themselves) now go through a very thorough course of equitation, which, if not quite such an ordeal as that undergone by the cavalry recruit, is amply sufficient for all practical purposes.

Whilst every sort of healthy sport and recreation is encouraged, and to a certain extent enforced, anything in the shape of gambling or extravagance is sternly discountenanced. Some of the regulations touching upon these matters might at first sight strike the civilian as somewhat namby-pamby, but the extreme difficulty of the task of controlling some hundreds of high-spirited young fellows at an age when the ardour of boyhood is in many cases not yet tempered by manhood's discretion renders it advisable to err, if at all, on the side of stringency. It is certainly a highly satisfactory step that the authorities have taken in endeavouring to put a stop to the dissemination of money-lenders' and racing-tipsters' circulars among the lads—a practice which a few years back was all too prevalent, and which was fraught occasionally with very serious consequences to the too easily beguiled recipient. Now any cadet receiving such circulars is under strict injunctions to communicate the fact to the assistant commandant who takes the necessary measures to procure for the tempter the punishment he deserves.

It is only of comparatively recent years too that measures have been taken to check the extravagance which at one time was all too prevalent among such of the cadets as were well endowed with worldly goods. At one time the wealthy cadet could indulge in almost any pleasures that his money could afford him, until finally the unchecked licence grew into a serious abuse. Apart from the effect on the morals of the wealthy lad himself and the bad impression produced upon outsiders, it was felt that something ought to be done, in justice to the poorer cadets, to prevent the inequalities in position

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THE GYMNASIUM.

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becoming so glaringly apparent, that is, of course, as far as the jurisdiction of the college extends, and the effect of the regulations framed with this object in view has been that at present, whether rich or poor, all the cadets are very much on an equal footing. Expenditure in the college itself has to be kept within a fixed maximum. Over and above the ordinary mess charges, amounting to about three shillings a day, no cadet is allowed to run up a messing bill of over three pounds a month—including beer and wine, on which he may not spend more than the very moderate amount of one shilling per diem—without the sanction of his company officer, and this is only given on special occasions, such as for the purpose of entertaining a guest.

No cadet can in future hope to emulate the doings of one very lively young gentleman who, at the age of nineteen, used to tool his own coach and four to the admiration of the surrounding natives, for they are not allowed now to keep horses, ponies or dogs, nor to ride at race meetings, play polo, or hunt the game on the estate.

Apropos of this, no little amusement was caused by Lord Wolseley's remarks on the subject at a recent inspection. The commander-in-chief, when addressing the cadets, warned them that, although they should pay attention to their studies, they should avoid becoming mere book-worms, and went on to say that they should cultivate all manly exercises, laying particular stress on following the hounds and cross-country riding as sports bringing out all the qualities which contribute to the making of a good officer.

After our long chat Major Gatliff took me round to have a look at the cadets' rooms. The juniors live three in a large room, which is partitioned off into cubicles, but the seniors enjoy the privilege of a room to themselves. Very cosy looking are some of these. The owners are, within reason, allowed to furnish and decorate them as their fancy and purse permits—a permission which naturally leads to much variety in their appearance. They are not allowed to invite one another to breakfast or dinner, but two or three often hob-nob together for afternoon tea. Nothing in the shape of liquor is permitted in the cadets' rooms, and all lights have to be out by 10.30 p.m., except on Saturdays and Sundays, when the time is extended to 11 p.m. Under-officers, however, enjoy the privilege of having lights in their rooms for another hour.

Finishing my tour of the building, I paid a visit to the church and was shown the marble tablets, extending all round the walls, erected in memory of the quondam students at the college who have been killed in action.

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THE COLLEGE, LOOKING ACROSS THE LAKE.

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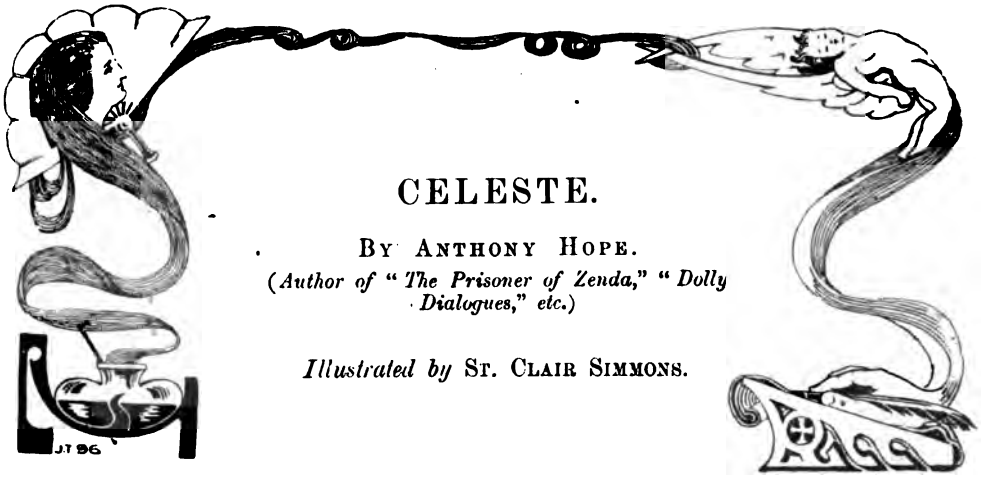

CELESTE.

By Anthony Hope.

(Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Dolly Dialogues," etc.)

Illustrated by St. Clair Simmons.

MRS. NETTLETON, being of a cheerful disposition, limited her case against life to a mild complaint that it was not as amusing as it might be; it was not a tragedy to her but a comedy; only the comedy was apt to flag. Even this murmur she uttered shamefacedly, since she was aware that she herself had rather handicapped life by marrying Mr. Nettleton. Yet, though Mr. Nettleton had been dead now three years, life had not improved much. It was still a little dull, and she, of course, still very sorry for her husband, although slightly resentful that everybody should consider her grief as no more than proper. Since she was young, pretty and merry, she felt sometimes that her grief was creditable, and not merely proper. There was something annoying in the way in which her relatives, both by blood and affinity, acquiesced in a lifelong mourning for her while they were doing their best to enjoy themselves very handsomely. True, they were not widows, but even in India, (Mrs. Nettleton understood) suttee was abolished.

Her brother-in-law Fred was an exception. To him she was indebted for such gaiety as fell to her lot, and for her occasional escapes from an atmosphere too reminiscent of Mr. Nettleton. Fred had been very fond of his brother, but took leave to think that the excellent man, who had striven to promote his wife's pleasure while he lived, would not grudge her a little recreation after his death. He did not agree with the idea that by dying we acquire, or indeed should be indulged in, a posthumous habit of reproachful selfishness. At this time he had expressed his opinion so forcibly as to extort from his mother, with whom Marcia and he had been staying in the country, the concession that there was nothing very shocking in two or three days' bicycle excursion; he and Marcia would look after one another very well; the country was distant and retired; two days out and two days back would be a charming trip for Marcia. Mrs. Nettleton senior yielded with some doubts and reluctance. The pair set forth in high spirits, having arranged means whereby their luggage should meet them at their nightly stopping-places. Their only fear was lest the luggage should fail them; that they themselves should be defaulters had not come into their heads.

Such an occurrence had, however, suggested itself to Fate. On the evening of the second day, about eight o'clock, when rain was falling heavily, the roads turning to bogs, and they still, as they believed, ten or twelve miles from their destination, a complication of misfortunes overtook Fred's bicycle. Suddenly it appeared to do and suffer everything which bicycles should not. The result was that Fred was thrown into a ditch, and the machine itself settled down on the road in pathetic and obvious helplessness. Marcia, having surveyed it for a moment, felt inclined to cry; she was so wet.

"You must take mine," she said with a shiver. "Ride on to the inn and send a carriage for me. It'll only take about—about two hours." She endeavoured by her tone to impart an unreal shortness to this space of time.

"You'd catch your death," said Fred in contemptuous affection. "You must ride on, and I'll follow with the beastly thing. The trap 'll meet me. The road's quite

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straight; you can't miss it. What? Look odd you arriving alone? All right—if you'd rather stay here all night."

Mrs. Nettleton decided to risk the impression which she might create by arriving unattended, listened carefully to more directions about the road, and left Fred trying to light his pipe from a box of sodden matches. As she ploughed off through the mud, it struck her that after all there was no unseemly riotousness of mirth about this expedition.

Now a road may seem very straight to persons intimately acquainted with it and yet appear to a stranger rich in possible and seductive alternatives. After about two

"'You must take mine,' she said."

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miles this particular road branched into two. The road might be straight, but which was the road? So far as Marcia could see, an equal amount of divergence was involved in going either way. However, after long consideration, she made up her mind that she turned less aside by bearing to the left than by swerving to the right. Her opinion when formed became—as opinions will—at once a certainty; she could not suppose that anybody could be stupid enough to hold any other. She bore to the left; then she rode on for a great many miles, or so it seemed. It rained harder than ever; she dripped from head to foot; mud slushed about the reluctant wheels of her bicycle. She dismounted, deciding that it had been a mistake to force her mother-in-law into an approval of this mad jaunt.

"I could cry," she declared as she shook herself and felt the spray from her clothes flying round her.

In dogged obstinacy she began to walk up a long steep hill, dragging the bicycle with her. She seemed to get no nearer the top; the bicycle appeared to engage itself in a persistent effort to roll down to the bottom. She remembered with vain regret the days when she considered bicycling an unladylike pursuit. Prejudices are no doubt properly condemned, but they save many a disenchantment.

"Thank heaven," said Marcia, "there's a house! I don't suppose it's an inn, but if they're Christians they'll dry me and send something to pick up Fred."

The house to which she referred stood a little way back from the road. At the very first glance it had an air of comfort, of warmth, of a thing even more precious at the moment—absolute dryness. Marcia pushed on at a quicker pace and turned in through the gate. No dog barked inhospitably. She felt as though she would be welcome.

"After all," she reflected, "I'm rather a nice person to turn up out of the night like this!" But a revulsion of feeling followed quickly. "What a fright I must look! I hope there won't be a party."

Leaning her bicycle against the door-post, she rang the bell. The pause that followed plunged her into a nervous and apologetic condition; the conviction of frightfulness grew stronger; her fringe hung in damp strings, her skirt clung round her in an affectionate but unbecoming manner; she felt sure that her face was streaky. And it would undoubtedly look queer that she should arrive alone. These circumstances reduced her to a state of intense embarrassment, which was not lessened when the door opened and revealed a young and good-looking man in evening dress.

"Is your master at home?" she blurted out.

"For the time I am my own master," was the answer, given in smooth, polished and pleasant tones. "May I ask ——?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I—I thought—oh, well, I mean, one of our bicycles has broken down and—I'm Mrs. Nettleton, you know, and I've lost my way; and Fred's somewhere back on the road, and—oh, dear, I'm so wet!"

The young man smiled very pleasantly.

"I understand perfectly," said he. "Believe me, I shall be delighted to assist you. You must come in and get dry."

"And you'll send for ——?"

"I'll send for your husband as soon as I can."

Marcia smiled; it was very amusing that Fred should be taken for her husband, a boy like Fred! But she did not undeceive her host. Perhaps it was as well as it was. She would tell him later on, when Fred came. Meanwhile the little deception was rather fun.

"This is yours?" the young man asked, laying his hand on the bicycle. "I'd better bring it in, hadn't I?" He brought it into the hall, and after an examination of it looked up smiling as he observed, "This one seems right enough, Mrs.—er—Nettleton."

He seemed pleased to see her. Not surprise, which she had anticipated, not amusement, which she had dreaded, but simple gratification inspired the smile which lit up his handsome features as he ushered her into the hall. The house was delightfully warm and dry. Marcia sighed in contentment.

"It's so kind of you," she murmured gratefully, with a glance at his face.

"I'm delighted," said he. "The trap shall go and fetch Mr. Nettleton as soon as possible." He smiled pleasantly, repeating, "as soon as possible." Then he added, "Meanwhile you must change your things."

"Oh, but I've got no luggage."

"That's all right," he assured her. "There's everything you want here."

"He's married," Marcia decided in a satisfaction just vaguely touched with disappointment. Raiment was assured at the cost of romance. Well, the world is what it is, and Marcia was wet.

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They passed into the dining-room. The table was spread, places for two being laid. The young man rang the bell. A maid-servant of mature years and most respectable aspect appeared. Marcia turned towards her rather defiantly; she was thinking of what the maid would certainly be thinking. But the maid looked merely deferential.

"Mrs. Nettleton will change in the blue room," said the young man; "and supper in half an hour."

"Yes, sir. Will you step this way, ma'am?" said the maid.

Marcia followed her, rather surprised that nothing was said about the mistress of the house. Supper was laid for two!

"Susan," called the young man.

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Nettleton will select whatever she likes. I suppose everything is ready?"

"In the blue room, sir?"

"Yes."

"Oh, certainly, sir."

The young man laughed. Susan's face seemed to hint a protest, but she said nothing more. Marcia followed her with a renewed feeling of bewilderment. If there were a mistress of the house, where was she? If there were not ——

"This is the room, ma'am," said Susan. "You'll find everything you want, I think."

Everything that anybody could want seemed to be in that most charming blue room. The fire burned bright, the toilet-table gleamed with silver brushes and the accompanying furniture; a beautiful tea-gown draped the sofa; a pair of silk stockings warmed on a screen by the fender. Marcia turned inquiring eyes on Susan; Susan was taking articles of clothing from a drawer, dry, clean, dainty articles, and disposing them on chairs.

"Will you take a bath, ma'am?" asked Susan.

Marcia resigned herself to the unexpected. There seemed a magical readiness for her; the fancy occurred to her that indiscreet questions might have some such effect as she had read of in fairy tales, that inquisitiveness would bring its penalty, the house, the blue room, the warm stockings, the bath vanish, and she be left again, dank and weary, on the muddy road.

"Yes, I should like a bath," said Marcia.

Was it all a dream? At least the tea-gown was a dream. So Marcia declared as she put it on and studied its effect in the pier-glass. It fitted her so well—a little tight perhaps, but what of that? Its red suited her dark hair admirably; really she had never looked better! And what a perfect maid Susan was! Who could question such a paragon?

"I do hope the carriage will find Mr. Nettleton," she said.

"Your husband, ma'am?"

Marcia hesitated for a moment, then she smiled at herself in the glass as she answered,

"Yes, Mr. Nettleton. My name's Nettleton."

"So I understood, ma'am," answered Susan.

Prudence and misgivings have little chance beside a consciousness of looking one's best. Marcia entered the dining-room with a bright smile. Her host shared her good spirits; he was laughing to himself as she came in. The soup was on the table. A man-servant entered and drew back a chair, inviting Marcia to seat herself. The young man sat opposite and helped the soup.

"Susan wishes to know, sir," said the man-servant, "whether she shall prepare the red room?"

The young man looked up.

"Yes, she'd better," said he.

"You're too kind," said Marcia. "But isn't there an inn to which we could go? We mustn't put you to all this trouble."

The young man laughed.

"Not within miles," said he. "Yes, Joseph, we'll have the red room ready—in case it's wanted, you know."

"I'll tell Susan, sir," said Joseph.

"Have you given the orders about the carriage?"

"Yes, sir."

The young man turned to Marcia.

"Where do you think your husband is?" he asked.

"I—I don't know," she stammered—and truly enough, although there was no reason to take other than a hopeful view of the matter.

"Oh, but whereabouts?" he smiled. Marcia suddenly remembered the position, blushed very red, and cried hastily, in the hope that her confusion had passed unnoticed,

"Oh, you mean Fred! He's—he's ——" She paused. Her host was regarding her with an inquisitive amusement. "He's where I left him," she added with great dignity.

"That's more than a wife can always say about her husband," remarked the young man. "Do you think you can describe the place for us?"

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Marcia obeyed; Joseph listened, bowed and left the room.

"The carriage shall go and look for him as soon as possible," said the young man again. "Oh, and perhaps I might say that my name is Forrester—Noel Forrester. I hope you found your room comfortable?"

"I assure you I should forgive you much worse things than that."

"Delightful, Mr. Forrester. It really looked as if you expected someone."

"I'm of a sanguine disposition," he answered, smiling, "but fortune outruns even my hopes sometimes."

He was charming, that was certain; but it was equally certain that he was not communicative. Marcia wished she had not begun her silly joke about Fred. She shrank from owning to it now; it would sound so foolish.

Supper went on; food, wine and service were excellent. By the end of the meal, when Joseph brought coffee and finally withdrew, Marcia was in radiant spirits. She had forgotten poor Fred, still out in the rain; she had forgotten the rather unconventional nature of her visit; she had forgotten even the curious readiness of everything in the blue room. Undoubtedly Noel Forrester was charming; and she thought that she herself had been very agreeable.

"Marriage is a very pleasant condition," remarked Mr. Forrester suddenly.

"Oh—er—yes, very," murmured Marcia.

"Provided," he continued, "that perfect confidence reigns between husband and wife. I have always insisted on that—I mean I should always insist on it if the occasion arose. It's essential."

"Of course it's nice," said Marcia.

"I should require it from my wife," Mr. Forrester went on. "I'm very easy going, but I do like to be trusted. Don't you, Mrs. Nettleton? But I'm sure your husband must trust you implicitly."

"He never says he doesn't," murmured Marcia, hiding a smile.

"I happen to object very much to being questioned," said Mr. Forrester. "My servants never question me; I don't allow my friends to question me. Most questions, Mrs. Nettleton, are either superfluous, or impertinent, or both. Have you observed that?"

"Yes, they are, most of them," said Marcia.

"So none are asked in this house. Let me put your cup down for you."

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He rose, but by evil chance, as Marcia handed him her cup, she upset it in the saucer; a few drops fell on her gown. With a cry of dismay she began dabbing at the stuff with her handkerchief.

"I hope I haven't spoilt this lovely gown," she exclaimed. "Its owner would never forgive me."

"I assure you I should forgive you much worse things than that," smiled Mr. Forrester.

Marcia stared at him for a moment. He would not wear a red tea-gown. But—a question rose to her lips. She remembered his objections and paused. Besides, she did not wish to set going an exchange of questions; it might end in her own detection.

"A gown more or less is no great matter," said he, shrugging his shoulders.

"But this is such a lovely one."

"I hope it fits you?"

"It's a little—just a little—tight," she murmured.

"Ah, figures do differ," he remarked. "That's inevitable, you know."

Marcia's high spirits began to be dashed by a vague uneasiness; the distrust which had assailed her as she followed Susan to the blue room revived. It was nearly ten o'clock; surely Fred would make his appearance soon! The position became embarrassing to her. She had to admit that no such feeling was displayed by her host. He had obtained her permission to light a cigarette and was smoking composedly.

"How funny it would look if anybody found me here," she said, forcing a smile. "But of course nobody will come now." Her assertion masked a question; did he expect another guest?

"I don't know about that," observed Mr. Forrester smiling. "I didn't expect you, you know; but you came all the same. So somebody else might."

"I'm sure I hope nobody will."

"Except your husband?" he half asked, half reminded her.

"Oh, except Fred, of course," she agreed hastily.

His eyes dwelt reflectively on her face for a moment.

"Except Fred, I mean," he remarked with his pleasant smile. But Marcia, to her horror, felt herself blushing. Had he guessed her deception? And if he had—heavens, what might the man think or not think? At the cost of some humiliation she determined to confess her joke and put matters on a proper footing. She would look very silly, but that penalty must be faced.

"Mr. Forrester," she began timidly, "I—I think I ought to say ——"

"Hark!" said Forrester, raising his hand. "I hear wheels."

"Oh, it's Fred! How glad I am!" cried Marcia. "Do let me run and open the door for him." She rose to her feet. Her host followed her example and stood with his back to the fire.

"You can open the door if you wish it," said he, flicking off the ash of his cigarette. "But I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"Disappointed?"

"I mean you won't find your husband. Oh, don't be distressed. The man will take a fresh horse and go in search of him at once. Ah, she's at the door." For the bell was rung briskly.

Marcia stared at him in a bewildered way.

"You see," he explained, "I haven't been able to send for Mr. Nettleton sooner, because my only trap had gone to the station. But never mind, we shall soon find him now—if he's where you left him, I mean."

"But—but—but who is it?"

"Who is who?" asked Noel Forrester.

"Who is it who's come?"

He had walked half-way towards the door. He paused to give his answer.

"I can't be sure, of course, without looking," said he. "But it ought to be Celeste. Excuse me a moment, Mrs. Nettleton." And with a courteous bow he went out, closing the door behind him.

Marcia sank into a chair gasping. Who was Celeste? What was she to think of Celeste? And, worse, what would Celeste think of her? With a flash of horror she jumped to the conclusion that the gown she wore was Celeste's.

II.

AFTER a few moments, employed by Marcia in a succession of desperate and futile resolves, Noel Forrester returned.

"It's all right," he announced cheerfully. "They'll be on your husband's tracks in no time now, Mrs. Nettleton. They'll find him, never fear. And I'm told there's a little inn quite near where you left him, so perhaps he'll have found his way there; I hope so, for it's a horrible night."

He sat down by the fire. Marcia, after a minute's hesitation, formulated her question.

"And—and your friend?"

"Oh, it was Celeste. She's just gone to get into a dry gown. She'll be down directly. I've sent up some soup and things for her."

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"You've told her I'm here?"

Forrester gave a little start, and then an amused laugh.

"Upon my word," said he, "I forgot to mention it. But it's all right. I'll introduce you, Mrs. Nettleton. You'll like her, I'm sure. She's not a bit stiff or strait-laced."

"But she'll—she'll be so surprised," protested Marcia.

"Most pleasantly, I'm sure. You can explain to her yourself, can't you? Tell her about your husband, and so on."

He ended with another amiable smile, and again Marcia was conscious of hateful blushes.

"Ah, I think I hear her step," he went on.

"But what am I to call her?" she cried, springing up and catching his arm.

"To call her? Oh, to be sure! Of course! Oh, call her Forrester, Mrs. Nettleton." And with a merry laugh he opened the door.

On the threshold stood a very handsome girl, tall, fair and slender. At the first instant her lips wore an engaging smile; the next moment her eyes fell on Marcia; her face assumed an expression of intense surprise. She started back a step, then came forward, and entered the room with an air of mingled dignity and wonder. Noel Forrester closed the door behind her and came towards where Marcia stood in an agony of embarrassment.

"This is Mrs. Nettleton, Celeste," said he.

"Mrs. Nettleton?" echoed Celeste in a sweet but rather supercilious tone. She looked first at Marcia, then at Noel. "Mrs. Nettleton?" she repeated with a stronger emphasis.

"Yes, Mrs. Nettleton," said Noel, poking the fire. Then he turned round and added, "By an unexpected but most fortunate chance Mrs. Nettleton has arrived the same evening as you, Celeste. Do sit down by the fire."

Celeste took no notice of this invitation, but stood in statuesque stillness by the table; her eyes were fixed on Marcia and seemed to search her face.

Marcia, forgetful of her own suspicions in the agony of being suspected, started the story of the strange events which had brought her to Mr. Forrester's door that evening. Celeste listened in silence, but to Marcia's dismay a look of undisguised incredulity spread over her handsome features as the tale proceeded. Once only she interrupted.

"The gentleman you speak of as Fred is your husband?" she asked coldly.

Marcia looked from her impassive face to the pleasant smile of Noel Forrester. There was a chance for the truth now; but would not the truth seem of all things most incredible to this icy girl? Marcia coloured, looked down, hesitated, presented every sign of severe confusion, but she dared not face Noel's smile and Celeste's unbelieving stiffness.

"Of course—my husband," she murmured in the end.

"I see," observed Celeste, and at last she moved, sitting down in an arm-chair and gazing into the fire. Marcia sank on a sofa by the wall. Noel Forrester stood between them, warming his back and looking from one to the other with much apparent amusement.

"I do hope he'll come soon," Marcia moaned.

"Oh, I hope so," said Noel with a laugh.

"I don't expect to see him just yet," observed Celeste in a tone of delicate irony.

The limit of Marcia's patience was reached. Guilty herself of the merest peccadillo, nay, of the merest pleasantry, she was being subjected to contemptuous and scornful treatment and to the most injurious suspicions by a lady concerning whom she began herself to have the gravest doubts. Ignoring her own vulnerability, she determined on an offensive movement.

"I haven't been formally introduced to you yet," she remarked to Celeste with a look as full of significance and distrust as that which the new-comer had directed at herself.

Her remark elicited only a scornful smile from Celeste. But Noel Forrester gave a very low whistle as he opened his case and took out another cigarette. Then he nodded slightly and in a rather confidential way at Marcia. "You've hit it there," he seemed to say. Marcia, although not at all comforted by his demeanour, stuck to her point and turned from Celeste to him. "Will you tell me what I am to call this lady?" she asked.

"I thought I told you to call her by my name," he said in a tone of bland surprise. "I meant to say that. By my name, please, Mrs. Nettleton."

Without more Marcia launched her bolt.

"But Miss Forrester or Mrs. Forrester?"

A pause followed. Marcia watched her companions closely. They glanced at one another, at first apparently in some little hesitation or confusion. Then to Marcia's dismay and wrath both burst at the same instant into loud and merry laughter. Marcia sprang to her feet, glaring at them. They

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"Don't I make a splendid Mrs. Forrester?"

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laughed on for some seconds; the joke seemed to amuse them very much. At last Celeste controlled herself and gasped out in an exhausted tone,

"Oh, Mrs., please. We're all Mrs. to-night, Mrs. Nettleton." And then, with another glance at Noel, she went off into a renewed peal of mirth which ended as she jumped up and, looking at herself in the glass over the mantelpiece, cried triumphantly: "Don't I make a splendid Mrs. Forrester?"

Marcia sank back on her sofa in speechless horror. Who was the creature? Into what company had she come?

At this moment the door opened and Susan appeared. Marcia's fancy now cast a lurid light on Susan's fair-seeming respectability. A whited sepulchre, this Susan!

"What is it?" asked Noel. His tone was composed but his eyes still twinkled.

"The carriage has returned, sir. Mr. Nettleton had found his way to the inn."

"Ah, good! You must feel relieved, Mrs. Nettleton."

"Mr. Nettleton wishes to thank you for your great kindness to Mrs. Nettleton, sir, and, since you're so good, he'll remain at the inn to-night and call for Mrs. Nettleton early in the morning. He trusts, sir, that you've been put to no inconvenience."

"Inconvenience! On the contrary! That'll do, Susan. The ladies will ring when they want you." Susan withdrew. Noel turned to Marcia: "I'm afraid you must resign yourself to being sheltered by this roof until the morning," he said.

"I won't stay!" cried Marcia in fierce wrath at Fred's desertion of her. How like a lazy selfish boy to prefer the comfort of the inn to her safety and the plain dictates of propriety! Mr. Forrester's brow was wrinkled in perplexity.

"I don't see how you can go alone," he said. "It wouldn't be safe. And even if I had a fresh horse it would be positive cruelty to send the coachman out again; and —er—under the circumstances" (he glanced for an instant at Celeste) "it would be difficult for me to offer to escort you."

"Escort her! Impossible!" observed Celeste. "Would you leave me alone, Noel?"

Marcia was beaten. Much as she loathed her present position she dared not face the solitary journey.

"If I must, I must!" she said rising with an obstinate look on her face.

"It's such a pleasure to me to offer you hospitality," Noel assured her. "There's plenty of room—only Celeste and me besides in the house. And we shan't be in your way."

"No," said Celeste with a smile.

"I'll go to my own room!" said Marcia haughtily.

"It's my room," observed Celeste in a meditative half-absent tone.

"Don't be inhospitable, my dear Celeste. I'm sure you'd make Mrs. Nettleton welcome to anything that is yours."

"Oh, well, with one exception," laughed Celeste, directing an arch glance towards Noel.

"You're really too charming!" he cried, and, bending, he took her hand and kissed it. But he seemed still to have an eye for Marcia amid his devotion to Celeste.

"Oh!" gasped Marcia, making for the door. But she was not quick enough to prevent Noel Forrester opening it for her and honouring her angry departure with a deferential bow. As the door closed behind her a gay shout of laughter from the abandoned creatures whom she left set the crown on her shame and anger. And they thought ——! Horror on horror! They thought that she was as bad as themselves! She did not hear the remarks which followed immediately on her exit.

"Poor woman! It's really rather hard on her!" said Celeste.

"Oh, I don't know! And didn't she look pretty in her tantrum?" said Noel.

"I'd better not ask what she thinks of me."

"I certainly mean to find out her opinion of me, though."

"You old silly!" And then they kissed one another. Happy indeed were the eyes of Mrs. Nettleton in that they did not behold this thing.

Marcia did not enjoy her night in the blue room. Its luxury, its prettiness, the reckless disregard of expense which the furniture and appointments of it displayed, served now only to disgust her; gilded vice seemed to find here its highest and most complete exemplification. The red tea-gown, once her delight, had become an instrument of torture. She flung it from her with fierce relief. When she had got into bed she lay wakeful for a long time, tortured by apprehension and remorse. What might not happen in such a house? And why, oh, why had she given any excuse to the creatures by that silly falsehood about her husband? As she reflected she grew terribly ashamed of this little falsehood; it swelled to vast dimensions. She hoped most fervently

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that Fred would not discover it. To prevent that catastrophe she would be silent as to all the indignities which she had suffered, and would not exhort her brother-in-law to call Mr. Noel Forrester to a just account. Yet at last, worn out by these and other no less poignant self-reproaches, she found forgetfulness in sleep.

In the morning Susan brought her a most admirable breakfast; her own garments reappeared, dried, brushed and spruce. In spite of herself she began to feel in better spirits; but this improvement was not to last. Susan dashed her to the ground again by announcing that Mr. Nettleton had arrived and was now at breakfast. When would Mrs. Nettleton be pleased to come downstairs?

"In a few moments," muttered Marcia, faced with the horrible necessity of meeting her brother-in-law and her host, both of whom must now know of her deception. But Celeste? She had a weapon in Celeste. If Noel Forrester assailed her she would strike back and strike home. She held her head high as she walked downstairs. In the hall the man-servant was busy polishing her bicycle. On the sight of her he desisted and hastened to open the dining-room door. She went in and glanced quickly round. Fred was eating kidneys with a hearty appetite. He laid down his knife and fork and greeted her with a "Hurrah!" Noel Forrester rose from the head of the table and bowed most politely. Celeste was not to be seen. Noel expressed a polite hope that Mrs. Nettleton (there was a shade of emphasis on the name) had slept well. The morning seemed somehow so different from the night before that she could do no more than murmur a conventional "Very, thank you." Yet she had meant to say something quite other than this.

"Really we're both most awfully obliged to you," said Fred to his host. "Not many fellows would have put themselves out as you did."

"I assure you I didn't put myself out at all," said Noel. "I only wish that I could have offered Mrs. Nettleton better entertainment."

Marcia sat down by the table.

"Have you breakfasted, Marcia?" asked Fred.

"Yes, thank you, upstairs," she answered.

"I can't think," said Fred, "why women like to breakfast upstairs. I hate it."

"I understood that Mrs. Nettleton preferred it," said Noel.

Marcia's answer was a slight inclination of her head. Her thoughts were busy with the question of Celeste.

"Well," said Fred, who was in high good humour and talkative, "all I can say is that if I ever marry I hope my wife won't like it."

The thing had come! Marcia dared not look up, dared meet neither Fred's eye nor Noel's. She gazed fixedly at the tablecloth, awaiting the exposure that must follow. Well, she would not be struck without striking back. What of Celeste?

"I confess," said Noel Forrester in a suave tone, "that I think it would be pleasant to see one's wife at the breakfast table."

Marcia raised her eyes in one swift glance. He was smiling and appeared unconscious of anything unusual. But, as her eyes met his, he gave her one significant look. Its meaning was plain; it proposed to her a partnership, a conspiracy of guilty silence. If he said nothing about her falsehood she was to say nothing of Celeste. Her eyes fell again to the table, and again she knew that she blushed. She hated bitterly the degrading position in which she found herself.

Having done thorough justice to his breakfast, Fred was eager to start; his bicycle was itself again and he panted for action. Mr. Forrester offered no opposition. Marcia knew well how anxious he must be to get them away; any moment might reveal the shameful secret to which she was such an unwilling party. And how gladly she herself would turn her back on the house! Yet Noel Forrester was so kind and attentive, so prodigal in his offers of guidance, of escort, and of provisions, that in her heart she could not help being a little sorry for him. Under other circumstances, freed from bad influences and bad surroundings, how nice he might have been! So she thought as, in a final visit to that hateful blue room, she put on her hat; then she came downstairs to rejoin the men. As she appeared Fred cried,

"Ah, here's my sister-in-law! Come along, Marcia."

She came slowly; Fred, in the ardour of youth, ran to his bicycle and prepared to mount. Noel Forrester took hold of Marcia's and held it in readiness for her. He was looking now quite grave, rather reproachful, and not a little puzzled. Marcia could not avoid him; that wretched Fred was already at the gate. She came up and took her machine from his hands. He looked at her for a moment.

"Really," he observed in a plaintive tone,

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"it would be convenient if, before you and Mr.—er—Nettleton start on another tour, you just made up your minds what relations you are. Any relationship you like, you know; but it's better that you should be in the same story about it. Celeste and I never differ."

For a moment Marcia was silent; then the flood of her wrath broke through all control.

"I don't see how you can talk!" she cried with an angry toss of her head. "I only told a harmless fib. You ——"

"I didn't even do that," said Mr. Forrester. "But I agree; I don't see how I can talk." He leant forward with an air of mystery. "Your secret is safe. Keep mine. If we meet again it must be as strangers." Then, resuming his ordinary manner and smiling pleasantly, he lifted his hat and wished her better fortune on her ride than the previous day had afforded.

"Well!" said Marcia as she rode down to the gate. But when she reached the road she turned her head for a moment. Mr. Forrester was no longer to be seen; but from a window above the porch a white arm waved a handkerchief in farewell, and she caught one glance of a laughing mischievous face. Thus insult pursued her even until the end.

Presently Fred slackened his pace and allowed her to overtake him. He was smiling.

"Rather a romantic adventure for a young widow," said he in fraternal chaff. "All alone with a handsome young man! I say, we mustn't talk about it, Marcia."

"Heavens, I don't want to talk about it! It was horrible!" cried Marcia.

"The ingratitude of women! Forrester said it was delightful."

"He's the most odious man I ever met."

"He seemed to me a very good chap." Fred's smile grew broader. "Must find it rather slow, though, living all alone there," he added compassionately.

All alone! Marcia could not answer in words, but deep and awful scorn overspread her features. All alone indeed! All alone!

III.

It is sad to reflect that in most cases follies are more irksome to look back on than grave offences, and we recollect with greater irritation the occasions on which we have seemed ridiculous than the acts which we admit to have been wrong. Although two years had elapsed, her brief visit to Mr. Noel Forrester, with its attendant circumstances, was still a bitter memory to Mrs. Nettleton. She had never told anybody about it; she could not bring herself to a disclosure so humiliating; even Fred had been left in ignorance both of his sister-in-law's light crime and of her severe punishment. Once or twice in London Marcia had passed Mr. Forrester in the streets. She had wavered in her purpose, but he had shewn no such hesitation; his absolute unconsciousness had relieved her from making up her mind whether she should ignore him altogether or give him a cold bow, which would convey a rebuke even more severe. As for Celeste—but she did not move in circles where she would be likely to see or hear of Celeste. She still grew hot when she thought of that lady's cool insolence, and of the blue room's flaunting luxury.

Just now Marcia was returning to London in October, rather earlier than was her wont. She wanted to see Fred. She was anxious about him. He had fallen in love again, and this time the matter seemed serious. His letters had been full of it. Miss Vincent's name appeared continually. Her charms were sung with ardour; but it appeared that she was capricious and rather difficult to understand. Marcia thought that Fred needed advice: a woman's dispassionate inspection and opinion would be of value. So she wrote and told Fred that she would join him at his mother's house for a few weeks; thus she could give him the benefit of her experience and judgment, because after all (and in spite of one or two silly incidents in her life) she was wiser than Fred, as well as being a year his senior. Fred responded cordially to her suggestion, adding with solemnity that his personal affairs were approaching a crisis.

On arriving at the house, which was in the neighbourhood of Sloane Street, Marcia found a letter waiting her in the hall. She opened it eagerly and read, "I'm going to meet her to-night. *If I can I shall.* Please sit up for me."

"Oh, I do hope she's nice!" said Marcia with a pang of fear and doubt. She wished that she had come in time to offer counsel.

When she had dined she betook herself to Fred's sanctum, and fell into a large arm-chair in front of a bright little fire. Now she was in a more hopeful mood and found herself wishing success to Fred. Marriage was a good condition, she reflected. She became rather forlorn when she thought how lonely her own life had been for the last five

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years ; there was nothing wrong in dreaming how different it might become if she happened to meet—well, under other conditions. Then, by a sudden and fantastic trick of memory, the face of Noel Forrester seemed to appear for a moment before her eyes. How handsome he was ! And really his manners were very fascinating. Under other influences—— Marcia sighed, smiled and leant back, raising her eyes to Fred's mantelpiece.

Had there been a bystander he would have seen a strange and alarming alteration in her face. Her smile vanished, her lips hung open in wonder and growing alarm. For a moment she sat, staring up ; then she rose in a slow and rigid fashion, advanced to the mantelpiece, bent forward, gasped a long "Oh !" and stretched out her hand. A large full-length photograph stood close by the clock ; it represented a tall, fair, slender girl of great attractions, elegantly dressed ; at the foot might be read in a bold handwriting, "Very sincerely yours, Celestine Vincent." Marcia read this inscription several times ; for many moments she scanned the handsome face. Surely she was wrong ! But hope refused to come to her call. She was sure—and she was right. The photograph could not lie ; the proud mocking smile was impressed on her memory. How came the thing here ? A certainty, heavy as lead, bitter as death, fell upon her. The picture was there because its original was Fred's new idol ; and Fred's new idol was his sister-in-law's old acquaintance. Celestine was Celeste. Miss Vincent was the person whom she had been told that she was at liberty to call Mrs. Forrester. She drew a long gasping breath as she murmured,

"Oh, but it's too horrible to be true !"

Alas ! the optimism which peeped out in this observation was powerless against the cold cruelty of facts. One hope only remained. Celestine Vincent was without doubt Celeste (although by no means without doubt Celeste Forrester), but it was barely possible that she might not be Fred's present flame. An instant later this short-lived hope was killed. By the picture lay a little note ; Marcia caught at it. It bore the date of the very day, and it said, "Yes ; I shall be there about 10. Don't be late.—C. V."

"It's true !" cried Marcia, falling back in the arm-chair, a pitiable spectacle. "Oh, poor boy, poor boy ! Oh, what am I to do ? Vincent indeed ! Vincent ! I suppose the creature calls herself just whatever happens to be convenient."

A great resolution formed itself in her mind. Here was a task for her. She must and would save Fred. If necessary he must be told the truth, the cruel truth ; but she might be able to spare him that. She would appeal to the woman herself ; she would threaten exposure ; she would, at the cost of any agony to herself, communicate with the man Forrester. The thing must be stopped ; the woman must be terrified into relinquishing her prey. As Marcia came to this conclusion a secret fierce joy pervaded her soul. She would not only save Fred, she would revenge on that pair the laughter and insults of two years ago. Mrs. Nettleton made ready for battle, and in these preparations the evening wore away quickly.

A step sounded on the stairs. Fred burst in, radiant and triumphant. Success had crowned his suit ; the world was rosy-coloured. Marcia did not know what to say, what to do, how to look.

"I'd only just time," cried Fred. "The moment she'd—she'd said yes, you know, we were interrupted by some fool. But I'm going to lunch with her to-morrow. You must come and see her soon, Marcia. She's simply the most beautiful !—Oh, but there she is on the mantelpiece, you can see for yourself."

Marcia could see, and had seen, for herself.

"I've often spoken to her about you. She seems so interested in you," said Fred, beaming broadly. "She'd always rather talk about me and my people than about herself."

Marcia was not surprised at that. Some subjects are difficult.

"In fact I don't believe she's got many people."

Marcia thought that was very likely the case, or anyhow that she would very likely say so.

"At any rate they don't seem to see much of her."

Marcia was sure that they must have seen more than enough of her.

"Oh, by the way, she knows Forrester."

"What ?"

"That good chap who was so kind to you. Come, you remember him, Marcia."

"Oh, yes, of course ; yes, I remember him."

"She said she used to see a good deal of him at one time. What ? Oh, I thought you spoke. She was awfully amused to hear about you and him—said she'd chaff him when she next saw him."

Marcia rose abruptly.

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"I'm tired, Fred. I shall go to bed," she said. She must have time to think.

"All right, dear. Wish me joy though, before you go."

"Mrs. Nettleton alighted from a cab at the door of 39 Tangent Terrace."

"I hope, I do hope all will turn out for the best, Fred." Marcia moved towards the door, but paused a moment. "Where does she live?" she asked in an indifferent tone.

"39 Tangent Terrace—a jolly little house. I've only been there once though."

"Yes, I don't suppose she'd let him see too much of her house," reflected Marcia as she went to bed. "Well, she'll have a visitor she doesn't expect to-morrow—and before lunch!" For the ardour of battle was on Mrs. Nettleton. The wretch's effrontery was too barefaced; she must be taught a lesson. "I won't spare her! She told me she was Mrs. Forrester. Well, I'll ask for Mrs. Forrester." Marcia laughed in bitter exultation as she pictured the dismay of her enemy.

At half-past ten the next morning Mrs. Nettleton alighted from a cab at the door of 39 Tangent Terrace and rang the bell with a determined air. A maid-servant (not Susan, but a young girl) opened the door. With an acid smile Marcia asked, "Is Mrs. Forrester at home?" and waited to see the effect of her question.

A look of some surprise or indecision appeared on the maid's face; she hesitated.

"I am Mrs. Nettleton—Mrs. Nettleton," said Marcia, enjoying the maid's confusion. "Please tell your mistress that I'm here. Say I come on business."

"Yes, ma'am. Will you step in and wait for a moment?"

Marcia stept in and found herself in a prettily furnished hall. The maid then showed her into a small sitting-room on the ground floor, and left her there. This room also was very pretty, but Marcia recognised with grim satisfaction an engraving which had decorated the walls of that never forgotten blue room. She had not long for inspection; in a few minutes the door opened

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and the enemy appeared. Celeste entered, looking very charming in a neat morning frock. Her face showed no surprise; she was smiling in quite her old fashion.

"I think it must be me whom you wish to see, Mrs.—er—Nettleton," said she. "Pray sit down."

"Thank you, I'd rather stand," answered Marcia very stiffly.

"Just as you like," said Celeste pleasantly as she seated herself in a low chair and looked up at Marcia. "Well?" she added after a short pause. Then seeming to recollect, she went on, "Oh, I suppose you've come about Mr. Nettleton?"

"About my brother-in-law."

"Yes; he is your brother-in-law, isn't he? Really, I mean? You see you must tell me the truth now, because I'm going to marry him! I can't think why you said such a curious thing before." Celeste's eyes expressed innocent but aggrieved wonder.

"It was not so curious as what you said," observed Marcia.

"Oh, but you knew that was only a joke! Now didn't you? I know you never believed that Mr. Forrester was married to me—not really married, you know. If he had been, of course I couldn't have been going to marry your brother-in-law; because Mr. Forrester's still alive. I see him quite often. Indeed he was here yesterday."

"Here yesterday?" exclaimed Marcia. She had told herself that she was prepared for anything, but her anticipations had not included this.

"Yes. I dare say he'll come to-day."

"To lunch?" asked Marcia ironically.

"Oh, no. Your brother-in-law's coming to lunch. Tea perhaps," said Celeste smiling. Then she laughed a little. "The servant was quite puzzled at your asking for Mrs. Forrester. She wondered if you meant Mrs. Vincent."

"She didn't seem so very much surprised," said Marcia grimly.

"Oh, she guessed who you meant, of course, because of Mr. Forrester," said Celeste carelessly.

Marcia lost patience. She had not come on her errand in order to be derided.

"Let us speak plainly," she said. "You've managed to entangle my brother-in-law in this engagement. Of course he knew nothing about you."

"I told him just the same thing," observed Celeste.

"You must release him," said Marcia firmly.

"Of course," Celeste agreed. "If he wants to go, I'll release him."

"You can't escape that way. He's infatuated with you."

"Dear boy!" said Celeste with a pensive smile.

"You must send him away. You must break it off."

"Oh, I couldn't. I'm so fond of him!"

"I imagine you'll soon console yourself. If you refuse I shall tell the whole story."

"What, all of it?"

"Yes, the whole truth."

"About yourself too?" Celeste smiled amiably. "And I've been so considerate in not betraying you to him!"

"I shall not spare myself; Fred's happiness comes first."

"How amused all your friends will be when they hear about it," remarked Celeste. "It's so funny to call your brother-in-law your husband."

"Do you consent to send him away, or will you face exposure?"

"I'll face exposure, if you don't mind it," said Celeste. And as she looked at Marcia's angry face she broke into just such a merry peal of laughter as her visitor had heard two years ago. Then, before Marcia could speak or move, she sprang up and ran out of the room, turning a merry face over her shoulder for an instant as she shut the door. Marcia sank into a chair. She had right and might both on her side; the merits and the power alike were hers; yet without doubt she had been ridiculed, beaten and defied. After an instant she sprang up crying,

"Then I must tell Fred the truth, that's all! Oh, let me get out of this horrid house! It suffocates me!"

She walked to the door, but just as she was about to lay her hand on the handle the door opened. There, on the threshold, stood Noel Forrester. Marcia sprang back, half in surprise, half in resentment.

"How dare you?" she gasped out. Here again her forecast had fallen short of reality.

Noel came in and shut the door gently.

"I'm so much at home here," said he suavely, "that I thought I might take the liberty of adding my welcome to Celeste's. We're so glad to see you here in what is our real home."

Marcia's only answer was to draw herself up to her full height and wave him from her path with a haughty gesture.

"I wish you'd hear what I've got to say," said he.

"What can you possibly have to say?"

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She looked at him. He appeared meek and submissive. "Oh, I dare say she's worse than you are; but—well, you see for yourself. My plain duty is to tell my brother-in-law. You know, of course, that he's mad enough to intend marrying this—this Miss ——" Marcia paused. "Miss what or Mrs. what?" her manner asked.

"Miss Vincent? Oh yes, I know that. Well, why shouldn't he?" asked Noel Forrester. "Come, Mrs. Nettleton, let bygones be bygones. We must forgive and forget. The past is irrevocable; the future is our own. Let's say no more about it, and let the young people be happy!"

Marcia regarded him with a bewilderment that conquered anger. He seemed so genuine, so sincere, ostensibly so reasonable in his monstrous request and the monstrous frame of mind which made its utterance possible. The old sense of regret for him, of waste, of conviction that he had been meant for better things, came over her; she shook her head decisively, but her air was more gentle.

"I'm afraid the kindest thing I can think of you is that you're rather mad," she said. "But I'm sane, Mr. Forrester, and I must do my duty—my duty to my brother-in-law."

He appeared to abandon the contest, and with some readiness.

"If you must, you must!" he said. "But I venture to hope that you'll judge me mercifully. After all, we all of us practise little deceptions at times. By the way, you'll mention to Mr. Nettleton ——?"

"I shall tell Fred everything. And you can tell him yourself if you like."

"Thank you. It may be convenient that I should." He paused and nodded reflectively. Then he made almost the same comment as had proceeded from Celeste.

"How very amused he'll be," he said.

"Amused! His heart will be broken. But that's better than his life being ruined."

"Much. It doesn't last half so long," observed Noel Forrester. "For my part I think he'll forgive both you and Celeste—when he hears everything, I mean."

"I must ask you not to couple us together, please. The two things are not exactly on the same footing."

"Why, you both played a part that wasn't your own."

"As if it was that!" cried Marcia indignantly.

"And you neither of you succeeded in deceiving anybody. Celeste didn't impose on you, and you didn't impose on Celeste, because I'd told her, you know. Besides, you didn't do it very well; you showed embarrassment."

"How did you know?" she asked.

"Well, you see, you carried on your bicycle a little leather case; the lid was open, and I perceived that your card was tacked on to it inside. And your card ran, 'Mrs. Sydney James Nettleton.' So I thought it odd that your husband should be named Fred."

"You ought to have told me, and not let me make a ——"

"False impression? Well, you didn't really, you know, any more than Celeste. You both tried and both failed. Poor Celeste, she couldn't act up to the part!"

"Please don't mention her again to me." Marcia rose. "I'm going now to find my brother-in-law," she said.

"I wish I could think that you forgive me," observed Noel very humbly.

"As far as I'm concerned I should very readily forgive you," said Marcia, enjoying a fine sense of magnanimity. "You mustn't think that I'm acting from personal feelings. It's long ago, and, greatly as I suffered, I should not allow my own feelings to influence me in the matter." She was now at the door, and Noel was opening it for her. "It's my brother-in-law," she ended as she stept into the hall.

"Is it really only your brother-in-law?" he asked. "You bear no grudge on your own account?"

"I have forgiven, and I will try to forget, your treatment of myself. It is Fred and Fred only."

"Honestly and sincerely?" he asked, following her into the hall.

"Sincerely and honestly," she declared. And she thought that her words were true.

"Will you give me your hand on it?"

After a moment's hesitation Marcia put out her hand. Noel Forrester grasped it heartily.

"That's all right!" said he in a cheerful tone. And without more he escorted Marcia to her cab.

"Dear me," said she as she drove away, "he takes it very lightly!" And she shook her head with sorrowful solemnity. But suddenly, in spite of herself, she smiled. "He seems to think more of my forgiveness than of anything else," she murmured. "What nonsense, to be sure! But I dare say the poor fellow regrets it all now!"

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IV.

FRED was not at home when Marcia arrived; indeed he had the good fortune not to appear at all before lunch, thus escaping a very trying interview. Marcia took her meal in solitary misery, conscious that poor Fred, still deluded, still undeceived, was enjoying false happiness at 39 Tangent Terrace. Surely Noel Forrester would not have the effrontery to be present! Yet who could set bounds to his effrontery? It seemed to be of that unconscious kind which rather ignores than defies the dictates of propriety and the voice of shame. He was mad, he must be mad; but Celeste was simply wicked. Mrs. Nettleton defined this difference between them quite distinctly and definitely as she drank her coffee. Then she went to Fred's room, removed Celeste's portrait to a remote corner, and sat down to read her *Morning Post*; after breakfast her agitation and her early start had combined to render a proper study of that journal impossible.

As she read, a brougham drove up to her door and three people got out. One of them opened the door with a latch-key and admitted his companions. The three then with stealthy tread entered and examined the drawing-room and the dining-room successively; both were empty. Then quietly and slowly they filed upstairs and came to the door of Fred's room. Their leader put his ear to the keyhole and listened; the rustle of a turned newspaper was audible. Holding up his finger he imposed silence on his companions. They waited some moments, during which nothing more was audible from the inside of the room. Then the three held a whispered conversation; the result was that two of them filed downstairs again, leaving the third in a watchful attitude by the door. He bent and listened again. Another rustle met his ear; Mrs. Nettleton was turning the *Morning Post* again.

"She must have got to the page now," he muttered, and he smiled joyously. A moment later there was a noise as of somebody rising suddenly and of a chair pushed back; then came a gasp, a little scream, and a voice crying aloud in bitter anger and contempt,

"His granddaughter! How insolent and ridiculous!"

The watcher outside smiled more broadly but did not move. The next thing that he heard was the murmur of a puzzled voice. The words he could not distinguish, but he guessed what they were. Marcia was reading over the paragraph in the *Morning Post*, and trying to understand the insane audacity which inspired it. He could fancy her expression at every line and the culmination of scorn with which she would read the last few words. For there could be very little doubt that Marcia Nettleton was perusing the following paragraph: "A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Frederick Nettleton, second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. Nettleton (Coldstream Guards), and Miss Celestine Vincent, daughter of the late Mr. William Vincent, of Brighton, and granddaughter of Mr. Noel Forrester, of Mere Park, Shropshire."

The murmur ended. "His granddaughter!" came again in scornful accents. There was a swift movement across the room; the door was thrown open wide. But then Marcia fell back in amazement. Noel Forrester stood before her, smiling happily.

"You! How did you come here?" she gasped.

He stept in, and, paying no attention to her question, observed,

"It may sound odd, you know, but it's quite true."

Marcia held up the paper and pointed a scornful finger at the paragraph. The occasion was an admirable one for irony, and she was minded to employ it to the full.

"Granddaughter! You might have found something a little more plausible," she remarked, with a toss of her head.

"Do you think I might?" he asked in a doubtful, rather regretful tone.

"I suppose you're about thirty-five, aren't you?"

"Don't be hard on me. Thirty-two, Mrs. Nettleton. Not a day more, on my honour."

"And she's ——"

"Celeste's just twenty-one, Mrs. Nettleton—birthday in September."

Marcia surveyed him with scornful eyes.

"Why not be reasonable? Make her your niece," she suggested bitterly.

"Niece?" He appeared to turn the suggestion over in an open mind.

"That would be possible anyhow. Somebody might believe that—people who didn't know as much about it as I do."

"But I've no married sister, or brother either. That makes it difficult."

"Oh, you could invent one. That would be nothing to you."

Noel Forrester assumed a candid and appealing smile.

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"Before Marcia could take any defensive steps, she was in Celeste's arms."

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"I'll do anything to please you, Mrs. Nettleton," said he. "She shall be a niece if you wish it. I agree that a granddaughter lacks probability. But, excuse me, would it suit you as well if I made her a sister? For family reasons it would be more convenient to me to have her a sister."

"Oh, if you like," said Marcia. "But there's a little difficulty about the names. isn't there?" She looked at him in malicious triumph. He had forgotten the names!

"About the names? I don't quite understand," he murmured apologetically.

"Brothers and sisters generally have the same surnames. You don't mean a half-sister?"

"Oh no, my own sister, please. Nobody ever heard of my having a half-sister."

"Really you're a little dense. You see her name is Vincent and yours is Forrester."

A sudden light appeared to break in on Noel Forrester. He advanced a step nearer to Marcia, then after a little pause he asked,

"You're quite sure about the personal grudge? You remember what you said about it?"

"I really have nothing but pity for you. But as for her ——"

"That's all right; never mind her. Well, you see—do look a little more gentle, Mrs. Nettleton, or I can't go on, I can't indeed!"

"I'm ready to listen," Marcia declared.

"You see—in fact, when I inherited Mere Park, I took the name of Forrester. But Celeste kept her own name." He looked rather as though he wondered whether she would believe him.

"Then you mean to say ——?" cried Marcia.

"I mean to confess that she's my sister, Mrs. Nettleton. I never said she wasn't, you know. As for Mrs. Forrester, whom you were so kind as to ask for, the maid thought you must mean my mother, Mrs. Vincent. She's unhappily an invalid, and hasn't been able to take Celeste about, so she's not very well known. I'm sure I hope you will make her acquaintance though."

Marcia had fallen into a chair and was regarding him with a helpless stare. Was it true? Then calamity was averted. But at what a cost? How had they dared to make such a fool of her? Noel came to the hearth-rug and stood looking down at her.

"Fred and Celeste are downstairs," he observed. "Fred brought us here. Shall I ask them to come up? Fred knows all about it now, you know."

Marcia made no answer. Presently, however, she looked up and asked,

"Was it because I said Fred was my husband?"

"That put it into my head." He drew up a chair and sat down by her. Marcia did not attempt to avoid this proximity. "And then you were so gloriously suspicious," he went on, with a smile of reminiscence. "The blue room suggested such terrible things to you, didn't it? Now do you think you'd have believed me if I'd said Miss Vincent was my sister? And then—well, Celeste has always been fond of private theatricals." He glanced at her for a moment. "And then ——" he said; but here he paused.

"Well, what then?" asked Marcia.

He turned and looked her full in the face. Marcia's lips were suddenly pressed together in a marked accession of severity.

"And then ——" he began again. "Well, in fact, a little anger doesn't spoil your appearance, Mrs. Nettleton."

"I never said she wasn't my sister," he murmured. "And you did say ——"

"Oh, do be quiet!" said Marcia.

Suddenly the door opened. Marcia sprang to her feet, ready again to be very angry. But no time was allowed her for the expression of any such feeling. A graceful slight figure darted across the room and, before Marcia could take any defensive steps, she was in Celeste's arms, and was being kissed by that young lady.

"Oh, you dear!" said Celeste. "It was perfectly horrid of us, wasn't it? But I don't think I was ever so much amused in all my life!" "You do forgive us, don't you?"

Noel Forrester interposed gravely.

"You must not think, Celeste," said he, "that Mrs. Nettleton was acting from personal feelings. It's long ago, and, greatly as she suffered, she will not allow her own feelings to influence her in the matter. It's her brother-in-law ——"

"And her brother-in-law," said Fred from the door, "is not resentful!"

Marcia looked round at them. They were all smiling in the most shameless manner. At last the smile broke out on her own face.

"At least I'll never say I'm anybody's wife again!" she cried.

Noel Forrester looked at her for an instant, and then up to the ceiling.

"You mean—unless it should happen to be true, Mrs. Nettleton?" said he.

And in a certain space of time it happened to be true.

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MOMENTS WITH MODERN MUSICIANS:

MRS. MARY DAVIES AND MR. DOUGLAS POWELL.

By F. Klickmann.

A FEW weeks ago I chanced to have a chat with the most artistic of all English ballad singers—Mrs. Mary Davies. When one looks at this popular vocalist it is a difficult matter to persuade oneself into believing that she has now been before the public for twenty years; yet such is the case. And there is another point to be added—no singer has fulfilled her engagements with greater regularity. The instances in which Mrs. Mary Davies has been compelled, through indisposition or any other reason, to disappoint the public, are extremely few and far between.

I asked her how she accounted for this, and she replied that she puts it down to the fact that she has very good health, and, what is more, she takes care of it.

"I also largely attribute my even health to the fact that I am a total abstainer. I consider it the greatest mistake to fancy that stimulants will brace up one's system for such arduous, trying work as concert singing. If even it does give one a temporary impetus (which is by no means a certainty) there is bound to be a reaction afterwards, and if this plan is continued one's temperament soon develops into a series of ups and downs, which is fatal to good, steady, reliable work. This is a question on which I feel most strongly, and as time goes on I am more and more convinced that artistic natures as a whole should avoid all stimulants if they wish to keep their nerves strong and the brain at its clearest and brightest. Of course I do not mean to imply that every singer who takes intoxicants goes forthwith to the bad! But I am absolutely sure that those who keep clear of them have the best chance of standing the tear and strain of one of the most wearing of all professions. Some of our greatest singers are finding this out, and are dispensing with

From a photo by [*Russell.*

MRS. MARY DAVIES.

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stimulants, which they once regarded as a necessity."

"Did you yourself find the life a trying one when you first became a professional singer?"

"I found it extremely hard work from the very beginning, but that is the experience of everyone who is in earnest and hopes to succeed. There is no way of becoming a singer without hard work. I think it is a great pity that girls do not realise this more than they do. So many appear to think that a good voice is all that is necessary. Whereas I would impress upon everyone that good physical health is an essential, also the ability to study. Girls often write to one, and ask advice on the subject of entering the musical profession as a vocalist, yet very few have any idea of the hardships of the life upon which they are so anxious to embark.

GOING TO THE BALLAD CONCERT AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

"First of all I consider that five years should be devoted to close study, certainly not less than three years. And then much more attention should be paid to a wide, all-round education than is usually the case. It is folly to hope to become a great artist and yet to neglect to cultivate one's intellect on every side. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules as to what the student should or should not do in regard to public appearances, but it may be taken as a safe guide that it is not wise to go in for both oratorio and operatic singing. If the voice be suited to operatic work, and if the singer has strength to stand the physical strain of all that opera entails, then by all means work with that one goal in view. But if the voice has decided limitations, and health is not of the most robust, then leave opera entirely alone and turn to other fields.

"It is also well to remember that a great deal of a singer's success is sometimes gained by the direct personality imparted to the singing. It is not merely range of voice, or quality, or style, it is a something original that they infuse into their singing — individuality if you like; and sometimes a vocalist will achieve much by a distinct individuality."

"So far you have been speaking of professional singers. What is your opinion of singing as a part of the education of an amateur?"

"Most decidedly I think singing should be taught, and taught thoroughly, in every school, if for no other reason it is so beneficial from a hygienic standpoint; it expands the lungs and improves the breathing. As time goes on this matter will receive more and more attention from the school authorities I believe. It will then be interesting to discover how many people have really good voices; I do not mean professional voices, but voices that

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will be most useful in local choral societies and in the home circle. It is strange, by the way, to notice how far in advance of Londoners they are in the northern counties, Yorkshire and Lancashire for instance, and in Wales, in the matter of singing. Their voices almost seem those of another race, they are so sturdy as well as musical."

Mrs. Mary Davies, though born in London, is of Welsh parentage, and takes the greatest interest in everything appertaining to Wales. No one is more popular at the Eisteddfodau and various Welsh festivals. The celebrated soprano has not confined her attention to ballad singing, though she has achieved more distinction than any other living singer in this field. She created the part of Margaret in the English version of Berlioz's "Faust," and, as it is well known, has appeared in oratorio and other music at all the principal London, and at the large provincial, festivals.

In 1888 Miss Mary Davies was married to Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies, a barrister of the Inner Temple.

Mr. Douglas Powell.

Perhaps there is no one among the younger men of to-day who gives promise of a more brilliant future than does Mr. Douglas Powell. He has hardly been two years before the public and yet he has sung many times at the Royal Choral Society concerts, to say nothing of concerts at Queen's Hall, St. James's Hall, and in the large provincial towns all over the country; in addition to which he has just returned from a most successful tour in Australia. Mr. Powell studied not only in England, but also in Frankfort and Paris. He had intended to study under Mr. Welsh, but death prevented this, and he forthwith became a pupil of one of the cleverest voice trainers in England, Madame Bessie Cox (who, I might add, has since become Mrs. Douglas Powell). After his début at Albert Hall in Berlioz's "Faust," he stepped at once into the front rank of singers. He says himself that he owes his fortunate start to the late Sir Joseph Barnby, who engaged him for three of the Royal Choral Society concerts in his first season. Since then Mr. Powell has shown himself equal to any emergency. On one night he was singing French and German songs, accompanied only by a lute, at one of Mr. Dolmetsch's concerts of ancient music; the next night he took the part of Lucifer in the "Golden Legend" at Albert Hall, which says much for the adaptability of his voice.

In a chat I recently had with him I asked him his opinion of music in the Antipodes, from which he had just returned.

"It is rather presumptuous," he replied, "to attempt to sum up the merits or demerits of music in Australia after one short visit, but so far as my own personal experience went I was surprised to find how far in advance the country was of what I had anticipated. For instance, a well-known writer has lately abused their music unmercifully, but I am sure very few towns in England could give such excellent performances of Dvorâk's 'Spectre's Bride' as those I assisted at in Sydney and Adelaide."

"In which town did you find the audiences most enthusiastic?"

"It is difficult to say, each town gave us such a warm welcome. And you must remember that in Australia it is somewhat different to what it is in England. There each colony considers itself independent of the other. Here London takes the lead in all things; but in Australia, Sydney would consider itself decidedly slighted if it were to be insinuated that it is one whit behind Melbourne. At first sight this spirit of independence strikes one as strange, seeing that in England there is no sort of rivalry between the counties. But seeing that Australia is nearer the size of Europe, it is more the difference that exists between large countries. Each colony relies on its own individual judgment, and because one has been well received in Melbourne, Sydney is in no way influenced by the fact, or *vice versâ*. Fortunately for us, however, we appeared to satisfy the sternest critics in both towns, and we were fêted on all sides and entertained most hospitably.

"It was strange, too, the questions one was asked. Several people inquired of me whether Madame Melba is really the greatest singer in the world! They have never heard her in her own land since she has become a professional singer. When she left Melbourne she was only an amateur."

"Which did you consider the most interesting part of the continent?"

"Without a doubt the gold-fields in the West pleased me most. Of course we did not go all over the continent. No one has ever done that yet. But of all the places I visited, including Albany, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane, the wild life among the miners fascinated me beyond description."

And I did not doubt it for a moment. When once on the subject of life in the bush

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it was next to impossible to get Mr. Powell back into the orthodox paths of music. If I interrupted his vivid descriptions of Australian scenery to inquire his opinion of Brahm's latest songs, he would reply with a clear insight and sound musical judgment, yet one could not fail to notice that it was also with a certain absence of mind, and it was only the work of a moment to transport one back to the far away island. Therefore, being interested in spite of myself in the subject he revelled in, I at length decided to "give him his head," and music for the time went to the four winds, I am afraid. I inquired how he came to have seen so much of the bush, seeing that musical celebrities do not usually spend their time in exploring unpopulated, waterless tracts of country when out on a concert tour.

From a photo by [*Falk, Sydney.*

MR. DOUGLAS POWELL.

"It came about in this way. So soon as I had fulfilled my contract with my agent in Melbourne and the concerts were at an end, I decided to spend a holiday 'up country' somewhere, in order to see something of the less civilised side of the continent, and having introductions from home to several influential men in the gold-fields, I had no difficulty in gratifying my whim. I was fortunate in arriving there just as a new railway had been completed, from Coolgardie to Kalgoorlie, and a week of festivities celebrated the event. I started from Perth, and after a while I found we were rapidly saying good-bye to civilisation, as we understand it here in England. There were no such unnecessary extravagances as sleeping-cars, or other relics of an effete civilisation. We just camped out in the train and made the best of it. Progress would not have been so slow perhaps had it not been that the guard would occasionally inform us that there was a train coming in the opposite direction (though how he knew this, seeing there were no sort of signals, I cannot tell), whereupon we would be shunted on to the nearest siding to wait there patiently till the other train passed on the single pair of metals. At other times too we had long pauses, though we knew not why. The guard would merely shake his head enigmatically, look preternaturally wise, and remark something heroic to the effect that he couldn't endanger the lives of his passengers by going on until the line was clear in front. And again the problem would suggest itself: How did he know that it was not clear? We passengers, however, troubled ourselves but little about such delays. The stopping of the train was to us a signal to alight and explore the neighbouring woods or gather wild flowers. We knew perfectly well that in a quarter or half an hour, or whenever the engine-driver mustered sufficient courage to embark on another perilous run, they would blow a loud whistle and summon us back to the train again, and that was all that concerned us.

"There is one great disadvantage in railway travelling in Australia which will have to be remedied sooner or later, I feel convinced, and that is the trouble the passenger is put to in having to leave one train, luggage and all, and re-establish himself in a fresh one on arriving at the frontier of a new colony. Each colony seems to have a separate railway gauge, making it impossible to run through trains. Imagine having to break a journey to Scotland in order to disembark at the Border and take a fresh train! However

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when I went on the new railway just mentioned I was fortunate in having no change until I reached Kalgoorlie, where I took a camel as a means of further conveyance."

"What was the country like through which you passed?"

"It was unpopulated, slightly hilly, and covered with scrub, and gum trees. When you begin to journey inland the scenery in Australia does not greatly vary. As I dare say you know, there is a belt of land, many miles wide, which runs all round the coast, and which is well watered and consequently dotted with towns and villages. Beyond that is a vast expanse of sand where there are no rivers, no springs, no water at all to speak of; and in this enormous tract of country no animal life will live. The trees grow with their roots as much above ground as possible, in order to catch every drop of dew. The place is often carpeted with flowers, but they are generally a kind of dry everlasting flower. Of course, I am now speaking of the part of Australia which I visited, the Western side of the continent, but the same lack of water prevails all over the interior. When it does chance that water is found, it is not water as we know it. One merely sees a patch of sand, where, if one digs deep enough, a kind of thick brine is found, which by condensation is made drinkable."

"Have they attempted to bore Artesian wells?"

"Yes; but as it is found that they usually come to a granite bottom below the sand, further progress is slow and very difficult. And when they find water it is only surface water. As we travelled along in the train one could see low ranges of hills covered with scrub, but invariably with granite shoving itself out at the top of the peaks as it were, which seemed to point to the whole of the foundation of the district being granite.

"Water is the one big want of Western Australia, and the man who could at the moment discover a means of supply would make a bigger fortune than he who merely discovers gold. As it is, gold is everywhere, but little enough can be claimed, simply because there is no water. There is a Government scheme on hand at present, I believe, for carrying water inland from the coast rivers, but this will take some years to accomplish."

"Did you yourself suffer any inconvenience from the universal drought?"

"Yes and no. It took days of practice to get accustomed to taking a bath in a quart or so of water; but for drinking purposes I did not find water in great request. I soon realised this when I was getting into the gold-fields, because at any apology for an inn, or wherever a notice could be put up, one read, 'All drinks a shilling each.' In a very thirsty country that soon adds up.

"When I finally reached Kalgoorlie, the end of the railway, I found a few planks on a raised bank by the roadside, which was the station. There was no name painted up, or any other indication as to what the place was called, but that is of course superfluous at a railway station. The whole place was *en fête*. I was housed in the most luxurious manner possible for those parts, that is to say, a room was actually provided for me in a hut. There were dinners, suppers, concerts, drives to the mines (every available horse and vehicle having been pressed into the service), dances—though these were necessarily rather one-sided affairs considering the scarcity of ladies. There were also athletic sports, and various races. The camel races were very amusing. Camels are much used in the gold-fields, they can stand hardships, and can travel across the sand in a way that would be impossible for horses. Afghans are also imported to look after them. When they want an animal to kneel, they call out 'Houshtá!' and it obeys. During one of the races, when all were tearing along furiously, there was one camel that was well in advance of the others and certain of winning easily. Suddenly someone in the crowd of spectators cried 'Houshtá!' and instantly the sensible creature went down on its knees, much to the annoyance of its rider and the amusement of the onlookers, while the next man won the race."

"Did you sing at the concerts?"

"Yes, and I also endeavoured to tune the piano, of somewhat doubtful origin, that was to be used on those occasions, but was at least a tone and a half down in pitch. At one concert a miner came to me and asked if it were true that I was a Somersetshire man. I said yes, and replied that I concluded he was also, judging by his accent. He said he had come out to the gold-fields forty-six years before, and had never been home since; and then he immediately inquired most minutely about the town and people he had known. Afterwards I sang for his especial benefit at one of the concerts the Somersetshire ditty, 'Young Richard.'"

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This little episode recalled Eugene Field's lines—

Oh, you that live in cities where the gran' piannies grow,
An' primy donnies round up, it's little that you know
Uv the hungerin' an' the yearnin' wich us miners an' the rest
Feel for the songs we used to hear before we moved out West.

I next asked Mr. Powell whether he found miners very rough?

"Oh, dear no. Of course there is a great deal more gambling there than we are accustomed to here, but their whole existence is so much a life of chance that it comes to them as second nature. The goldfields present a strange mixture of men from every station in life. For instance, I met Wallace Brownlow, who was singing here in 'Ivanhoe' not so long ago, and who made a decided mark in the Australian musical world. The last I saw of him was setting out on his camel to go over four hundred miles farther inland, where a rush was being made through the news of a new find. He seemed remarkably happy and to enjoy the life immensely."

"Only one word more. Did you sing in any other country besides Australia on your tour?"

"Yes, we gave a concert at Colombo. The hall we sang in had no walls, only a roof, supported by arches, through which the air could blow freely, should there happen to be any. We did not notice any on the evening in question. It was rather hard work singing in the heat, but it was novel to us, and on the whole we enjoyed it. When the concert was over there was such a scramble for rickshaws. You should have seen Miss Thudichum, Miss Marian Mackenzie and all of us racing through the Cinnamon Gardens along the shore, with the heavy surf thundering on the shingle in a wonderful moonlight, each urging his native to run his hardest in order to be first at the hotel! It was rather different to creeping home from Albert Hall in a fog!"

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LONDON, MARCH 1, 1897.

THE human mind loves to be puzzled, hence the popularity of detective stories, riddles, and Bradshaw's time table. For many weeks after the publication in this Scrap-Book of certain "doubling verses" I was inundated with contributions of a similar nature, some of the verses being particularly clever. This was another proof of our innate fondness of puzzles. One of the cleverest journalists in London has hardly allowed a week to pass for several years in which he has not attempted to solve puzzles in the magazines. He finds it a relief to more serious brain-work. Another acquaintance becomes positively ill if he has not succeeded during the week in discovering a solution for the chess problem published in the *Illustrated London News*. Great is the joy of his household when papa puts away his chess-board with an air of triumph. After these remarks I need not apologise for printing the following rhyme, received from one of our readers—

"THAT."

I'll prove the word that I have made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame;
And that that that, thus trebled, I may use,
And that that that, that critics may abuse,
May be correct. Further, the dons to bother,
Five thats may closely follow one another!
For well 'tis known that we may safely write,
Or say, that that that, that that man writ, was right;
Nay e'en that that that, that that, that has followed
Through six repeats, our grammar's rule has hallowed,
And that that that, that that, that that began,
Repeated seven times is right!—Deny it who can?

But I must stipulate that no other variations on the word "that" are hurled at my head through the medium of the post.

"I WILL indite a poem," said Stanzer, seating himself at his desk.

"If it is anything like your previous productions the indictment will be speedily followed by a verdict of guilty," replied Snickers.

"I WISH you would tell me," said the agent, who had long been on Mr. Snaggs's trail, "what is your insuperable objection to insuring your life?"

"I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs; "the idea of being more valuable after I am dead than while I am alive is distasteful to me."

KITTY.

By G. Preston.

Kitty, not so long ago,
Rivalled boys in row and racket!
Did one tease her? She would show
She knew how to "dust his jacket!"
Ladies wailed, "Oh, what a pity
You are such a hoyden, Kitty!"

Lo, a transformation strange!
Stilled are all the noise and riot!
Kitty undergoes a change—
Kitty grows sedate and quiet.
Now at last we notice Kitty
Growing wonderfully pretty!

Is it dimple, lip or eye?
Nay, 'tis idle speculating.
Whether pert or *triste* or shy,
Kitty's wholly fascinating!
Never burden of a ditty
Sang a sweeter girl than Kitty!

[NOTE.—(Not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.) "*She was, and is, all that!*"]

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THAT BLUE-EYED COLLEEN.

By Thomas McEwen.

'Twas the terrible bad luck I'd been havin' for some toime, wid no work to be had at all at all, whin I got a letther from me sister Bridget, who is afther bein' housemaid in a gran' house in Glasgow. In the letther she said 'twas a futman her misthress was in want av, an' if I wud come over the watther she wud put in a word for me an' maybes I wud get the job.

Well, over to Glasgow I goes wid the steamer from Belfast, an' 'tis afraid I am I'll not be afther seein' dear ould Oireland again. I was mortial say-sick comin' over, so 'tis thinkin' I am I'll niver get back again onless by wan av thim balloons, or else a miracle loike Moses an' the Rid Say.

Whin I gets to Glasgow I had some tay in a coffee-house on the quay, an' thin I wint straight to Park Circus, to the foine house where Bridget is housemaid.

'Twas loike climbin' Jacob's ladder to get up to the dure, but I reaches the top av the shteps at last.

Whin I rings the bell a wee gossoon about the height av two scrubbers, an' dressed in blue clothes wid brass buttons on thim, opens the dure.

Sez he to me as quick as loightnin', an' in the quarest lingo ye iver heard: "We've nothing for you to-day."

"Arrah now, haven't ye, me illigant spalpeen?" sez I. "An' who's your tailor now, if I moight ax the questhion? 'Tis the gran' advertisemint ye'll be for him intoirely. Are ye afther sleepin' in thim clothes wid the brass sovereigns on thim? They fit ye loike a glove, me son."

"You imperent fellow!" sez the crathur; "if you don't move on I'll call a policeman!"

I cudn't help laughin' at him, so I cudn't.

"Polisman!" sez I; "faix that's the very koind av gintleman I'd be deloighted to see. If all that me sister Bridget writes home in her letthers is thrue 'tis the polismen are her best frinds in this durty ould Glasgow. Many's the noight they're afther havin' a bit av divarsion in the kitchen wid her ——"

"Hush!" sez the bit crathur, loike a flash. "Are you Bridget Flannigan's brother?"

"I am," sez I; "an' I'm afther comin' over the say about the situation as futman."

"You should 'ave gone round by the servants' door," sez he; "but come in quietly and I'll take you downstairs."

I shteps inside an' he shuts the dure an' takes me through a gran' passage wid chairs an' tables in it, an' picturs on the walls on ivery side av me, an' thin down some stairs an' into a kitchen as big as the whole av the ould farrum-house at home.

Bridget was sittin' at a table beside the fire, havin' her breakfast. She jumps up whin she sees me an' runs an' throws her arrums round me neck, nearly knockin' down the wee fella wid the brass buttons.

"Och, 'tis deloighted I am to see ye, Dennis, me dear!" sez she.

Thin she puts on the fryin'-pan an' soon I sits down to a foine dish av bacon an' eggs.

I was just at me fourth egg whin I hears a bell ring behind me. At that Bridget gets aff her chair.

"That's for me, Dennis, me bhoy; jest wait here, will ye now, an' I'll be afther axin' me lady if she'll see ye."

"All roight, Bridget, me darlint, 'tis not lonely I'll be wid this foine dish av bacon an' eggs to kape me company!"

Bridget goes away, an' I was just makin' mesilf at home wid me breakfast whin into the kitchen comes the purtiest wee colleen I iver seen.

"The top av the mornin' to ye, acushla," sez I, gettin' up an' offerin' her a chair.

"Thank you," sez she, spakin' loike the wee fella wid the buttons, but foiner; "I won't sit down. I thought Bridget was here."

"She is not," sez I. "Wan av thim bells forninst ye is just afther ringin' an' aff she wint sayin' her ladyship wanted her. But sure now, wud Bridget's brother Dennis not do your turn for a while?"

"Are you her brother?" sez the colleen, smoilin' as swate as ye plaze.

"I am," sez I, "an' no wan else. I'm just afther comin' over from Oireland about the futman's place, an' blissed be the day I lift Belfast an' tuk the steamer that's afther bringin' me, say-sick all the toime, to be cured by the soight av the luveliest colleen that iver was, an' that's yoursilf now!"

"I'm afraid you're a dreadful flatterer, Mr. Flannigan," sez she, shtill smoilin' in a curious way. "Is your home anywhere near Blarney Castle?"

"Not a bit av it," sez I; "but 'tis not far from Shanes Castle on Lough Neagh, if ye knows the spot. But may I sup sorra if in all ould Oireland there's a pair av bewitchin', beaucheous eyes the ayqual av thim that's now forninst me! 'Tis hopin' I am I'll have the faylicity av gazin' at thim many's the toime if her ladyship's koind enough to give me the futman's place. 'Tis thinkin' I am ye're ingaged by her ladyship loike the rest av the servants."

"Well," sez she, "I am engaged here, but not exactly like the rest of the servants."

"Och, thin, 'tis supposin' I am ye're her ladyship's own attindant—what they calls lady's-maid maybes. I've been towld thim gran' ladies always have a faymale servant all to thimselves for dressin' their hair an' sich loike thrifles."

"You've very nearly guessed correctly," sez she. "I do sometimes dress her ladyship's hair; but yet I'm not exactly her maid either."

"Ach, well, 'twill just be a sort av companion ye are thin, as the sayin' is."

"Yes, that's perhaps a more correct way of describing my position in the house."

"Arrah now, alannah, 'tis the sin an' shame to waste your luvely charrums on a mimber av your own sex. Sure a luvely bit crathur loike ye wud be the most illigant gintleman's companion that iver was. 'Tis the long toime I've been sarchin' for a companion wid luvely blue eyes an' hair

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av sunshine loike your own, an' niver till this blissed day did I meet wid any wan so shuitable as your purty silf. Cud we not be afther makin' an' agrayment mavourneen, wid just wan swate, deloightful kiss to put a shtamp on it?"

"I'm afraid you're too late," sez she. "I've already agreed to be a companion of the kind you speak of."

"Ach, acushla, 'tis terrible disthressed I am to hear av it! But maybes ye've put no shtamps to your agraymint, an' in that case av coorse ye wudn't be afther thinkin' it bindin'. Faix now 'tis the gran' wan I am intoirely for puttin' shtamps on an agraymint av the koind I'm spakin' av. Arrah now, wud I not be afther givin' ye a sample av how I can do it? Troth, there was niver a bhoy that was betther at Postman's Knock than mesilf."

"Sure a luvely bit crathur loike ye wud be the most illigant gintleman's companion that iver was!"

She said nothin' to this, excep' to burst into the hearty laughin', which sounded for all the world loike silver bells tinklin'.

The table was betwixt us, bad scran to it; if it hadn't been, begorra I'd have been afther kissin' her where she stud, an' faix I believe she'd have injoyed it! But just as I was gettin' ready to go round to her the kitchen dure opens an' in walks Bridget. Whin she sees the wee colleen standin' laughin' forninst me she comes forward an' sez to her—

"Beg pardon, me lady, this is me brother Dennis that I tould ye av; 'tis hoping I am ye'll be able to give him the futman's place."

Och, och, och! when I heard that I knowed I'd opened me mouth an' put me fut in it wid a vingeance. Here I'd been afther making luve to me lady hersilf, an' now—well I was shtruck spacheless all at wance. But begorra 'twas wan av the roight sort me lady was, for she sez to Bridget, sez she—

"Well, Bridget, I've just been having a little conversation with your brother Dennis, and I think he is far too clever a young man for a footman; but I'll speak to Sir Charles about him, and perhaps we may be able to give him a situation in which his abilities will have greater scope for exercise."

Thin she turns to me an' sez, smoilin' all over—

"Good-bye, Mr. Flannigan. I shall be sure to tell my husband what a pleasant *companion* you have been this morning."

Wid that she wint out av the dure, lavin' me standin' wid me mouth open loike a shtuck pig.

Well, that silf-same day she sint me word to go an' see Sir Charles at his office, an' loike the rale gintleman he is he gev me a situation in his warehouse, an' I'm afther gettin' five an' twinty shillin' a wake stiddy, wid the promise av a free house an' coals an' gas whiniver I can mate in wid a colleen that plazes me as well as did her ladyship, that misfortunately had a prayvious ingagemint. An' bedad what I'm afther tellin' ye shows ye need niver be afraid av offindin' a lady by lettin' her know ye admires her, if ye're only afther doin' it in an illigant way, the same as mesilf.

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MARCH WINDS.

By the Office Boy.

WIND is very loud drafts, and it's called that because it makes the winders rattel. March winds come in April and November, tho taint no sorter use them comin then. Bye rites they ort to come in horgust. Wind is very useful at sea as it blows the ingins out and prevents the ships catchin fire. When a man on the top of a bus as is i at blone orf and run over by a ansomecab folks says he as had a windfall. March winds are very unconvenient for chimbley pots, because they easily kill people. March winds are worse on the water than on land. In Joeannesberg there is a lake that is orfen very danjerus for boats, and nothing will grow on its banks because merely of the wind and the salt. So they call the lake Windymeer and the town nereby is called Salt Leak City, and the people there marry a great many times and go there for there honeymoons. It is very breezy in Joannesburg sometimes. Dr. Jim found it so unnelthy that they had to bring him home. When you come to a staircase where you can easy catch cold in the draft you call it a winding stair. if you blow into a paper bag and fill it with wind and then hold it behind another feller's ear it makes a jolly bang (but you must look out and doge him quick, cos hes sure to turn round and try to punch yer ead). A baloom is a large sack stuffed full of wind, and it goes up into the sky. Men go up in it so that they can see the stars better, and it's called an observeterry. When you want to write poytry about March winds, you always have to call 'em "ye." I am a very careful office boy (in fact the best they ever had ear) and I always search in the wastepaper basket in case the Ed. should have left his watch and chain or the gold nob of his walking stick there by mistake. Just now it's nearly crammed full of verses about "ye moaning march winds." I rather liked this vurse

> Ye mad march winds with hurrying haste
> That wander o'er the withering waste,
> Methinks your bleak and blithering blast
> Comes from the cold Avernus

That 'ull be andy for a valentine or Christmas card. I blieve Avernus is a girl's name, tho Snaggles (hes another chap ear) says it's a forrin swear word hes 'eard the ice cream man use. Snaggles is a good sort, but he ain't got no talunt. All he could say about March winds wus as they wus full of smuts that covered the office table direckly you open the winder! But Snaggles isn't a genius. But I'm afraid I'm gettin long-winded. Great people are always long-winded, and they talk gas (which is another kind of wind kept in pipes), then they git made members of Parlemunt, and thats why Guy Forks thought it a good idear to give 'em a blow up. I know what M.Ps. is like! Don't I orphan and orphan show 'em up to the Ed.? and arf of 'em never come in anythink better'n a ansom! What I'd like to be 'ud be the Lord Mare. He rides in somethink like a kerridge if yer like! I saw him only the other day when me and Snaggles wus sent out to go on some herrends hextry sharp. I ad to go to Charing ×, and e ad to go to Liverpool Street, but him and me is always very akommerdatin, so he went with me, and then I went with him, and we wus just in time to see the kerridge outside the Manshun 'us. We arst the Cochman why his nose was so red. he said it wus the march winds; pore feller! If I'm ever made lord Mare I'll come and call on the Ed., and Snaggles 'ull have to show me up and call me "yerroyliness" and when the march winds —— But the old Editor's bell's ringing like blazes, and —— Yessur. I'm a-comin. Did you ring, Sir? Well, *I* never 'eard yer!

Tommy's Rejoinder.

"You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread."

"I say, pa, you are having a better time of it now you are living with us!" replied Tommy.

The Guard's Mistake.

IT is told of a certain Midland Railway guard, residing in a small town in the Midlands, that one night, while sleeping in a chair by the fire, he surprised his wife and family by suddenly jumping up, seizing the cat who was asleep on the rug, bundling her in the oven, banging the door to, and then shouting, "Any more for Nottingham?"

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CULLED FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

Mrs. Meynell on Mrs. Browning's Poetry.

"Her glories shall never fade." Elizabeth Barrett Browning's fruitful genius, her passion for good, her abundance, her nobility, her tenderness, and the strength that was in her impetuous wishes; her sex, her story, her marriage, her public spirit, and her English love of Italy; all together have made her name perpetual. And as to the quality of those who remember her, the character of the company her memory keeps, the kind of society her fame frequents, no one could wish her a world of readers of her poetry fitter for the world than is that world which actually does value her labours. It is a world incorrupt, full of affections, devoted to truth, and in love—whatever "liberty" may mean—with liberty. None can be constant readers of Mrs. Browning without loyalty of heart or without sympathy, or without holding steadfastly the inner doctrine of self-sacrifice. None who in the modern world have taken the tremendous step of denying that doctrine and of refusing it—an act of the soul that is momentous and yet taken with small deliberation—will be attached to her poetry or patient with it. Her readers too are lovers of art, the more intelligent as they do not stop to divide the art from the substance, as do those who follow the fashion to separate a building from its architecture.

(*Photo by H. H. H. Cameron.*)

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

* * * * *

"Her glories shall never fade." This was a poet's conviction of the fresh immortality of the poet he married. Robert Browning, who made this one emphatic prophecy, did not much dabble in written criticism. Perhaps there is no famous writer who has written less about writing—so far as the public knows. His own poetry would hardly permit explanations, would gain no security by defence, and indeed seems to lose something of its strength of movement when it is divided and dispersed into little rills and streamlets by the care of commentators and spread out thinly for examination. Browning does not give us the prose of other men's poetry, and he left to societies the care of giving us the prose of his own.

"Prometheus Bound," and other Poems. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With an introduction by Alice Meynell. "Nineteenth Century Classics." 2*s.* 6*d.* Ward, Lock & Co

MY SEASONS.

I.

When Dolly's eyes are full of smiles
They gaze at me with witching wiles,
And oftentimes to me they bring
A thousand hints of gentle Spring,
And flower scents and blossoms gay
Seem scattered on my joyous way!

II.

When Dolly's eyes gaze into mine,
With glances tender and divine,
And seem to whisper, "I love thee!"
My heart leaps up, and then to me
The merry birds of Summer sing,
Fulfilling Spring's sweet promising!

III.

When Dolly turns her azure eyes
Away from mine, to my surprise
Drear Autumn breezes o'er me blow,
Foretaste of chilling Winter's snow;
The leafless trees seem sad and sere:
So, too, alas! my heart is drear!

IV.

When Dolly's eyes gaze not at me,
And angry gleams in them I see,
Within my soul blow wintry storms,
No sun my chilly heart then warms,
For Dolly's eyes are my sunlight;
Without her all is dark as night!

V.

But after Winter comes the May,
With hints of Summer day by day;
Fair Summer speaks of Autumn drear,
Then Winter. So with Dolly dear:
Every emotion in her lies;
She tells my seasons from her eyes!

(*Mary F. M. Nixon in the "Peterson Magazine."*)

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LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

A CHANCE mention by Mr. Gladstone of a book received by him from Hannah More has drawn passing notice to this quondam famous authoress. Not many people living to-day take an interest in her, and though Somersetshire folks are proud of Hannah More's connection with the county, her home at Basley Wood, Wrington, is rarely visited by the tourist. There is therefore a good excuse for a picture of the house appearing on this page. Hannah More loved quiet country life, and at Basley Wood she was happy in the midst of rural joys.

LORD ROBERTS' eagerly expected memoirs show that with this celebrated soldier the pen is almost as mighty as the sword. The memoirs are written in excellent taste and prove to be quite as interesting as one anticipated. Lord Roberts is not as laboured a writer as Lord Wolseley, who revised his proofs so thoroughly that their final state was a striking contrast to their first by reason of the numerous alterations.

From a photo by [*Henry Harbour, Plumstead.*

HANNAH MORE'S HOUSE, BASLEY WOOD, WRINGTON.

A LENGTHY story by Percy Andreæ, entitled "The Case of the League of the Aigrette," will appear soon in this Magazine. The author has been living for some months in the United States, and it would not be surprising if his next volume showed some results of his residence in America. It is strange how few British novelists have treated American life in their stories. On the other hand several American authors make it a rule to visit us annually, and are constantly sketching our habits and personalities. And very accurately they accomplish the task. The work of Richard Harding Davis is a case in point. His little story of a Jameson officer's reflections on being driven to Holloway prison was instinct with picturesque fidelity of observation. The streets, parks, and squares of the metropolis are much more familiar to American authors than is New York to British writers. Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. "Mark Twain" are familiar figures at many a London party, whereas our novelists are little known in Boston or New York. The warm welcome accorded to such representatives of literature as Hall Caine and, more recently, J. M. Barrie and "Ian Maclaren," should induce other writers to visit the United States.

THE expiry of Browning copyrights led to a remarkable increase in the sale of volumes of his poetry. During the poet's life-time he did not realise nearly so large an income from his books as was generally supposed.

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[See Article on Timothy Cole, page 557.

"MADONNA AND CHILD IN GLORY."—By Correggio.

(From an engraving by Timothy Cole, reproduced, by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, from "Old Italian Masters.")

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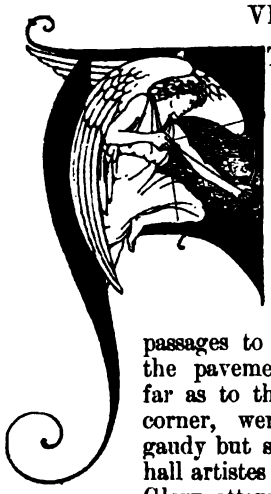
THE CHRISTIAN.

By Hall Caine.
(*Author of "The Manxman."*)

Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

SECOND BOOK.—THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

VII.



AT the end of the fourth week, after Glory had paid her fee to the agent, she called on him again. It was Saturday morning, and the vicinity of his office was a strange and surprising scene. The staircase and passages to the house as well as the pavement of the streets, as far as to the public-house at the corner, were thronged with a gaudy but shabby army of music-hall artistes of both sexes. When Glory attempted to pass through them she was stopped by a cry of, "Tyke yer turn on Treasury day, my dear," and she fell back and waited.

One by one they passed upstairs, came down again with cheerful faces, shouted their adieux and disappeared. Meanwhile they amused themselves with salutations, all more or less lively and familiar, told stories and exchanged confidences, while they danced a step or stamped about to keep warm. "You've chucked the slap (rouge) on with a mop this morning, my dear," said one of the girls. "Have I, my love? Well, I was a bit thick about the clear, so I thought it would keep me warm." "It ain't no use facing the donna of the casa with that," said a man who jingled a few coins as he came downstairs, and away went two to the public-house. Sometimes a showy brougham would drive up to the door and a magnificent person in a fur-lined coat with diamond rings on both hands would sweep through the lines and go upstairs. When he came down again his carriage door would be opened by half a dozen "pros" who would call him "dear old cully," and tell him they were "down on their luck" and "hadn't done a turn for a fortnight." He would distribute shillings and half-crowns among them, cry "Ta-ta, boys," and drive away, whereupon his pensioners would stroke their cuffs and collars of threadbare astracan, tip winks after the carriage and say, "That's better than crying cabbages in Covent Garden, ain't it?" Then they would all laugh knowingly, and one would say, "What's it to be, cully?" and somebody would answer, "Come along to Poverty Point then," and a batch of the waiting troop would trip off to the corner.

One of the gorgeous kind was coming down the stairs when his eye fell on Glory as she stood in a group of girls who were decked out in rose pink and corresponding finery. He paused, turned back, re-opened the office-door, and said in an audible whisper, "Who's the pretty young ginger you've got here, Josephs?" A moment afterwards the agent had come out and called her upstairs.

"It's salary day, my dear, vait there," he said, and he put her into an inner room, which was tawdrily furnished in faded red plush, with piano and coloured prints of ballet girls and boxing men, and was full of the odour of stale tobacco and bad whisky.

She waited half an hour, feeling hot and ashamed and troubled with perplexing thoughts, and listening to the jingle of money in the adjoining room, mingled with the ripple of laughter and sometimes the exchange of angry words. At length the agent came back, saying, "Vell, vhat can I do for you to-day, my dear?"

He had been drinking; his tone was familiar, and he placed himself on the end of the sofa upon which Glory was seated.

Glory rose immediately. "I came to ask if you have heard of anything for me," she said.

This story commenced in the December Number, 1896.

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"Sit down, my dear."

"No, thank you."

"Heard anything? Not yet, my dear. You must vait ——"

"I think I've waited long enough, and if your promises amount to anything you'll get me an appearance at all events."

"So I vould, my dear—I vould get you an extra turn at the Vashington, but it is very expensive, and you've got no money."

"Then why did you take what I had if you can do nothing? Besides, I don't want anything but what my talents will earn. Give me a letter to a manager—for mercy's sake do something for me!"

There was the shrug of the ghetto as the man rose and said, "Very vell, if that's it, I'll give you a letter and velcome."

He sat at a table and wrote a short note, sealed it carefully in an envelope which was backed with advertisements, then gave it to Glory and said, "Daddle doo. You'll not require to come again."

"Do you know what's in this, my girl?"

Going downstairs she looked at the letter. It was addressed to an acting-manager at a theatre in the farthest west of London. The passages of the house and the pavements outside were now empty; it was nearly two o'clock and snow was beginning to fall. She was feeling cold and a little hungry, but making up her mind to deliver the letter at once, she hastened to the Temple station.

There was a *matinée*, so the acting-manager was "in front." He took the letter abruptly, opened it with an air of irritation, glanced at it, glanced at Glory, looked at the letter again, and then said in a strangely gentle voice, "Do you know what's in this, my girl?"

"No," said Glory.

"Of course you don't—look," and he gave her the letter to read. It ran—

"DEAR ——. This wretched young ginger is worrying me for a shop. She isn't worth a ——! Get rid of her, and oblige.

JOSEPHS."

Glory flushed up to the forehead and bit her lip, then a little nervous laugh broke from her throat and two great tears came rolling from her eyes. The acting-manager took the letter out of her hands and tapped her kindly on the shoulder.

"Never mind, my child. Perhaps we'll disappoint him yet. Tell me all about it."

She told him everything, for he had bowels of compassion. "We can't put you on at present," he said, "but our saloon contractor wants a young lady to give out programmes, and if that will do to begin with ——"

It was a crushing disappointment, but she was helpless. The employment was menial, but it would take her out of the tobacco shop and put her into the atmosphere of the theatre and bring fifteen shillings a week as well. She might begin on Monday if she could find her black dress, white apron, cap and cuffs. The dress she had already, but the apron, cap and cuffs would take the larger part of the money she had left.

By Sunday night she had swallowed her pride with one great gulp and was writing home to Aunt Anna—

"I'm as busy as Trap's wife these days—indeed that goddess of industry is nothing

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to me now; but Christmas is coming and I shall want to buy a present for grandfather (and perhaps for the aunties as well), so please send me a line in secret saying what he is wanting most. Snow! snow! snow! The snow it snoweth every day."

On the Monday night she presented herself at the theatre and was handed over to another girl to be instructed in her duties. The house was one of the best in London, and Glory found pleasure in seeing the audience assemble. For the first half-hour the gorgeous gowns, the beautiful faces and the distinguished manners excited her and made her forget herself. Then little by little there came the pain of it all, and by the time the curtain had gone up her gorge was rising and she crept out into the quiet corridor where her colleague was seated already under an electric lamp reading a penny number.

The girl was a little tender black and white thing looking like a dahlia. In a quarter of an hour Glory knew all about her. During the day she served in a shop in the Whitechapel Road. Her name was Agatha Jones—they called her Aggie. Her people lived in Bethnal Green, but Charlie always came to the theatre to take her home. Charlie was her young man

In the intervals between the acts Glory assisted in the cloak-room, and there the great ladies began to be very amusing. After the tinkle of the electric bell announcing the second act she returned to the deserted corridor and before her audience of one gave ridiculous imitations in dead silence of ladies using the puff and twiddling up their front hair.

"My! It's you that oughter be on the styge, my dear," said Aggie.

"Do you think so?" said Glory.

"I'm going on myself soon. Charlie's getting me on the clubs."

"The clubs?"

"The foreign clubs in Soho. More nor one has begun there."

"Really?"

"The foreigners like dancing best. If you can do the splits and shoulder the leg it's the mykings of you for life."

When the performance was over they found Charlie waiting on the square in front of the house. Glory had seen him before and she recognised him immediately. He was the young Cockney with the rolled fringe who had bantered the policeman by Palace Yard on Lord Mayor's Day. They got into the Underground together, and when Glory returned to the subject of the foreign clubs Charlie grew animated and eloquent.

"They give ye five shillings a turn, and if yer good for anythink ye may do six turns of a Sunday night, not ter speak of special nights and friendly leads and sech."

When Glory got out at the Temple Aggie's head was resting on Charlie's shoulder and her little gloved fingers were lightly clasped in his hand.

On the second night Glory had conquered a good deal of her pride. The grace of her humour was saving her. It was almost as if somebody else was doing servant's duty and she was looking on and laughing. After all it was very funny that she should be there, and what delicious thoughts it would bring later! Even Nell Gwynne sold oranges in the pit at first, and then some day when she had risen above all this ——

It must have been a great night of some sort. She had noticed red baize and an awning outside, and the front of one of the boxes was laden with flowers. When its occupants entered the orchestra played the national anthem and the audience rose to their feet. It was the Prince with the Princess and their daughters. The audience was only less distinguished, and something far off and elusive moved in her memory when a lady handed her a check and said in a sweet voice—

"A gentleman will come for this seat."

Glory's station was in the stalls, and she did not go out when the lights went down and the curtain rose. The play was a modern one—the story of a country girl who returned home after a life of bitterness and shame.

It moved her and thrilled her and stirred the smouldering fires of her ambition. She was sorry for the actress who played the part, the poor thing did not understand, and she would have given worlds to pour her own voice through the girl's mouth. Then she was conscious that she was making a noise with her hands, and looking down at them she saw the crumpled programmes and her white cuffs, and remembered where she was, and what, and she murmured, "O God, do not punish me for these vain thoughts!"

All at once a light shot across her face as she stood in the darkness. The door of the corridor had been opened and a gentleman was coming in. He stood a moment beside her with his eyes on the stage and said in a whisper—

"Did a lady leave a seat?"

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"He slid something into her hand. It was sixpence."

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It was Drake! She felt as if she would suffocate but answered in a strained voice—

"Yes, that one—programme, please."

He took the programme without looking at her, put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and slid something into her hand. It was sixpence.

She could have screamed. The humiliation was too abject. Hurrying out she threw down her programmes, put on her cloak and hat and fled.

But next morning she laughed at herself, and when she took out Drake's sixpence she laughed again. With the poker and a nail she drove a hole through the coin and then hung it up by a string to a hook over the mantelpiece, and laughed (and cried a little) every time she looked at it. Life was so funny! Why did people bury themselves before they were dead? She wouldn't do it for worlds. But she did not go back to the theatre for all that, and neither did she return to the counter.

Christmas was near, the shops became bright and gay, and she remembered what beautiful presents she had meant to send home out of the money she had hoped to earn. On Christmas Eve the streets were thronged with little family groups out shopping, and there were many amusing sights. Then she laughed a good deal—she could not keep from laughing.

Christmas Day opened with a rimy, hazy morning, and the business thoroughfares were deserted. They had sucking-pig for dinner, and Mr. Jupe, who was at home for the holiday, behaved like a great boy. It was afternoon before the postman arrived with a bag as big as a creel, and full of Christmas cards and parcels. There was a letter for Glory. It was from Aunt Anna.

"We are concerned about the serious step you have taken, but trust it is for the best, and that you will give Mrs. Jupe every satisfaction. Don't waste your savings on us. Remember there are post-office savings banks everywhere, and that there is no friend like a little money."

At the bottom there was a footnote from Aunt Rachel: "Do you ever see the Queen in London, and the dear Prince and Princess?"

She went to service that night at St. Paul's Cathedral. Entering by the west door, a verger in his cloak directed her to a seat in the nave. The great place was dark and chill and half empty. All the singing seemed to come from some unseen regions far away, and when the preacher got into the curious pulpit he looked like a Jack-in-the-box, and it seemed to be a drum that was speaking.

Coming out before the end she thought she would walk to the Whitechapel Road, of which Aggie had told her something. She did so, going by Bishopsgate Street, but turning her head away as she passed the church of the Brotherhood. The motley crowd of Polish Jews, Germans, and Chinamen, in the most interesting street in Europe, amused her for awhile, and then she walked up Houndsditch and passed through Bishopsgate Street again.

At the Bank she took an omnibus for home. The only other fare was a bouncing girl in a big hat with feathers.

"Come from the country, don't ye? Same here. Father's a farmer, but he's got sixteen besides me, so I won't be missed. Live? I live at old Nan's dress-house now. Nice gloves ain't they? My hat? Glad you like the style. I generally get a new hat once a week, and as for gloves, if anybody likes me ——"

That night in her musty bedroom Glory wrote home while little slyboots slept—

"'The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang aft agley.'

"Witness me!

"I intended to send you some Christmas presents, but the snow has been so industrious that not a mouse has stirred if he could help it. However I send three big kisses instead and a pair of mittens for grandfather, worked with my own hands, because I wouldn't allow any good Brownie to do it for me. Tell Aunt Rachel I *do* see the Prince and Princess sometimes. I saw them at the theatre the other night. Yes, the theatre! You must not be shocked—we are rather gay in London—we go to the theatre occasionally. It is so interesting to meet all the great people. You see I am fairly launched in fashionable society, but I love everybody just the same as ever, and the moment the candle is out I shall be thinking of Glenfaba and seeing the 'Waits,' and 'Oiel Verree,' and 'Hunting the Wren,' and grandfather smoking his pipe in the study by the light of the fire, and Sir Thomas Traddles, the tailless, purring and blinking at his feet. Merry Christmas to you, my dears! By-bye!"

VIII.

"'WHERE'S that bright young Irish lady?' the gentlemen's alwis sayin', my dear," said Mrs. Jupe, and for very shame's sake, having no money to pay for board and lodgings, Glory returned to the counter.

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A little beyond Bedford Row in a rookery of apartment houses in narrow streets there lives a colony of ballet girls and chorus girls who are employed at the lighter theatres of the Strand. They are a noisy, merry, reckless, harmless race, free of speech, fond of laughter, wearing false jewellery, false hair and false complexions, but good boots always, which they do their utmost not to conceal.

Many of these girls pass through the Turnstile on their way to their work, and towards seven in the evening the tobacconist's would be full of them. Nearly all smoked, as the stained forefinger of their right hands showed, and while they bought their cigarettes they chirruped and chirped until the little shop was like a tree full of linnets in the spring.

Most of them belonged to the Frailty Theatre, and their usual talk was of the

"Betty wants a dresser, and I've got the shop for ye, my dear."

"stars" engaged there. Chief among these were the "Sisters Bellman," a trio of singers in burlesque, and a frequent subject of innuendo and repartee was one Betty, of that ilk, whose name Glory could remember to have seen blazing in gold on nearly every hoarding and sign.

"Says she was a governess in the country, my dear." "Oh yus, I dare say. Came out of a slop shop in the Mile End Road though, and learned 'er steps with the organ man in the court a-back of the jam factory." "Well I never! She's a wide un, she is!" "About as wide as Broad Street, my dear. Use ter sell flowers in Piccadilly Circus till somebody spoke to 'er, and now she rides 'er brougham, doncher know." Then the laughter would be general and the girls would go off with their arms about each other's waists, and singing, in the street substitute for the stage whisper, "And 'er golden 'air was 'anging dahn 'er back!"

This yellow-haired and yellow-fingered sisterhood saw the game of life pretty clearly, and it did not take them long to get abreast of Glory. "Like this life, my dear?" "Go on! Does she look as if she liked it?"

"Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't," said Glory.

"Tell that to the marines, my dear. I use ter be in a shop myself, but I couldn't a-bear it. Give me my liberty, I say; and if a girl's got any sort o' figure. . . . Unnerstand, my dear?"

Late that night one of the girls came in breathless and cried, "Hooraa! What d'ye think? Betty wants a dresser, and I've got the shop for ye, my dear. Guinea a week and the pickings, and you go to-morrow night on trial. By-bye."

Glory's old infirmity came back upon her and she felt hot and humiliated. But her vanity was not so much wounded by the work that she was offered as her honour was hurt by the work she was doing. Mrs. Jupe's absences from home were now more frequent than ever. If the business that took her abroad was akin to that which had taken her to Polly Love ——

To put an end to her uneasiness Glory presented herself at the stage door.

"You the noo dresser, Miss?" said the doorkeeper. "Collins has orders to look after you. Collins!"

A scraggy, ugly, untidy woman who was passing through an inner door looked back and listened.

"Come along of me then," she said, and Glory followed her, first down a dark passage, then through a dusty avenue between stacks of scenery, then across the open stage, up a flight of stairs and into a room of moderate size which had no window and no ventilation and contained three cheval glasses, a couch, four cane-bottom chairs, three small toilet tables with gas jets suspended over them, three large trunks, some boxes of cigarettes, and a number of empty champagne bottles. Here there was another woman, as scraggy and untidy as the first, who bobbed her head at Glory and then went on with her work, which was that of taking gorgeous dresses out of one of the trunks and laying them on the end of the couch.

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"She told me to show you her first act," said the woman called Collins, and throwing open another of the trunks she indicated some of the costumes contained in it.

It was a new world to Glory, and there was something tingling and electrical in the atmosphere about her. There were the shouts and curses of the scene-shifters on the stage, the laughing voices of the chorus girls going by the door, and all the multitudinous noises of the theatre before the curtain rises. Presently there was a rustle of silk and two young ladies came bouncing into the room. One was tall and pink and white, like a scarlet runner, the other was little and dainty. They stared at Glory and she was compelled to speak.

"Miss Bellman, I presume?"

"Ye mean Betty, dwont ye?' said the tall lady, and at that moment Betty herself arrived. She was a plump person with a kind of vulgar comeliness, and Glory had a vague sense of having seen her before somewhere.

"So ye've come," she said, and she took possession of Glory straightway. "Help me off of my sealskin."

Glory did so, the others were similarly disrobed, and in a few moments their three ladyships were busy before the toilet tables with their grease, and rose pink and black pencils.

Glory was taking down the hair of her stout ladyship, and her stout ladyship was looking at Glory in the glass.

"Not a bad face, girls, eh?"

The other two glanced at Glory approvingly. "Not bad," they answered, and then hummed or whistled as they went on with their making-up.

"Oh, *thank* you," said Glory with a low curtsy, and everybody laughed. It was really very amusing. Suddenly it ceased to be so.

"And what's its nyme, my dear?" said the little lady.

A sort of shame at using in this company the name that was sacred to home, to the old Parson, and to John Storm, came creeping over Glory like a goosing of the flesh, and by the inspiration of a sudden memory she answered, "Gloria."

The little lady paused with the black pencil at her eyebrows and said—

"My! What a nyme for the top line of a bill!"

"Ugh! Mykes me feel like Sundays though," said the tall lady with a shudder.

"Irish, my dear?"

"Something of that sort," said Glory.

"Brought up a lyedy, I'll be bound?"

"My father was a clergyman," said Glory, "but ——"

A sudden peal of laughter stopped her, whereupon she threw up her head and her eyes flashed, but her stout ladyship patted her hand and said—

"No offence, Glo, but you re'lly mustn't —they're *all* clergyman's daughters, doncher know."

A sharp knock came to the door followed by the first call of the call-boy, "Half-hour, ladies." Then there was much bustle and some irritation inside the dressing-room and the tuning up of the orchestra outside. The knock came again, "Curtain up, please." The door was thrown open, the three ladies swept out—the tall one in tights, the little one in a serpentine skirt, the plump one in some fancy costume—and Glory was left to gather up the fragments, to listen to the orchestra, which was now in full power, to think of it all and to laugh.

The ladies returned to the dressing-room again and again in the course of the performance, and when not occupied with the changing of their dresses they amused themselves variously. Sometimes they smoked cigarettes, sometimes sent Collins for brandy and soda, sometimes talked of their friends in front—"Lord Johnny's 'ere again. See 'im in the prompt box? It's 'is sixtieth night this piece and there's only been sixty-nine of the run"—and sometimes they discussed the audience generally —"Don't know what's a-matter with 'em to-night; ye may work yer eyes out and ye can't get a 'and."

The curtain came down at length, the outdoor costumes were resumed, the call-boy called "Carriages, please"; the ladies answered "Right ye are, Tommy"; her plump ladyship nodded to Glory, "You'll do middling, my dear, when ye get yer 'and in"—and then nothing was left but the dark stage, the blank house and the "Good-night, Miss," of the porter at the stage door.

So these were favourites of the footlights! And Glory Quayle was dressing and undressing them and preparing them for the stage! Next morning before rising Glory tried to think it out. Were they so very beautiful? Glory stretched up in bed to look at herself in the glass and lay down again with a smile. Were they so much cleverer than other people? It was foolishness to think of it, for they were as empty as a drum. There

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must be some explanation if a girl could only find it out.

The second night at the theatre passed much like the first, except that the ladies were visited between the acts by a group of fellow artistes from another company, and then the free-and-easy manners of familiar

Glory crept out to the head of the stairs to listen. When she returned to the dressing-room her heart was bounding, and her eyes, as she saw them in the glass, seemed to be leaping out of her head. It was ridiculous! To think of all that fame, all that fuss about voices like those, about singing like

"Go on, my girl."

intercourse gave way to a style that was most circumspect and precise, and, after the fashion of great ladies, they talked together of morning calls and leaving cards and five o'clock tea.

There was a scene in the performance in which the three girls sang together, and

that, while she . . . if she could only get a hearing ——

But the cloud had chased the sunshine from her face in a moment, and she was murmuring again, "O God, do not punish a vain, presumptuous creature!"

All the same she felt happy and joyous,

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and on the third night she was down at the theatre earlier than the other dressers, and was singing to herself as she laid out the costumes, for her heart was beginning to be light. Suddenly she became aware of someone standing at the open door. It was an elderly man with a bald head and an owlish face. He was the stage-manager; his name was Sefton.

"Go on, my girl," he said. "If you've got a voice like that why don't you let somebody hear it?"

Her plump ladyship arrived late that night, and her companions were dressed and waiting when she swept into the room like a bat with outstretched wings, crying, "Out o' the way! Betty Bellman's coming! She's lyte."

There were numerous little carpings, backbitings and hypocrisies during the evening, and they reached a climax when Betty said, "Lord Bobbie is coming round to-night, my dear." "Not if *I* know it, my love," said the tall lady. "We are goin' to supper at the Nell Gwynne club, my dearest." "Surprised at ye, my darling." "*You* are a nice one to preach, my pet!"

After that encounter two of their ladyships, who were kissing and hugging on the stage, were no longer on speaking terms in the dressing-room, and as soon as might be after the curtain had fallen, the tall lady and the little one swept out of the place with mysterious asides about a "friend being a friend," and "not staying there to see nothing done shabby."

"If she don't like she needn't, my dear," said the boycotted one, and then she dismissed Glory for the night with a message to the friend who would be waiting on the stage.

The atmosphere of the dressing-room had become oppressive and stifling that night, and, notwithstanding the exaltation of her spirits since the stage-manager had spoken to her, Glory was sick and ashamed. The fires of her ambition were struggling to burn under the drenching showers that had fallen upon her modesty, and she felt confused and compromised.

As she stepped down the stairs the curtain was drawn up, the auditorium was a void, the stage was dark, save for a single gas jet that burned at the prompter's wing, and a gentleman in evening dress was walking to and fro by the extinguished footlights. She was about to step up to the man when she recognised him, and turning on her heel she hurried away. It was Lord Robert Ure, and the memory that had troubled her at the first sight of Betty was of the woman who had ridden with Polly Love on the day of the Lord Mayor's Show.

Feeling hot and foolish and afraid, she was scurrying through the dark passages when someone called to her. It was the stage-manager.

"I should like to hear your voice again, my dear. Come down at eleven in the morning sharp. The leader of the orchestra will be here to play."

She made some confused answer of assent, and then found herself in the back street, panting audibly and taking long breaths of the cold night air. She was dizzy and was feeling, as she had never felt before, that she wanted someone to lean upon. If anybody had said to her at that moment, "Come out of the atmosphere of that hot-bed, my child, it is full of danger and the germs of death," she would have left everything behind and followed him, whatever the cost or sacrifice. But she had no one, and the pain of her yearning and the misery of her shame were choking her.

Before going home she walked over to the hospital; but no, there was still no letter from John Storm. There was one from Drake, many days overdue—

DEAR GLORY,—Hearing that you call for your letters I write to ask if you will not let me know where you are and how the world is using you. Since the day we parted in St. James's Park I have often spoken of you to my friend Miss Macquarrie, and I am angry with myself when I remember what remarkable talents you have, and that they are only waiting for the right use to be made of them. Yours most kindly,

F. H. N. DRAKE."

"Many thanks, good Late-i'-th'-day," she thought, and she was crushing the letter in her hand when she saw there was a postscript—

"P.S.—This being the Christmas season I have given myself the pleasure of sending a parcel of Yule-tide goodies to your dear old grandfather and his sweet and simple household; but as they have doubtless long forgotten me, and I do not wish to embarrass them with unnecessary obligations, I will ask you not to help them to the identification of its source."

She straightened out the letter and folded it, put it in her pocket and returned home.

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Another letter was waiting for her there. It was from the Parson—

"So you sent us a Christmas-box after all! That was just like my runaway, all innocent acting and make-believe. What joy we had of it! Rachel and myself, I mean, for we had to carry on the fiction that Aunt Anna knew nothing about it, she being vexed at the thought of our spendthrift spending so much money. Chalse brought it into the parlour while Anna was upstairs, and it might have been the ark going up to Jerusalem, it entered in such solemn stillness. Oh dear! oh dear! The bun-loaf, and the almonds, and the cheese, and the turkey, and the pound of tobacco and the mull of snuff! On account of Anna everything had to be conducted in great quietness, but it was a terribly leaky sort of silence, I fear, and there were hot and hissing whispers. God bless you for your thought and care of us! Coming so timely it is like my dear one herself, a gift that cometh from the Lord; and when people ask me if I am not afraid that my granddaughter should be all alone in that great and wicked Babylon I tell them, 'No; you don't know my Glory; she is all courage and nerve and power, a perfect bow of steel, quivering with sympathy and strength.'"

IX.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone at the Brotherhood and yet the project was unfulfilled. John himself had delayed its fulfilment from one trivial cause after another. The night was too dark or not dark enough; the moon shone or was not shining. His real obstacle was his superstitious fear. The scheme was very easy of execution, and the Father himself had made it so. This and the Father's trust in him had almost wrecked the enterprise. Only his own secret anxieties, which were interpreted to his consciousness by the sight of Brother Paul's wasting face, sufficed to sustain his purpose.

"The man's dying. It cannot be unpleasing to Providence."

He said this to himself again and again, as one presses the pain in one's side to make sure it is still there. Under the shadow of his difficulty his character was going to ruin. He grew cunning and hypocritical, and could do nothing that was not false in reality or appearance. When the Father passed him he would drop his head, and it was taken for contrition, and he was commended for humility.

It was now the last day of the year, and therefore the last of his duty at the door.

"It must be to-night," he whispered, as Paul passed him.

Paul nodded. Since the plan of escape had been projected he had lost all will of his own and became passive and inert. But John's energy was active enough, and he watched his opportunity like a thief.

How the day lingered! And when the night came it dragged along with feet of lead. It seemed as if the hour of evening recreation would never end. Certain of the brothers who had been away on preaching missions throughout the country had returned for the Feast of the Nativity, and the house was bright with fresh faces and cheerful voices. John thought he had never before heard so much laughter in the monastery.

But the bell rang for compline and the brothers passed into church. It was a cold night, the snow was trodden hard and the wind was rising. The service ended and the brothers returned to the house with clasped hands and passed up to their cells in silence, leaving Brother Paul at his penance in the church.

Finally the Father put up his hood and went out to lock the gate, and the dog, who took this for his signal, shambled up and followed him. When he returned he shuddered and shrugged his shoulders.

"A bitter night, my son," he said. "It's like courting death to go out in it. Heaven help all homeless wanderers on a night like this."

He was wiping the snow from his slippers.

"So this is the last day of your penance, Brother Storm, and to-morrow morning you will join us in the community room. You have done well; you have fought a good fight and resisted the assaults of Satan. Good-night to you, my son, and God bless you!"

He took a few steps forward and then stopped. "By the way, I promised you the 'Life of Père Lacordaire,' and you might come to my room now and fetch it."

The Father's room was on the ground-floor to the left of the staircase, and it was entered from a corridor which cut the house across the middle. The rooms that opened out of this corridor to the front looked on the courtyard, and those to the back looked across the City to the Thames. The Father's room opened to the back and faced the river. It was as bare of ornament as any of the cells of the religious, but it had a small fire and a writing-table on which a lamp was

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burning. The window was before you as you entered, the fire was to the right, and the bed was directly facing it. Over the bed there was a little shelf where the Father kept his spectacles and the book he was reading, and under the shelf there was a line of hooks for keys.

As they entered the room together the Father hung the key of the gate on one of these hooks above the bed. It was the third hook from the end nearest the window, and the key was an old one with very few wards. John watched all this, and even observed that there were books on the floor, and that a man might stumble if he did not walk warily. The Father picked up one of them.

"This is the book, my son. A most precious document, the very mirror of a living human soul. What touched me most perhaps were the Father's references to his mother. A monk may not have his mother to himself, and if the love of a woman is much to him he is miserable indeed until he has fixed his eyes on the most blessed among women."

As John was coming out of the Father's room he met Brother Andrew going into it with clean linen over one arm and a ewer of water in the other hand.

He threw the book on his bed in the alcove and sat down on the form at the door and tried to strengthen himself in his purpose.

"The man is dying for the sight of his sister. He can save her soul if he can only see her. It cannot be displeasing to God Almighty."

When he lifted his head the house was silent, except for the wind that whistled outside its walls. Presently there was a scarcely perceptible click, as of a door closing, and Brother Andrew came from the direction of the Superior's room. John called to him and he stepped up on tip-toe, for the monk hates noise as an evil spirit. The sprawling features of the big fellow were all smiles.

"Has the Father gone to bed?" said John.

"Yes."

"Just gone?"

"No—half an hour ago."

"Then he will be asleep by this time."

"He was asleep before I left him."

"So he doesn't lock his door on the inside?"

"No, never."

"Does the Father sleep soundly?"

"Sometimes he does and sometimes a cat would waken him."

"Brother Andrew ——"

"Yes."

"Would you do something for me if I wanted it very much?"

"You know I would."

"Even if you had to run some risk?"

"I'm not afraid of that."

"And if I got you into trouble perhaps?"

"But you wouldn't. *You* wouldn't get anybody into trouble."

John could go no farther. The implicit trust in the simple face was too much for him.

"What is it?" said Brother Andrew.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," said John. "I was only trying you, but you are too good to be tempted, and I am ashamed. You must go to bed now."

"Can I put out the lights for you?"

"No, I'm not ready yet. Ugh! what a cruel wind. A cold night for Brother Paul in the church."

"Tell me, Brother Storm, what is the matter with Brother Paul? He makes me think of my mother, I don't know why."

John made no answer, and the lay brother began to go upstairs. Two steps up he stopped and whispered—

"Won't you let me do something for you then?"

"Not to-night, Brother Andrew."

"Good-night, Brother Storm."

"Good-night, my lad."

John listened to his footsteps until they stopped far overhead, and then all was quiet. Only the whistling of the wind broke the stillness of the peaceful house. He slid back the grating and looked out. All was darkness except for the tiny gleam of coloured light that came from the church, where Brother Paul sat to say his "Hail Mary."

This fortified his courage, and he got up to put out the lamps in the staircase and corridors. He began at the top, and as he came down he listened on every landing and looked carefully around. There was no sound anywhere except the light fall of his own deadened footstep. His superstitious fears came back upon him and his restless conscience created terrors. The old London mansion, with its mystic cells, seemed full of strange shadows, and the wind howled around it like a fiend. One by one he extinguished the lamps. The last of them hung in the hall under the picture of Christ in His crown of thorns. As he put it out he thought the eyes looked at him and he shuddered.

It was now half-past ten, and time to carry out his project. The back of his neck was aching and his breath was coming quick. With noiseless steps he walked to the door

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"He stretched out his hand for the key."

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of the Father's room and listened again. Hearing nothing he opened the door wide and stepped into the room.

The fire was slumbering out, but it cast a faint red glow on the ceiling and on the bed. A soft light rested on the Father's face and he was sleeping peacefully. There was no sound except the wind in the chimney and a fog-horn blowing on a steamer in the river.

To reach the key where it hung above the bed it was necessary to step between the fire and the sleeping man. As John did so his black shadow fell on the Father's face. He stretched out his hand for the key and found that a bunch of other keys were now hanging over it. When he removed them they jingled slightly, and then his heart stood still, but the Father did not stir, and he took the key of the gate off the hook, put the other keys back in their place and turned to go.

The dog began to howl—somebody was playing music in the street—and the open door made the wind to roar in the chimney. The Father sighed, and John stood with a quivering heart and looked over his shoulder. But it was only a deep human sigh uttered in sleep.

At the next moment John had returned to the corridor and closed the door behind him. His throat was parched, his eyelids were twitching and his temples were beating like drums. He went gliding along like a thief, and as he passed the picture of Christ in the darkness the wind seemed to be crying "Judas!"

Back in the hall he dropped on to the form, for his knees could support him no longer. Conscience, love, humanity and religion clamoured loud in his heart and tore him in pieces. "Traitor!" cried one. "But the man's dying," cried another. "Judas!" "She is hovering on the brink of hell and he may save her soul from death and damnation!" When the struggle was over conscience and religion were worsted and he was more cunning than before.

Then the clock chimed the quarter and he raised his head. The streets, usually so quiet at that hour, were becoming noisy with traffic. There were the shuffling of many feet on the hard snow and the sharp crack of voices.

He opened the great door of the house with as little noise as possible and stepped out into the courtyard. The bloodhound started from his quarters and began to growl, but he silenced it with a word, and the creature came up and licked his hand. He crossed the court with quick and noiseless footsteps, lifted the latch of the sacristy and pushed through to the church.

There was a low droning sound in the empty place. It ran a space and was then sucked in like the sound of the sea at the harbour steps. Brother Paul was sitting in the chancel with a lamp on the stall by his side. His head leaned forward, his eyes were closed and the light on his thin face made it look pallid and lifeless. John called to him in a whisper.

"Paul!"

He rose quickly and followed John into

"Brother Paul was sitting in the chancel."

the courtyard, looking wild and weak and lost.

"But the lamp—I've forgotten it," he said. "Shall I go back and put it out?"

"How simple you are," said John. "Somebody may be lying awake in the house. Do you want him to see that you've left your penance an hour too soon?"

"True."

"Come this way—quietly."

They passed on tiptoe to the passage leading to the street, where some flickering gleams of the light without fell over them.

"Where's your hat?" said John.

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"I forgot that too—I left it in the church."

"Take mine," said John, "and put up your hood and button your cassock—it's a cruel night."

"But I'm afraid," said Paul.

"Afraid of what?"

"Now that the time has come I'm afraid to learn the truth about her. After all, uncertainty is hope, you know, and then ——"

"Tut! Be a man! Don't give way at the last moment. Here, tie my handkerchief about your neck! How helpless you are though! I've half a mind to go myself instead."

"But you don't know what I want to say, and if you did you couldn't say it."

"Then listen! Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"Go to the hospital where your sister used to be a nurse."

"Martha's Vineyard?"

"Ask for Nurse Quayle—will you remember?"

"Nurse Quayle."

"If she is on night duty she will see you at once. But if she is on day duty she may be in bed and asleep, and in that case ——"

"What?"

"Here, take this letter. Have you got it?"

"Yes."

"Give it to the porter. Tell him it comes from the former chaplain—you remember. Say it concerns a matter of great importance, and ask him to send it up to the dormitories immediately. Then ——"

"Well?"

"Then *she* must tell you what to do next."

"But if she is out?"

"She may be—this is New Year's Eve."

"Ah!"

"Wait in the porch till she comes in again."

John's impetuous will was carrying everything before it, and the helpless creature began to overwhelm him with grateful blessing.

"Pooh! We'll not talk of that. . . . Have you any money?"

"No."

"Neither have I. I brought nothing here except the little in my purse, and I gave that up on entering."

"I don't want any---I can walk."

"It will take you an hour then."

A clock was striking somewhere. "Hush! One, two, three . . . eleven o'clock. It will be midnight when you get there. Now go!"

The key was grating in the lock of the gate. "Remember lauds at six in the morning."

"I'll be back at five."

"And I'll open the gate at 5.30. Only six hours to do everything."

"Good-night, then."

"Wait!"

"What is it?"

Paul was in the street, but John was in the darkness of the passage.

"Very likely you'll cross London in a cab with her."

"My sister?"

"Your sister went to live somewhere in St. John's Wood, I remember."

"St. John's Wood?"

"Tell her"—John was striving to keep his voice firm—"Tell her I am happy—and cheerful—and looking strong and well, you know."

"But you're not. You're too good, and you're wearing yourself away in my ——"

"Tell her I am often thinking of her, and if she has anything to say—anything to send—any word—any message . . . it can't be displeasing to the Almighty. . . . But no matter! Go, go!"

The key had grated in the lock again, the lay brother was gone and John was left alone.

"God pity and forgive me!" he muttered, and then he turned away.

The traffic in the streets was increasing every moment, and as he stumbled across the courtyard a drunken man going by the gate stopped and cried into the passage, "Helloa, there! I'm a-watchin' of ye!" The bloodhound leapt back and barked, but John hurried into the house and clashed the door.

He sat on the form and tried to compose himself. He thought of Paul as he had seen him at the last moment—the captured eagle with the broken wing scudding into the night, the night of London, but free, free!

In his mind's eye he followed him through the streets—down Bishopsgate Street into Threadneedle Street and along Cheapside to St. Paul's Churchyard. Crowds of people would be there to-night waiting for the striking of the clock at midnight that they might raise a shout and wish each other a happy New Year.

That made him think of Glory. She would be there too, for she loved a rich and abounding life. He could see her quite plainly in the midst of the throng with her

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sparkling eyes and bounding step. It would be so new to her, so human and so beautiful. Glory! Always Glory!

He thought he must have been dreaming, for suddenly the clocks were all striking, first the clock in the hall, then the clocks of the churches round about, and finally the great clock of the cathedral. Almost at the same moment there was a distant sound like the rattle of musketry, and then the church bells began to ring.

The noises in the streets were now tumultuous. People were shouting and laughing. Some of them were singing. At one moment it was a Salvation chorus, at the next a music hall ditty. With measured steps over the hardened snow of the pavement there came tramping along a line of boys and girls crying—

> D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
> D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
> D'ye ken John P-e-e-l . . .

Their shrill trebles broke like a rocket on the topmost note, and there was loud laughter.

Glory again! Always, always Glory!

Then the scales fell from his eyes and he saw himself as he was, a self-deluded man and a cheat. The impulses that had prompted him to this night's work had really centred in Glory. It had been Glory first and Glory last, and his pity for Brother Paul and his fear for the fate of Polly had been only a falsehood and pretence.

The night wind was still howling about the house; its noise mingled with the peal of the church bells, and together they seemed to utter the voices of mocking fiends: Judas! Traitor! Fool!—Fool! Traitor! Judas!

He covered his ears with his hands and his head fell into his breast.

X.

"The Little Turnstile,
"New Year's Eve.

"HOORAA! hooraa!

"Feeling like bottled yeast this evening and liable to go off, I thank my stars I have three old babies at home to whom I am bound to tell everything. So lizzen, lizzen for all! Know ye then, all men (and women), by these presents that there is a gentleman in London who predicts wonderful things for Glory. His name is Sefton, and I came to know him through three ladies—I call them the Three Graces—whose acquaintance I have made by coming to live here. He is only an old mushroom with a bald, white head; and if I believed everything their ladyships say I should conclude that he is one of those who never sin except twice a year, and that is all the time before Christmas and all the time after it. But their Graces belong to that saintly sisterhood who would take away the devil's character if they needed it (they don't), and though the mushroom's honour were as scarce as the middle cut in salmon, yet in common loyalty Glory would have to believe in it.

"It is all about my voice. Hearing it by accident when I was humming about the house like a blue-bottle, he asked me to let him hear it again in a place where he could judge of it to more advantage. That turned out to be a theatre—yes, indeed, a theatre—but it was the middle of the morning, and nobody was there except ourselves and a couple of cleaners, so Aunt Anna needn't be afraid. Yes, the chief of the orchestra was present, and he sat before a piano on the edge of the maelstrom, in what we should call the High Bailiff's pews—but they call them the stalls—while the mushroom himself went back to the cavernous depths of the body, which in a theatre they have properly christened the pit, and this morning it looked like the bottomless one.

"Lor'-a-massy! Ever see the inside of a theatre in the daytime? Of course you've not, my dears. It is what the world itself was the day before the first day—without form and void, and darkness is on the face of the deep. Not a ray of daylight anywhere, except the adulterated kind that comes mooching round corridors and prowling in at half-open doors, and floating through the sepulchral gloom like the sleepy eyes of the monsters that terrified me in the caves at Gob-ny-Deigan when I used to play pirate, you remember.

"The gentlemen had left me alone on the stage with five or six footlights—which they ought to call face-lights—flashing in my eyes, and when the pianist began to vamp and I to sing it was like pitching my voice into a tunnel, and I became so dreadfully nervous that I was forced to laugh. That seemed to vex my unseen audience, who thought me 'rot,' so I said, 'Let there be more light then,' and there was more light, 'and let the piano cease from troubling,' and it was so. Then I just stiffened my back and gave them one of mother's French songs, and after the first verse I called out to the manager at the back, 'Can you hear me?' and he called back, 'Go on; it's splendid!' So I did

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"One of mother's French songs."

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'Mylecharaine' in the Manx, and I suppose I acted both of my songs; but I was only beginning to be aware that my voice in that great place was a little less like a barrel-organ than usual when suddenly there came a terrific clatter, such as comes with the seventh wave on the shingle, and my two dear men in the dark were clapping the skin of their hands off!

"Oh, my dears! my dears! If you only knew how for weeks and weeks I had been moaning and lamenting that it was because I wasn't clever that people took no notice of me, you would forgive a vain creature when she said to herself, 'My daughter, you are really somebody after all, you, you, you!' It was a beautiful moment though, and when the old mushroom came back to the stage saying, 'What a voice! What expression! What nature!' I felt like falling on his bald head and kissing it, not being able to speak for lumps in the throat and feeling like the Methodist lady who poured out whisky for the class leaders, after they had presented her with a watch, and then told the reporters to say she had suitably responded.

"Heigho! I have talked about the fashionable people I meet in London, but I don't want to be one of them. They do nothing but rush about, dress, gossip, laugh, love, and plunge into all the delights of life. That is not my idea of existence. I am ambitious. I want to do something. I am tired in my soul of doing nothing. Yes, it *has* been that all along, though I didn't like to tell you so before. There are people who are born in the midst of greatness and they don't know how to use it. But to be one of the world's celebrities, that is so different. To have won the heart of the world, so that the world knows you and thinks of you and loves you! Say it is by your voice you do it, and that your world is the concert hall, or even the music hall—what matter? You needn't *live* music hall, whatever the life inside of it. And then that great dark void peopled with faces that laugh or cry just as you please to make them—confess that it would be magnificent, my dear ones!

"I am to go again to-night to hear what Mr. Sefton has to propose, but already this dingy little bedroom smiles upon me, and even the broken tiles in the back-yard might be the pavement of paradise! If it is true what he tells me . . . Well, he that hath the bride is the bridegroom, and if my doings hereafter don't curl your hair I will try to show the inhabitants of this stupid old earth what a woman can do in spite of every disadvantage. I shall not be sorry to leave this place either. The rats in these old London houses (judging by the cries of woe) hold a nightly carnival for the eating up of the younger members of the families. And then Mrs. Jupe and Mr. Jupe—Mr. Dupe I call him, she deceives him so dreadfully with her gadding about. . . . But anon, anon, good people!

"It is New Year's Eve to-day, and nearly nine months since I came up to London. *Tempus fugit!* In fact *tempus* is *fugit*-ing most fearfully, considering that I am twenty-one on Sunday next, you know, and that I haven't begun to do anything really. The snowdrops must be making a peep at Glenfaba by this time, and Aunt Rachel will be cutting slips of the rose trees and putting them in pots. Yandher place must be *urromassy* * nice though, with snow on the roof and the sloping lawn, and the windows glistening with frost—just like a girl in her confirmation veil as she stands back to look at herself in the glass. I intend to see the New Year in this time on the outside of St. Paul's Cathedral, where people congregate in thousands as twelve o'clock approaches to carry on the beautiful fiction that there is still only one clock in London, and they have to hold their noses in the air to watch for the moment when it is going to strike. But in the midst of the light and life of this splendid city I know my heart will go back with a tender twinge to the little dark streets on the edge of the sea, where the Methodist choirs will be singing 'Hail, smiling morn!' preparatory to coffee and currant cake.

"Who will be your 'first foot' this year, I wonder? It was John Storm last year, you remember, and being as dark as a gipsy he made a perfect *qualtagh*. And how we laughed when, disguised in the snow that was falling at the time, he pretended to be a beggar and came in just as grandfather was reading the bit about the Good Shepherd, and how He loved His lambs—and then I found him out! Ah me!

"I am looking perfectly dazzling in a new hat to-day, having been going about hitherto in one of those little frights that used to be cocked up on the top of your hair like a hen on a cornstack. But now I am carrying about the Prince of Wales's feathers, and if he could only see me himself in them ——

"You see what a scatter-brained creature I am! Leaving the hospital has made me

* Out of mercy.

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grow so much younger every day that I am almost afraid I may come to contemplate short frocks. But really it's the first time I've looked nice for an eternity, and now I entirely retract and repent me of all I said about wishing to be a man. Being a girl I'll put up with it, and if all the old mushroom says on that head also is true . . . but then men are such funny things, bless them!

GLORY.

"P.S.—No word from John Storm yet. Apparently he never thinks of us now—of me at all events—and I suppose he has Such a mixture! Fashion, religion, gaiety, devotion, pride, depravity, wealth, poverty! I find that for a girl to succeed in London her moral colour must be heightened a little. *Pinjane* * won't do. Give her a slush of *pissaves* † and she'll go down sweeter. Angels are not wanted here at all. The only angels there are in London are kept framed in the church windows, and I half suspect that even they were women once, and liked bread and butter. And then Nell Gwynne's flag floats from the steeple of St. Martin's in the Fields, and now and again they ring the bells for her!"

"I've settled that little matter for you."

resigned himself and taken the vows. That's one kind of religion, I dare say, but I can't understand it; and I don't know how a dog, even, can be nailed up to a wall and not go mad. In the night lying in bed I sometimes think of him. A dark cell, a bench for a bed, a crucifix, and no other furniture, praying with trembling limbs and chattering teeth—no, such things are too high for me, I cannot reach to them.

"It seems impossible that *he* can be in London too. What a place this London is!

XI.

AT eleven o'clock that night Glory was putting on her hat and cloak to return home when the call-boy came to the dressing-room door to say that the stage manager was waiting to see her. With a little catch in her breath, and then with a tightening of the heart-strings, she followed him to the stage manager's office. It was a stuffy place

* Manx dish, like Devonshire junket.
† Preserves.

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over the porter's lodge, approached by a flight of circular iron stairs and lumbered with many kinds of theatrical property.

"Come in, my dear," said the stage manager, and pushing away some models of scenery he made room for her on a sofa which stood by a fire that was going out. Then shutting the door, he bobbed his head at her and winked with both eyes, and said in a familiar whisper—

"It's all right, my dear. I've settled that little matter for you."

"Do you mean . . ." began Glory, and then she waited with parted lips.

"It's as good as done, my dear. Sit down." Glory had risen in her excitement. "Sit down and I'll tell you everything."

He had spoken to his management. "Gentlemen," he had said, "unless I'm mistaken, I've found a prize." They had laughed. He was always finding prizes. But he knew what he was talking about, and they had given him *carte blanche*.

"You think there is really some likelihood then . . ." began Glory, with the catch in her breath again, for her throat was thick and her breast was heaving.

"Sit down, now do sit down, my dear, and listen."

He was suave, he was flattering, he was intimate, he was coaxing. She was to leave everything to him. Of course there was much to be done yet. She had a wonderful voice; it was finer than music. She had style as well; it was astonishing how she had come by it. Only a dresser too—not even in the chorus. But stars were never turned out by nature. She had many things to learn, and would have to be coached up carefully before she could be brought out. He had done it for others, though, and he could do it for her, and if ——

Glory's eyes were shining and her heart was beating like a drum.

"Then you think that eventually—if I work hard—after years perhaps ——"

"You can't do it on your own, my dear, so leave yourself in my hands entirely, and don't whisper a word about it yet."

"Ah!" It was like a dream coming true; she could scarcely believe in it. The stage manager became still more suave and flattering and familiar. If she "caught on" there was no knowing what he might not get for her—ten pounds a week—fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, even fifty perhaps.

Glory's palpitation was becoming painful, and at the bottom of her heart there was a certain fear of this sudden tide of fortune, as if Providence had somehow made a mistake and would as suddenly find it out. To appease her conscience she began to think of home and how happy she might make everybody there if God was really going to be so good to her. They should want for nothing; they should never know a poor day again.

Meantime the stage manager was painting another picture. A girl didn't go a-begging if he once took her up. There was S——. She was only an "auricomous" damsel, serving in a tobacconist's shop in the Haymarket when he first found her, and now where was she?

"Of course I've no interest of my own to serve, my dear—none whatever. And there'll be lots of people to tempt you away from me when your name is made."

Glory made some vehement protest and then was lost in her dreams again.

"Well, well, we'll see," said the stage manager. He was looking at her with glittering eyes.

"Do you know, my dear, you are a very fine looking young woman?"

Glory's head was down, her face was flushed, and she was turning her mother's pearl ring around her finger. He thought she was overwhelmed by his praises, and coming closer, he said—

"Dare say you've got a good stage-figure too, eh? Pooh! Only business, you know! But you mustn't be shy with me, my dear. And besides, if I am to do all this for you, you must do something for me sometimes."

She hardly heard him. Her eyes were still glistening with the far-off look of one who gazes on a beautiful vision. "You are so good," she said. "I don't know what to say, or how to thank you."

"This way," he whispered, and leaning over to her he lifted her face and kissed her.

Then her poor dream of glory and grandeur and happiness was dispelled in a moment, and she awoke with a sense of outrage and shame. The man's praises were flattery; his predictions were a pretence; he had not really meant it at all, and she had been so simple as to believe everything.

"Oh!" she said, with the feeble, childish cry of one who has received a pistol-shot in battle. And then she rose and turned to go. But the stage manager, who was laughing noisily out of his hot red face, stepped between her and the door.

"My dear child, you can't mean . . . A trifle like that ——!"

"Open the door, please," she said in her husky voice.

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"But surely you don't intend . . . In this profession we think nothing, you know ——"

"Open the door, sir!"

"Really—upon my word —— !"

When she came to herself again she was out in the dark back street, and the snow was hard and dirty under foot, and the wind was high and cold, and she was running along and crying like a disappointed child.

The bitterest part of it all was the crushing certainty that she had no talents and no chances of success, and that the man had only painted up his fancy picture as a means of deceiving her. Oh, the misery of being a woman! Oh, the cruelty of this great, glorious, devilish London, where a girl, if she was poor and alone, could live only by her looks!

With God knows what lingering remnant of expectation, but feeling broken and beaten after her brave fight for life, and with the weak woman uppermost at last, she had turned towards the hospital. It was nearly half-past eleven when she got there, and Big Ben was chiming the half-hour as she ascended the steps. Bracing herself up she looked in at the porter's door with a face that was doing its best to smile.

"Any letters to-night, porter?"

"Not to-night, Miss."

"No? Well—none to get, none to answer, you know. Happy New Year to you!"

But there was the sob in her laughter, and the man said, "I'd be sorry to miss your face, nurse, but if you'll leave your address I'll send your letters on and save you the journey so late at night."

"Oh, no—no, there'll be no more letters now, porter, and—I'll not come again. Here!"

"No, no, Miss."

"Yes, yes, you must!"

She forced a shilling into the porter's hand in spite of his protests and then fled from the look in his face, which seemed to her to say that he would like to return her sixpence.

John Storm was lost to her. It was foolishness to go on expecting to hear from him. Had he not told her that the rule under which the brothers lived in community forbade them to write and receive letters except by special permission? But she had expected that something would happen—some accident, some miracle, she hardly knew what. That dream was over now; she was alone; it was no use deceiving herself any longer.

She went home by the back streets, for people were peering into her face, and she thought perhaps she had been crying. Late as it was, being New Year's Eve, there were groups about every corner, and in some of the flagged courts and alleys little girls were dancing to the music of the Italian organ man, or turning catharine-wheels. As she was going down Long Acre a screechy voice saluted her.

"Evening, Miss! Going home early, ain't ye?"

It was a miserable-looking woman in clothes that might have been stolen from a scarecrow. The other self in Glory arrested her. She slackened pace, and the scarecrow shuffled along, slip-slop, slip-slop, by her side.

"Bad luck to-night, my dear? Look as if the dodgers had been at ye. Dodgers? Where *hev* ye been all yer life? Dodgers is parsons, and they alwis queers a girl's pitch. Live? I live off of the Lane. But lor' bless ye, I've lived in a-many places! Seen the day I lived in Soho Square. I was on the 'alls then. Use ter to be the swellest woman about town, and I ain't got such bad features now. Got a bit quisby on my top-notes, you know. But where's the use of frettin'. I likes to be jolly, and I alwis is. Doing now? Selling flowers outside the theatres—police is nasty if you've got nothink. Ain't I going home? Soon as I get a drain of white satin. Wish you luck, my dear! Dare say I'll get the D.Ts. one of these days. Perhaps I'll go over the bridge then—and perhaps I won't. Don't care enough which. S'long, my dear!"

As she came up to the shop in the Turnstile she could hear that it was noisy with the voices of men and girls, so she turned back through Lincoln's Inn Fields and passed down to Fleet Street. It was nearly twelve o'clock by this time, and streams of people were flowing in the direction of St. Paul's Cathedral. Glory turned eastward also and allowed herself to be carried along with the current which babbled and talked like a river in the night.

Immediately in front of her there was a line of girls walking arm-in-arm across the width of the pavement. They were factory girls in big hats with ostrich feathers, and as they skipped along with their free step they sang snatches of Salvation hymns and music-hall songs. All at once they gave a shrill peal of laughter, and one of them cried, "Tell me what it is and I'll give it a nyme." At the next moment a strange figure was

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forging past their line, going westward with long strides. It was a man in the habit of a monk, with long black cassock and broad-brimmed hat. Glory caught a glimpse of his face as he passed her. It was a hungry, eager face, with big melancholy eyes, and it seemed to her that she must have seen it before somewhere. The wind was very cold and the great cross on the dome of the cathedral stood out like a beacon against flying clouds.

St. Paul's Churchyard was thronged with noisy, happy people, and down to the last minute before the hour they shouted and joked and laughed. Then there was a hush, the great crowds seemed to hold their breath as if they had been a single living creature, and every face was turned upwards to the clock. The clock struck, the bells of the cathedral began to ring, the people cheered and saluted each other and shook hands on every side, and then the dense mass broke up.

Glory could have cried for joy of it all—it was so simple, so human, so childlike. But she listened to the laughter and salutations of the people about her and felt "more lonely than the Bedouin in the desert"; she remembered the boiling, bubbling hopes that had carried her through the day, and her heart fell low; she thought of the letter which she had posted home on her way to the theatre, and two great tears came rolling from her eyes.

The face of the monk tormented her, and suddenly she bethought herself whose face it must have been. It must have been the face of Polly Love's brother. He belonged to the Bishopsgate Fathers, and had once been a patient in the hospital, and perhaps he was going there now on some errand or urgent message—to the doctors or to . . . "It was foolish not to leave my address when the porter asked me," she thought. She would go back and do so. There could be no harm in that; and if anything had really happened, if John ——

"Happy New Year to you, my dear!"

Somebody in the drifting crowd was standing before her and blocking the way. It was Agatha Jones in a mock sealskin coat and big black hat surmounted by black feathers, and with Charlie Wilkes, with his diminutive cap pushed back from his oily fringe and pimpled forehead, leaning heavily on her arm.

"Well, I never! Who'd have thought of meeting you in St. Paul's Churchyawd!"

Glory tried to laugh and to return the salutation over the noises of the people and the clangour of the bells. And then Aggie put her face close, as women do who are accustomed to talking in the streets, and said, "Thought we'd seen the lawst of you, my dear, when you went off that night sudden. Selling programmes somewhere else now?"

"Something of that sort," said Glory.

"I'm not. I've been left the old red church this fortnight and more. Charlie's got me on the clubs. But my word!" turning to Charlie, "it's her as oughter be there, my dear!"

"She cheeks me out," said Charlie, "as you'll knock the stuffing out of Betty Bellman herself if you once myke a stawt."

And Aggie said, "I might get you to do a turn almost any Sunday if you like, my dear. There's always somebody as don't come, and they're glad of an extra turn to tyke the number if she's only clever enough to get a few hands. Going home, dear?"

"Yes," said Glory.

"Where d'ye live?" said Aggie, and Glory told her.

"I'll call for you on Sunday night at eight, and if you don't tyke your chawnce when you get it you're a foolisher woman than I thought you were, that's str'ight! By-bye!"

(*To be continued.*)

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APRIL BIRDS.

(Bullfinch, Wren, Tomtit, and Sparrow.)

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A TALK WITH TIMOTHY COLE, THE ENGRAVER.

By James Milne.

HEN we speak of engraving on wood, as it still happily brightens the world of art, we think first and foremost of the name of Mr. Timothy Cole. By general verdict, alike here and in America—nay, in other countries as well—he is the new master of that old art.

Yet the clear thing, the word about him in a personal sense, would be to call up the old masters. He has lived so much among them, giving fresh fame to their genius, that really they may well have gathered him into their ways. The slight, spare figure, the soft, gentle face, which might have come out of a canvas, the abstracted touch in the eyes—here is a man wholly devoted to his art, with thoughts for little else. The mellow voice, too, the quaint turns of reflection, the merry playful humour, the nearness to what is poetic—these all suggest one who has laboured for ideals and joyed in the struggle to win them.

Of course Mr. Cole is amongst us just now—he has been here some little time—for he is engraving a series of the great English painters—the Hogarths, the Gainsboroughs, and the rest. How delighted they would be, these long gone veterans, could they only return hither for a single hour to see the fine pictures their fair ladies make in the black and white of the craftsman who invented engraving from the originals! That we owe to him beyond question, and the simple fact is that it has revolutionised the art.

Thus to an hour's gossip with Mr. Cole; and if it rambled a trifle, it was only on that account the truer a gossip. A thread of autobiography ran through it, which, moreover, is a text we all like to follow.

MR. TIMOTHY COLE.
(A portrait specially engraved by H. Fitzner Davey.)

"Although our kinsfolk in America claim you as one of them, you belonged to us in the first place, didn't you?"

"Oh yes. I was born in Camberwell. However I was only a child, a boy of six or seven, when my people emigrated to

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America. How vivid are the impressions of one's earliest years—the most lasting, no doubt, of a lifetime. I remember quite intimately the details of that voyage across the Atlantic, the fearful storm we had, how we were all battened down under hatches, and the anxiety which hung over everybody lest the ship should come to grief. It was a sailing ship, and we took as many weeks to get from Liverpool to New York as it would now take days."

"Well, did your folks settle in New York?"

"For a few years, and I went to school there. I was rather clever at the copying-book—I mean in endeavouring to imitate the fine round hand which you find in a school copybook. One day the teacher held up what we believed to be a five-dollar bill and announced, 'The boy who writes best will receive this.' We all did our level best; here was positive wealth, and the spending of it would be a high campaign. I was awarded the prize, only it turned out to be one of those advertisements made to resemble real paper money. Very sour grapes, I can assure you; but then most of us have our illusions to get over, and it is well to begin early."

"After a few years your people, I think, went to Chicago?"

"That was so. I had other experiences at school in New York—got thrashed, for example, to an amazing pitch one afternoon, and valiantly sought a remedy by seeking another school on the strength of a character which was different, as you may imagine, from what my then teacher in reality gave me, although I have little doubt the handwriting was rather similar. Ah, those boyish days! when even a physically active schoolmaster could not drive the spirits out of you! But, as you mention, we moved west to Chicago while I was still a mere lad. There had been talk of putting me into the lithographing business in New York. When we had been a little time in Chicago I went forth to work as an apprentice to a master engraver."

"And with this Chicago master, I judge, you learned the first elements of engraving?"

"The bare elements, the mechanical methods of commercial engraving—absolutely nothing more, for the great fire happened, and our shop was burned down. I had always been fond of music, and while I was in Chicago I studied it earnestly, and was not without hopes that I might do something with it—in preference to engraving. However the fire blighted my prospects in that respect; a considerable period of inactivity was inevitable, and I returned to New York. Here I went into an engraver's shop, and added somewhat to the rudiments which I had already mastered. But I hardly found myself amid surroundings helpful to any sort of serious effort. There were several other young fellows in the place; they were thoroughly fond of a lark, and if you happened to be still for a few moments you would become aware of being a wonderful centre of interest. Then a stuffed bird, a wet sponge, or something equally persuasive of laughter, would come flying at your head, probably hitting you if you were unlucky."

"I am afraid your employer must have been out a good deal?"

"Just so; and in the very frequent absence of the cat the mice held high carnival. I had to learn to make a living, and further, having a natural aptitude for engraving, I had become deeply interested in it as an art. On things getting more rather than less uproarious, I thought I could do better if I stayed at home and worked, and I did so. I studied the best examples of engraving that I could find; I got sketches to engrave, first from one quarter then from another, and finally I became connected with the *Century Magazine*. That, I believe, was in 1877, and ever since practically all my work has been for the proprietors of that well-known American publication."

"You have done the Italian masters for them, the Dutch masters, and now you are doing our English masters?"

"Exactly; and the engravings are subsequently published in the permanent form of art volumes. I suggested to the *Century* people the idea of my going abroad and engraving some of the famous pictures of Europe from the originals. They seemed pleased with the idea, and I went to Italy in 1883, and remained there for close upon ten years. I stopped chiefly in Florence, which is really the centre of Italian art. Most of the pictures I wanted to reproduce were there, but I was also much in Rome, and indeed I became acquainted with many parts of Italy. What a charming country it is! and how charming also the people! Go to Rome or Florence on a visit and you see Italy and the Italians only on the surface. Go into the byways, stay at towns like Orvieto or Siena, as I did, and then you will truly be able to understand both the people and the country. It is in rural Italy that you find Italy; it is there that you must look for the full beauty

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and picturesque life of this nation of the South."

"Now about engraving from the originals, for that has been the keynote of your wanderings?"

"In the old days a draughtsman would draw a copy of a picture on to a wood-block, and then the engraver would engrave this copy. That, roughly stated, was the school, and you will easily see what its weaknesses were. It was hard for a draughtsman to make anything like a just copy of a great picture. In any event the drawing was bound to be a deterioration on the original. Next the engraving was a deterioration on the draughtsman's work, so that you had a double leakage of quality in the course of the transference of a painting into an engraving. In the whole result you were apt to be vastly disappointed, or perhaps I should say that these old engravings never pretended to be reproductions of the originals at all—they were something else. Then came the development of photography, and that permitted a better result to be achieved. You could photograph the painting on to wood—so getting an accurate representation of it—and afterwards have the engraver work from that photograph."

PORTRAIT OF JACQUELINE DE CORDES.—BY RUBENS.
(*From an engraving by Timothy Cole, reproduced, by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, from "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters."*)

"This is bringing us towards the new school of engraving, only we are not quite there yet, are we?"

"What I tried was to fill into the engraving the elements of the painting which had been lost in the process of photography. In other words, even a photograph was necessarily a deterioration on the original. Why not have the engraver repair this? Have him give you, so far as lines and shades could achieve it, the same effects as colours had afforded the painter. Obviously it meant sitting down with your block before the original, studying the latter in the most exhaustive fashion, and then proceeding to produce what had become impressed on your eye and mind. Naturally engravings obtained in such a manner must be more costly, for see how much greater the labour expended on them would be. At the time the inroad of other black and white processes had, so to speak, put wood-engraving on its last trial. It had to go ahead, do what other processes wouldn't do, or go out, and it could only do the first two at a largely increased cost. Happily I fell upon a road which made me welcome, but I doubt if wood-engraving will hold its own after the dozen or so of its present-day exponents have gone the way of all flesh. There are no more young hands to take up the study of the art."

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"If I ask you about Italian art, the impressions will be those of one who has studied it from a novel standpoint—the standpoint of an engraver from the original?"

"If you spend years among the works of the most famous painters you naturally formulate some ideas about this one and the other one. I suppose nobody would dispute the argument that the classic art of Italian painting is the first in the world—that there is none to match it. Of the Italian school, the side which appealed most to me was the early Christian art, that dating from Giotto to Fra Angelico. It is the most unsophisticated period—*naïve* is probably the most fitting word—and its religious feeling and fervour are so profound and so sincere. This line of Italian art finishes with Angelico, just as Greek art stands for a clear period. You see in Rossetti a suggestion of the school—of what it was, and what it meant. The later art of Italy becomes more developed, less unsophisticated, like a luxurious garden rose beside a wild flower. It was the wild flower which captured my heart."

"THE JOLLY MAN."—BY FRANS HALS.

(From an engraving by Timothy Cole, reproduced, by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, from "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters.")

"No doubt you found it a change to go to Holland and Dutch art after the sunny skies of Italy and the sweetness and simplicity of Angelico?"

"It was a striking change, but still I enjoyed my stay in Holland very well, and my work there. After all you can have too many sunny skies, so much of the radiance you get in Italy that clouds and grayness become really welcome. The skies of Italy tend to be monotonous, as you would discover were you to reside under them for a sufficient space, be the experience in itself never so happy. The sun of Italy cuts everything up into patches; the atmosphere becomes sheer glare. In the middle of the summer day folks have to close up everything and go to sleep—they are in the heart of a desert of sunshine. You must not infer, though, that I ever indulged myself in this *dolce far niente* custom—in this sweet doing nothing. I sympathise with Mr. Whistler in his regard for the English sky with its many moods, its endless colour, its softness, its veiled and golden sunlight, the artistic effects which linger in it and of which the eye never wearies. Why, your climate gives you the effects which a statue gets from the gauzy, transparent drapery wound about its nakedness by the sculptor's chisel."

"Then the Dutch art—what would you say about it?"

"In the Italian school you have expression and spirituality, in the Dutch school colour—that would be a ready line of distinction. Rembrandt is the soul of Dutch art; his mantle is over it all. In studying him I felt that I was probably studying the biggest individual artist of the whole world. There

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is so much humanity in him, such largeness of heart; he appeals so completely to the profounder sentiments of our nature. Reubens again is a splendid painter for dramatic effect; with what ardour and grandeur of style he projects those canvases of his. As a master of colour he is hardly inferior to the best—that would be my view. Select his picture 'The Deposition from the Cross,' and you can stand and look at it for hours on end and always return again. As you know, this is one of the pictures which was all his own work, for, to be sure, he often simply blocked in figures and left his students to finish the paintings."

"Suppose you are beginning an engraving one morning at our own National Gallery, how would you proceed?"

"Better come with me. I have a block of boxwood, and this, needless to tell you, has been specially cured and prepared. I give the block a second preparation myself, polishing it until absolutely no trace of fibre is left on the surface, and I never use wood unless it has been cut for at least five years. As I indicated more generally, I have the picture I mean to treat photographed on to the block, and then I, the wood, and the painting are firm companions until we have learned thoroughly to understand each other. What I have to do is to draft into the wood the life which the painter put into his canvas. It isn't merely a copy you want, you must seek to catch the palpitating picture, to convey its meanings, its sympathies, its light and shadow. That is the aim. How far success comes is another matter."

"Those who have eyes to see let them see—and most of us have seen."

"We can get brilliancy or opacity into our tints according to the manipulation of our textures—the coarseness and fineness of our lines and stipples. The painter secures his effects by a manipulation of colours; we secure something analogous to this with our textures. Through a system of these we capture what the artist has gathered with his brushes. You can in wood-engraving give depth of atmosphere, the highest form of relief and richness. And you can suggest those tender and evanescent qualities in a work of art which always escape the mechanical process reproduction. Effects in a painting sometimes really gain on the wood, but there is a loss in the electro, and in printing from the electro. Thus you have, in working up to your effects, to allow for that unavoidable loss; to emphasise characteristics in order to secure the touch you want in the actual proof, which is the final test."

"What a long training would be needed by an engraver of the order you have founded, even allowing he has the necessary natural gifts to begin with!"

"There you come to a very great difficulty that militates against the continuance of wood-engraving: How can the beginner, the learner, earn a living? How can he do so nowadays in the study of the art, when mechanical processes usurp just that class of work which would be for him a stepping-stone to the higher sphere? For this reason, as I have already remarked, there are no more young men who are enthusiastic enough to devote the time necessary for acquiring a high degree of skill. Further, the most accomplished wood-engraver has simply to forget all time—to grave away until the block satisfies him, whether it be weeks or longer. As to my own task, at present I have finished about half a dozen of the English masters, and I find them admirable company. Hogarth is a giant—a remarkable, an original figure of English art. He came as the result of no particular school, and he left no school behind him. You feel that there is something of the Dutchman in him, and yet it isn't the general Dutchman, but something more, even as he is an Englishman. Breadth of *chiaroscuro* and refinement and delicacy, humour and satire, like Rembrandt, the power to touch the common chord of life—those are all in Hogarth."

"You place him higher than Gainsborough or Reynolds?"

"It isn't a question of grouping. They were essentially portrait-painters, and they followed a system. He was a philosopher as well as a painter in his canvases; he came out simply Hogarth—and the last word is Hogarth."

More I might write of the winsome while I spent with Mr. Timothy Cole; but, I doubt me, he will think I have written far too much already—too much, since in his simple modesty he would have chosen silence.

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AFTER THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE.

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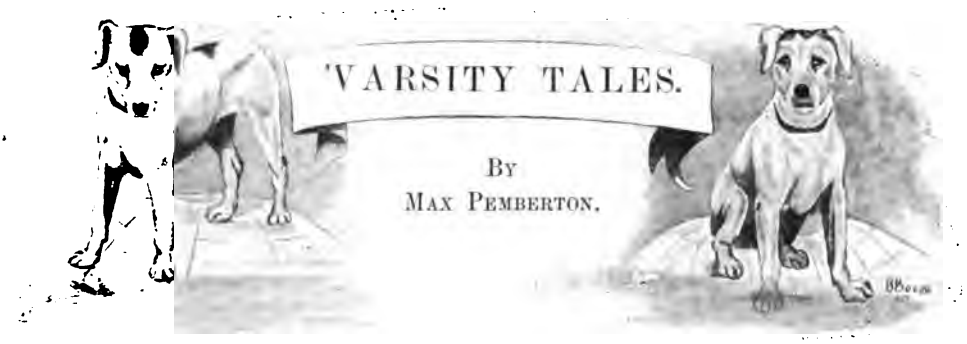

Illustrated by T. S. C. Crowther.

IV.—THE PROCTOR.

SOULS of good Americans have been accounted for in a latter-day proverb, but I have yet to learn that the spirit of the virtuous proctor has received the same attention. Possibly it is the opinion of mankind in general, and of the undergraduate in particular, that the proctor has no soul, or, having one, is predestined to shades wherein the smoke is not the smoke of the Havannah, nor the music the dulcet strain of the "Circus Girl." Yet a moment's reflection should convince us that the soul of the good proctor goes to Andrew's Street, there to stalk a heaven paved with the third parts of pounds, and peopled with undergraduates who cannot run. No Sisyphine tortures mar this haven of bliss. Fines are not paid with farthings; strangers are not arrested to mock and scorn. The good proctor demands his six-and-eight through eternity. The ages are forgotten but his youth is perpetual, and his bulldogs never lose their wind.

* * * *

To resist violence, says Tacitus, is implanted in the nature of man. The same spirit animating youth, we may suppose, contrives that instinctive hostility with which even the freshman regards the proctor. From his first day at Cambridge the undergraduate is taught that no friendship is possible between him and the gentleman in bands who goes forth by night seeking whom he may fine. There is, indeed, something not to be forgotten in your first meeting with a proctor. It seems to recall those days long ago when Mary Ann, your nurse, threatened you with a great big ugly policeman if you interrupted her flirtation with the pretty little soldier man. You have a quaking at the knees when the banded guardian of the University peace flits by in the dark of evening, and an obliging gas lamp shows you the villainous faces of the two murderers—or bulldogs—who follow in his steps. Yet a proctor is only human. Strip him of his gown and bands, examine his flexors and extensors, and you might even come to a profound contempt for him. This, unfortunately, is not permitted even to the most curious freshman; the giant's robe hedges about even a liliputian proctor with the glamour of the unpleasant office. Your cigar goes up your sleeve, driven there by a subtle instinct, when he approaches; your broken hat seems to gather itself together and to tremble upon your head.

* * * *

Much as vulgar curiosity promotes the desire to behold a proctor, the freshman may spend weeks in Cambridge and yet never see one. People assure him that his anxiety will be less by-and-bye; but that does not satisfy a craving to behold in the flesh those janissaries of 'Varsity law who are potent to strike terror even into the heart of a ripened student. So our type may patrol Andrew's Street night after night, asking of all, "Show me a proctor," and no answer will be vouchsafed to him. They have told him before this that a proctor is a don and nothing

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more—a human, palpable, flesh-and-blood don appointed by the vice-chancellor to patrol the streets of Cambridge for one year, and to snap up all the unconsidered trifles in the way of six-and-eights possible during the time. The freshman believes no such tale. A proctor to him is a ghostly apparition rising up from the limbo of lost policemen. The bulldogs are resurrected assassins lusting for horrid deeds. By-and-bye when he has forgotten his desire to see such rogues, and has brought himself to believe that proctors are myths, and that practically you can wear any sort of cap, and smoke where and when you like in Cambridge, his system receives a shock. He is returning to his rooms, perhaps, with that jaunty and devil-may-care step which speaks of oysters and ginger ale; a big cigar decorates the corner of his mouth; the ruins of a cap totter upon his ample brow. He flatters himself that he is alone, and murmurs sweet

"Sheffield 'andicaps ain't in it with this yere."

airs all about "Cole and a jolly old soul." This is the moment when he makes acquaintance with the proctor. Suddenly, from the darkness, a figure appears before him. It is that of a man in a black morning coat and a tall silk hat. The man has a vulgar face and does not always pay tribute to the aspirates. He is a college servant, in fact, a butler or gyp promoted to the honours of the bulldog's state during his master's term of office. And now he stands before the amazed freshman proffering his meek request—

"The proctor would like to speak to you, sir."

The freshman takes his cigar out of his mouth, and is conscious of a curious sensation. Is this, then, the moment he has looked for? Has a proctor really come down to earth? He is about to put a question to the menial at his side when two other figures sweep out of the darkness. One is that of the second murderer, attired also in the black morning coat and the silk hat; the other, the figure of the proctor himself in his master's gown, his bands, and his dignity of office. Disillusion indeed! Can this be the man, this little, piping, thin-legged fellow with a voice like a deformed whistle and the politeness of a dancing-master? The freshman is soon able to answer the question.

"You are a member of this University, sir," squeaks the proctor.

"Er—aw—that is—yes."

"Your name and college, sir?"

"Er—aw—Snooks, of Corpus."

"You will return to your rooms, sir, and come to me at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning with a new cap. You have been smoking, sir."

The freshman looks at his cigar, then at the proctor. It is all so new; he cannot quite understand it. "His name and college—new cap—been smoking—eleven o'clock to-morrow." It is Hindustani to him—for that night at any rate. It will not be Hindustani in the morning when he will pay six shillings and eightpence into the University chest, and owe his tailor for a second cap.

* * * *

Here is the simplest possible picture of the proctor in action; but there are varieties of it. When, for instance, the figure of our first murderer loomed up out of the fog, the undergraduate might have concluded that a sprint would do him no harm, and have run for it. Such things have been known in Cambridge. I remember an old 'Varsity athlete, a "ten-and-a-fifther" in his time, who said to me once, "I always run from proctors; it keeps my wind in order." To him the thing was as simple as picking flowers. Directly he saw a bulldog, he would start off with that swinging stride of his, measuring his pace so perfectly that the wretched murderer was tortured with all the misery of hope deferred. One night this athlete, whom I will call Black, ran in from Trumpington, the bulldog being a man of unusual staying power. After a rare bout of two miles and a half, the pair wound up with a

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"'You are a member of this University, sir,' squeaks the proctor."

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burst down Trinity Street, in which the blue was anywhere and the dog nowhere. I remember the occasion well, for the pursued took refuge in my rooms, and when he had recovered a little we opened the window and observed the bulldog sitting on a doorstep a few yards down the road. The unfortunate rogue groaned like a strong man on a channel packet. He recognised his quarry, of course, but was far too good a sportsman to give him away; indeed he bore witness to the merit of the entertainment.

"Lord!" he gasped, "you're a wunner, you are! Sheffield 'andicaps ain't in it with this yere. For heavin's sake give us somethink to drink, sir, or I'm derned if I shan't 'ave a fit!"

* * * *

We gave him something to drink; and having been assured by him that his new trousers were spoiled, and that "the job would cost him a sovereign," we sent him on his way rejoicing. This was not the only occasion upon which Black moved a bulldog to imperil his immortal soul by the use of expletives deserving the ecclesiastical anathema. I recall very clearly the memory of a night when, dining in the rooms of a man who kept near by Jesus Piece, our dinner was interrupted by a little comedy so delightful that it was long a *bonne bouche* of 'Varsity reminiscence. It is necessary to explain that the street which served for the scene of this play was one side of a block of buildings which made a square of streets, the gardens of the houses forming the centre of the square, and the streets themselves the four sides. We had just sat down to dinner when the curtain rose upon the performance. Suddenly an unusual shouting was to be heard in the street without. Someone cried that the voice was the voice of Black, a suggestion which drew us to the window expectantly. There, sure enough, was Black running for all he was worth, and pursued by a bulldog who sprinted like an Indian. The pair were gone round the corner in a flash, but we guessed that our friend would make the tour of the square, and presently that assumption was justified. Three minutes passed, perhaps, before we saw him again, but by this time he had gained fifty yards on the bulldog, and was striding out with that perfection of form which enabled him to cut so many records. Not a word did he say to us as he passed, but with a nod and a grin he doubled round the corner again, and the bulldog went lurching after him. When he came into view for the third time he had gained a hundred yards or more upon his enemy, and this time he spoke to us.

"You fellows," he roared, "throw me a cap and gown next time!"

Needless to say we had the disguise ready in a moment, guessing the meaning of the request. It seemed a long time before Black appeared at the end of the street; but the bulldog was lost to sight by that time, and when our friend came under our window he threw his low hat deftly into the room and slipped on the cap and gown. Then he put his hands into his pockets and strolled calmly down the street. The bulldog, meanwhile, had appeared upon the scene again, the mere wreck of a man, panting, swearing, rolling with his efforts. Seeking to follow a tall undergraduate in a low hat, he never even looked at Black as he ran by him, but doubled the corner again and went flying on. When we saw him ten minutes later he was sitting in the gutter with his collar, hat, and tie beside him, and the expression of the ultimate agony upon his face.

* * * *

These are strong measures, to be used only by a man of strong limbs. The weaker man pays up like a lamb; or if he dissemble, a cunning strategy must help him. There was, some little time ago, in Caius a freshman who had spent so many years in Paris that he spoke French like a Spaniard. This knowledge he used subsequently to the exceeding discomfort of a very English proctor who had not enough of the tongue to buy a biscuit at a buffet. I remember the occasion well. The freshman was walking down Andrew's Street, breaking as many of the laws and customs as one man might be expected to do on any given occasion. He had a cigar in his mouth, a golf cap upon his head, and an exceedingly loud suit of checks to aggravate his enormities. At the post office the Saxon proctor pounced upon him, glaring with fury that such a spectacle should be seen in the sober streets of Cambridge.

"Sir," he roared, "are you a member of this University?"

The freshman shrugged his shoulders, imitating a gentleman of France to perfection.

"Monsieur," he said with tremendous politeness, "combien prenez-vous par tête?"

The humour and the meaning of this extraordinary retort were utterly lost upon the proctor. Alarmed at the first word of a tongue he did not understand, ashamed to declare his ignorance, he took off his hat and

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endeavoured to imitate the politeness of the unfortunate stranger.

"Sir," he said with great suavity, "I see that I have made a mistake; I beg to apologise, sir."

But now was our actor's time. Feigning indignation, he answered sternly—

"Monsieur, le chat échaudé craint l'eau froide."

The proctor began to wash his hands in the air and to suffer all the shame of ignorance.

They tell many stories in Cambridge of strangers who have amused themselves by the rather threadbare joke of suffering themselves to be caught by bulldogs and brought before the proctor, to that official's discomfiture. These humours are a little stale at this day; but a jest of a more elaborate order was, says rumour, played some while back with such astonishing success that the proctor concerned made heroic efforts to hush it up, and succeeded practically in doing so. The

"Mr. Paton, of Emmanuel."

"Sir," he reiterated, "je ne parle—that is, I have made a mistake, sir; I apologise."

"Monsieur," cried the freshman savagely, "vous me riez au nez; vous m'insultez—certainement; vous m'exaspérez—mes amis, monsieur!"

But at this point the proctor cried "enough." Perhaps he understood the word "amis"; possibly he thought that coffee and pistols would be ready at dawn. In either case he gathered his bulldogs about him and fled as one pursued by the Furies.

facts were very simple. A burlesque company came to the town to play an extravaganza at the only theatre. One of this company was a merry jade, famous in all provincial towns as a "principal boy." We may assume that some love-sick youth whispered into the ear of this damosel the suggestion that she should play the part of an undergraduate in the streets and be proctorised. However it was, she sallied forth one dark evening, daintily dressed in a thunder and lightning suit, and succeeded very quickly in gratifying her

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strange ambition. A proctor stopped her, took down her name—which she gave as Paton—and informed her that she must call upon him at his rooms by eleven o'clock next day. She did so, being careful to change her dress and to set out all her charms to perfection before paying such a novel visit. The astonishment of the excellent cleric is to be imagined when "Mr. Paton, of Emmanuel," was announced and ushered into his room. No longer did he see the slim boy who had answered his questions so meekly the night before. In his place was a dashing girl, powdered, rouged, and splendidly attired—it may be a little unclassical in her phrases. Tradition—lying tradition, of course—declares that the good man shed real tears before he could persuade the lady to forsake the beautiful courts of his college. Never until that time had he been called "old chap" by a lady.

* * * *

Happily for the dignity of the office, it is not often that a proctor makes himself publicly ridiculous. I remember but two cases of the kind during my student days, the same man serving for hero on each occasion. He was a little fellow, a proctor of John's, who managed to earn conspicuous unpopularity for himself by methods of work which even professors pronounced unsportsmanlike. A favourite trick of his was to sally forth on Sunday night without his bulldogs; for he trusted that his little body would not be observed in the press of the crowd, and that many fish would rush, all unsuspecting, to his net. It was a rash business at the best, and news that "Stony," of John's, was out without his dogs spread quickly through the 'Varsity. On the second Sunday of this amazing venture "Stony" set out to patrol Andrew's Street as usual, but had got no further than the Market Place when a man of the Hall first boat slapped him on the back affectionately and deliberately seized his cap. Before the astonished proctor could speak or move, the boating man was skipping away towards Sidney with the captured treasure held high above his head. "Stony," having no dogs for the pursuit, stood speechless in the Market Place, while the crowd began to guffaw and to cheer. A proctor without a cap! Such a sight had never been seen within the memory of man. No message flashed from Eddystone to Berwick's bounds ever travelled at such a speed as these extraordinary tidings. From Caius, from Clare, from John's, from Trinity men came running, wild with excitement and with joy. Soon a vast mob pressed on the terrified little man—the rare swimmer in that tremendous human sea. It shouted, danced, crowed with joy. From room to room and court to court the great news spread, "They have bagged 'Stony's' cap in the Market Place!" Nearly an hour passed before the excited, yelping throngs bore the little man, shoulder high, to the gates of his college and there took their leave of him with three times three. It was positively his last appearance in the rôle of a dogless proctor.

* * * *

The other instance of which I have spoken was in its way even more amusing. The occasion was a great gathering at the Guildhall in the Market Place. A mob of townsmen and undergraduates assembled before the doors of the building, hoping to secure a seat and hear the popular Corney Grain and his company. Everyone looked for a row, of course, nor was this hope disappointed. Presently "Stony," the proctor, appeared upon the scene. With a great many "by your leave's" and "allow me's," he forced his way into the middle of the press. At this point, however, he stuck, and being unable to move so much as a hand because of the multitude, he waited there patiently. It befell that one of his neighbours was a great Australian blue—a man of humour—whose keen mind was quick to appreciate the fact that the proctor and his bulldogs were hopelessly wedged in the crowd. Such an opportunity was not to be missed. Up went the oarsman's great fist—down it came crash on the spotless silk hat of the helpless bulldog! A second blow jammed the hat of the second man right down upon his shoulders! The pair, blinded by their own headgear, powerless to move, wormed and twisted like whipped dogs. "Stony" himself roared, "Your name and college, sir?" until he was black in the face. But the Australian was a man of nerve. Kissing his hand prettily to the representative of law and order, he shouldered his way through the crowd and was instantly lost to sight.

Strangely enough this was not "Stony's" only adventure on that memorable night. An hour or so later he had left his bulldogs at the top of the Guildhall stairs, and was engaged instructing the box-office keeper what to do with gentlemen who, having no wish to pay without going in, did not object to go in without paying. As "Stony" stood at the little window, his head through the

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opening and his legs stuck well out behind him, it occurred to some man of emprise that the proctor would be more comfortable on the other side of the partition. Without more ado he picked up "Stony" by the legs and dropped him through the window usually devoted to the reception of cash! The astonishment of the box-office keeper at the advent of the human coin is easy to be imagined. In fact, the proctor and he went rolling over and over on the floor together; but when they picked themselves up, the perpetrator of the dastardly outrage had fled.

* * * *

The childish employments of leisurely stockbrokers have been a source of amusement to strangers for some generations, but even a stockbroker spinning a peg-top is not so infantile a spectacle as the undergraduate in the moment of fashions and of new toys. In my time there was a month when peashooters—long glass pea-shooters—were the mode. Freshmen bought these unblushingly, and practised with them upon the heads of any inoffensive person who chanced to come within range. I can recollect very well an occasion when a party of diners, who had held a feast in some rooms overlooking the Market Place, were enabled to use these weapons upon the sacred person of "Red Morgan," the terrible, who was then a proctor. It was almost dusk when "Red Morgan," with his dot-and-go-one walk, came stumping along the opposite side of the road, and no sooner had the diners seen him than out went their lights and up went their pea-shooters. Presently you heard a perfect hail of pellets upon the hard hats of the bulldogs, while "Red Morgan" himself was seen to cover his face with his hands and to swell with excitement. Surprise and indignation at the audacity of the thing robbed him of words. He stood with a bellow halting upon his lips. A second volley moved him to imbecile laughter—the laughter of a pasha who will hang you presently upon hot hooks.

"Ho, ho, this is indeed absurd!"

The expression was not such as the hearers expected, but it fitted the occasion to a nicety. The awful bass voice of the enraged proctor seemed to shake the tower of St. Mary's. A second indiscreet volley attracted his attention to the darkened room in which the carousal had been held. Standing for a moment swaying like a bull who has been pricked by darts, he made up his mind at last to charge, and came trotting across the road with the step of an elephant. Meanwhile the youths had distributed themselves; five were stowed away cleverly beneath the bed of their host; five more were jammed in a little linen cupboard under the stairs. When "Red Morgan" reached the dining-room it was as silent as a cavern. The men, from their place of shelter, heard him roar again, "This is indeed absurd!" but they suppressed their feelings, though the agony of the "black hole" was almost beyond endurance. In all probability the affair would have ended with success had not the door of the linen cupboard burst

"He picked up 'Stony' by the legs and dropped him through the window."

open just as "Red Morgan" appeared upon the landing. The spectacle of five men shot out as from a catapult—for the press in the cupboard was awful—appealed irresistibly to his sense of humour. He wound up—after terrible threats and dreadful hints—by asking the diners to breakfast with him—and they went.

* * * *

Here is a lesson which might well be learnt by all proctors. The milk of human kindness is not wasted even upon an undergraduate. I remember a man who was made the lasting champion of the great

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"O.B." of King's by a pretty act of vengeance which only a generous mind could have conceived. The man in question had been fined six-and-eightpence as compensation to the University chest for the enormity of smoking a cigarette in the streets of Cambridge. The proctor who apprehended the villain was Mr. Oscar Browning, the ever-popular and fatherly dignitary of King's. It chanced, however, that his prey was a humorist, who paid the bulldog next day in farthings, long hoarded for the jest. Mr. Oscar Browning had no objections to farthings as such, but he had a great regard for the pockets of his bulldogs and for the proctorial dignity. He answered the joke by another, the imposition of a guinea fine to wit. When the undergraduate came to him to protest, he gave him a lecture upon good manners and a capital lunch. So do the gods jest!

* * * *

Happily for the peace of the University, these venial offences are the offences most often expiated by the penitent at the proctorial confessional. It is not for me to speak here of the darker pictures and the more gloomy narratives to which human weakness gives birth in every city where men congregate. Nor can I discuss those larger questions of discipline and of procedure which have been so much discussed in and out of the University during the decade. Rare is the day now when even a breath of excitement sweeps the streets or courts of Cambridge. The cry of "Gown!" no longer rallies the elect to the reformation and spiritual salvation of the bargee. The 5th of November comes and goes, and the rare squib lifts its head meekly, as though to say, "Ah, the times I remember!" Lord Mayors' Days are numbered, yet peace prevails. The very mobs which come hungering to the gates of the colleges are sent empty away, with no more than a couple of scuttles of coal heaped on their heads from the windows above. Once only within the last twenty years has there been an approach to a riot of sufficient respectability to rub shoulders for a moment with the greater achievements of the past. That, if my memory does not fail me, was in the autumn of the year 1881, when a mob of angry men, goaded by an attack upon a popular restaurant, set off at eleven o'clock on the night of November 5 to visit a wild beast show then encamped on Jesus Piece. The intention of the company was to release the lions—a noble ambition defeated by the vigilance of certain keepers armed with long poles, and by the vulgar obstinacy of the town constables. Thus obstructed, the valiant host could set free but one insignificant kangaroo, and having done so much, it turned back and began to indulge in the less hazardous pursuit of breaking lamps and wrenching off shutters. Considerable damage was done in the town, the lamps being wrecked for nearly a mile; but a strategetic attack by combined proctors turned the movement and resulted at midnight in a glorious victory. The last meddlesome proctor I remember nearly lost his life on Degree Day. And the folly was all his own. He attempted to interfere with that sacred custom of presenting the last man in the mathematical tripos with a wooden spoon. When the spoon was lowered from the gallery of the senate house at the appointed time, this blundering man cut the string which suspended it, and it fell with a crash to the floor below. Who was responsible for the momentary madness which followed it would be impossible to say, but as the spoon fell a great roar of anger went up, and fifty men began to hustle the proctor. They were about to throw him out of the window to the street below, a distance of twenty or thirty feet, when lusty bulldogs fought their way to his side and carried him out of the building. He ran for his life to his own college, and there, fended by iron gates, he defied the mob. A well-meaning, but a woefully foolish man.

* * * *

A rare bird, happily, is a fellow of this sort. For the most part proctors are hard-working dons who perform an unpleasant task very pleasantly. I have known them so blind that they could not see a pipe if you smoked it under their very noses; I have known others who would stalk through Cambridge with their eyes fixed upon the pavement and their ears deaf even to the thundering refrain of "D'ye ken John Peel?" These men go down to fame in the golden book. It is something to remember their names after long years, and to think of them with esteem and regard. As for their brethren who can see a cigarette when it is yet a long way off, lucky for them that oblivion ultimately claims them. Ten years ago, perchance, they were flourishing dons and deans; to-day, it may be, they proctorise the heathen in far countries, and sorrow lies heavy upon their souls because the black man comes to their lectures with a red flannel waistcoat for his academicals.

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OUR HOMES—A SERIES OF INTERIORS.

Specially Photographed by W. H. BUNNETT.

A LODGER'S SITTING-ROOM.

POVERTY'S PARLOUR.

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AN ART STUDENT'S ROOM.

A SUBURBAN DINING-ROOM.

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A WEST-END DRAWING-ROOM.

A BACHELOR'S DEN.

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JOHN BULL'S BALANCE-SHEET:

HOW THE MONEY COMES AND GOES.

By J. Holt Schooling.*

(*Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.*)

Illustrated with Diagrams by the Author.

THE actual public expenditure of the United Kingdom for the year ended March 31, 1896, was only two or three millions short of the immense total of 100 millions sterling—a record expenditure, but which, despite its size, fell short of the public income for the year to the extent of more than 4 millions—an unusual, though not a record surplus, for twenty-five years ago there was a surplus of 6½ millions. I propose to split up this mighty expenditure of nearly 100 millions into its chief items, and to show the British public where its money went. We have already had this done for us, after a fashion, in the newspaper reports of the Budget and of the debates on the Estimates; but one gets only a hazy idea from the closely printed rows and columns of figures, which take, perhaps, their most appalling shape in the bulky official volumes of "Estimates" and in other published "Parliamentary Proceedings" that must be wrestled with before one can get a clear bird's-eye view of the business of John Bull & Company, Limited.

The clock-face in No. 1 illustrates the fact that the immense expenditure just mentioned is equal to a cost of £11,130 per hour, or not far short of £200 per minute, for conducting the national business of this country. We are not yet spending quite £200 per minute, for this means a yearly expenditure of over 105 millions; but year by year the amount gets bigger, and for the year ending March 31, 1897, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimates the expenditure at just over 100 millions. This is the first time that a Chancellor of the Exchequer has touched the 100-millions level in his estimate of the current year's expenditure.

The big surplus that was announced in the House of Commons on Thursday, April 16, 1896, had not been anticipated in the spring of 1895 by the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had under-estimated the revenue by nearly 6 millions, and the expenditure by nearly 2 millions, thus making the surplus of 4 millions already mentioned. In this connection it is rather interesting to glance back over the last ten years and note the varying degrees of precision attained by Chancellors in their estimates of the income and expenditure of the country for each year. The little table in No. 2 illustrates this point. As regards income, the biggest divergence from actuality was made by Sir William Harcourt for the year ended March 31, 1896, when £1060 were received for every £1000 expected by the Exchequer. The best shot was made for the year ended March 31, 1893, when £999 were

No. 1.—The Expenditure out of the Exchequer of the United Kingdom for the year ended March 31, 1896, was nearly 98 millions sterling, or, say, £11,130 for every hour of the year.

* Copyright by John Holt Schooling, 1897.

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received for every £1000 expected (in April, 1892) by Mr. Goschen. Looking at the expenditure columns in No. 2, we see that the nearest approach to accuracy was made (by Sir W. Harcourt) for the year ended March 31, 1895, when £994 were actually spent, as compared with every £1000 of estimated expenditure; the estimate that fell widest of the mark being that of Sir W. Harcourt for the financial year 1896, when £1019 were spent for every £1000 expected to be spent. With one or two exceptions the "actual" figures in No. 2, for both income and expenditure, are fairly

has a much easier time than two or three of his continental friends, for if he does pour out millions by the score from one pocket, his other pocket is as rapidly filled by the nation's wealth. Here are some recent figures :—

Year ended March 31.	Income. *Millions.*	Expenditure. *Millions.*
1893	90·4	90·4
1894	91·1	91·3
1895	94·7	93·9
1896	102·0	97·8
1897	101·8	100·0

The amounts for 1893–6 are those actually received into and spent by the

For the year ended March 31.	Income.		Expenditure.	
	Actual.	Expected.	Actual.	Expected.
	£	£	£	£
1896	1060	1000	1019	1000
1895	1005	1000	994	1000
1894	994	1000	992	1000
1893	999	1000	993	1000
1892	1006	1000	989	1000
1891	1021	1000	991	1000
1890	1037	1000	993	1000
1889	1019	1000	1008	1000
1888	1019	1000	993	1000
1887	1010	1000	990	1000

No. 2.—A bird's-eye glance at the accuracy of the estimates made by Chancellors of the Exchequer, showing, for every £1000 of "expected" income and expenditure (*i.e.*, the amounts set out in the Budget Estimates of the United Kingdom), the amount that was actually paid into or out of the Exchequer during each of the ten financial years 1887–96.

near the bull's-eye of accurate forecast; and, be it noted, in eight out of the ten years to which No. 2 relates, the actual income was larger than the expected income, and, in eight out of ten years, also, the actual expenditure was smaller than the expected expenditure—both sets of errors being therefore on the safe side of the account.

If we look back only five years we are plainly shown that the yearly cost of running this little bit of Europe has increased by about 10 millions; fortunately the money to meet our increased and increasing expenditure also comes in merrily. In this respect our Chancellor of the Exchequer

Exchequer, those for 1897 being the estimated amounts for the current year. In round figures, the 90 millions of five years ago are now 100 millions, an increase, during five years only of, say, *eleven per cent.* on the expenditure of 1893.

If we view the most recent five-yearly period for which the actual income and expenditure are known, viz., 1892–6, and strike an average, we get the result shown in diagram No. 3—an income of 93·8 millions, an expenditure of 92·6 millions, and an average yearly surplus of 1·2 million—a comfortable working margin that enables the anxious cashier of John Bull & Company

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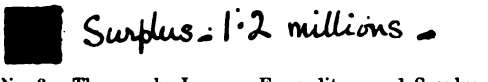
to feel that he always has *some* money about the office.

In response to an "Order of the Honourable the House of Commons," dated



No. 3.—The yearly Income, Expenditure and Surplus of the United Kingdom, taken on the average of the five years ended March 31, 1892-6. [*The sizes of these black squares are in true proportion to the amount represented by each square.*]

March 31, 1896, a very interesting statement was issued from the Treasury Chambers on August 8, 1896, containing information by aid of which I have prepared diagram No. 4 (see the description printed beneath this diagram). The 97 8 millions spent by the Chancellor of the Exchequer during the year ended March 31, 1896, were spent in four main directions, viz. :—

	Millions.		
On Imperial Services ...	66·9, or	68·4	per cent. of total.
,, English ,, ...	21.9, ,,	22·4	,, ,,
,, Scottish ,, ...	8·4, ,,	8·5	,, ,,
,, Irish ,, ...	5·6, ,,	5·7	,, ,,
Total, millions	97·8, *or*	100·0	*per cent. of total.*

The Imperial Services cost more than two-thirds of the whole expenditure, and they comprise the charges of the army and navy, of the national debt, and that part of the Civil Government charges which falls under the head of Imperial Services, such for example as the civil list of pensions, annuities to the royal family, diplomatic and consular services, the cost of maintaining the offices, etc., of the Houses of Parliament, of the Foreign and Colonial offices, of the Board of Trade, and of such other items of expense that relate to Imperial Services rather than to purely English or Scottish or Irish Services. The total of these Civil Government charges, which are included in the black part of No. 4 as being part of the Imperial Services, amounts to a little more than 3½ millions sterling.

The big piece of the expenditure disk in No. 4 which is occupied by national debt charges (25·5 per cent., or one quarter of the whole expenditure of the year) is a reminder to us of the tremendous cost to this country of the foreign wars of past times, especially of the American War of more than a hundred years ago, which added 121 millions to the national debt, and of the great French war of 1793–1815, which added 601 millions to the debt. We still have the pleasure of paying the bill for these wars to the tune of about 25 millions yearly. If we add together the two big divisions of black in the disk No. 4 we get the following "war" result :—

	Per cent. of the total yearly expenditure.
Army and navy charges amount to ...	39·2
National debt charges amount to ...	25·5
Total war charges amount to ...	64·7

Thus *nearly two-thirds of the national expenditure of this country still has to go in the direction of war.* But we must pay our debts for past wars, and as regards the money now being spent in preparation for possible future wars, we must fall back on the adage, "To be prepared for war is to secure peace." Still, these two enormous pieces of black in the

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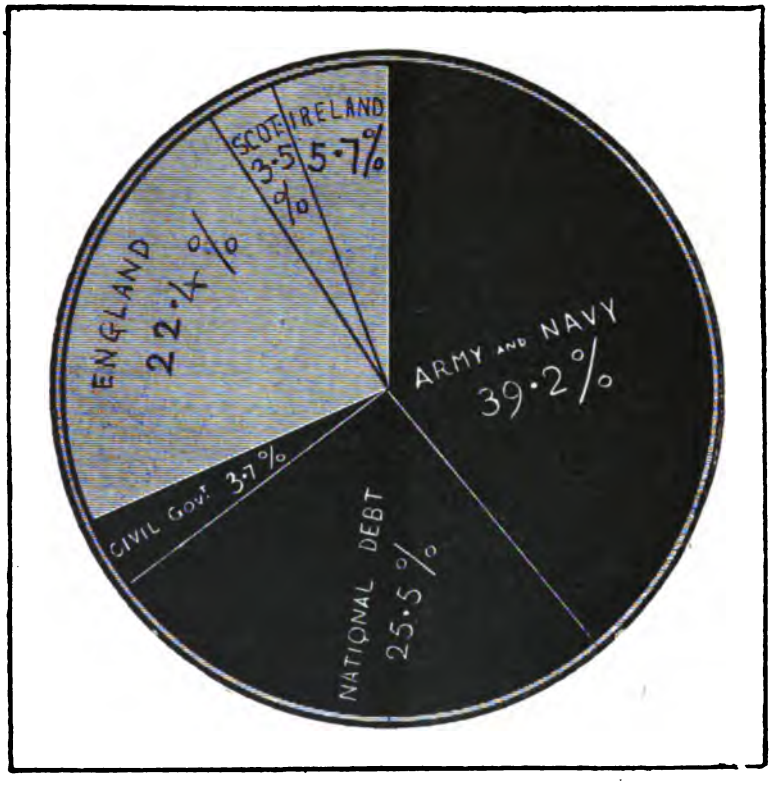
disk shown in No. 4 are rather startling when one looks at them in the way just pointed to. As regards the gray part of No. 4 (the money spent on England, Scotland and Ireland), this will be dealt with later on; here my purpose has been to split up the expenditure into Imperial Services and non-Imperial Services, and to deal with the results obtained.

We have been dealing with some big



No. 4.—This disk shows the proportion of the National Expenditure for the year ended March 31, 1896 (97·8 millions sterling), that was spent on Imperial Services, and on English, Scottish and Irish Services respectively. The amount spent on Imperial Services is represented by the black part of the disk, and the gray part of the disk stands for money spent on English, Scottish and Irish Services, making up a total of 97·8 millions sterling. [*The percentages written in each division add up to* 100·0 *per cent.*]

figures which make the firm of John Bull & Company look quite important, but when we look at No. 5, which shows the income of the United Kingdom for the year ended March 31, 1896, during each second of time, the result is really insignificant. The old clock shown in No. 5 is now tick-ticking solemnly on my staircase, and at every swing of its old brass pendulum it records the fact that a paltry £3 4*s.* 6*d.* actually suffices to run this country and to leave a surplus of 4 millions at the end of the year. This clock is more than 150 years old, and it first ticked time away, just as it does now, in the reign of George II, when, according to Mulhall, our national income was about one-tenth of its present amount, and when each swing of its pendulum was worth only 6*s.* 6*d.* as a record of the country's income during one second of time. Our income of £3 4*s.* 6*d.* per second is a vast improvement on the 6*s.* 6*d.* of 150 years ago. But all the same, £3 4*s.* 6*d.* per second does seem a trifling income for this country to have.

The tabular statement shown in No. 6 includes the reign of Queen Victoria, and deals with three very important national items during the period 1830–96: the country's income, its population, and the income per head of population. In round numbers the country's income is now about

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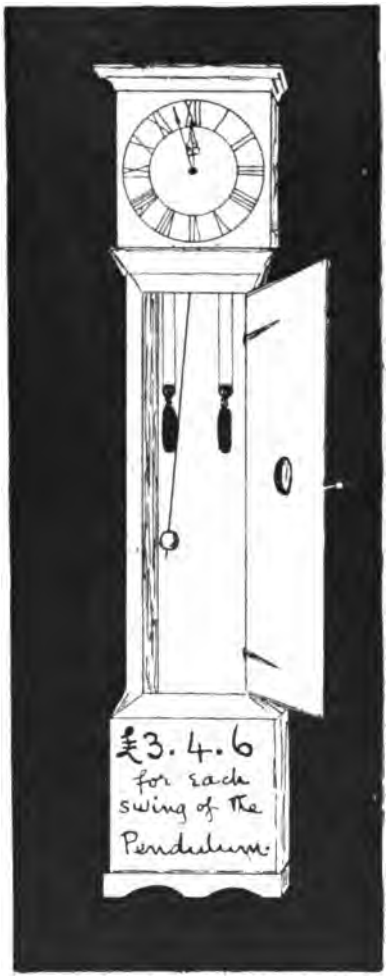
double what it was at the accession of Queen Victoria (1837); the population has increased from, say, 26 millions in 1837 to 40 millions in 1896, an increase of over 50 per cent. on the 1837 population; and the national income paid into the Exchequer per head of population has, after numerous fluctuations, resulted in its present figure of



No. 5.—The Income of the United Kingdom for the year ended March 31, 1896, was nearly 102 millions sterling. It was equal to £11,609 per hour, or, say, £3 4*s.* 6*d.* for each second of the year.

£2 11*s.* 7*d.* per head, the expenditure per head being slightly less than this amount. These varying amounts of income during Queen Victoria's reign have sufficed to meet all the expenditure during the period, and to pay off more than 50 millions of the national debt since the year of the Queen's accession.

We reach, in No. 7, a very interesting bit of finance. I call this diagram the "give and take of the national Exchequer," and it shows for England, Scotland and Ireland respectively, the proportion of taxes paid by each division of the United Kingdom into the national Exchequer, and the proportion of the money spent by the national Exchequer on English, Scotch and Irish Services respectively. The total of 102 millions of income for the year ended March 31, 1896, was made up thus:—

Total revenue from taxes	85	millions.
Total non-tax revenue	17	,,
Total income ...	102	*millions.*

The revenue from taxes came, in the order named, from Excise, Customs, Estate, etc.,

For the Year.	Public Income in Millions Sterling.	Population in Millions.	Public Income per Head of Population.
			£ *s.* *d.*
1830–31	54·8	24·4	2 4 11
1840–41	51·7	27·0	1 18 3
1850–51	57·4	27·7	2 1 3
1860–61	70·6	29·3	2 8 2
1870–71	69·9	31·8	2 3 11
1880–81	72·7	35·2	2 1 4
1890–91	89·5	38·1	2 6 11
1895–96	102·0	39·6	2 11 7

No. 6.—The national income of the United Kingdom at eight periods, which cover the reign of Queen Victoria.

Duties and Stamps, Income Tax, House Duty, and Land Tax. The *non*-tax revenue came, in the order, named from the Post Office, Telegraphs, interest on Suez Canal shares, etc, Crown Lands, and miscellaneous receipts. The tax revenue of 85 millions was contributed:—

	Millions.	*Per cent.*	
By England ...	69, or	81·2	of the total taxes.
,, Scotland ...	9, ,,	10·8	,, ,,
,, Ireland ...	7, ,,	8·0	,, ,,
Total ...	85, *or*	100·0	*of the total taxes.*

These are the taxes set out diagrammatically in the left-hand part of No. 7.

As regards the other part of diagram No. 7, the "money received by" each division of the United Kingdom is the amount spent by the Exchequer on English,

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Scottish and Irish Services, already referred to in the gray part of diagram No. 4, viz. :—

	Millions.	*Per cent.*	
On English Services	21·9,	or 70·9	of E., S. & I. Services.
,, Scotch ,,	3·4,	,, 11·0	,, ,,
,, Irish ,,	5·6,	,, 18·1	,, ,,
Total, millions	30·9,	*or* 100·0	*of E., S. & I. Services.*

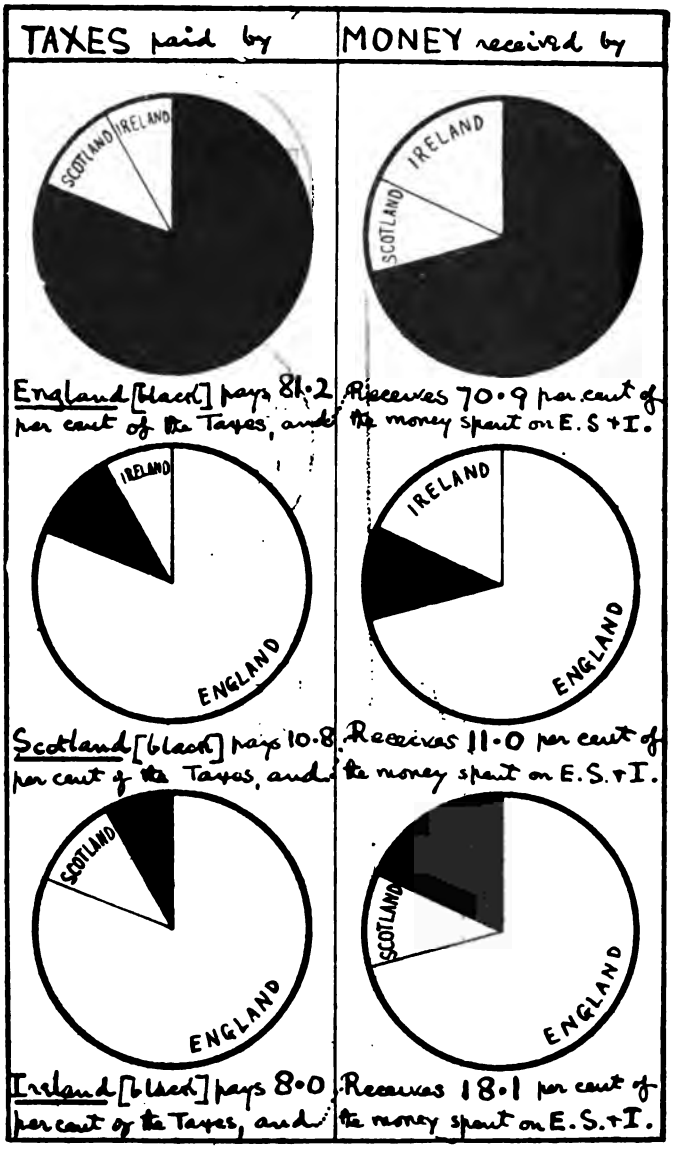
Inspection of diagram No. 7 shows that Scotland is the only one of the three divisions of the United Kingdom for which the "give and take" of the Exchequer are in equal proportions. Scotland pays 10·8 of the taxes and receives 11·0 per cent. of the money spent on non-Imperial Services. England, the head partner, pays 81·2 per cent. of the taxes and receives 70·9 per cent. of the money spent on non-Imperial Services—a condition she can very well afford. Ireland, the weakest partner in the firm, pays 8 per cent. of the taxes and receives 18·1 per cent. of the money spent on non-Imperial Services—a condition that no one need grudge to Ireland.

If we split up the total revenue from taxes (85 millions) upon the basis of population, we get the following results :—

	Millions.			*Millions.*
England	69,	proportional	share	66
Scotland	9,	,,	,,	9
Ireland	7,	,,	,,	10
Total	85			85

Here, again, Scotland comes out exactly "quits," while the predominant partner pays part of the proportional share of the junior partner of the firm, which is shown upon the basis of population.

We go on to diagram No. 8, which shows in two parallel columns the income and the expenditure of the country separated into the six chief items of each head. Inspection of No. 8, and a comparison of the two circles that stand side by side as one runs the eye across and then down this diagram, show some rather curious instances of financial coincidence, which are evidenced by the approximately close agreement in the size of each pair of circles. For example, the income from Excise pays the expenditure on National Debt Services ; the income from Customs pays the expenses of



No. 7.—The "give and take" of the National Exchequer, showing, for each of the three Divisions of the United Kingdom, the proportion of Taxes paid by each Division into the National Exchequer, and the proportion of the Money spent by the National Exchequer on non-Imperial Services, which is received by England, Scotland and Ireland respectively.

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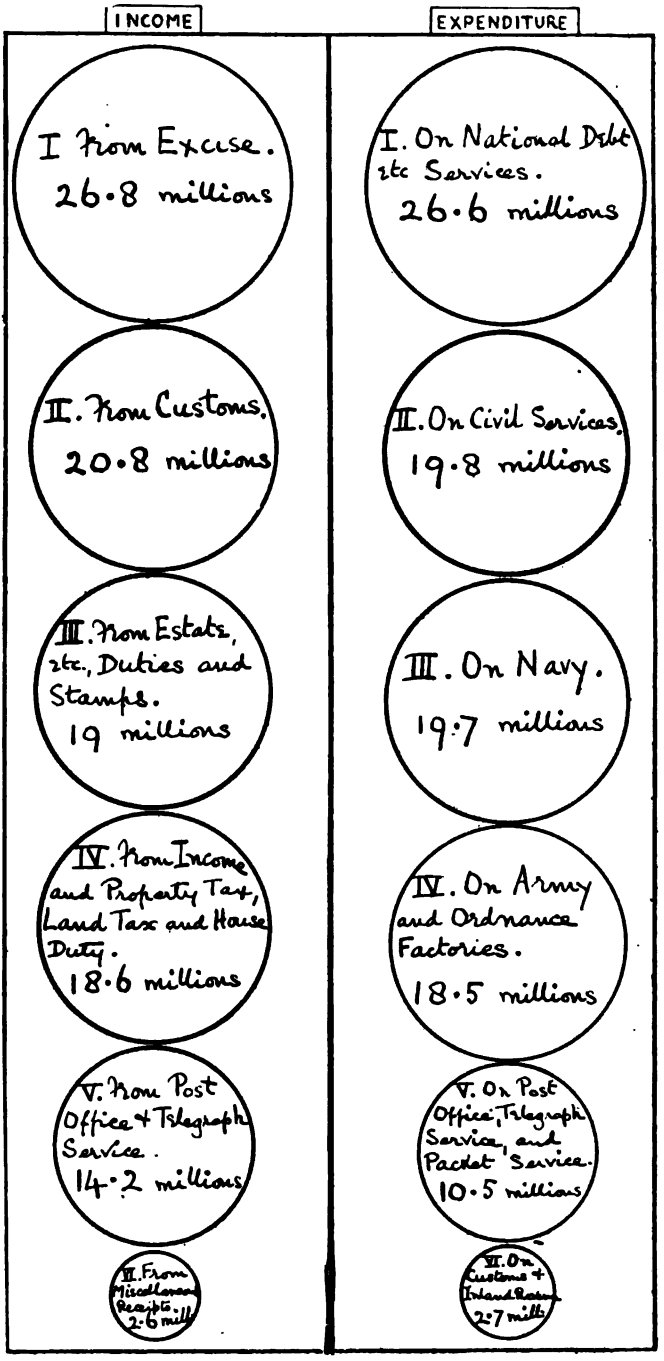

Total Income 102 *millions.* *Total Expenditure* 97·8 *millions.*

No. 8.—Showing where the country's money comes from, and where it is spent. These twelve circles are based on the public Income and Expenditure of the United Kingdom for the year ended March 31, 1896, and the area contained by each circle is in true proportion to the amount represented by it.

the Civil Services; we may set against the Navy expenditure the income from Estate, etc., Duties, and Stamps; and the Income and Property Tax, etc., pays for the Army. These coincidences are, moreover, accidental rather than designed, and it was not until I had made diagram No. 8 that I noticed these curiosities of finance, which, so far as I know, have never before attracted attention.

As regards Class II. of the expenditure column in diagram No. 8 (Civil Services), I may say that this class is made up of seven minor items, viz., Public Works and Buildings; salaries and expenses of Civil Departments; Law and Justice; Education, Science, and Art; Foreign and Colonial Services; Charitable and Non-effective Services; Miscellaneous. These sources of expenditure include some very curious and varied details, which are duly set out in the bulky volumes of Estimates. For example, the turncock at Buckingham Palace gets £8 a year for "acting as rat-catcher"; the rat-catcher at Windsor Castle is down in the Estimates for £10 a year; the "charwoman" who works at Windsor Castle gets £35 per annum—say, 2*s.* per day; the "supply of oil lamps" for Committee-rooms and for other rooms in the Houses of Parliament buildings is estimated at £900 for the current year, although some thousands are also set aside to provide gas and electric light. The "cost of staff for carpet-beating, laying, etc.," in the Houses of Parliament is put at £700; the mere "maintenance of the refreshment plant, House of Commons" (glass, china, crockery, etc.), costs £280; some repairs to the roof of "ball-room of Embassy House" at Berlin are esti-

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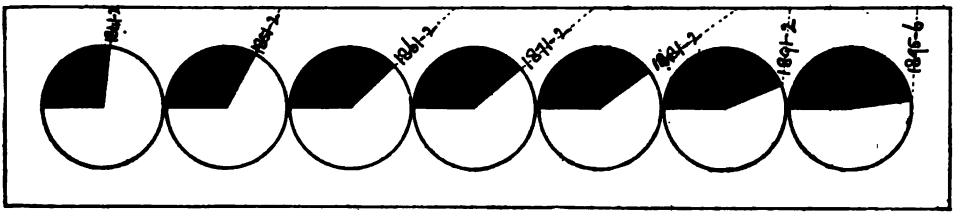
mated at £300; the ground-rent of "part of the garden of the British Legation at Lisbon" is £15; the "maintenance of graveyards in the Transvaal" costs £24, and cemeteries at Suakim £7; the coals, candles, and "sundry household articles" for the General Post Office and branch offices, London, are put at £12,940; the provision of "water-softening apparatus for boilers" in the Royal Courts of Justice is estimated at £250; the paper for maps and the printer's ink used in the surveys of the United Kingdom cost £5500; two female assistant lighthouse-keepers in the Bahamas get £15 a year each; three French polishers for Ireland at 15*s.* to 33*s.* per week [*Qy.*—"To polish up the manners of the big House bore"]; dusting books in the library of the House of Lords, £50; eleven housemaids for the Lord Great Chamberlain at 14*s.* to 15*s.* a week each; three "women typists" in the Treasury at 16*s.* to 30*s.* a week. One First Lord of the Treasury costs £5000; one Chancellor of the Exchequer, £5000; an "occasional coal porter" for Ireland, £7 a year; newspapers supplied to the Foreign Office, £160; one Secretary of State supplied to the Foreign Office, £5000; the six charwomen at the Colonial Office, 14*s.* a week each; one Secretary of State for the Colonies, £5000. All these items, and hosts of other sundries, are to be found in the big white book called "Estimates for Civil Services for the year ending March 31, 1897," and they serve to tell us of the very varied nature of the Civil Services in diagram No. 8, which tot up to an aggregate of nearly 20 millions sterling.

One of the sources of information used in the preparation of this article is a rather out-of-the-way Treasury paper called a "Memorandum explaining the Basis of some of the Figures which Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer used in his Budget speech on Thursday, the 16th day of April, 1896, etc." Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in his Budget speech directed attention to the transfer of tax burdens that has taken place in our financial system during the last half century. Gradually but continuously the burden has been shifted from the indirect taxpayer to the direct taxpayer, that is to say, from the community at large to the propertied classes; and diagram No. 9 illustrates this point very clearly.

Glance from left to right of No. 9 and note the gradual but continuous increase of the black part of the seven disks shown in the diagram. Here I may say that, for the purpose of comparing the relative proportions of national income raised by direct and by indirect taxation respectively, it is usual and also sufficient to treat all taxes on consumable articles as indirect taxes, and all other taxes as direct taxes. This classification was used by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it is embodied in diagram No. 9.



No. 9.—Half a Century's Shifting of Taxation on to the Propertied Classes, showing at six ten-yearly periods from 1841 to 1891, and at 1895-6, the proportions of each £100 of the National Income from Taxes that were contributed by Indirect and Direct Taxes respectively. [*Direct Taxes form the black part of each of the seven disks, Indirect Taxes the white part.*]

Turned into figures the seven disks of No. 9 become :—

	Proportions per cent. of:—		
Year.	Direct Taxes.	Indirect Taxes.	Total.
1841–2	27	73	100
1851–2	33	67	100
1861–2	38	62	100
1871–2	39	61	100
1881–2	40	60	100
1891–2	44	56	100
1895–6	48	52	100

We thus see from this diagram that during the last half century direct taxation has increased from, say, one-quarter of the taxation-disk to close on one-half, direct taxation having increased from 27 per cent. in 1841–2, to 48 per cent. of the total taxes in 1895–6. No one can say how much larger the black part of the taxation disk is destined to grow; but a suggestion that it do stop when one-half of the disk be black and one-half white seems a reasonable allotment of taxation by which to meet the future cost of running this expensive country of ours.

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ALMOND BLOSSOMS.

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THE DORRINGTON DEED-BOX.

By Arthur Morrison.*
(*Author of "Adventures of Martin Hewitt."*)

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

IV.—THE AFFAIR OF THE "AVALANCHE BICYCLE & TYRE CO., Ltd."

YCLE companies were in the market everywhere. Immense fortunes were being made in a few days and sometimes little fortunes were being lost to build them up. Mining shares were dull for a season, and any company with the word "cycle" or "tyre" in its title was certain to attract capital, no matter what its prospects were like in the eyes of the expert. All the old private cycle companies suddenly were offered to the public, and their proprietors, already rich men, built themselves houses on the Riviera, bought yachts, ran racehorses, and left business for ever. Sometimes the shareholders got their money's-worth, sometimes more, sometimes less—sometimes they got nothing but total loss; but still the game went on. One could never open a newspaper without finding, displayed at large, the prospectus of yet another cycle company with capital expressed in six figures at least, often in seven. Solemn old dailies, into whose editorial heads no new thing ever found its way till years after it had been forgotten elsewhere, suddenly exhibited the scandalous phenomenon of "broken columns" in their advertising sections, and the universal prospectuses stretched outrageously across half or even all the page—a thing to cause apoplexy in the bodily system of any self-respecting manager of the old school.

In the midst of this excitement it chanced that the firm of Dorrington & Hicks were engaged upon an investigation for the famous and long-established "Indestructible Bicycle & Tricycle Manufacturing Company," of London and Coventry. The matter was not one of sufficient intricacy or difficulty to engage Dorrington's personal attention, and it was given to an assistant. There was some doubt as to the validity of a certain patent having reference to a particular method of tightening the spokes and truing the wheels of a bicycle, and Dorrington's assistant had to make inquiries (without attracting attention to the matter) as to whether or not there existed any evidence, either documentary or in the memory of veterans, of the use of this method, or anything like it, before the year 1885. The assistant completed his inquiries and made his report to Dorrington. Now I think I have said that, from every evidence I have seen, the chief matter of Dorrington's solicitude was his own interest, and just at this time he had heard, as had others, much of the money being made in cycle companies. Also, like others, he had conceived a great desire to get the confidential advice of somebody "in the know"—advice which might lead him into the "good thing" desired by all the greedy who flutter about at the outside edge of the stock and share market. For this reason Dorrington determined to make this small matter of the wheel patent an affair of personal report. He was a man of infinite resource, plausibility and good-companionship, and there was money going in the cycle trade. Why then should he lose an opportunity of making himself pleasant in the inner groves of that trade, and catch whatever might come his way—information, syndicate shares, directorships, anything? So that Dorrington made himself master of his assistant's information, and proceeded to the head office of the "Indestructible" company on Holborn Viaduct, resolved to become the entertaining acquaintance of the managing director.

On his way his attention was attracted by a very elaborately fitted cycle shop which his recollection told him was new. "The Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company" was the legend gilt above the great plate-glass window, and in the window itself stood many brilliantly enamelled and plated bicycles, each labelled on the frame with the flaming red and gold transfer of the firm; and in the

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midst of all was another bicycle covered with dried mud, of which, however, sufficient had been carefully cleared away to expose a similar glaring transfer to those that decorated the rest—with a placard announcing that on this particular machine somebody had ridden some incredible distance on bad roads in very little more than no time at all. A crowd stood about the window and gaped respectfully at the placard, the bicycles, the transfers and the mud, though they paid little attention to certain piles of folded white papers, endorsed in bold letters with the name of the company, with the suffix "limited" and the word "prospectus" in bloated black letter below. These, however, Dorrington observed at once, for he had himself that morning, in common with several thousand other people, received one by post. Also half a page of his morning paper had been filled with a copy of that same prospectus, and the afternoon had brought another copy in the evening paper. In the list of directors there was a titled name or two, together with a few unknown names—doubtless the "practical men." And below this list there were such positive promises of tremendous dividends, backed up and proved beyond dispute by such ingenious piles of business-like figures, every line of figures referring to some other line for testimonials to its perfect genuineness and accuracy, that any reasonable man, it would seem, must instantly sell the hat off his head and the boots off his feet to buy one share at least, and so make his fortune for ever. True, the business was but lately established, but that was just it. It had rushed ahead with such amazing rapidity (as was natural with an avalanche) that it had got altogether out of hand, and orders couldn't be executed at all; wherefore the proprietors were reluctantly compelled to let the public have some of the luck. This was Thursday. The share list was to be opened on Monday morning and closed inexorably at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, with a merciful extension to Wednesday morning for the candidates for wealth who were so unfortunate as to live in the country. So that it behoved everybody to waste no time lest he be numbered among the unlucky whose subscription-money should be returned in full, failing allotment. The prospectus did not absolutely say it in so many words, but no rational person could fail to feel that the directors were fervently hoping that nobody would get injured in the rush.

Dorrington passed on and reached the well-known establishment of the "Indestructible Bicycle Company." This was already a limited company of a private sort, and had been so for ten years or more. And before that the concern had had eight or nine years of prosperous experience. The founder of the firm, Mr. Paul Mallows, was now the managing director, and a great pillar of the cycling industry. Dorrington gave a clerk his card, and asked to see Mr. Mallows.

Mr. Mallows was out, it seemed, but Mr. Stedman, the secretary, was in, and him Dorrington saw. Mr. Stedman was a pleasant, youngish man, who had been a famous amateur bicyclist in his time, and was still an enthusiast. In ten minutes business was settled and dismissed, and Dorrington's tact had brought the secretary into a pleasant discursive chat, with much exchange of anecdote. Dorrington expressed much interest in the subject of bicycling, and, seeing that Stedman had been a racing man, particularly as to bicycling races.

"There'll be a rare good race on Saturday, I expect," Stedman said. "Or rather," he went on, "I expect the fifty miles record will go. I fancy our man Gillett is pretty safe to win, but he'll have to move, and I quite expect to see a good set of new records on our advertisements next week. The next best man is Lant—the new fellow, you know—who rides for the 'Avalanche' people."

"Let's see, they're going to the public as a limited company, aren't they?" Dorrington asked, casually.

Stedman nodded, with a little grimace.

"You don't think it's a good thing, perhaps," Dorrington said, noticing the grimace. "Is that so?"

"Well," Stedman answered, "of course I can't say. I don't know much about the firm—nobody does, as far as I can tell—but they seem to have got a business together in almost no time; that is, if the business is as genuine as it looks at first sight. But they want a rare lot of capital, and then the prospectus—well I've seen more satisfactory ones, you know. I don't say it isn't all right, of course, but still I shan't go out of my way to recommend any friends of mine to plunge on it."

"You won't?"

"No, I won't. Though no doubt they'll get their capital, or most of it. Almost any cycle or tyre company can get subscribed just now. And this 'Avalanche' affair is both, and it is so well advertised, you know. Lant has been winning on their mounts just lately, and they've been booming it for all

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"Dorrington hauled the struggling wretch across the room." (See page 595.)

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they're worth. By Jove, if they could only screw him up to win the fifty miles on Saturday, and beat our man Gillett, that *would* give them a push! Just at the correct moment too. Gillett's never been beaten yet at the distance, you know. But Lant can't do it—though, as I have said, he'll make some fast riding—it'll be a race, I tell you!"

"I should like to see it."

"Why not come? See about it, will you? And perhaps you'd like to run down to the track after dinner this evening and see our man training—awfully interesting, I can tell you, with all the pacing machinery and that. Will you come?"

Dorrington expressed himself delighted, and suggested that Stedman should dine with him before going to the track. Stedman, for his part, charmed with his new acquaintance—as everybody was at a first meeting with Dorrington—assented gladly.

At that moment the door of Stedman's room was pushed open and a well-dressed, middle-aged man, with a shaven, flabby face, appeared. "I beg pardon," he said, "I thought you were alone. I've just ripped my finger against the handle of my brougham door as I came in—the screw sticks out. Have you a piece of sticking plaster?" He extended a bleeding finger as he spoke. Stedman looked doubtfully at his desk.

"Here is some court plaster," Dorrington exclaimed, producing his pocket-book. "I always carry it—it's handier than ordinary sticking plaster. How much do you want?"

"Thanks—an inch or so."

"This is Mr. Dorrington, of Messrs. Dorrington & Hicks, Mr. Mallows," Stedman said. "Our managing director, Mr. Paul Mallows, Mr. Dorrington."

Dorrington was delighted to make Mr. Mallows's acquaintance, and he busied himself with a careful strapping of the damaged finger. Mr. Mallows had the large frame of a man of strong build who has had much hard bodily work, but there hung about it the heavier, softer flesh that told of a later period of ease and sloth. "Ah, Mr. Mallows," Stedman said, "the bicycle's the safest thing, after all! Dangerous things these broughams!"

"Ah, you younger men," Mr. Mallows replied, with a slow and rounded enunciation, "you younger men can afford to be active! We elders ——"

"Can afford a brougham," Dorrington added, before the managing director began the next word. "Just so—and the bicycle does it all; wonderful thing the bicycle!"

Dorrington had not misjudged his man, and the oblique reference to his wealth flattered Mr. Mallows. Dorrington went once more through his report as to the spoke patent and then Mr. Mallows bade him good-bye.

"Good day, Mr. Dorrington, good day," he said. "I am extremely obliged by your careful personal attention to this matter of the patent. We may leave it with Mr. Stedman now, I think. Good day. I hope soon to have the pleasure of meeting you again." And with clumsy stateliness Mr. Mallows vanished.

II.

"So you don't think the 'Avalanche' good business as an investment?" Dorrington said once more as he and Stedman, after an excellent dinner, were cabbing it to the track.

"No, no," Stedman answered, "don't touch it! There's better things than that coming along presently. Perhaps I shall be able to put you in for something you know a bit later; but don't be in a hurry. As to the 'Avalanche,' even if everything else were satisfactory, there's too much 'booming' being done just now to please me. All sorts of rumours, you know, of their having something 'up their sleeve,' and so on; mysterious hints in the papers, and all that, as to something revolutionary being in hand with the 'Avalanche' people. Perhaps there is. But why they don't fetch it out in view of the public subscription for shares is more than I can understand, unless they don't want too much of a rush. And as to that, well they don't look like modestly shrinking from anything of that sort up to the present."

They were at the track soon after seven o'clock, but Gillett was not yet riding. Dorrington remarked that Gillett appeared to begin late.

"Well," Stedman explained, "he's one of those fellows that afternoon training doesn't seem to suit, unless it is a bit of walking exercise. He just does a few miles in the morning and a spurt or two, and then he comes on just before sunset for a fast ten or fifteen miles—that is when he is getting fit for such a race as Saturday's. To-night will be his last spin of that length before Saturday, because to-morrow will be the day before the race. To-morrow he'll only go a spurt or two, and rest most of the day."

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They strolled about inside the track, the two highly "banked" ends whereof seemed to a near-sighted person in the centre to be solid erect walls, along the face of which the training riders skimmed, fly-fashion. Only three or four persons beside themselves were in the enclosure when they first came, but in ten minutes' time Mr. Paul Mallows came across the track.

"Why," said Stedman to Dorrington, "here's the governor! It isn't often he comes down here. But I expect he's anxious to see how Gillett's going, in view of Saturday."

"Good evening Mr. Mallows," said Dorrington. "I hope the finger's all right? Want any more plaster?"

"Good evening, good evening," responded Mr. Mallows heavily. "Thank you, the finger's not troubling me a bit." He held it up, still decorated by the black plaster. "Your plaster remains, you see—I was a little careful not to fray it too much in washing, that was all." And Mr. Mallows sat down on a light iron garden-chair (of which several stood here and there in the enclosure) and began to watch the riding.

The track was clear, and dusk was approaching when at last the great Gillett made his appearance on the track. He answered a friendly question or two put to him by Mallows and Stedman, and then, giving his coat to his trainer, swung off along the track on his bicycle, led in front by a tandem and closely attended by a triplet. In fifty yards his pace quickened, and he settled down into a swift even pace, regular as clockwork. Sometimes the tandem and sometimes the triplet went to the front, but Gillett neither checked nor heeded as, nursed by his pacers, who were directed by the trainer from the centre, he swept along mile after mile, each mile in but a few seconds over the two minutes.

"Look at the action!" exclaimed Stedman with enthusiasm. "Just watch him. Not an ounce of power wasted there! Did you ever see more regular ankle work? And did anybody ever sit a machine quite so well as that? Show me a movement anywhere above the hips!"

"Ah," said Mr. Mallows, "Gillett has a wonderful style—a wonderful style, really!"

The men in the enclosure wandered about here and there on the grass, watching Gillett's riding as one watches the performance of a great piece of art—which, indeed, was what Gillett's riding was. There were, besides Mallows, Stedman, Dorrington and the trainer, two officials of the Cyclists' Union, an amateur racing man named Sparks, the track superintendent and another man. The sky grew darker, and gloom fell about the track. The machines became invisible, and little could be seen of the riders across the ground but the row of rhythmically working legs and the white cap that Gillett wore. The trainer had just told Stedman that there would be three fast laps and then his man would come off the track.

"Well, Mr. Stedman," said Mr. Mallows, "I think we shall be all right for Saturday."

"Rather!" answered Stedman confidently. "Gillett's going great guns, and steady as a watch!"

The pace now suddenly increased. The tandem shot once more to the front, the triplet hung on the rider's flank, and the group of swishing wheels flew round the track at a "one-fifty" gait. The spectators turned about, following the riders round the track with their eyes. And then swinging into the straight from the top bend, the tandem checked suddenly and gave a little jump. Gillett crashed into it from behind, and the triplet, failing to clear, wavered and swung, and crashed over and along the track too. All three machines and six men were involved in one complicated smash.

Everybody rushed across the grass, the trainer first. Then the cause of the disaster was seen. Lying on its side on the track, with men and bicycles piled over and against it, was one of the green painted light iron garden-chairs that had been standing in the enclosure. The triplet men were struggling to their feet, and though much cut and shaken, seemed the least hurt of the lot. One of the men of the tandem was insensible, and Gillett, who from his position had got all the worst of it, lay senseless too, badly cut and bruised, and his left arm was broken.

The trainer was cursing and tearing his hair. "If I knew who'd done this," Stedman cried, "I'd *mu'p* him with that chair!"

"Oh, that betting, that betting!" wailed Mr. Mallows, hopping about distractedly; "see what it leads people into doing! It can't have been an accident, can it?"

"Accident? Skittles! A man doesn't put a chair on a track in the dark and leave it there by accident. Is anybody getting away there from the outside of the track?"

"No, there's nobody. He wouldn't wait till this; he's clear off a minute ago and more. Here, Fielders! Shut the outer gate, and we'll see who's about."

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But there seemed to be no suspicious character. Indeed, except for the ground-man, his boy, Gillett's trainer, and a racing man, who had just finished dressing in the pavilion, there seemed to be nobody about beyond those whom everybody had seen standing in the enclosure. But there had been ample time for anybody, standing unnoticed at the outer rails, to get across the track in the dark, just after the riders had passed, place the obstruction, and escape before the completion of the lap.

The damaged men were helped or carried into the pavilion, and the damaged machines were dragged after them. "I will give fifty pounds gladly—more, a hundred," said Mr. Mallows, excitedly, "to anybody who will find out who put that chair on the track. It might have ended in murder. Some wretched bookmaker, I suppose, who has taken too many bets on Gillett. As I've said a thousand times, betting is the curse of all sport nowadays."

"The governor excites himself a great deal about betting and bookmakers," Stedman said to Dorrington, as they walked toward the pavilion, "but, between you and me, I believe some of the 'Avalanche' people are in this. The betting bee is always in Mallows's bonnet, but as a matter of fact there's very little betting at all on cycle races, and what there is is little more than a matter of half-crowns or at most half-sovereigns on the day of the race. No bookmaker ever makes a heavy book first. Still there *may* be something in it this time, of course. But look at the 'Avalanche' people. With Gillett away their man can certainly win on Saturday, and if only the weather keeps fair he can almost as certainly beat the record; just at present the fifty miles is fairly easy, and it's bound to go soon. Indeed our intention was that Gillett should pull it down on Saturday. He was a safe winner, bar accidents, and it was good odds on his altering the record, if the weather were any good at all. With Gillett out of it Lant is just about as certain a winner as our man would be if all were well. And there would be a boom for the 'Avalanche' company, on the very eve of the share subscription! Lant, you must know, was very second-rate till this season, but he has improved wonderfully in the last month or two, since he has been with the 'Avalanche' people. Let him win, and they can point to the machine as responsible for it all. 'Here,' they will say in effect, 'is a man who could rarely get in front, even in second-class company, till he rode an 'Avalanche.' Now he beats the world's record for fifty miles on it, and makes rings round the topmost professionals!' Why, it will be worth thousands of capital to them. Of course the subscription of capital won't hurt us, but the loss of the record may, and to have Gillett knocked out like this in the middle of the season is serious."

"Yes, I suppose with you it is more than a matter of this one race."

"Of course. And so it will be with the 'Avalanche' company. Don't you see, with Gillett probably useless for the rest of the season, Lant will have it all his own way at anything over ten miles. That'll help to boom up the shares and there'll be big profit made on trading in them. Oh, I tell you this thing seems pretty suspicious to me."

"Look here," said Dorrington, "can you borrow a light for me, and let me run over with it to the spot where the smash took place? The people have cleared into the pavilion, and I could go alone."

"Certainly. Will you have a try for the governor's hundred?"

"Well, perhaps. But any way there's no harm in doing you a good turn if I can, while I'm here. Some day perhaps you'll do me one."

"Right you are—I'll ask Fielders, the ground-man."

A lantern was brought, and Dorrington betook himself to the spot where the iron chair still lay, while Stedman joined the rest of the crowd in the pavilion.

Dorrington minutely examined the grass within two yards of the place where the chair lay, and then, crossing the track and getting over the rails, did the same with the damp gravel that paved the outer ring. The track itself was of cement, and unimpressionable by footmarks, but nevertheless he scrutinised that with equal care, as well as the rails. Then he turned his attention to the chair. It was, as I have said, a light chair made of flat iron strip, bent to shape and riveted. It had seen good service, and its present coat of green paint was evidently far from being its original one. Also it was rusty in places, and parts had been repaired and strengthened with cross-pieces secured by bolts and square nuts, some rusty and loose. It was from one of these square nuts, holding a cross-piece that stayed the back at the top, that Dorrington secured some object—it might

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have been a hair—which he carefully transferred to his pocket-book. This done, with one more glance round, he betook himself to the pavilion.

A surgeon had arrived, and he reported well of the chief patient. It was a simple fracture, and a healthy patient. When Dorrington entered, preparations were beginning for setting the limb. There was a sofa in the pavilion and the surgeon saw no reason for removing the patient till all was made secure.

"Found anything?" asked Stedman in a low tone of Dorrington.

Dorrington shook his head. "Not much," he answered at a whisper. "I'll think over it later."

Dorrington asked one of the Cyclists' Union officials for the loan of a pencil, and, having made a note with it, immediately, in another part of the room, asked Sparks, the amateur, to lend him another.

Stedman had told Mr. Mallows of Dorrington's late employment with the lantern, and the managing director now said quietly, "You remember what I said about rewarding anybody who discovered the perpetrator of this outrage, Mr. Dorrington? Well, I was excited at the time, but I quite hold to it. It is a shameful thing. You have been looking about the grounds, I hear. I hope you have come across something that will enable you to find something out. Nothing will please me more than to have to pay you, I'm sure."

"Well," Dorrington confessed, "I'm afraid I haven't seen anything very big in the way of a clue, Mr. Mallows; but I'll think a bit. The worst of it is, you never know who these betting men are, do you, once they get away? There are so many, and it may be anybody. Not only that, but they may bribe anybody."

"Yes, of course—there's no end to their wickedness, I'm afraid. Stedman suggests that trade rivalry may have had something to do with it. But that seems an uncharitable view, don't you think? Of course we stand very high, and there are jealousies and all that, but this is a thing I'm sure no firm would think of stooping to, for a moment. No, it's betting that is at the bottom of this, I fear. And I hope, Mr. Dorrington, that you will make some attempt to find the guilty parties."

Presently Stedman spoke to Dorrington again. "Here's something that may help you," he said. "To begin with, it must have been done by someone from the outside of the track."

"Why?"

"Well, at least every probability's that way. Everybody inside was directly interested in Gillett's success, excepting the Union officials and Sparks, who's a gentleman and quite above suspicion, as much so, indeed, as the Union officials. Of course, there was the ground-man, but he's all right, I'm sure."

"And the trainer?"

"Oh, that's altogether improbable—altogether. I was going to say ——"

"And there's that other man who was

"He had not assumed the clumsy disguise of a false beard."

standing about; I haven't heard who he was."

"Right you are. I don't know him, either. Where is he now?"

But the man had gone.

"Look here, I'll make some quiet inquiries about that man," Stedman pursued. "I forgot all about him in the excitement of the moment. I was going to say that although whoever did it could easily have got away by the gate before the smash came, he might not have liked to go that way in case of observation in passing the pavilion. In that case he could have got away (and

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indeed he could have got into the grounds to begin with) by way of one of those garden walls that bound the ground just by where the smash occurred. If that were so he must either live in one of the houses, or he must know somebody that does. Perhaps you might put a man to smell about along that road—it's only a short one; Chisnall Road's the name."

"Yes, yes," Dorrington responded patiently. "There might be something in that."

By this time Gillett's arm was in a starched bandage and secured by splints, and a cab was ready to take him home. Mr. Mallows took Stedman away with him, expressing a desire to talk business, and Dorrington went home by himself. He did not turn down Chisnall Road. But he walked jauntily along toward the nearest cab-stand, and once or twice he chuckled, for he saw his way to a delightfully lucrative financial operation in cycle companies, without risk of capital.

The cab gained, he called at the lodgings of two of his men assistants and gave them instant instructions. Then he packed a small bag at his rooms in Conduit Street, and at midnight was in the late fast train for Birmingham.

III.

THE prospectus of the "Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company" stated that the works were at Exeter and Birmingham. Exeter is a delightful old town, but it can scarcely be regarded as the centre of the cycle trade; neither is it in especially easy and short communication with Birmingham. It was the sort of thing that any critic anxious to pick holes in the prospectus might wonder at, and so one of Dorrington's assistants had gone by the night mail to inspect the works. It was from this man that Dorrington, in Birmingham, about noon on the day after Gillett's disaster, received this telegram—

Works here old disused cloth-mills just out of town. Closed and empty but with big new signboard and notice that works now running are at Birmingham. Agent says only deposit paid—tenancy agreement not signed.—Farrish.

The telegram increased Dorrington's satisfaction, for he had just taken a look at the Birmingham works. They were not empty, though nearly so, nor were they large; and a man there had told him that the chief premises, where most of the work was done, were at Exeter. And the hollower the business the better prize he saw in store for himself. He had already, early in the morning, indulged in a telegram on his own account, though he had not signed it. This was how it ran—

Mallows, 58 Upper Sandown Place, London, W.

Fear all not safe here. Run down by 10.10 *train without fail.*

Thus it happened that at a little later than half-past eight Dorrington's other assistant, watching the door of No. 58 Upper Sandown Place, saw a telegram delivered, and immediately afterward Mr. Paul Mallows in much haste dashed away in a cab which was called from the end of the street. The assistant followed in another. Mr. Mallows dismissed his cab at a theatrical wig-makers in Bow Street and entered. When he emerged in little more than forty minutes' time, none but a practised watcher, who had guessed the reason of the visit, would have recognised him. He had not assumed the clumsy disguise of a false beard. He was "made up" deftly. His colour was heightened, and his face seemed thinner. There was no heavy accession of false hair, but a slight crêpe-hair whisker at each side made a better and less pronounced disguise. He seemed a younger, healthier man. The watcher saw him safely off to Birmingham by the ten minutes past ten train, and then gave Dorrington note by telegraph of the guise in which Mr. Mallows was travelling.

Now this train was timed to arrive at Birmingham at one, which was the reason that Dorrington had named it in the anonymous telegram. The entrance to the "Avalanche" works was by a large gate, which was closed, but which was provided with a small door to pass a man. Within was a yard, and at a little before one o'clock Dorrington pushed open the small door, peeped and entered. Nobody was about in the yard, and what little noise could be heard came from a particular part of the building on the right. A pile of solid "export" crates stood to the left, and these Dorrington had noted at his previous call that morning as making a suitable hiding-place for temporary use. Now he slipped behind them and awaited the stroke of one. Prompt at the hour a door on the opposite side of the yard swung open, and two men and a boy emerged and climbed one after another through the little door in the big gate. Then presently

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another man, not a workman, but apparently a sort of overseer, came from the opposite door, which he carelessly let fall-to behind him, and he also disappeared through the little door, which he then locked. Dorrington was now alone in the sole active works of the "Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company, Limited."

He tried the door opposite and found it was free to open. Within he saw in a dark corner a candle which had been left burning, and opposite him a large iron enamelling oven, like an immense safe, and round about, on benches, were strewn heaps of the glaring red and gold transfer which Dorrington had observed the day before on the machines exhibited in the Holborn Viaduct window. Some of the frames had the label newly applied, and others were still plain. It would seem that the chief business of the "Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company, Limited," was the attaching of labels to previously nondescript machines. But there was little time to examine further, and indeed Dorrington presently heard the noise of a key in the outer gate. So he stood and waited by the enamelling oven to welcome Mr. Mallows.

As the door was pushed open Dorrington advanced and bowed politely. Mallows started guiltily, but, remembering his disguise, steadied himself and asked gruffly, "Well sir, and who are you?"

"I," answered Dorrington with perfect composure, "I am Mr. Paul Mallows—you may have heard of me in connection with the 'Indestructible Bicycle Company.'"

"He tapped the side of his nose with the case."

Mallows was altogether taken aback. But then it struck him that perhaps the detective, anxious to win the reward he had offered in the matter of the Gillett outrage, was here making inquiries in the assumed character of the man who stood, impenetrably disguised, before him. So after a pause he asked again, a little less gruffly, "And what may be your business?"

"Well," said Dorrington, "I did think of taking shares in this company. I suppose there would be no objection to the managing director of another company taking shares in this?"

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"No," answered Mallows, wondering what all this was to lead to.

"Of course not; I'm sure *you* don't think so, eh?" Dorrington, as he spoke, looked in the other's face with a sly leer, and Mallows began to feel altogether uncomfortable. "But there's one other thing," Dorrington pursued, taking out his pocket-book, though still maintaining his leer in Mallows's face—"one other thing. And by the way, *will* you have another piece of court plaster now I've got it out? Don't say no. It's a pleasure to oblige you, really." And Dorrington, his leer growing positively fiendish, tapped the side of his nose with the case of court plaster.

Mallows paled under the paint, gasped, and felt for support. Dorrington laughed pleasantly. "Come, come," he said, encouragingly, "don't be frightened. I admire your cleverness, Mr. Mallows, and I shall arrange everything pleasantly, as you will see. And as to the court plaster, if you'd rather not have it you needn't. You have another piece on now, I see. Why didn't you get them to paint it over at Clarkson's? They really did the face very well, though! And there again you were quite right. Such a man as yourself was likely to be recognised in such a place as Birmingham, and that would have been unfortunate for both of us—*both* of us, I assure you. . . . Man alive, don't look as though I was going to cut your throat! I'm not, I assure you. You're a smart man of business, and I happen to have spotted a little operation of yours, that's all. I shall arrange easy terms for you. . . . Pull yourself together and talk business before the men come back. Here, sit on this bench."

Mallows, staring amazedly in Dorrington's face, suffered himself to be led to a bench, and sat on it.

"Now," said Dorrington, "the first thing is a little matter of a hundred pounds. That was the reward you promised if I should discover who broke Gillett's arm last night. Well I *have*. Do you happen to have any notes with you? If not, make it a cheque."

"But — but — how — I mean who — who ——"

"Tut, tut! Don't waste time, Mr. Mallows. *Who?* Why, yourself, of course. I knew all about it before I left you last night, though it wasn't quite convenient to claim the reward then, for reasons you'll understand presently. Come, that little hundred!"

"But what—what proof have you? I'm not to be bounced like this, you know," Mr. Mallows was gathering his faculties again.

"Proof? Why, man alive, be reasonable! Suppose I have none—none at all? What difference does that make? Am I to walk out and tell your fellow directors where I have met you—here—or am I to have that hundred? More, am I to publish abroad that Mr. Paul Mallows is the moving spirit in the rotten 'Avalanche Bicycle Company'?"

"Well," Mallows answered reluctantly, "if you put it like that ——"

"But I only put it like that to make you see things reasonably. As a matter of fact your connection with this new company is enough to bring your little performance with the iron chair pretty near proof. But I got at it from the other side. See here—you're much too clumsy with your fingers, Mr. Mallows. First you go and tear the tip of your middle finger opening your brougham door, and have to get court plaster from me. Then you let that court plaster get frayed at the edge, and you still keep it on. After that you execute your very successful chair operation. When the eyes of the others are following the bicycles you take the chair in the hand with the plaster on it, catching hold of it at the place where a rough, loose, square nut protrudes, and you pitch it on to the track so clumsily and nervously that the nut carries away the frayed thread of the court plaster with it. Here it is, you see, still in my pocket-book, where I put it last night by the light of the lantern; just a sticky black silk thread, that's all. I've only brought it to show you I'm playing a fair game with you. Of course, I might easily have got a witness before I took the thread off the nut, if I had thought you were likely to fight the matter. But I knew you were not. You can't fight, you know, with this bogus company business known to me. So that I am only showing you this thread as an act of grace, to prove that I have stumped you with perfect fairness. And now the hundred. Here's a fountain pen, if you want one."

"Well," said Mallows glumly, "I suppose I must, then." He took the pen and wrote the cheque. Dorrington blotted it on the pad of his pocket-book and folded it away.

"So much for that!" he said. "That's just a little preliminary, you understand. We've done these little things just as a guarantee of good faith—not necessarily for publication, though you must remember that

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as yet there's nothing to prevent it. I've done you a turn by finding out who upset those bicycles, as you so ardently wished me to do last night, and you've loyally fulfilled your part of the contract by paying the promised reward—though I must say that you haven't paid with all the delight and pleasure you spoke of at the time. But I'll forgive you that, and now that the little *hors d'œuvre* is disposed of, we'll proceed to serious business."

Mallows looked uncomfortably glum.

"But you mustn't look so ashamed of yourself, you know," Dorrington said, purposely misinterpreting his glumness. "It's all business. You were disposed for a little side flutter, so to speak—a little speculation outside your regular business. Well, you mustn't be ashamed of that."

"No," Mallows observed, assuming something of his ordinarily ponderous manner; "no, of course not. It's a little speculative deal. Everybody does it, and there's a deal of money going."

"Precisely. And since everybody does it, and there is so much money going, you are only making your share."

"Of course." Mr. Mallows was almost pompous by now.

"*Of* course." Dorrington coughed slightly. "Well now, do you know, I am exactly the same sort of man as yourself—if you don't mind the comparison. *I* am disposed for a little side flutter, so to speak—a little speculation outside my regular business. I also am not ashamed of it. And since everybody does it, and there is so much money going—why, *I* am thinking of making *my* share. So that we are evidently a pair, and naturally intended for each other!"

Mr. Paul Mallows here looked a little doubtful.

"See here, now," Dorrington proceeded. "I have lately taken it into my head to operate a little on the cycle share market. That was why I came round myself about that little spoke affair, instead of sending an assistant. I wanted to know somebody who understood the cycle trade, from whom I might get tips. You see I'm perfectly frank with you. Well, I have succeeded uncommonly well. And I want you to understand that I have gone every step of the way by fair work. I took nothing for granted, and I played the game fairly. When you asked me (as you had anxious reason to ask) if I had found anything, I told you there was nothing very big—and see what a little thing the thread was! Before I came away from the pavilion I made sure that you were really the only man there with black court plaster on his fingers. I had noticed the hands of every man but two, and I made an excuse of borrowing something to see those. I saw your thin pretence of suspecting the betting men, and I played up to it. I have had a telegraphic report on your Exeter works this morning—a deserted cloth mills with nothing on it of yours but a sign-board, and only a

"So much for that!"

deposit of rent paid. *There* they referred to the works here. *Here* they referred to the works there. It was very clever, really! Also I have had a telegraphic report of your make-up adventure this morning. Clarkson does it marvellously, doesn't he? And, by the way, that telegram bringing you down to Birmingham was not from your confederate here, as perhaps you fancied. It was from me. Thanks for coming so promptly. I

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managed to get a quiet look round here just before you arrived, and on the whole the conclusion I come to as to the 'Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company, Limited,' is this: A clever man, whom it gives me great pleasure to know," with a bow to Mallows, "conceives the notion of offering the public the very rottenest cycle company ever planned, and all without appearing in it himself. He finds what little capital is required; his two or three confederates help to make up a board of directors, with one or two titled guinea-pigs, who know nothing of the company and care nothing, and the rest's easy. A professional racing man is employed to win races and make records, on machines which have been specially made by another firm (perhaps it was the 'Indestructible,' who knows?) to a private order, and afterwards decorated with the name and style of the bogus company on a transfer. For ordinary sale, bicycles of the 'trade' description are bought—so much a hundred from the factors, and put your own name on 'em. They come cheap, and they sell at a good price—the profit pays all expenses and perhaps a bit over; and by the time they all break down the company will be successfully floated, the money—the capital—will be divided, the moving spirit and his confederates will have disappeared, and the guinea-pigs will be left to stand the racket—if there is a racket. And the moving spirit will remain unsuspected, a man of account in the trade all the time! Admirable! All the work to be done at the 'works' is the sticking on of labels and a bit of enamelling. Excellent, all round! Isn't that about the size of your operations?"

"Well, yes," Mallows answered, a little reluctantly, but with something of modest pride in his manner, "that was the notion, since you speak so plainly."

"And it shall be the notion. All—everything—shall be as you have planned it, with one exception, which is this. The moving spirit shall divide his plunder with me."

"*You?* But—but—why, I gave you a hundred just now!"

"Dear, dear! Why will you harp so much on that vulgar little hundred? That's settled and done with. That's our little personal bargain in the matter of the lamentable accident with the chair. We are now talking of bigger business—not hundreds, but thousands, and not one of them, but a lot. Come now, a mind like yours should be wide enough to admit of a broad and large view of things. If I refrain from exposing this charming scheme of yours I shall be promoting a piece of scandalous robbery. Very well then, I want my promotion money, in the regular way. Can I shut my eyes and allow a piece of iniquity like this to go on unchecked, without getting anything by way of damages for myself? Perish the thought! When all expenses are paid, and the confederates are sent off with as little as they will take, you and I will divide fairly, Mr. Mallows, respectable brothers in rascality. Mind, I might say we'd divide to begin with, and leave you to pay expenses, but I am always fair to a partner in anything of this sort. I shall just want a little guarantee, you know—it's safest in such matters as these; say a bill at six months for ten thousand pounds—which is very low. When a satisfactory division is made you shall have the bill back. Come—I have a bill-stamp ready, being so much convinced of your reasonableness as to buy it this morning, though it cost five pounds."

"But that's nonsense—you're trying to impose. I'll give you anything reasonable—half is out of the question. What, after all the trouble and worry and risk that I've had ——"

"Which would suffice for no more than to put you in gaol if I held up my finger!"

"But, hang it, be reasonable! You're a mighty clever man, and you've got me on the hip, as I admit. Say ten per cent."

"You're wasting time, and presently the men will be back. Your choice is between making half, or making none, and going to gaol into the bargain. Choose!"

"But just consider ——"

"Choose!"

Mallows looked despairingly about him. "But really," he said, "I want the money more than you think. I ——"

"For the last time—choose!"

Mallows's despairing gaze stopped at the enamelling oven. "Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must, I suppose. But I warn you, you may regret it."

"Oh dear no, I'm not so pessimistic. Come, you wrote a cheque—now I'll write the bill. 'Six months after date, pay to me or my order the sum of ten thousand pounds for value received'—excellent value too, *I* think. There you are!"

When the bill was written and signed, Mallows scribbled his acceptance with more readiness than might have been expected. Then he rose, and said with something of brisk cheerfulness in his tone, "Well, that's done, and the least said the soonest mended.

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You've won it, and I won't grumble any more. I think I've done this thing pretty neatly, eh? Come and see the 'works.'"

Every other part of the place was empty of machinery. There were a good many finished frames and wheels, bought separately, and now in course of being fitted together for sale; and there were many more complete bicycles of cheap but showy make to which nothing needed to be done but to fix the red and gold "transfer" of the "Avalanche" company. Then Mallows opened the tall iron door of the enamelling oven.

"See this," he said, "this is the enamelling oven. Get in and look round. The frames and other different parts hang on the racks after the enamel is laid on, and all those gas jets are lighted to harden it by heat. Do you see that deeper part there by the back? —go closer."

Dorrington felt a push at his back and the door was swung to with a bang, and the latch dropped. He was in the dark, trapped in a great iron chamber. And instantly Dorrington's nostrils were filled with the smell of escaping gas. He realised his peril on the instant. Mallows had given him the bill with the idea of silencing him by murder and recovering it. He had pushed him into the oven and had turned on the gas. It was dark, but to light a match would mean death instantly, and without the match it must be death by suffocation and poison of gas in a very few minutes. To appeal to Mallow was useless—Dorrington knew too much. It would seem that at last a horribly-fitting retribution had overtaken Dorrington in death by a mode parallel to that which he and his creatures had prepared for others. Dorrington's victims had drowned in water—or at least Crofton's had, for I never ascertained definitely whether anybody had met his death by the tank after the Croftons had taken service with Dorrington —and now Dorrington himself was to drown in gas. The oven was of sheet iron, fastened by a latch in the centre. Dorrington flung himself desperately against the door, and it gave outwardly at the extreme bottom. He snatched a loose angle-iron with which his hand came in contact, dashed against the door once more, and thrust the iron through where it strained open. Then, with another tremendous plunge, he drove the door a little more outward and raised the angle-iron in the crack; then once more, and raised it again. He was near to losing his senses, when, with one more plunge, the catch of the latch, not designed for such treatment, suddenly gave way, the door flew open, and Dorrington, blue in the face, staring, stumbling and gasping, came staggering out into the fresher air, followed by a gush of gas.

Mallows had retreated to the rooms behind, and thither Dorrington followed him, gaining vigour and fury at every step. At sight of him the wretched Mallows sank in a corner, sighing and shivering with terror. Dorrington hauled the struggling wretch across the room, tearing off the crêpe whiskers as he came, while Mallows supplicated and whined, fearing that it might be the other's design to imprison *him* in the enamelling oven. But at the door of the room against that containing the oven their progress came to an end, for the escaped gas had reached the lighted candle, and with one loud report the partition wall fell in, half burying Mallows where he lay, and knocking Dorrington over.

Windows fell out of the building, and men broke through the front gate, climbed into the ruined rooms and stopped the still escaping gas. When the two men and the boy returned, with the conspirator who had been in charge of the works, they found a crowd from the hardware and cycle factories thereabout, surveying with great interest the spectacle of the extrication of Mr. Paul Mallows, managing director of the "Indestructible Bicycle Company," from the broken bricks, mortar, bicycles and transfers of the "Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company, Limited," and the preparations for carrying him to a surgeon's where his broken leg might be set. And in a couple of hours it was all over Birmingham, and spreading to other places, that the business of the "Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company" consisted of sticking brilliant labels on factors' bicycles, bought in batches. So that when, next day, Lant won the fifty miles race in London, he was greeted with ironical shouts of "Gum on yer transfer!" "Hi! mind yer label!" "Where did you steal that bicycle?" "Sold yer shares?" and so forth.

Somehow the "Avalanche Bicycle & Tyre Company, Limited," never went to allotment. It was found politic, also, that Mr. Paul Mallows should retire from the directorate of the "Indestructible Bicycle Company."

As for Dorrington, he had his hundred pounds reward. But the bill for £10,000 he never presented. Why, I do not altogether know, unless he found that Mr. Mallows's financial position, as he had hinted, was not altogether so good as was supposed.

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THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

SOME very interesting photos have been discovered in the Editor's post-bag, sent by a reader residing in Nara, Yamato, Japan, who writes: "Perhaps you would like to hear something about this place? It is near Osaka, the Manchester of Japan. Nara was once the capital of Nippon (or, as foreigners call it, Japan). It is a very beautiful spot, the chief attractions being an immense park, with between three and four hundred deer in it, and the largest and most famous statue of Buddha, said to be over a thousand years old. It is made of bronze plates soldered together, and it stands 156 feet from the floor. It is in a sort of temple. The head of the image is comparatively new. The building has been burnt down twice, and each time the head has been burnt off. Just opposite my home is a large sacred lake, where pilgrims and visitors feed the thousands of fish. It looks very tempting on a warm day, but of course no one is allowed to go on it. The climate is oppressively hot at times. Then again we have the rainy season, when everything—boots, cheese, books—turns mouldy, and one feels dull and depressed. Just now Nara is crowded with people who come to see the maple trees, which are turning their leaves all manner of tints. This will give you a small idea of the surroundings."

TEMPLE AND OLD PINE TREE AT NARA, JAPAN.

"I HAVE a delicate wife and young child," is a sentence in a correspondent's letter, presumably intended to influence us in the consideration of the story which accompanied it.

ALL the way from a town in New Zealand comes this clever addendum to the "nonsense rhymes," which began last October—

But the numbers tot up to sixteen!
Let both parties adjourn to the Green,
For the time we can't double;
So, to save further trouble,
We must send back the train it would seem.

FROM a letter lately received from a lady I cull the following anent a reply sent from this office: "I have turned it over and over, but it certainly seems really to come direct from you. I did not know editors ever wrote letters. You see we always hear of editors as men who are always kicking their office-boys downstairs, behaving grumpily to their visitors, tearing up paper and thrusting it into huge paper-baskets, ruffling up their hair, occasionally pulling out a handful, spattering themselves with ink, and sticking their pens behind their ears. Certainly the editors in your Magazine for January look tidy, but then of course they have gone to have their photographs taken!"

ONE correspondent wishes we would send her autographs (though complete letters would be preferred) of Gladstone, Patti, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury, Leighton, Jameson, Kipling, Sullivan, Conan Doyle, and the new Archbishop of Canterbury. Would this reader like us to include autographs of our royal family in the selection?

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THE GHOSTS OF NETHER TALKINGTON.

By Henry A. Hering.

Illustrated by Will Owen.

NETHER TALKINGTON is a quaint old red-built, red-tiled townlet. It is the seat of the camel-hair paint-brush industry, but at the time this story opens it had another and more singular claim to distinction. It was the only place in the kingdom that possessed a genuine ghost. There have been many reputed ghosts up and down the country, but their existence has never been satisfactorily proved. These fictions show their presence by absurdly stumping on bare boards, clanking heavy chains, breaking crockery, moving heavy furniture, and by giving utterance to weird and uncouth sounds—manifestations utterly without rhyme or reason, and which cannot in any one case be traced to a *bonâ fide* spirit.

Not so was it with the ghost of Nether Talkington. It was a genuine Elizabethan relic, the shade of an old squire who had come to a bad end after leading an awful life, and the Nether Talkingtonians were very proud of it. It resided at the Grange, at the far end of the town. For generations no mortal being had lived there It was specially set apart for the ghost, the local authority arranging that the moat was always filled with stagnant water, and that the place was kept in the desolate condition so appropriate to its tenant.

It was an ideal place for a ghost to dwell in, and the shade of the Squire evidently thought so, for it never left the spot. Summer and winter it was to be found there by all desirous of an interview, and many were those who came.

Nether Talkington owed much of its prosperity to the ghost, for never a day passed without visitors turning up for the purpose of interviewing it, and on some days they came in shoals. Matters had much improved in this respect since the Psychical Research Society had investigated the phenomenon and pronounced it genuine; for this had introduced a big American custom, and in the summer large parties came from Stratford on their way to London.

It was a harmless ghost, and of a taciturn disposition. Sometimes it would speak, but

"The evening hour it spent in perambulating the terrace."

on those occasions its language was chiefly maledictory. It was extremely methodical in its habits, and was to be seen any time

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between midnight and cock-crow, and between nine and ten p.m. In the early hours it sat in the dining-room smoking a fantastic

"The report spread that the ghost was missing!"

pipe that had been given to the Squire by his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, and the evening hour it spent in perambulating the terrace by the sun-dial on the look-out for a lady who had made an appointment some three hundred years ago which she had failed to keep.

This methodical arrangement of the ghost had existed, according to authentic accounts, from the Squire's death, at the end of the sixteenth century; and his shade had never varied its programme within living memory. Conceive, therefore, the consternation that reigned in Nether Talkington when the report spread that the ghost was missing! A large party of visitors from Tontine, Dak., had called upon it at two a.m. and the guide had been unable to give them value for their shillings. They waited till four o'clock, but to no purpose; and although their money was returned they left Nether Talkington the next morning in high dudgeon. That night a missionary and a photographer, armed with a flash-light apparatus, were in waiting by the sun-dial, but they waited in vain.

The disappearance of the ghost was a severe blow to the town, for the shilling admission had eased the burden of taxation for its inhabitants, and then there was the loss of prestige. But it was particularly hard on the landlord of the "White Swan." He had paid a heavy price for the business some two years ago on the basis of custom to be brought by the ghost, and without that he might as well put up his shutters; for the gentlemen who sold the camels' hair went to the opposition house. There was also a butcher, a baker, possibly a candlestick maker, sundry cooks, waiters and chambermaids on whom the matter would press hard, to say nothing of the boots, while the guide to the Grange found starvation staring him in the face; for he had seen perpetual tips ahead and had made no provision for the unexpected.

As the matter was one of importance to the whole community no objection was raised when, at the next Parish Council meeting, mine host of the "White Swan," Roger Wharton by name, referred to the subject. He pointed out that the ghost of the Grange had brought honour and renown to the town, and had incidentally lightened the taxes. Was it

"The guide to the Grange was admitted to the workhouse."

right that they should meekly allow it to abscond, thereby reducing Nether Talkington from its unique position to the level of its

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neighbours, and without a struggle submit to the grievous imposition of heavy rates?

The Vicar, who was in the chair, agreed as to the lamentable state of things consequent on the disappearance of the ghost, but submitted that nothing could be done. They had no legal or moral power over the shade of the Squire. It had made no agreement to reside in the Grange for perpetuity, and although it had certainly behaved unhandsomely in absconding without a moment's warning, they had no redress.

Other speakers followed. It was proposed that a sub-committee should be appointed to deal with the matter, and names were suggested; but on these councillors asking in what direction they were to pursue their inquiries, and what were their powers, no satisfactory answer could be given, so they refused to act, and the matter was left precisely where it was before.

A fortnight passed. The ghost did not return. Visitors ceased to flock to Nether Talkington, the staff of the "White Swan" was reduced, and the guide to the Grange was admitted to the workhouse.

The next meeting of the Parish Council took place, and the Squire's ghost stood again on the agenda paper. When this point was reached the Chairman said that the ghost was still missing, and he understood that Councillor Timperley wished to say something on the subject.

Councillor Sam Timperley, the principal greengrocer of the place, stood up.

"Yes, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I have something to say, and before I say it I shall have to give you a little information about myself. You all know that I am a vegetarian, but perhaps it will be news to you that I am something more. I'm a Buddhist."

If he had stated that he was an anarchist he could not have caused more consternation. A general murmur of surprise and disgust ran round the table, and his immediate neighbours edged away from him. Undeterred by this manifestation of feeling the greengrocer went on—

"Yes, I'm a Buddhist, and I'm proud of it! and if you knew what it meant you'd all be one."

"Never!" came in a firm tone from Councillor Mudford, the local chemist.

"You'd all be one," repeated Timperley, glaring at his interrupter. "Now you none of you know what a Buddhist is, and I'll leave it to you to find out for yourselves, but I'll just tell you this much. When a Buddhist has gone through a certain course of training he can disintegrate himself, that is, he can make his astral shape or spirit leave his body and travel where it likes. I can do this."

"Oh, oh!" cried the assembled councillors in derision.

"I can do this, I say," calmly continued the greengrocer, "and I am prepared, on certain terms, to do it for the benefit of Nether Talkington. The Squire's ghost is somewhere about, and though a human being cannot find it an astral shape can. Set a spirit to catch a spirit. I am prepared to disintegrate myself and let my astral shape search for the Squire; and if he's anyway like reasonable I'll engage to bring him back."

"Gentlemen," said the Vicar, rising, "I think we had better proceed to the next business. I have always had a sincere respect for Mr. Timperley, but I think he is not himself to-night. What he has just said convinces me that he is at present suffering from some extraordinary hallucination. I have no doubt it is only temporary, and we must all hope that he will soon be restored to his normal mental state. Nothing can be gained by discussing what we have just heard, and with your permission we will now pass on to the drainage question."

"Mr. Chairman," said Timperley in firm tones, "I protest against your imputations. I am as clear in my head as anyone here, and as free from hallucinations as the best of you. What I have said I repeat. I am prepared to let my astral shape travel in search of the Squire's ghost; and that I can do it I know, for yesterday it made its first journey into space, and with perfect success. Yesterday, gentlemen, Sam Timperley's spirit left his body and after wandering at will came back, and Sam Timperley's spirit will do it again if necessary."

"Perhaps you'll tell us what you saw on your trial trip," said one councillor with a sneer.

"I don't think you'd like me to do so, Mr. Sellars," said Timperley gravely. "Unseen I visited the houses of all I see present to-night, and I found a skeleton in the cupboard of each house."

"Then you took a great liberty, Timperley," said the chemist.

"I found a skeleton in the cupboard in each house," continued Timperley, looking fixedly at the speaker, "and some, Mr. Mudford, were very big ones!"

Mr. Mudford shifted uneasily in his chair but remained silent.

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"No, gentlemen," the greengrocer went on, "I'm not deceiving you, for I can do what I propose. Anyway you will be no losers, for if I don't succeed matters will be no worse. If I do, Nether Talkington will regain its lost position." Saying which Mr. Timperley resumed his seat.

"Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "you've heard Councillor Timperley's proposal. I for my part cannot for a moment believe in the possibility of what he asserts. Still if he wishes to attempt the impossible I do not see that we can object. In fact it is a matter that rests solely with Mr. Timperley, and there was no need for him to bring it before us at all."

The greengrocer rose again: "I said I was prepared to do it on certain terms. It is not an easy thing to do, and the disintegration of a personality is attended with grave risk. Cases are on record in which the body has succumbed under the strain, and the astral shape, unable to return to it, has to wander for ever without a home. My body is not a strong one. I gave it a severe wrench yesterday, and I am not prepared to run the risk again for nothing. My terms are that if I bring the ghost back I shall receive half the future receipts for admission to the Grange."

"Oh, oh! I dare say. Why not take the lot?" and kindred sarcasms burst from the councillors assembled.

"I am running a risk, Mr. Chairman," repeated Councillor Timperley, "and I expect to be paid for it. If I don't make the attempt you won't get the ghost back, that's a dead certainty. It is simply a question whether you will take fifty per cent. of future receipts or be content with nothing."

The matter was put very plainly by the little greengrocer, and on reflection the reasonableness of his offer was apparent. After some discussion it was finally agreed, with one dissentient, the implacable Mudford, that if, after a further week's waiting, the ghost did not appear, Councillor Timperley was at liberty to make his attempt to bring it back on the terms he had proposed.

The week passed, and still the Grange remained without its tenant. The next evening Councillor Sam Timperley entered it on his daring venture. Several fellow-councillors accompanied him to the door, but at his special request they did not go any farther. He appeared at a window to wave his final adieus, and then darkness and mystery settled over Nether Talkington Grange.

"Some, Mr. Mudford, were very big ones!"

Popular feeling was greatly excited that night, and many were the rumours afloat. One respectable ratepayer said that he had met the Squire's ghost in the outskirts of the town with a gun under its arm taking a short cut across the fields in the direction of the Grange, and those that heard this trembled for the fate of Sam Timperley. Others said that at a later hour they had seen the spirit of the disintegrated greengrocer diving into the moat in its search for the missing one, and that they waited in vain for its re-appearance; but these and other reports appeared trivial when confronted with the actualities of the morrow.

At nine a.m., according to arrangement, the clerk to the Parish Council entered the Grange to see how it fared with Sam Timperley's body. He heard voices as he entered, and had he not recognised the

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greengrocer's he would probably have run away. As it was he courageously proceeded to the room from which they came. He opened the door very gently and peered inside. The sight that met his eyes was enough to unnerve the strongest; for there, sitting in a chair, was the animated body of Sam Timperley engaged in lively controversy with the spirit of its owner, which was pacing the room in terrible distress.

"I tell you, Squire," said the spirit, "it's an unkind trick you have played me. I came after you to bring you back to your friends and to the old home where you have been contented and happy for so long, and where you will be cared for and well looked after for the rest of your days; and there you go and repay me by robbing me of my poor body that never did you any harm in its life."

"Gadzooks, sir!" replied the body. "I thank you for your courteous intent, but I shall not leave this body of yours now that I have obtained possession of it. It's a rare chance, good sir, a chance that does not come more than once in the lifetime of a poor ghost, to find an untenanted body awaiting an owner. Your awkward position distresses me grievously, but as you seem to think I have been happy and contented here there is no reason why you should not experience the same feelings when occupying my old position."

"But, Squire," pleaded the spirit in piteous entreaty, "it isn't right. I appeal to your sense of honour. Now, is it?"

The body waved its hands blandly.

"I think that is outside the question at issue, sir," it said. "You evidently did not attach much value to your body or you would not have been so ready to leave it. Mind you, although I now have 'a local habitation and a name,' as Will hath it, my own position is by no means an enviable one. Your body does not suit me, sir."

"He fled precipitately."

"You won't be at all comfortable in it, Squire," said Timperley eagerly. "It only just fitted me, and you're a much larger man. You'll never be thoroughly at home in it."

"Well, I must make the best of it," said the body resignedly. "No doubt this carcass of yours will stretch a bit; but it's terribly dry inside. I warrant me it's long since you had a stoup of honest Canary or good red Burgundy. Canst tell me where I may get a tankard of home brewed?"

"Oh, you mustn't drink wine!" cried the spirit in alarm. "You really mustn't. My constitution can't stand it! I've been a tectotal-vegetarian for many years."

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"And what may that be, sir?" asked the body.

"My body is not accustomed to either beer, wine, or animal flesh. Water, lemonade and milk for liquids, and porridge, vegetables and rice puddings for solids, that has been my fare, and is what you must take."

An expression of unutterable contempt passed over the body's face. "I'm afraid you have been too modest, sirrah," it said with withering sarcasm. "We must try the effect of good ale and wine, of roast beef and pork on this precious body of yours."

"Oh, but you mustn't!" cried the spirit. "If you do you'll have headaches and palpitations. Mine is not a strong body. It will go off in a fit if you drink wine."

"Egad!" cried the body in fierce anger. "Do you mean to tell me I've got into a sickly carcass like that? Is it for this I've changed my position of independence? Beshrew me if I don't so alter this body of yours that your own mother wouldn't know it! It's not a pretty one now, but it will be worse before I've done with it."

"'Never mind,' said the body, 'I'll look after Ellen.'"

Then its eyes fell upon the clerk, who had incautiously intruded his head so as to lose nothing of what was going on.

"How now!" it cried, starting to its feet. "A listener! Who are you, varlet? Answer me, or I'll run you through with my hanger!"

But the clerk did not stay to answer or be run through. He fled precipitately, bearing the terrible news to the town that the Squire had returned and taken possession of Sam Timperley's body in its owner's absence, and now refused to give it up.

This was altogether too much for the Nether Talkingtonians to believe, and an incredulous crowd soon streamed into the Grange to see for themselves what had happened. They found the spirit of Councillor Sam Timperley on its knees uttering piteous entreaties to its own body.

Mr. Mudford was the only man among them who did not turn tail and fly. Sam Timperley was evidently in trouble, and that gave him strength to resist his first impulse to follow the others. He walked boldly into the room, and Timperley's spirit had sunk so low that it eagerly welcomed him.

"Here's Councillor Mudford," it said, rising to its feet. "You know how matters stood, Mr. Mudford. Tell the Squire he must give me back my body at once. It's a terrible position for me to be standing here out in the cold with another man in my own body. It's simply monstrous!" and tears welled to the eyes of the greengrocer's shade.

"I'm very sorry for you, Timperley," said Mr. Mudford, "but you would do it. You knew you were running a risk and you must take the consequences."

"I shall claim the fifty per cent. at any rate," said Timperley sullenly, "for I brought the Squire back."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," said the body. "I walked back last night from a friend's house of my own accord. He's been asking me for the past ninety years to have some shooting with him, and I thought it would be discourteous to refuse him any longer."

"There, Timperley," said Mr. Mudford. "You've only hurt yourself and done no good to anyone."

"And who'll look after my business now?" whimpered the spirit.

"This gentleman, I suppose," chuckled Mudford. "He's got to earn his living somehow; your customers will never notice the change," he added consolingly.

"And Ellen!" cried the spirit. "I can't marry Ellen now!"

"Never mind," said the body, "I'll look after Ellen."

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Sam Timperley's spirit seemed about to faint under the overwhelming horrors of the situation, and Mr. Mudford stood gloating over its distress. At length the Squire rose and commenced to walk the body about. It moved clumsily, and its tenant cursed it loud and deep; suddenly it stopped.

"Sir," it said, addressing Mr. Mudford, "I have a craving for food. Will you favour me by directing me to a hostel possessing a good ordinary?"

"I will, with pleasure," replied Mudford. "Mr. Wharton, I am sure, will be pleased to stand you a rattling breakfast at the 'White Swan'; afterwards we'll step round to Timperley's shop and take possession, and then we'll call on Ellen."

"If you do I'll haunt you!" shrieked the poor spirit.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Mudford, snapping his fingers. "You won't frighten us; we know your weight," and linking his arm in the body's he piloted it out of the room, leaving the spirit of Councillor Sam Timperley in possession of Nether Talkington Grange.

And so the matter stands to-day. The Squire did not take up the greengrocery business—he had a soul above it—but he married Ellen, and accepted the vacant post of guide to the Grange.

It is now his pleasing duty to show to the visitors, who come in increasing crowds, the astral shape of Sam Timperley that sits there moodily brooding over its ill-luck. It is very ready to talk to anyone about its singularly unfortunate position, and the guide is always glad to join in the conversation and irritate it. The visitors are more interested than ever, and the Parish Council has doubled the charge for admission. Sometimes the spirit of Sam Timperley is absent for a few hours, and on its return it says it has just slipped across to Thibet to discuss the matter with a leading Mahatma, who has promised, when he has the time to spare, to run over and exorcise the ghost of the Squire and restore the body to its rightful owner. But the Mahatma must be a very busy individual for he has not yet found time to do it.

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LIFE IN A COAL MINE.

By John Foster Fraser.

Illustrated from special Photographs by H. L. Morel, *Nottingham.*

IN the public mind a halo of romance surrounds the head of the coal-miner. There is something that is fascinating about the life of men who daily descend into the blackness of a pit and hew the coal which cheers us by its bright brisk flame on a cold winter evening. When they go down to their work no one knows whether they will ever come back again. They are surrounded by dangers. There may be an explosion, or a sudden

AT THE MOUTH OF THE MINE.

rush of water, or the falling in of a roof. A mine is very much like a ship. In the case of disaster there is no back door by which escape can be made. The men are caught in a hole and death comes to them in shapes that make one shudder.

This is why there is always a warm corner in the public heart for the miner. He, himself, grown familiar with the daily workings of a pit, sees little of the romance. With him, indeed, it is a mere case of earning bread for his family, and although he is quite aware of the hourly risks, he shuts out the contemplation of them and thinks only of his work.

And although the miner is, speaking generally, a rough, uncivilised, and uncouth being, underneath his rude jacket there is sterling valour, which all the world knows has many a time been shown when a brother is in danger. I know a good deal about the miner and his life. I have seen him at work, toiling hour after hour in the deep recesses of a mine; I have seen him risking his life to save that of others; and I shall never forget how, during the great coal dispute in 1893, when I made a tour of the colliery districts of England, the men held stubbornly, and with pale starvation staring them in the face, to the cause in which they believed.

I know there is another picture to be drawn of the miner and his life. There are exceptions, but, as a rule, the miner is improvident. He earns good wages, and while he is content to live in miserable jerry-built cottages he squanders his money in betting and even worse pleasures. He is a great dog-fancier, and pigeon-flying is a favourite pastime. He patronises the public-house in preference to the local reading-room, and thinks he knows a good deal about horses. It is not my province to make any apology for this side of the collier's life, but I have often thought when I have heard folks abusing the collier for his improvidence, his ignorance, and his degrading pastimes, that after a man has been down in the darkness of a pit for eight or ten hours, breathing obnoxious gases and lying in uncomfortable postures working at the coal face, when all the energy, physical and mental, has been drained out of him by toil, it is no wonder

AT THE TOP OF A SHAFT.

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that at the close of the day he prefers the jovial rowdy companionship of his mates to the study of political economy, the moral of history or the differential calculi. The miner has a good deal of humanity about him, and that is a fact there is often an inclination to overlook.

And his work—what of that? I have been down coal mines 1000 feet below the surface, mines into which there is running a constant stream of water and where the seam of coal is only three or four feet thick; I have crawled for a couple of miles along this seam till my back has ached, and when I have come to an open space I could hardly straighten myself up; I have tramped slush, slush through the mire, and been choked with the fumes; I have watched the men, stripped naked to the waist, hewing at the coal while the lamps have flickered faintly upon their dust and perspiration-streaked chests, until, when I came to the surface, I have murmured a thankful prayer that my occupation was not that of a collier.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MINE.

Mines vary as much as people, and I will in this article describe a day I spent in one of the best mines in England, where the seams of coal are fairly thick, where all the modern machinery is in use, and which, indeed, may be taken as an example of a first-class colliery. But first of all let me make a few generalities so that a better idea may be obtained of the working of a mine. Every schoolboy knows that it is by geological investigation we learn whether there is coal under certain ground. The layers of rocks are always according to rule, and when a bore hole is made into the earth it is known on striking a certain rock that there is some sort of coal underneath it, or in striking another rock it is known there is no use boring further because coal is never found beneath it. Sometimes the bed or vein of coal is thick and worth winning; sometimes it is thin and not worth the trouble, and sometimes, owing to volcanic disturbances, it lies very unevenly, and then it is a question whether it will repay the working.

Coal, I may be allowed to explain for the benefit of those readers who have not studied the matter, contains carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. All this is, of course, the remains of forests buried hundreds of thousands of years ago. It not unfrequently happens that in one mine there are two seams of coal. One seam will be struck 300 feet below the surface, and another perhaps 600 feet below. It is only the geologist who can talk airily about the space of time which elapsed between the two deposits. But there is one interesting thing which scientists have pointed out, namely, that the coal-fields are all near the mouths of rivers, or on what was swampy ground in the bygone ages. This explains how they came in the course of time to be submerged. The forests must have been very dense. The thickness of a seam of coal as it is now found gives but little idea of the density, for a great authority has computed that the transformation of wood into coal is attended with a loss of about seventy-five per cent. in weight. Plants which have gone towards the making of coal vary considerably, and I remember reading somewhere of beds of coal made entirely of spores of ferns. Very often in clay immediately under a vein of coal are found roots of plants. As I have mentioned, the coal seams vary in thickness. In Great Britain the thickness is from an inch or so up to forty feet, although from three to seven feet is the usual thickness. In France and in India coal 200 feet in thickness has been discovered. I make no excuse for quoting from the report of a Royal Commission the fact that the quantity of work-

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able coal in these islands is 146,454,240,387 tons, and that the unavailable coal amounts to 48,465,141,122. How the Commissions got so exact in their figures I do not know. Anyway, one learns from them that of the coal in Great Britain more than three-quarters of it is available for consumption, or about 750 times the amount of the present annual output of 180 million tons.

The mine I recently descended was the Cinderhill colliery belonging to the Babbington Coal Company, and is situated in a lovely part of Nottinghamshire and not many miles from the centre of the lace industry. Collieries always disfigure the landscape, and so long as we must have coal there is no help for it. As I walked the green lanes I could tell where the colliery was by the shaft which stuck over the trees, and by the dun smoke which hung in the breathless air. On the colliery ground were strings of railway trucks laden with coal ready to be trained off to different parts of the country. There was the whir of the two great wheels over the pit mouth, one lowering empty cages while the other brought up cages with tubs or corves filled with coal. There were few men about, except those engaged in removing the filled tubs and putting back empty ones. The cage is made of open iron bars, with a metal plate over the top to protect anyone inside from pieces of falling coal. It is raised and lowered by means of a steel rope which runs on a massive reel in the engine-house. There is a little hut close to the pit mouth from which a man can watch the unloading. As soon as the empty corves are ready to send down he signals to the engine-house. A man in the engine-house pulls a lever and away the cage goes. The engine-man can tell by certain marks on the rope when the cages approach the bottom or top, and so he slows gently.

I was provided with a safety-lamp, and then in company with Mr. Walford Hunt, the assistant manager, I prepared to descend the pit. For a couple of minutes I stood on the platform, which was covered with cast-iron plates, and watched the unloading of the tubs. Working amongst coal is hardly a clean occupation, and the men with their sleeves rolled up and their throats bare were covered with grime. As the empty tubs came running on the platform they were pushed into the cage while the full tubs were being pulled out at the other side. We got in the cage, gripped tight the iron bar overhead, and in another moment we were swishing down into the darkness. Going down a pit produces a strange sensation. You give a gasp for breath as the cage sinks down with you to the black lower regions. The air, full of coal-dust and gas-fumes, roars past you. The sudden change from light to darkness is so startling that the lamp you carry accentuates rather than relieves the gloom. You shut your eyes, hold on like grim death, wonder at the strange upheaving feeling in the region of the stomach, and then it flashes upon you that there is certain to be an explosion or something dreadful, and you are not quite sure that you were wise in risking your precious life, and feel it might have been better to have remained on the surface.

One singular thing everybody notices on going down the mine is the absolute certainty that you are rising instead of descending. At first you are startled by the fall, and then when you begin to collect your thoughts you realise you are going up. This idea clings to you, although you know perfectly well you are going down, and you are not able to get rid of it till the cage stops; you step out into a dim-lit tunnel and learn you are at the mine bottom, 660 feet from the surface.

I found it necessary to sit down for a minute or two to accustom my eyes to the gloom. Tubs laden with coal were being drawn towards the pit bottom by an endless wire rope running round the various workings, the empty tubs being sent over the rails on the return journey of the rope. There was the thumping of the tubs as they knocked together and the shouting of the men to one another as they filled the cages and signalled by means of an electric wire to the surface; there were dull eerie echoes and strange shadows dancing on the white-washed roof, but above it all the impression which laid hold of me was one of loneliness. Although there was noise and clatter, and I was in close conversation with Mr. Hunt, I felt that the noise was unnatural, that there was a dead silence, that we were cut off from the great busy world above, and then this impression changed to thoughts of wonder at the marvellous inventions man had found out, not the least wonderful of which was the winning of dead forests, buried in ages that are forgotten, for the benefit of man to-day.

There are different methods in different parts of the country for working the coal. At the Cinderhill colliery the long-wall system is in vogue. This is the best plan for thin coal that has a roof of good hard rock. The way for instance in Lancashire

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is to make a road through the coal to the end of the working and then claim the coal backwards towards the pit bottom. Thus as the

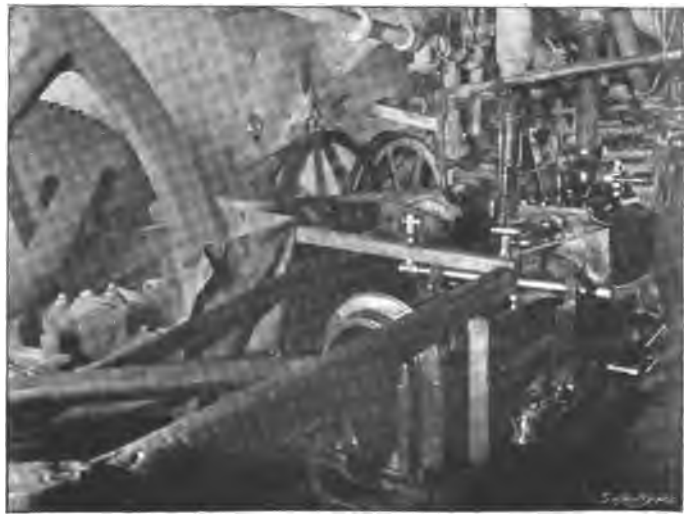
AN UNDERGROUND STABLE

coal is taken away the ground slowly subsides. But by the long-wall system all the coal is removed as the working is advanced. It is like working at the face of the wall, clearing everything before you. Following this method necessitates the maintenance of roads. The roof has to be held up by beams or brick. Still, it is generally considered to be the best way, although it cannot always be followed. Less coal is left than by the other system. Still, speaking generally, from ten to fifteen per cent. of coal is lost in the working.

As soon as my eyes were accustomed to the gloom, we got into one of the empty tubs. There were a number of them fastened together, and a lanky lad sitting on the front of the first seized the endless rope with a pair of tongs, and then we were rattled through the tunnel, lit at long distances by stray lamps. These tubs are not comfortable things to ride in. Their use is to carry coals, not humanity ; indeed there are very strict rules against any of the workmen riding in them. The constant jolting and shaking over the uneven metals soon began to make one feel sore. By the light of the safety-lamp I carried I could see the roof of rock about three inches over my head, while at the sides it was quite easy to discern the seam of coal and where it joined the rock. There were two seams of coal in this mine. The qualities varied considerably, and what is known as top hard—for steam purposes and the making of gas—which lay 660 feet from the surface at an inclination of one in sixteen was four feet six inches in thickness. The deep soft coal for household purposes was 1140 feet below the surface and was three feet thick.

The workings underground extend many miles, and after we had travelled a long distance through the tunnel I got off the tub to inspect the machinery and the stables. First I went to the stables where the ponies were kept. Once a pony is taken down a mine it is never taken up again ; ponies remain underground for as long as twenty years without ever seeing daylight. They seem to thrive well enough, except that their eyesight is injured and in time they become totally blind.

Cut out of the rock overhead was an engine-room. It was a strange thing to find an engine panting hundreds of feet underground, but here were engines working a rope a mile and a half long, used for bringing the filled tubs from various parts of distant workings. It was intolerably hot ; five minutes I found quite long enough to stay in the room. Here, long hour after hour, a



MACHINERY A THOUSAND FEET BELOW GROUND.

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couple of men sit attending to the engines and working the levers. Their lot, like that of Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one, but I was interested to find that they tried to make their surroundings bright, for one of them, with an artistic turn, had painted, and painted rather well, a number of decorations on the engines. There is nothing for them to hear but the throb of the monsters, and nothing for them to do in working hours but attend to them and watch the indicator to know when the rope has run its length. But, yes, there is something else for them to hear! There is a telephone by means of which they can not only communicate with the surface, but with Bullwellfit, which is some miles away. Government inspectors do not care for underground engines—they think they tempt accidents; but down dry mines like the Cinderhill, and where there is little gas, any danger is reduced to a minimum. A naked light can be carried without any fear. The regulations under the Mines Act are very strict, as they should be, and every precaution is insisted upon to avoid accidents. The visits of the Government inspectors are always surprise visits. They just enter a colliery, and without any warning enter the cage and go down and make a tour of inspection. Besides a manager and under-manager each colliery has day and night deputies, men whose duty it is to be constantly walking round the colliery inspecting the roof, marking with chalk places that need bolstering up, seeing that the ways are clear and all obstructions removed. Once a month a representative of the men is allowed to inspect the mine to find out that everything is safe and that the employers do all that the Act requires them for the safety of life. But the representatives of the employers have to keep a strict eye on the men that they too do all that is requisite. The men are paid according to the amount of coal they win, and of course careless men often neglect to properly fasten up shelves of coal under which they are working. By this they endanger their lives. A man can be summoned for this, but police-court proceedings are only taken in extreme cases. There is a voluntary system of fines for breach of the regulations, and all the money obtained this way goes into an accident fund.

AN UNDERGROUND SMITHY.

While walking along the tunnel I found the air at places rather oppressive, while at others there was a vigorous draught. The ventilation is a very important thing in the conduct of a mine, not only to provide air for the men and boys working, but also to remove the inflammable gases. Every mine has two shafts; this has been required by Act of Parliament ever since an accident, when, many years ago, some machinery fell into a pit and blocked it up, so that the men in the mine were starved to death. By means of a huge fan air is driven down one shaft, and by an inclined drift it is led to the other shaft where it escapes. At various places in the mine there are doors to send the current round and through some workings at a distance. So when roads are being made it is usual to have them in pairs for the air to journey up

AT THE FACE OF THE COAL.

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one and down the other. One may grasp some conception of the size of the Cinderhill colliery when I say that 100,000 cubic feet of air is escaping up the shaft every minute.

Getting further into the mine and where there were no lamps the stillness was awful. It was as quiet as a chamber of death. It was pitch dark, save for the glimmer of the lamps we carried. Not a sound disturbed the silence except our steady tread. Presently far ahead and apparently no larger than a pin-head I discerned a light. It grew larger and presently came a far-off rumbling. It was the approach of a train of tubs filled with coal. The youth in front, with his lamp swung before him, gave a shout of warning and we stepped into one of the crevices in the wall, specially made for men to shelter in, while a train rumbled along the narrow way. Past us and away into the mirk went the tubs until silence again reigned and we trudged along once more.

At many places were beams at the side of the roadway with a cross piece on the top to help in holding up the roof. At points the roof had pressed down and cracked the beam. Where the crack was large and the beam threatened to break the deputy had marked with a cross that morning on his rounds, so that when night came the men who were engaged in looking after repairs would see it and put up a new beam. Most of the repairs are done at night when the miners are out of the pit and there are no loads of coal to be brought along.

EXCAVATING COAL.

I had ample opportunity as I walked, sometimes with plenty of room to stand straight up in and sometimes having to crouch while wending my way, to inspect the seam of coal through which our path lay and to discuss the probable extent of the bed. Geologists consider it the same that is known in Yorkshire as the Barnsley bed, and is the main coal obtained in Leicestershire and Derbyshire.

At the mouth of cuttings there was frequently put up a screen and a board bearing the word "Fire." These were old workings fenced off, and as they were no longer inspected nobody was allowed along them because there was the possibility of gas having accumulated. Once or twice loads of coal came along in the rickety noisy tubs, and every time we had to seek shelter in one of the numerous man-holes at the side, and which are easily distinguished because they are whitewashed. At a bend in the road the seam heaved upwards. This had been caused by a volcanic eruption which had given a terrific wrench to the coal, so terrific indeed that it ran out on the surface a mile and a half from where we then were.

At length we got to the workings. Here there were no regular tram-lines and endless rope. All was confusion. Men were hurry-

DRILLING THE ROOF OF THE COAL.

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ing about and jumping over rough heaps of coal. It so happened that at this particular point there was a "fault" in the seam, which suddenly dropped three feet six inches, and great difficulty was met with in getting to it. The men were working in a hole. There was not room to stand up in and one had positively to crawl over the coal which had been thrown on one side. Beams had hastily been fastened to prop up the roof. Naked to the waist, men were crouching under a great shelf of coal, swinging their picks to remove the rock beneath it. There was not above eighteen inches for them to move in, and there they lay, strange figures indeed, with begrimed features, slowly and laboriously hewing their way while other men with shovels cleared the débris. I sat down, swinging my lamp between my knees, to watch this strange sight. Hundreds of feet above were beautiful meadows, and here, far under the rocks and about two miles from the pit bottom, were these men

BRINGING ALONG THE EMPTY TUBS.

IN A WORKING.

employed. It was impossible to see distinctly and the light of the lamps only made great uneven and unrecognisable shadows on the rock and the coal. Thud, thud sounded the picks, and swish, swish sounded the shovels. There were hoarse instructions and hoarse answers, sounding strange as they broke the heavy silence. Big pieces of coal were pitched into the tubs and then pushed on to a temporary line where their own weight carried them down through the workings to the level, to be afterwards drawn by one of the ropes to the pit bottom.

It was downright hard work cutting through the rocks and following the dip of the coal. Fault coal is generally unsaleable, and therefore hours are spent in getting to what is worth bringing to the surface. The upheaval thousands of years before had generated heat so that the coal at the fault was almost charred to a cinder. At another place the coal was practically worthless through great pieces of calcspar being in it. It is easy to see where the chemical-laden water had trickled through the decomposing wood, how it had hardened like a stalactite and there remained to this day.

I spent a long time seeing the men winning the coal. After a way had been cleared under the seam the props which held it up were withdrawn, and sometimes the piece would fall in huge blocks; but more often the coal remained fixed. Then it was necessary to drill a hole far in at the top of the seam, stick a charge of gunpowder down it, and then fire it. This always dislodged the coal, which fell with a

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crash, and the roar of the blast rumbled away through the tunnels. I have before mentioned that the men are paid by the amount of coal they get. The mine owners make a contract with three men to work what is known as a stall at a certain price per ton. These men go shares, but they have to employ other men, perhaps five or six, to do what may be called labouring work, and these are termed day men, receiving their six shillings or so a day each, whether much coal has been won or not. But of course, taking one day with another, it works out all right for the men who contract; they usually make very good wages.

THE PITCHING BELT.

The proportion of coal obtained to the acre varies considerably. I have read that in Cheshire and Lancashire 1130 tons of saleable coal have been obtained from an acre for each foot of thickness in the seam. It has been calculated that the average annual output per man in England is 315 tons.

It was a long and tiresome tramp back to the pit bottom. Once more we stepped into the cage, and then, as though being dragged through a gale of wind, we shot upwards. After being many hours in the gloom of a mine coming into daylight dazzled one's eyes. Then there was one's personal appearance! One might enter a cage a fairly passable individual, but on coming out of one the same could hardly be said. Not only are one's clothes covered with dirt, but one's face and hands are like those of a sweep, whilst one suffers a decided inconvenience from the knowledge that grains of coal have worked their way down between the collar and neck.

Several things were yet to be done before the coal was piled into the railway trucks. The tubs were pushed along a gradient and pitched down a great screen on to what is called a pitching belt. This is a slowly moving belt of iron sheets, which, as it works along, carries the coal with it. A number of men stand by the side and behind them are coal-wagons, into which different sorts of coal are pitched. Whilst some men pick out pieces of slate and stone, others pick out certain qualities, and throw the pieces into trucks behind. So by the time the belt has travelled a hundred yards most of the coal has been picked. But an immense quantity of coal still remains, and this is carried to a height by an elevator and then pitched down a slope in which there are different sized holes. Through these the coal falls into the wagons below,

LOADING COALS AND ORE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ELEVATOR.

and so it is all got rid of. Meanwhile, the tub from which the coal has been emptied runs to the pit mouth again.

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A LITTLE MISTAKE.

By Charles D. Leslie.

Illustrated by
Ernest Prater.

IT has always been my misfortune in life that I am shy. It is not a common fault. I can pride myself on the rarity of my own particular failing, for failing it is, and that is the only consolation I can extract from it. No one can prosper to any degree in this wicked world unless he is a skilful performer on the trumpet—his own, that is to say. For what does Mr. Gilbert observe in one of his inimitable verses—

> If you wish in the world to advance,
> Your merits you're bound to enhance;
> You must stir it and stump it,
> And blow your own trumpet,
> Or trust me you haven't a chance!

Had it not been for my unfortunate shyness I would never have been placed in the false position in which I found myself that evening—as uncomfortable and trying a position as ever man found himself in. It all began with my meeting Mr. Simpson one day in President Street. I had made his acquaintance in the boat coming over, but he had stopped at Cape Town, while I came straight on to Johannesburg. We had been friendly on board, and were pleased to meet again, and greeted each other cordially. He was however in a hurry, so making an appointment with me to dine with him the following night at his club, and taking my address, we separated.

Next morning the following letter arrived from him:—

"My dear Brown,—Just after seeing you yesterday I ran across my old friend Stanley, whom I had not met for years. He has just taken a house and settled here; is giving a dinner-party as a house-warming to-morrow night, and invited me. I said I had a friend dining with me, but he would take no denial; 'bring your friend too,' he said; 'any friend of yours will be welcome. My wife will send him a card. I insist upon your both coming.' So I accepted for both, and will call for you to-night at half-past seven. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stanley are very nice people, so I am sure you will have a pleasant evening. Hoping you do not mind this alteration in our plan.—Believe me, yours very sincerely.

Arthur Simpson."

By the same post I also received a formal invitation from Mrs. Stanley to dine at 8 p.m. On reflection I was rather pleased at going to this dinner-party. My dress clothes had not been worn since I landed, and would be all the better for an airing. Moreover I learned, by making one or two inquiries, that Mr. Stanley was a very well-known and influential man, so I congratulated myself on this *entrée* into the best society. I dressed myself that evening with extreme care; with some difficulty I procured a flower for my button-hole. The fashionable tie is always changing, but my white tie was, I knew, made up in the very latest shape. My coat-tails were the exact length, for so my tailor in Piccadilly had assured me solemnly only five weeks before. And when I finally surveyed myself in the glass I decided that Mr. Simpson could not be ashamed of his friend's appearance, whatever notabilities might be there.

At half-past seven then I was ready and waiting for Simpson, but I waited in vain, and stood impatiently in the vestibule feeling, I must confess, rather hungry. A quarter to seven was the dining hour at my hotel, and

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as the cheerful clatter of knives and forks and plates came from the dining-room I wished Simpson would come. The clock creeped on to a quarter to eight, and I was getting impatient, when a telegraph boy appeared. "Name of Brown," he vociferated. I snatched it from him and tore it open. It was from Simpson, and ran as follows: "Regret important business takes me away to-night. Go to Stanley's all the same. Make my apologies. Very sorry.—Simpson." I uttered an exclamation of disgust, feeling I was left in a somewhat awkward predicament. I hardly cared to go by myself to dine with people whom I had never seen before. Still, I had an invitation from the hostess, and what was more it was my only chance of dinner, for the dining-room of the hotel was now empty and the waiters were clearing away.

"Oh, I'll go!" I said to myself after a moment's pause, and without further hesitation I had a cab called and jumped in. It was a warm evening and I wore no overcoat. The house was about a quarter of an hour's drive off, in the Bramfontein suburb. I knew the locality to which we were going only, but the cabman said he knew the house. Presently we were there. It was one of the old-fashioned houses, one storied, square, and with a veranda running round, and stood at a corner where four roads met. A strip of garden lay between it and the road. I paid the cabman and got out, then opening the gate entered the garden. An open door was before me leading into a passage. I stepped up to it and knocked. There was no answer, but a strong smell of cooking greeted my nostrils. I took a step forward into the passage and looking to my right saw immediately the mistake I had made. The front of the house lay round the corner, facing the other road, I had entered by the back way and stood outside the closed kitchen door. I turned to retrace my steps, but at that moment the door opened and a big man in a linen coat and cap rushed out. He snatched my hat off my head and hung it on a nail in the passage, and grasping me by the arm swung me into the kitchen.

"Why the dickens didn't you come before?'

"Why the dickens didn't you come before?" he said. "Everything's ready; it's past eight, and I'm waitin' to dish up!"

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Immediately I understood. The Stanleys had evidently engaged a job cook and a job waiter for this dinner-party, and the former of these had taken me for his colleague. I was so enraged at the fellow's mistake that for the moment I was speechless; then, before I could find words to explain, a lady's voice said—

"Are you ready, Thompson?"

I looked round. A lady had entered the room by another door and stood on the threshold. From where I stood I was almost invisible to her. She was in evening dress and I guessed at once it was Mrs. Stanley.

"Just ready, ma'am," promptly replied the cook. "The waiter 'as just come; I'll serve it up at once."

"Do so please; everyone is here now."

Now though I had said nothing my face was eloquent enough if the cook had only looked at me. But engrossed in his work he had never done so. Mrs. Stanley was still standing in the doorway, and now was the moment to speak and explain. Had I only done so, all would have been well; but I simply could not. To come forward then from where I stood, surrounded by kitchen paraphernalia, and introduce myself to a lady, who had never seen me before, as her guest, and that after she had just said that no one else was expected, required more courage than I could muster. At last though, after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to speak, but when I looked towards the doorway the golden opportunity was past, Mrs. Stanley had gone, and at the same moment the idiot of a cook had shoved a big soup tureen into my hands. I had to take it or it would have dropped.

"Catch hold, you fool!" he said. "Trot that into the dining-room."

"Oh, here's the waiter, at last!" said a woman's voice, and a pretty parlour-maid, in white apron and cap, entered the room from the passage. "I thought you were never coming, Mr. Waiter. Come along this way—follow me!"

Helplessly I followed her, bearing the soup tureen along the passage into a fairly large room set for dinner. I placed the tureen on the table, but while I did so the maid had gone to the drawing-room and announced dinner, for as I turned to fly the guests came into the room, two and two, and took their seats; the girl followed and closed the door. Escape seemed impossible, and I stood there helpless and looked at the man who ought to have been my host.

He was elderly, gray and grizzled, with piercing eyes and a prominent chin; he looked at me, and with a gesture summoned me to his side, and before I knew what I was about I was handing round plates of soup. But though I did this almost mechanically my ears took in the first words Mrs. Stanley spoke as soon as all were seated.

"It's really fortunate Mr. Simpson and his friend could not turn up, else it would have been rather a squeeze for us here."

The guests numbered ten, four ladies and six gentlemen, and, as she said, the table seemed quite full. I saw that almost anything would be better than explaining who I really was. The time for that was past. Moreover I guessed now that Simpson had telegraphed his inability to come, and this had been taken as including me also. The best thing I could do would be to go on with the wretched farce until I could escape. But oh, the humiliation of it all! that I, Caractacus Brown, the lineal descendant of the great British chief of that name (the eldest son in my branch of the great family of Brown is always named Caractacus, after our famous ancestor, and to distinguish us from the rest of the Browns, people of no importance), I, with the blood of kings running in my veins, should be forced to wait at table! that I should be taken for a hired waiter by everybody. It was almost too much. But the culminating insult was to come. These thoughts had passed through me while the guests were taking their soup. A lady had asked for some bread and I had not heard her. "Here," cried Mr. Stanley, "Brown, give Mrs. Moss some bread." It was too bad that he should pretend that I—or rather the man I so unwillingly represened—was a manservant and not a hired waiter, but to give me my own name was indeed filling up my cup to the brim.

My idea was to escape through the passage from the door by which I had entered, but this I found impossible. When I left the dining-room my hands were always full of plates and I had to go into the kitchen to put them down, besides the outside door was now shut. And immediately I had put the plates or dish down that fiend of a cook was always ready for me and ramming fresh ones into my hands. He treated me as a mere machine, never once looking straight at me. How I got through that awful dinner I hardly know, but I did. The pretty parlour-maid was the only one who really noticed my embarrassment. "I say," she whispered to me, "you're new at this kind of work, ain't you?" "Yes," I feebly answered,

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which was true enough. It was owing to her that I got through the ordeal without open disgrace, for she helped me, telling me in hasty whispers what to do. The guests, engrossed in conversation, never noticed me, for it was a cheerful dinner-party, laughter and merriment pervaded it, and naturally no one watched the waiter.

I went on as though in a dream, indeed I pinched myself more than once hoping I might wake up and find it was a dream or rather a nightmare; but everything comes to an end, and the dinner drew to a close. Dessert was being eaten when the final catastrophe happened.

"You're new at this kind of work, ain't you?"

During a lull in the conversation the cook's voice was heard raised in loud conversation with someone in the kitchen, next instant the door opened and he burst into the room in a state of wild excitement followed by another man, a red-haired cad in shiny evening dress, who, instinctively I guessed, was the real Simon Pure—the man whom, unwillingly enough, I had personated. Both men were looking at me, and I saw I was about to be exposed. Utterly losing my head at this, and thinking only of escape, I ran to the open window, which was opposite the door, and precipitating myself through was next moment in the garden. "Why had I not thought of this simple way out of my difficulty before?" I said to myself as I scrambled to my feet and made for the gate. But my triumph was short lived. I could not find the gate in the dark, and two of the younger guests had jumped out of the window after me and laid violent hands on me just as I had found the exit. Feebly protesting I was dragged back into the room I had so lately quitted, and my two captors placed me before the accusing cook, at whose elbow stood the red-haired man. The assembled guests, highly interested at this unexpected interlude to the dinner, had all turned their chairs to gain a good view of what was happening.

"Now," said Mr. Stanley to the red-haired man, "just explain this."

"Why, sir, Mr. Thompson, the cook, engaged me to 'elp him for your dinner-party, but this afternoon my boss tells me he couldn't spare me to-night, so I goes to a man I knows, as serves in a bar close by, and gets 'im to take my place. Then I goes and tells Mr. Thompson and thinks no more about it. Well, not 'alf an hour ago this man comes running into my hotel, ''Arry,' says 'e, 'good heavens, but I forgot all about the job you gave me! I 'aven't been!' So arter cussin' 'im a bit I cuts on 'ere to explain."

The cook now struck in: "When this

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cove comes, naturally I takes 'im for the man as was coming." All eyes were turned to me.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Stanley, "now tell us who you are, and why you came." I said nothing, vainly hoping that some miracle would yet intervene and enable me to escape unknown.

"It seems to me," Mr. Stanley went on, addressing the company generally, "that this fellow got wind of this somehow and personated the waiter, hoping to pick up some silver spoons or unconsidered trifles."

"I think," here said one of my captors, "we had better search him and see if he has already pocketed anything, for he was in the deuce of a hurry to leave." Forthwith he did so. "Why, no, he's got nothing but a handkerchief—scented too, by Jove!—and a rather swagger card-case. Let's see what he calls himself. What's this?—Mr. Caractacus Brown."

"Caractacus Brown!" cried Mrs. Stanley. "Why, I remember that's the name of Mr. Simpson's friend who was coming here to-night; and now I think of it, Mr. Simpson in his telegram did not say his friend was not coming, but only that he himself could not come. Herbert, really he looks respectable! Surely he can't be ——"

"Yes," I said, for it was useless keeping silent any longer, "I am Caractacus Brown whom you invited to dinner to-night."

"Then what in the world have you been waiting at table for?" not unnaturally asked Mr. Stanley.

There was no help for it; all had to be explained. In a feeble voice I began: "I entered your back door by mistake, and your cook mistook me for the waiter, and pulled my hat off, and dragged me into the kitchen before I could say a word. Then Mrs. Stanley came into the room to speak to him, and I was ashamed to explain, but thought I could get quietly away. But I couldn't, and so I ——" Here I broke down; but it was unnecessary to say more for everyone was beginning to laugh. "Leave the room," said Mr. Stanley to the servants, and they did so; and I fancy the pretty parlourmaid went into hysterics in the kitchen for her shrieks could be plainly heard through the closed doors. A rather embarrassing pause followed their departure, only broken by the suppressed titters of some of the guests.

"Really, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Stanley at last, "this is a most extraordinary story. I suppose I owe you an apology; but really your conduct ——"

"I don't want any apologies," I interrupted. "I have no one to blame but myself; but as this gentleman has demonstrated that I have nothing of yours in my pockets perhaps you will permit me to depart." Then having obtained my hat I bowed myself out with as much dignity as I could muster and left. Silence is not always golden, and may my experience be a warning to those who suffer from *mauvaise honte*.

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IN SIGHT OF THE PYRAMIDS.

EGYPT OF TO-DAY.

By a Resident.

Of all countries in the world none has been more written about than Egypt, and we are inclined to think that a great deal still remains to be told. The addition to her territories of the vast extent of the Nile valley that she has recently regained will in itself ensure a large appendix to her modern history, and may add a chapter too to the romance of warfare and diplomacy.

When one looks at our wintry sky and recalls the enchanted firmament that shines over Cairo, one regrets that there the season is not in full swing until January. But when once amid the mosques and bazaars, the drives and rides, and the gaiety of that cosmopolitan city, it takes at least the seductions of a Nile trip, under the tutelage of Messrs. Cook, during the winter, and nothing short of the flies and heat during summer, to free the land of its thousands of pleasure-seeking visitors.

Still, it is not a run up to Assouan on a dahabiyeh that we are bent upon just now, nor our personal experiences at the Pyramids, nor yet an account of our rambles in the old and picturesque parts of Cairo.

One wonders often if the average winter visitor remembers that there are other towns in Egypt than this Cairo. He may perchance recall his landing at Ismailia, and have ridden round Port Said on a donkey, or run down by train to Alexandria. If he has done these he thinks he has "done" Egypt, and from my experiences one may conclude generally that the Egyptian has "done" him.

The other day I happened to be shopping in Port Said when a P. & O. steamer, homeward bound, was in the port. I inquired the price of his articles of a turbaned vendor of photos—one Ali Hassan.

"One shillin' each, sir," said the smiling Oriental. "Very good photograph — one shillin'."

Then I ventured to express my opinion in

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A CAIRENE DONKEY DRIVER.

Arabic touching these pictures, knowing they were about fivepence each.

"Very good, sir; how many you take? Two piastres each. I not know you from P. & O. passenger!"

There was at Suez a very intimate acquaintance of mine, a donkey boy. One evening he came to me, his face beaming, to recount his day's experiences.

"Sir," he said, "you see that trooper lying at the docks. To-day I take out three officers an' one lady—very fine English lady—p'raps two hours round the canal, that's all, and they give me fifteen shillin'!"

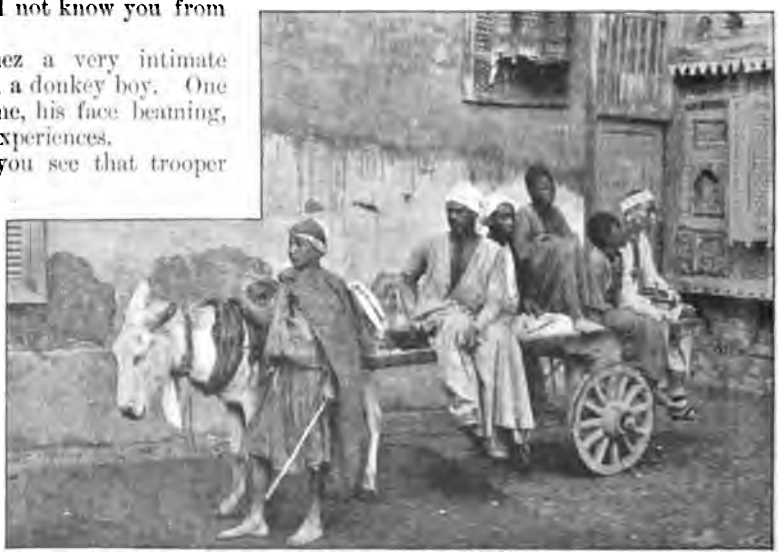
He thought of shortly buying a new galabiyeh, or long loose robe, which was the chiefest part of his clothing.

Spending a winter in Cairo, one cannot boast of having seen Egypt. It is difficult to observe, amid the gaiety and semi-Europeanism of that romantic city, the slow and silent but certain effects of our occupation on the people of the country. It is true that in Cairo and its neighbourhood there are splendid high-grade educational establishments, but most of these existed before the time of our entering the country, and some are old institutions, revived from beginnings made by Mehemet Ali and other past rulers.

But if one cares to obtain an insight into the world of whitewashed villages that stud the delta, bowered in the boundless expanse of green, one can learn something of the people, and how they live out their industrious and monotonous but happy lives. One can then compare the lot of the population of to-day with what it was till recently.

Under the barbarous abuse of the corvée, when almost all the able-bodied men were liable to be dragged off to work at clearing and digging canals, or taken away in chains to be made soldiers of, their lot was a very miserable one.

Ever since Herodotus penned his "Travellers' Tales" Egypt has been famed as the land of paradox, and so it has come about that the most tractable and easily-governed people of the world experienced the worst oppression and misrule. Under Mehemet Ali, who has been styled the "Napoleon of Egypt," it is well known that the now picturesque Mahmoudiyeh Canal was dug under the



ARABS EN ROUTE TO CAIRO.

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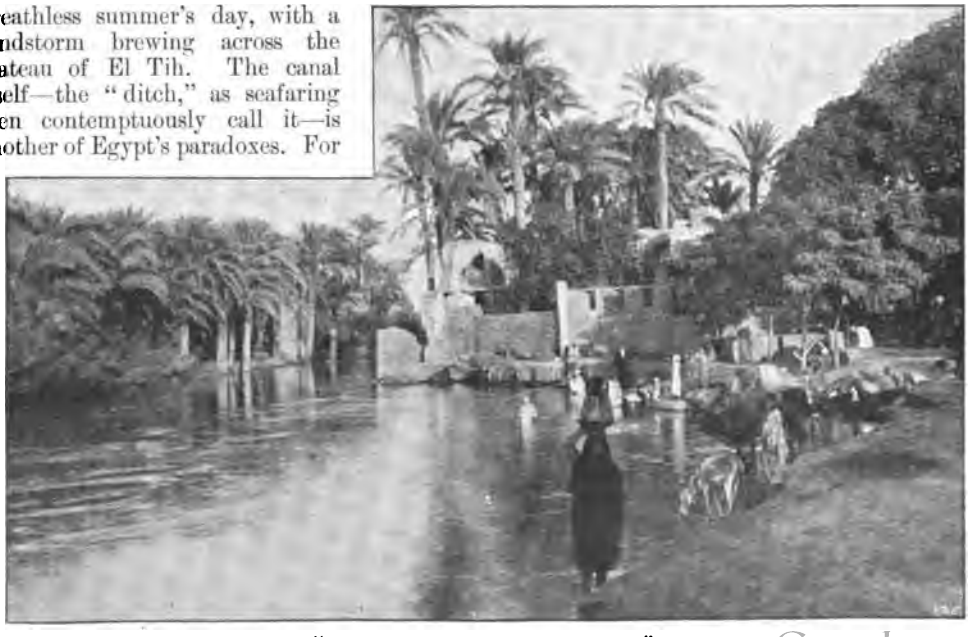
system of the corvée by thousands of his wretched subjects, often without spade or shovel. They had to work like slaves, digging with their bare hands. The Suez

AN EGYPTIAN HOUSEHOLD.

Canal too is a work performed under such inglorious, but certainly much improved, conditions by these preternaturally patient fellaheen. Those best know what that gigantic undertaking must have cost the wretched labourers who have steamed through it at five miles an hour on a breathless summer's day, with a sandstorm brewing across the plateau of El Tih. The canal itself—the "ditch," as seafaring men contemptuously call it—is another of Egypt's paradoxes. For while the country has on one of its borders the greatest engineering feat of modern times, its people derive no appreciable benefit from it, though the work has revolutionised the trade of half the world. In fact Egypt lost by it an enormous overland traffic of mails and passengers, and seems to have but little gain, if any, from its existence, except that the British occupation may be prolonged on account of it.

Of this occupation no sensible Egyptian can justly complain, though many who ought to be considered enlightened wish us further. One of the greatest benefits to the country brought about by our presence is the gradual evolution of a partially Europeanised middle class of society. On such a middle class much depends; on their honesty and industry hangs much of the future of the country. Go where you will in Egypt nowadays you find such professions as those of clerks, accountants, railway, postal and telegraph officials filled by this most useful product of our interference there. These individuals are mostly those educated like the rest in the primary schools, and chosen to be sent to the secondary establishments, whence they procure such situations as the above, purely by reason of showing the possession of brains and capability, irrespective of creed and rank. Many positions once held ordinarily by Europeans are now reserved for those natives whom we have thus taught to think and



"WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES."

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work, but not always to love us. Still, despite the well-directed efforts of the Government, the mass of the fellaheen are intensely ignorant—a puzzling, apathetic, hard-working but immovable people.

Recent events have proved that we have taught the fellah one thing, which is to be a steady and obedient soldier. Gradually we are making an impression on him as a class. We have wisely left his religion alone, but

EGYPTIAN WOMAN CARRYING A WATER PITCHER.

have infused certain elements of our spirit and influence into his laws, his finances, and his education.

It is a fact however that no race of men can be raised without a contemporaneous attempt to raise their women also. But here in Egypt is another paradox. We are doing all we can to elevate the men from their strange state of apathy and indifference to everything save their daily work. On the one hand are justice, civilisation, and progress stretching out a hand to the ignorant, light-hearted and sun-loving people; and on the other are their habits of polygamy, their old customs, and their irradicable ideas of the inferiority of women, all holding them back to the mud floors and miserable huts where they have lived so long.

The average fellah regards women as made to satisfy his lust, and then to be a beast of burden. There is no richer field for medical and female mission work than in the vast green plain of the delta among these toiling and helpless folk of Egypt. Though they toil so incessantly, and all seven days of the week, there is no one more keenly appreciative of the comic side of things, or of feasts, and fairs, and sightseeing.

Their year being lunar, the periodic festivals and fasts, which they observe religiously, come round at a slightly different season each year. Thus the month of Ramadhan, when the whole of Islam keeps a fast every day for the month, falls for a succession of years during summer. Then the poor folk endure a most trying ordeal, and it is no wonder that, at the sunset gun, a cry goes up from the children of every village in Egypt as they leave their half-hearted games and rush home to be fed.

For the average native the three great events of his life are those of circumcision, marriage, and the pilgrimage. On the occasion of the first ceremony there is generally a picturesque torchlight procession about the streets, with music, and the effect of the changing lights on the coloured dresses, and the gaily-clad children running hither and thither, is very fine. Arrived at the house, the company is greeted with the trilling *zaghareet* of the women, which is their well-known expression on joyful occasions, and a feast is usually made for visitors and friends. With regard to the marriage feast and ceremony, it is extremely rare among the upper classes for a man to see his intended wife unveiled. He never sees her face until the nuptial ceremonies are complete, the match being usually arranged by relatives or friends, and until the marriage is over the man must be content with flowery and eloquent descriptions of the charms of his beloved. A young Egyptian gentleman of my acquaintance, and a Bey, was recently married to a cousin. He had been educated at a French school, and was Europeanised to a great extent. But until she was his wife he never saw the woman unveiled. Among the lower classes no such

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delicacy prevails, but still a certain reticence is often observed in this respect. Among the people the wedding night, like that of the circumcision, is the occasion of a torchlight procession, with music and singing, and outside the house where the wedding feast is given are often performed "zikrs" or chantings of the Koran, when one may see men half frenzied with the violence of their gestures and the fearful effort of the long monotonous chants.

Perhaps the summit of an Egyptian's ambition is reached when he undertakes to go on the prescribed pilgrimage to Mecca. At the annually-recurring pilgrim season a great stir takes place at Cairo when the historic Mahmal sets out for Mecca, with its attendant escort of mounted troops, a few pieces of artillery, and a caravan of camels carrying the military stores. The Mahmal itself is a handsomely brocaded covering, with a pyramidal top, made up on a skeleton wooden frame, the whole being borne on a large and richly caparisoned camel. Though it is now usually empty, the Mahmal is a relic borne in memory of a famous queen of Egypt in the Middle Ages. Accompanying the gay cavalcade is the annually-renewed carpet for the Caaba, the Mohammedan holy of holies at Mecca. Two of these carpets are presented every year, one from Constantinople and the other from Cairo, and the old ones are torn and dispersed as sacred relics among the people.

PALM TREES AND PYRAMIDS.

Many tales are on record of the privations and sufferings of the pilgrims, but nowadays matters are much improved so far as Egypt is concerned. Still, it is a very common sight at Suez, where thousands embark, to find numbers of wretched people, awaiting the steamers for Jeddah, sleeping under the shelter of a paling fence encircled by their scanty baggage. During the season Suez presents a very busy sight, for here collect pilgrims from

STREET IN PORT SAID.

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Turkey, the western parts of Asia, all the northern coasts of Africa, and of course from Egypt itself. Each nationality is very markedly distinguished from the others by dress, appearance and speech. On board the steamers, where all are mixed indiscriminately, the scene is one of confusion and often horrid filth. A small steamer will carry as many as eight hundred pilgrims, and to get from end to end of the vessel it is almost necessary to walk over the tight-packed mass. At Suez the final act of the pilgrim season is the procession round the town of the Mahmal, with its whole cavalcade, accompanied by music, banners, and a huge concourse of the people. The effect is wonderfully bright and gay, with the changing mass of colour, the brilliant atmosphere and the happy, excited crowd. On the return of the Mahmal with the last year's carpet from the Caaba, a similar procession is formed, but the horses, camels and soldiers appear jaded and worn out after the trying experiences of sea and desert travelling.

In cholera years the mortality among the pilgrims is sometimes frightful, but under English direction the quarantine arrangements at Suez are being greatly improved and amplified. These are being made with a view to prevent the introduction of any epidemic disease whatever through Egypt or the canal. With this object a staff of inspecting doctors are stationed at Suez, who board all vessels entering the canal, pilgrim ships and others, and ensure clean bills of health before pratique is given. The place being recognised as the one great gateway between East and West, the value of this constant inspection of ships is very great and may often serve to prevent the appearance of epidemics on the Mediterranean littoral and in Europe generally.

One hears often in the Press the echo of a cry, "Egypt for the Egyptians." And if the English do not make the effects of their occupation felt at all points, and make Egypt more truly for the Egyptians, we can see many good excuses for them. One great drawback lies in the "Capitulations," which

GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO.

are a series of old enactments conferring several benefits and immunities on foreigners resident in the country. Thus we find thousands of Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, Austrians, and of course the English colony, enjoying great advantages over the native-born population. Our work is therefore made slower, and the channels of wealth, which the natives are not capable of utilising, fill the pockets of everyone save the Egyptians. So it comes to pass that in Alexandria nearly the whole wealth of the city is possessed by the Greeks. Port Said and Ismailia are French. In Cairo it is more distributed, while the inland towns in the delta region, such as Damanhour, Tantah and Zagazig, employ much foreign capital.

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FORTIFICATIONS AT ALEXANDRIA.

The casual visitor sees and hears but little of these things. The Arabs, the fellah and the fellaha woman, his wife, for whose salvation we are there, fail to attract his attention. Even the free and lordly air of a Bedouin, fresh from the boundless deserts, passes unnoticed.

Even to a resident the charms of the fine climate, the inexhaustible romance of her history and monuments, the manifold and picturesque life of Cairo and Alexandria, the seductive charm of the perfect winter days and lovely summer nights, are apt to overshadow his interest in the questions touching the people whom we are fathering back to a renewed manhood. But whether the former or the latter sides of Egyptian life appeal the more to us, having once visited the country one wishes to see it again.

There is no more solemn or weird experience than a quiet trip to the Pyramids by moonlight, when one almost expects the sphinx to open her stony mouth to utter her riddle, and the wide illimitable desert is all alive and moving in the floods of brilliant light. Nothing is more enchanting than the Nile trips to the historical student or brain-weary traveller. To the student of social evolution there is nothing more engrossing than to witness the gradual emerging of a nation, under our tuition, from the results of centuries of warfare, oppression and misery. This last study is rendered the more interesting when we see how they labour under the disadvantages of an unprogressive religion, a stiff burden of taxation, competition with foreign capital, and the feeling that however well they are governed they are not free.

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TO ONE I LOVED.

Because your eyes are lovely, must I see?
Because your words are honeyed, must I hear?—
Hear, and be deaf henceforth to all but thee?
Look, and be pierced as with a very spear?

No, let me keep my way, and keep thou thine;
My soul rebels to struggle in thy net.
Turn thou thine eyes that they behold not mine,
Call not on me: so may we both forget—

Forget that ever for few far-off hours
Our hearts have beat together, lips have met;
That we have ever dreamed amid May's flowers
A dream we both are fain now to forget.

Evan Keane.

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LAUDER CAINE THE CONFESSOR.

By Percy Andreæ.*
(*Author of "Stanhope of Chester," "The Vanished Emperor," etc.*)

Illustrated by St. Clair Simmons.

THE CASE OF THE LEAGUE OF THE AIGRETTE.

CHAPTER I.

The Disappearance of young Evan Llewellyn.

AMONG the large number of those whom trouble or difficulty in some shape or other has brought into immediate contact with Lauder Caine, I have, in the course of my long researches, never met but one who, in recounting to me his individual reminiscences, has not spoken of the Confessor in terms of the deepest gratitude and veneration.

This one exception was a Welshman of the name of Llewellyn, a man well stricken in years, reserved and thoughtful, and with a certain air of subdued melancholy that enhanced the interest with which his rumoured acquaintance with Lauder Caine invested him in my eyes.

It was a long while before I succeeded in gaining his confidence. At last, I think, his irritation at my unconcealed enthusiasm for the subject of my researches, rather than my own persistency in questioning him, overcame his reluctance, and he told me his story.

It was short, and I give it in his own words, without comment. To me it showed the Confessor in so new and unexpected a light that I was considerably puzzled how to reconcile it with everything else I knew of his life and principles. Indeed my attempts to elucidate the puzzle caused me subsequently untold thought and labour lasting many months, and I had already begun to despair altogether of success when chance, which sometimes shows strange favours, brought me the solution of the mystery in a manner that was remarkable in more senses than one. But of this hereafter.

"Your much-vaunted Confessor," the old man began, when, in pursuance of his invitation, I found myself sitting opposite him at his own fireside in the comfortable flat he occupied near Westminster, "your much-vaunted Confessor may be a paragon of cleverness, and, indeed, no one has less reason for disputing the fact than I, but as for his sense of morality, all your fine stories will not convince me that it is not totally perverted. Ay, if justice in this country were anything but the mockery it is, nothing should have hindered me from setting the machinery of the law in motion against him in order to force him to disclose that knowledge which, in the arrogance of his self-conceit, he has thought fit to withhold from me. You look astonished. Hear the facts, and then judge of them.

"Seven years ago I suffered a grievous blow. Grievous, did I say? Alas! it struck at the very roots of my life and made me the miserable broken being you now see me. I had a son, as fine and promising a young fellow as you will not come across among thousands. He was somewhat headstrong, it is true, and impatient of control; but what lad of five-and-twenty, with talent and spirit, is not? My difficulty was to get him to settle in some definite career. I had taxed myself to the utmost extent of my means in providing him with a first-class university education, but though he had done every credit to his tutors, he preferred the rough enjoyments of a roving life to the brilliant position which his knowledge and his talents would easily have secured him at home. It was in this regard alone that he gave me any cause for anxiety, for I was but moderately wealthy, and his taste for travel was costly. Not that he drew more heavily upon my resources than I was prepared to meet, but I was sharp-sighted enough to perceive that what I allowed him could not possibly suffice to cover his lavish

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expenditure, and I consequently concluded that he was rapidly encumbering himself with debts.

"Whether this suspicion of mine was correct I never learned. I merely mention it in order to prove to you that if I have steadfastly refused to believe my own son capable of criminal or dishonourable actions, I was by no means blind to his actual failings and weaknesses. But you will understand my meaning presently.

"At last, to my infinite satisfaction and relief, my boy communicated to me the glad news that he had definitely accepted an important offer of employment in London. Its nature, he said, he was bound for the present to keep secret, but I might rest assured that it was one of great honour and promise. This delightful news reached me from Vienna, where he had been passing the winter. He was then on the eve, he wrote, of his departure thence to Paris, where he had business of a very serious nature to transact. When this was accomplished he intended to proceed to London without further delay.

"That letter," Mr. Llewellyn continued in a low voice, "was the last I ever received from my poor boy, nor did I ever see him alive again. I wrote several letters to the post-office address he had given me in Paris, but they brought forth no answer. At length, when weeks had gone by, and still no tidings of him reached me, I was seized with a panic of alarm, and communicated with the police. But, alas! in spite of the most diligent search and the most strenuous efforts both of the English and the French detectives whom I engaged to track him, no trace of my son, not the faintest clue as to his whereabouts could be discovered.

"He had left Vienna immediately after posting me the letter I have mentioned, and had apparently proceeded to Paris in accordance with his plans. That was all that could be elicited. Whether he had ever reached his destination, and what had become of him there, no one could discover.

"You may imagine my despair. When every other means had failed, and the police had frankly avowed their inability to afford me further assistance in the matter, I was induced by an old friend to place my case before Lauder Caine the Confessor, and seek his advice.

"It was the first time I had ever heard of this man, and my faith in the marvels that were related of him was not great. Still, I grasped at the faint hope held out to me, and went to him.

"I need not detail what passed between us at that interview. It may be summed up in one sentence. I told him my story, and he refused to aid me. He did not do so unkindly, I admit. He even listened with wrapt attention to what I had to say, and put many questions to me, the drift of which I did not understand then, though their meaning was brought home to me afterwards in a manner which I shall never cease to resent. But he declared simply that my case was one in which he could not be of any service or assistance to me. It was essentially a matter for the police, he said, and if, with all the facts he had elicited from me before them, they had failed to elucidate the mystery, he could certainly not hope to be more successful. 'Perhaps, however,' he added, 'our conversation may have recalled to your mind certain facts concerning your missing son which you have considered too insignificant to mention to the expert detectives engaged in the case. If so, I should advise you to rectify the omission at once, for the knowledge of those facts may afford them the very clue which they have hitherto failed to detect.'

"With these words he dismissed me, and though I was disappointed at the result of the interview, I experienced a sense of relief when it was over. To feel, as I did, as if I were made of pure crystal glass, through whose clear transparency the slightest spot or flaw in my inner self were discernible to those large inquisitive eyes of his, was an ordeal I never wish to undergo again. Not that I had any reason to fear such inspection; it rendered me uncomfortable, and I thought it needless, that is all.

"With the Confessor's refusal to assist me my last hope of ever ascertaining the fate of my boy vanished, and I resigned myself gradually to the conviction that the veil overhanging it would never be lifted.

"Would heaven it had never been! or that he who after all did lift it had not withheld from me the means he alone possessed of tracking and bringing to justice the miscreant villain to whose wiles my unhappy boy had fallen a victim.

"Ay," he went on, his tone growing fiercely eloquent as he proceeded, "I say it deliberately, if ever a man deserved to be arraigned before the tribunals of his country for condoning crime and protecting the criminal Lauder Caine the Confessor is that

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man, and I defy you or anyone else to gainsay the truth of what I state."

The old man sprang up from his chair and paced the apartment in great excitement. I held it wisest to offer no remark, and waited in silence until he grew more composed and at last resumed his seat.

"It was fully six months since I had yielded up all hope of solving this fearful mystery," he then continued in a calmer tone, "and I had almost forgotten the existence of the Confessor when a communication reached me from him which came upon me like a thunderbolt. It merely told me that further search for my boy was useless; that he had died a violent death after leaving Vienna; and that the Confessor was in possession of such particulars as would enable me, if I so desired, to claim and identify the body.

"Needless to say that I rushed off in wild haste to see and question my strange informant. Judge, however, of my indignation when I found that all the information he deigned to impart to me was to the effect that my son's body would be found buried in the cellar of a small house in an obscure suburb of Paris. Under what circumstances he had met his death the Confessor bluntly declined to divulge, not only for my sake, he said, but for another's.

"I was too much prostrated at that time by the melancholy fate of my boy, and too anxious, moreover, to verify without delay the extraordinary statement concerning the whereabouts of his remains, to give more than a passing vent to my rightful sense of wrath at the treatment I was receiving at this man's hands. That he knew the murderer of my son there could be no reasonable doubt. Else whence could he have obtained the knowledge he possessed. Indeed he never attempted to deny it. But he remained obdurate against all my entreaties, and met my threats to obtain redress by means of the law with calm disdain; nay, worse than all, he insinuated, in attempted palliation of his unwarrantable conduct, that the victim had brought his death upon himself, and that no good either to me or to anyone else would come of an inquiry into facts the knowledge of which a kind providence had withheld from me.

"In short, all my arguments and threats proved unavailing to move him, and I went to Paris at last, my mind tossed between doubts as to the possibility of the Confessor's strange indications proving correct, and helpless rage at my inability, should they indeed prove so, to bring the murderer of my dead boy to justice.

"In Paris, after many difficulties, and only by dint of powerful influence brought to bear upon the authorities, I at last induced the police to institute a search in the cellar of the house, the address of which Lauder Caine had supplied me with. It had been inhabited for about six months by a small tradesman, of whose respectability there was no doubt, and who indignantly resented the idea that his cellar contained the body of a murdered man. At length all obstacles were overcome and the gruesome investigation began—alas! with only too successful a result.

"Beneath the flagstones of the cellar the corpse of a young man was found, by whose clothing and the papers buried with it—for the features were quite unrecognisable—I was able to identify my poor lost son. A dagger was found at his side, with which, as the evidence of the experts proved, the murder had been accomplished. The papers buried with him were retained by the Paris police authorities. They contained nothing of interest to me, and were, indeed, for the most part as unintelligible to me as they appeared to be to the French officials themselves. The latter, I will own, made every endeavour to trace the author of the crime, the victim of which they had so strangely unearthed. But their efforts were fruitless. All they ascertained was that the house where the body was found had been tenanted, prior to its possession by the present occupier, by an elderly man of quiet and retiring habits, who had lived there for a few months only, and had suddenly disappeared without leaving a trace behind him. He was believed to have been an Austrian, but beyond his name nothing whatever was known of him, either by the neighbours or the landlord from whom the house was rented. He had always paid his bail, or rent, in advance, had dwelt alone, without a companion or even a servant, and had kept the house bolted and barricaded as if he went in constant fear of some attack.

"What could I do under these circumstances? The only means I had of avenging the cruel fate of my boy was to force Lauder Caine to disclose what he knew of the mystery in which it was shrouded, and, after providing for the decent interment of the dear remains in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, I returned to London, resolved to exert every means in my power to compel him to divulge what he knew.

"Vain resolve. I failed. What need I dilate on all the measures I adopted to gain

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my end. None availed. That man is a demon of obstinacy. I prayed, I stormed, I threatened, I even engaged the most eminent firm of solicitors in London to commence proceedings at law against him. They promised to make short work of him. Pshaw! After one interview with the man they altered their tone, shrugged their shoulders, and assured me that I had 'no case.'

"There is your Confessor, sir," the old man concluded, rising again wrathfully, "and there, too, is our boasted English justice. The one is worthy of the other. I need say no more, for when I have said that I have said the worst I possibly can about either."

I find it difficult to describe the impression produced upon me by this story. Although I felt persuaded that the Confessor, in acting as he had done, must have been prompted by some laudable motive, I could not help sympathising with the natural feelings of a father who saw himself thus thwarted in his just desire to avenge his own blood.

But above everything else, the sense of curiosity to learn the true history of this strange discovery, and how Lauder Caine had chanced to make it, was keen within me, and when I left Mr. Llewellyn I immediately cast about me for some means of fathoming the mystery. My prospects of success were extremely remote, it is true. To apply to the Confessor himself would, I knew, be utterly useless. All I could hope for in that direction was that, if I succeeded in finding the pieces of the puzzle, Lauder Caine might not refuse me his aid in fitting them together.

Yet I persevered for months and months, leaving, I fear, many an interesting case which came in my way uninvestigated, in the pursuit of this one matter on the elucidation of which I had set my heart. At last, concluding regretfully that it was madness to pursue a quest which only the merest chance in the world could render successful, I was on the point of appealing, as a last resource, to Lauder Caine himself, when chance indeed, and chance of a most extraordinary kind, came unexpectedly to my aid, and gave me the key to the riddle.

CHAPTER II.

The Memoir of Walter Davidson, Journalist: a mistaken identity and its strange consequences.

It happened thus:

At a certain well-known London club, which is much frequented by men of my profession, I had for some years met a young journalist of the name of Davidson. He was a man of recognised ability and considerable promise, pleasant in manner, and generally liked by all who knew him. Although he did not number among my more intimate acquaintances I always welcomed his company, rather perhaps on account of the great interest he used to display in my stories of the Confessor—a subject which my enthusiasm at that time often led me to discourse upon at length to my friends and acquaintances—than by reason of his agreeable personality. He had never given me cause, however, to suspect that he himself knew more of Lauder Caine than the mere fact of his existence and fame; and indeed, had not death prematurely put a term to his promising career, it is highly improbable that I should ever have been enlightened on the subject.

Davidson died under peculiarly pathetic circumstances, which excited a good deal of public sympathy, but which I need not enter into here since they have no bearing on the matter of this particular history. Suffice it to say that among the papers left by him a sealed packet was found, with directions that it was to be forwarded to me in the event of his death. This packet contained a letter dated three years back, and about half a dozen sheets of closely-written manuscript.

The letter ran as follows:—

"Dear Fraser,—It is as likely as not that this letter and the accompanying memoir will never come into your hands, for I am in good health and see no reason to anticipate that I shall join the majority before you. In the event of my doing so, however, I desire to bring to your knowledge a certain experience of mine which will at once explain to you the deep interest I have always manifested in your accounts of Lauder Caine's life and work, and add one more to the rich store of interesting facts concerning this truly extraordinary man which you have been at such pains to accumulate.

"You are at liberty to make whatever use you please of the enclosed memoir. My reasons for not communicating it to you while I am alive are obvious.—Yours sincerely, Walter Davidson."

The curiosity with which I immediately plunged into a perusal of the memoir so strangely placed in my hands will easily be conceived. I little dreamed that it was to bring me, what I had so long sought in vain, the solution of the Llewellyn mystery. It ran thus:—

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The Memoir.

"It is now some years since I was the subject of a series of adventures which at least equal in strangeness any I have ever heard or read of. Another than myself might perhaps have issued from them unscathed in body and soul. I did not. Nor, probably, should I be here now to tell the tale had it not been for Lauder Caine the Confessor.

"In recording how I came to place myself in his hands, and in what manner he saved me from the consequences of my folly, I will proceed on the same lines that I adopted when I confided my trouble to him, and unfold my tale as I then unfolded it to his ears.

"My earliest life is of little account. It will be sufficient to say that I began it with vast hopes and burning ambition. Left by my parents at a comparatively early age, with means just sufficient to complete an education which had been liberal in every sense of the word, I awaited but the day when I should be independent of all control to start off and seek my fortune abroad. That day came at last, but although I spent my money I did not find the fortune I sought. Perhaps such fortune as came in my way did not satisfy me, or I thought myself destined for greater things. At all events in a very short time I found myself with only a couple of hundred pounds left of my patrimony, and with no prospect of that brilliant preferment of which I had so long dreamed golden dreams.

"Then I did what I thought a very characteristic thing. I had seen and lived in most of the great continental capitals, but there was one to which I always returned with renewed pleasure, and I repaired thither now, to have a final fling with the scanty means left to me.

"The consequence was obvious. A month later I found myself in London, rich in experience indeed, but possessing only a few pounds to maintain myself with until I should meet with the long-sought-for work that was to make me rich and famous. It is true my belief that I should find such work had been rudely shaken in the interval. But what matter? I was reckless at that time, reckless of the present and reckless of the future, perhaps not without good reason, perhaps—but of that hereafter.

"In a few days my last penny had gone. Then I sold my available clothes and whatever other sundry goods and chattels I possessed to obtain the wherewithal to exist, and soon I had nothing left save the garments I wore and a few odd shillings, the solitary proceeds of my once extensive wardrobe.

"My position now was desperate in the extreme. Friends I had few, and those I had, and might have applied to for help, were not in London. The prospect of my finding employment, on the other hand, seemed farther off than ever. Under the circumstances I did once more what I usually did when matters came to the worst pinch with me, I decided to make a night of it and reflect upon the future the next morning.

"With this object in view I sallied forth from my lodging late one afternoon and made my way as light-heartedly as I was able towards the Strand, where I intended to while away the earlier hours of the evening at some playhouse, prior to seeking other more doubtful haunts of pleasure when the night had advanced.

"My course lay through a rough and disreputable neighbourhood, in fact through the purlieus of the Seven Dials, and I hastened my steps to escape thence into the more savoury quarter for which I was bound. However, I was not destined to reach that quarter without an adventure—the first in the strange series that now befell me—which all but made an end of the pleasant plans I had conceived for my entertainment that night.

"On nearing the corner of a street leading to St. Martin's church I noticed a crowd of loafers gathered round a drunken man lying in the road beside the pavement. The spectacle was not an uncommon one, and had there been nothing beyond it to attract my attention I should have pursued my way without troubling myself further about the matter. But as I was just brushing past the spot, a loud guffaw which burst from the throng of roughs assembled there caused me to halt and investigate matters a little more closely.

"What I then beheld set my blood a-boiling. The drunken fellow, an old man of fairly respectable exterior, was accompanied by a young girl, whose vain efforts to raise him from the ground were being purposely hampered by the dirty ruffians who had surrounded the couple. One of these had hustled her in such a manner as to cause her to fall, and it was this feat which had provoked the outburst of mirth that had arrested me. Seeing the evident distress of the girl, whose mien bespoke something rather better than she appeared, and without reflecting upon the inevitable

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consequences of my act, I pushed my way through to her and sent her assailant sprawling.

"This of course proved the signal for a general attack upon myself, the issue of which, though I was no infant, and struck out right and left with good effect, could not be doubtful. Recognising the critical position my impetuosity had led me into, I stood at bay, resolving inwardly to sell my skin as dearly as I could. Bareheaded, for the light cap I wore had been knocked off my head at the first onset, and glowing with excitement, I parried for some time with tolerable success the blows and kicks that rained in upon me from every quarter. But no man, be he ever so skilled, can defend himself on all sides or against overwhelming numbers, and in a remarkably short time my head began to grow dizzy and I felt that I could hold out no longer.

"It was at this moment that an incident occurred, the singular nature of which I only fully realised some time afterwards. Exactly how it came about I know not to this very day. All I remember is hearing a loud exclamation of surprise from someone and the next moment seeing my assailants suddenly fall back pell-mell, routed, as it seemed to me in my somewhat dazed condition, by some sturdy new-comer who had unexpectedly sprung to my assistance. When I was able to look closer however I noted with considerable bewilderment that my unknown defender was no other than the biggest member of the gang itself, against whom, calculating that he was in all probability its ringleader, my first blow had been directed. That my calculation had not been mistaken indeed was now proved by the remarkably effective way in which he proceeded to deal with one or two refractory spirits among the band who appeared disinclined to submit tamely to his dictation. Seeing that they showed signs of recommencing hostilities he planted his big burly body squarely in front of me, and gathering them, so to speak, in his powerful embrace as they rushed forward, hurled them back into the midst of their comrades as if they had been a couple of light feather beds.

"While I was still rubbing my eyes with astonishment at what I saw my strange protector, having thus effectually quelled his followers, approached me, and handing me my cap, which he had apparently picked up from the ground, whispered these mysterious words in my ear—

"'No offence, mister; only just clapped eyes on your colours. You'll be all right now.'

"Confused as I was I was far too shrewd to evince any surprise either at what the man said or at the tone of deference in which he said it. Nor did he wait to be questioned, but turning at once to the girl, who had stood by meanwhile in dumb terror, addressed her cheerily as follows:—

"'Come along, Missy. We'll soon have the old gent on his pins again. Whoa—steady!'

"The last exclamation was addressed to the drunkard himself, whom he had lifted up out of the gutter like a bundle of rags while he spoke, and who of course promptly showed an inclination to resume his former recumbent position.

"But the girl had now clutched the old man's arm tightly in hers, and half supporting and half dragging him along, she hurried away with him to escape further attention.

"I watched the progress of the ill-assorted couple for a few moments while the knot of roughs stood around me at a distance, regarding me with looks of undisguised fear and respect. The situation puzzled me completely. But seeing that the girl was able to manage her charge, and indeed was apparently not unaccustomed to the task, I thought it time for me to move away also, and nodding condescendingly to my strange helpmate, I resumed my way as nonchalantly as I could towards the Strand.

"I had not proceeded beyond fifty yards however when I felt a hand placed on my shoulder from behind, and heard the same voice that had spoken to me before whisper in my ear—

"'You're being waited for at the Adelphi, sir; pit or gallery.'

"'Waited for?' I said as I turned and recognised my friend of a minute ago. 'What do you mean?'

"'That's more than I can say, mister,' he replied. 'My orders were only to look out for you and give the message. Good-night, sir.' And before I could detain and question him further he was gone.

"More mystified than ever I walked on. It was apparent to me now that I had been mistaken for another, and I felt curious to see whether the resemblance which I evidently bore to that other, and which had just served me in such good stead, would continue to prove so effective.

"I had not had any particular theatre in my mind when I started from my lodging,

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but had intended to study the playbills at the entrances as I sauntered along, and select whichever appeared to me most attractive. Needless to say, however, that the curiosity aroused in me by this mysterious communication had the effect of determining my choice at once, and that one of the last half-crowns I possessed went in defraying my entrance to the pit of the Adelphi theatre that night.

"The house was crammed, and as I stood penned up with some hundreds of others in the dimly-lighted space at the back of the great house, the possibility of my being detected there by the person, whoever he was, that was said to be expecting me, appeared very remote. Indeed, as the performance proceeded, and my attention became absorbed in the scenic events passing on the stage, the matter gradually slipped from my memory altogether, and only recurred to me later again when the curtain fell for the last time. Then I smiled inwardly at my own credulity. It had been a harmless credulity it is true, for after all it had cost me nothing. I had passed a fairly pleasant evening, and all I now had to think of was how to prolong it. But I was mistaken if I thought my strange experiences were to end there.

"As I was passing with the general stream of playgoers out of the house by the pit entrance I felt a sharp tug at my sleeve, and turning round saw behind me a gentleman who had apparently joined the outgoing stream from another quarter of the house, for he was in evening dress, wore a single eyeglass, and looked the elegant society dandy from top to toe.

"Answering my glance of surprised inquiry —for I knew it must have been he who had touched me—he merely gave me a quick nod of intelligence, and the next moment, drawing his arm through mine, elbowed his way at my side through the crowd collected round the pit door into the open air. I was too surprised to offer any remonstrance, and followed his lead without question. We passed along swiftly and in silence. But after a few moments he slackened his pace and turning up a side-street halted in the doorway of one of the first houses.

"'My time is brief,' he said hurriedly. 'There was such an infernal crush that I could not get to you before. Here are your papers. Your account has been opened at the London and Westminster Bank with £200 to start with. You will find the necessary document for your identification in the packet. That and your signature is all the bank will require.'

"I felt a hand placed on my shoulder."

"Almost mechanically I received the packet which he pressed into my hand. The whole thing took my breath away.

"'But tell me,' I began, grasping his arm,

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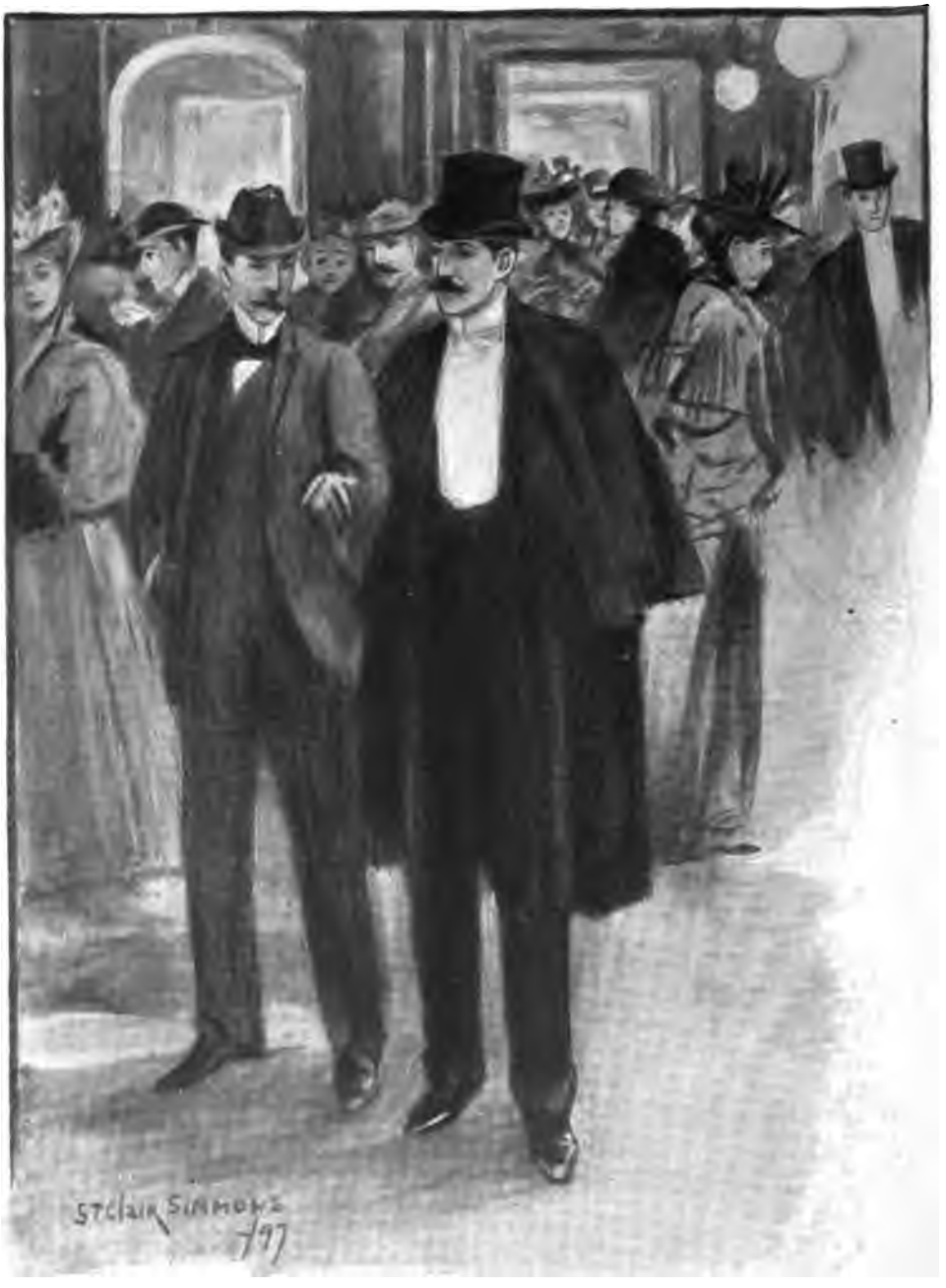

"Drawing his arm through mine, he elbowed his way at my side through the crowd."

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for I saw that he was about to move off, 'what is the meaning ——'

"But he stopped me at once.

"'I can answer no questions,' he said, somewhat irritably. 'It's against the statutes, as you know as well as I do. For any further instructions you must apply through the usual channel to headquarters. But no time is to be lost. You've kept us waiting long enough, in all conscience. Good-night.'

"With these words he left me, and passing quickly in the direction whence we had come was soon out of my sight round the corner of the street close by.

"I stood for fully a minute gazing after him open-mouthed. Then I rubbed my eyes and looked at the packet in my hand. What did it contain? There was one sentence I had just heard which kept ringing like some pleasant music in my ears. 'Your account has been opened at the London and Westminster Bank with £200 to start with.' The very notion of such a thing as a banker's balance caused my heart to palpitate with excitement.

"Stepping under a street lamp near by I tore open the packet and examined its contents. The first thing my eyes fell upon was a sealed letter with the following address written in a foreign hand: 'The Right Honourable Lord Epsom, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, The Foreign Office, London.' In the left hand corner were written these words, 'To introduce Mr. Henry Milton.' Three further letters, all addressed to well-known members of the English aristocracy, were tied in a separate bundle, to which a slip of paper was attached bearing the words in type, 'For use if required.' These letters were open and contained, as I soon ascertained, merely a few formal sentences commending the bearer, Mr. Henry Milton, to the social favour of the addressees. Each bore a different signature, one of which I recognised as that of a foreign nobleman whose name is as well known in this country as it is in his own.

"Full of wonder I replaced these letters in the bundle and examined the remaining document, which proved to be the paper referred to as necessary for the purposes of identification at the bank. From its contents I learned that an account had indeed been opened in the name of Henry Milton, who was requested in the letter of advice to provide the bank with the usual copy of his signature.

"Until this moment it had never occurred to me to regard my adventure otherwise than as a curious experience in which I could only play a passive part. Now a temptation beset me which, albeit I must record it with shame, was to a man in my desperate circumstances

"Stepping under a street lamp I tore open the packet."

perhaps not altogether unnatural. I was penniless, be it remembered, and though the destitution which stared me in the face was of my own causing, still it was there, stern and real, and it had to be met. Here, then, I suddenly saw a chance of meeting it, perhaps even of ultimately realising the

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dream of prosperity I had so long vainly indulged in.

"I will make no attempt to describe the inner struggles through which I passed during the next few hours. As likely as not no one would believe me. Suffice it to say that I walked about the streets the greater part of that night in a state of excitement bordering on actual madness, and when the day broke I had made up my mind to cast my honour to the four winds and risk everything on the possibility of the fortune I saw before me. Not that I put it to myself in that way then. Dear no. It was the mystery surrounding the whole thing that attracted me, and I persuaded myself that my intentions in acting as I did were of the very purest.

"The following morning at half-past ten o'clock I presented myself at the Foreign Office, and handing in the mysterious letter demanded to see Lord Epsom. I was not kept long in suspense. After being shown into a kind of waiting-room I was presently conducted through a long corridor into a spacious apartment, richly carpeted and furnished, in which sat an aristocratic-looking gentleman at a large mahogany writing-table. He rose as I entered, and shaking hands with me as if we were old acquaintances, requested me to be seated.

"To give an intelligible account of the conversation that ensued would be impossible for I was in such a state of nervous trepidation that I only heard half of what was said, and as to what I answered I have retained but the very faintest recollection. This, however, I gathered, that the gentleman was not Lord Epsom, but his nephew and one of his private secretaries; that the particular branch of work he was engaged in was that connected with the diplomatic service; that his duties necessitated the aid of an assistant thoroughly versed in foreign languages; that it was desirable that such assistant should not be chosen from the permanent staff, nor, for reasons which were left unexplained, from among the usual candidates for such posts; and, in short, that upon the influential recommendation of a certain personage with whom I was supposed, and of course duly pretended, to be acquainted, I had been selected for the position.

"To all this I listened with as composed an air as I could simulate. My informant was a frank, pleasant young fellow, who scarcely made a secret of the fact that his post was one which he was entirely incompetent to fill, and which he owed to his family connections alone. It would be my duty, he intimated, to convert it into a sinecure for him, for which service I might reckon upon such rapid promotion in my career as only the favour of those in power can bestow.

"'There's just one thing which it's as well I should impress upon you, Mr. Milton,' he said when our interview drew to a close. 'Our notions here are rather more strict than you may have been accustomed to among those foreign Johnnies, and you'll have to keep a careful tongue. The chief is easy enough to get on with on the whole. But there's one fault he never overlooks—indiscretion. I merely mention this for your guidance. Otherwise, I think, there is nothing further to discuss. I will have your formal appointment ready to-morrow morning, and we can start work at once.'

"Therewith he shook hands with me again and I retired. When I found myself once more in the open air I knew not whether to laugh or cry. The folly of what I had done now burst upon my consciousness all at once, and had I been able I think I should have still withdrawn at the eleventh hour and never again gone near the place I had just left. But my only other alternative was starvation, and my choice was forced upon me.

CHAPTER III.

Walter Davidson's Memoir continued—A fool in a fix, and an interview with Lauder Caine the Confessor.

"How I got through the following days I don't remember. All I know is that I lived in constant expectation of the appearance of the real Henry Milton and the detection of my impudent fraud. But dangers that are always before one gradually cease to affect one's mind, and finding that my knowledge and acquirements were more than sufficient to enable me to fill with credit the post that had so strangely fallen to me, I soon forgot my worst fears, and in time even imagined that I enjoyed by right what I had obtained by means of the grossest possible imposition.

"In some measure, no doubt, it was owing to the Hon. John Courtney himself, as whose secretary I now acted, if my mind grew thus easy. It was of course impossible for me to conceal from him that I had no friends in London. At first he seemed a trifle surprised on learning the fact, but I soon perceived that he was not altogether displeased to find that I was a stranger to the circles in which he moved. Indeed I had a shrewd suspicion that, were the worst to come to the worst, I should find my honourable friend not a little

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anxious to avoid a scandal which, if it ruined me, would at the same time certainly present him in a somewhat doubtful light to his friends and acquaintances. This conviction grew the stronger in me the more firmly I took my footing in my new position, for I felt that, reprehensible as my conduct might be, the Hon. John Courtney was in a manner as complete a fraud as myself.

"As day after day passed and my fear of exposure diminished, my spirit grew bolder, and I soon even had the hardihood to deliver in person the three open letters of introduction which formed part of the contents of the mysterious packet. The result was that I shortly afterwards found myself launched in the whirl of London society as a young man of recognised position and with a future of considerable promise before him.

"It is remarkable how, under such circumstances of necessity as those I now lived in, one learns to acquire information while appearing to impart it. Thus I gathered incidentally from various sources that I was the last of the West Derbyshire Miltons, a once influential county family, whose estates had been forfeited, owing partly to the reckless improvidence of a line of spendthrift ancestors, partly to vicissitudes of fortune which are not likely to interest the reader of my memoir any more than they did myself.

"The knowledge that I was safe from the embarrassing attentions of loving relatives tended to lull to rest such apprehensions as I was still occasionally assailed with, and the further fact that I felt not only fully competent to fill the post I occupied, but really exerted all my faculties to deserve the confidence reposed in me, acted in a way as an opiate to my conscience, rendering me gradually all but oblivious of the means by which I had obtained my advancement.

"I lived in this way for fully four months, when certain events befell which startled me at last out of my sense of happy tranquillity, and opened my eyes with terrible suddenness to the yawning abyss to the brink of which my reckless folly had led me.

"The first of these events came in the shape of a mysterious communication addressed to me at the London and Westminster Bank. It was type-written, and ran as follows: 'Cipher despatch, marked 42 B, leaves St. Petersburg by Queen's messenger to-morrow, and will reach Foreign Office within three days. To be carefully copied, and copy delivered in a sealed envelope to the person who will accost you at the Countess Jagdberg's reception with the words, "What news from Siberia?" You will reply, "Cold and dreary," and the rest will follow.' Below these words was some strange hieroglyphic sign which conveyed no meaning to me.

"My consternation on reading this communication was complete. Blind, perhaps wilfully blind as I had been up to this moment, the inference to be drawn from this communication was unmistakable. I was then a mere creature in the hands of others, a tool employed in the contemplated perpetration of heaven knows what villainy; nothing could be clearer. Who those others were, and by what strange mistake they had come to commit their business to my hands, I knew not, nor did I stop to reflect. The question which forced itself upon me above all others was, how should I act in this fatal dilemma? My position had been acquired by a fraud, and by a fraud to which I had been a willing party. To do, then, what under any other circumstances I should have done, that is to say, place this mysterious missive in the hands of the Foreign Secretary, would have been not only to expose my own trickery but to lay myself open to the vengeance of those whom I had befooled. On the other hand, to obey the instructions so mysteriously conveyed to me, though I could have done so easily, and with little fear of detection, for the cipher despatch in question would in due course pass through my hands, this, reckless as I was, I felt incapable of doing. Those who are cynically inclined may smile incredulously at this. But so be it. I merely mention the fact; I don't claim any credit for it.

"I spent the next few days in cudgelling my brains to devise some means of escape from the consequences of my mad folly. But all to no purpose. Not the faintest shadow of a plan suggested itself to my harassed mind. In fact I found myself between the devil and the deep sea in the fullest sense of the term, and at last, seeing no other alternative but to shut my eyes and await the result, I gave up cogitating and resigned myself to endure whatever fate might have in store for me.

"In accordance with this policy of passivity I did not present myself at the Countess Jagdberg's reception, nor indeed did I frequent any kind of society from that day forward. I lived like a hermit, avoiding public places of every description, and acting generally after the fashion of the ostrich, which buries its head in the sand of the desert and thus thinks itself safe from its

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"'Do not stir, Henry Milton,' he said in a low toneless voice."

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pursuers. Notwithstanding, my fears all this time were intense. It was the mystery surrounding me which made my position so intolerable. I expected daily some fresh communication, probably conveying threats or demanding explanations, but none came.

"At last, about the fifteenth day after receipt of the document that had thrown me into such a state of consternation, another event occurred of so startling a character that it might well have unnerved a stronger man than I was.

"Incredible as it may sound I woke up in the dead of night to find my bedroom lighted up by a profusion of candles, and three men wearing masks seated in a semicircle round my bed.

"At first I thought I was dreaming, and sitting up in bed stared vacantly at the silent figures. But there was no doubt about their reality, though how they had found entrance to my room without waking the people of the house or even myself was incomprehensible to me.

"As I started to leap out of bed the middle figure rose and motioned me imperiously to retain my position.

"'Do not stir, Henry Milton,' he said in a low toneless voice, which, in spite of the speaker's evident attempt to disguise it, struck me as strangely familiar; 'and utter no sound until you have heard us.'

"'My name is not Henry Milton,' I said, disregarding his injunction and speaking with a kind of desperation. 'If you have come for the cipher despatch you have come in vain. I have committed follies enough, and will commit no more.'

"'We have no concern with any despatch,' the voice replied, 'nor do we know to what follies you allude. Our mission is to warn you that you have been denounced as a renegade to your oath, and to summon you to appear in three days and answer the accusation before the council of twenty.'

"'And if I refuse to appear?' I asked doggedly.

"'You will do so at your peril. You know the statutes to which you have sworn obedience. Beware! the vengeance of the league is swift and sure.'

"'I have sworn to no statutes,' I exclaimed passionately, forgetting all prudence in my excitement; 'and I know nothing of your league. It has all been a mistake—at least,' I stammered, suddenly reflecting that my admission might involve me in greater trouble than ever—'I mean that I may be able to explain ——'

"'The opportunity will be given you. The league condemns no man unheard, excepting the spy.'

"My heart jumped into my mouth. To be judged as a spy seemed indeed the thing most likely to befall me.

"'I will obey the summons then,' I said, hardly knowing what I spoke. 'But how shall I know the hour and the place of the meeting?'

"'The council assembles at ten o'clock on Monday night,' was the reply. 'The password is, "Let traitors beware!" For the rest you must seek instruction here. Our knowledge goes no farther.'

"And the speaker placed what seemed to be a somewhat bulky packet on the table beside my bed.

"'Our mission is accomplished,' he then said rising. 'You are warned.'

"He beckoned to his two coadjutors, who had sat perfectly mute throughout this strange interview, and who now retired as silently as they had come. At the door the spokesman halted and let the two others pass out first. When they were outside he hesitated a moment on the threshold, then recrossed the room swiftly, as if moved by a sudden impulse, and bending over me whispered these words in my ear—

"'Foolish young man, be warned in time. If you have failed in your duty through a momentary weakness appear and confess it frankly. There are those among your judges who are disposed to leniency in cases like yours. But renounce all hope of avoiding the consequences of your oath. Once the fatal sentence is passed no escape is possible. You are lost. Farewell.'

"Before I could detain him he had vanished. I heard the soft tread of feet as my mysterious visitors passed along the passage, heard the street door open and close, then all was silent again.

"With one bound I now sprang out of bed at last and paced my chamber in a state of agitation that baffles description. The voice that had spoken to me still rang familiarly in my ears. I could have sworn that I had heard it before, but I tried in vain to recall when or where. I had made many friends during these last four months, and I felt sure that this man must have been among the number. This fact, proving to me as it did that I had been living unawares under constant surveillance, filled me with an overwhelming sense of the helplessness of my position.

"What was I to do? Although I had

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never yet had actual experience of a secret society I had read and heard enough on the subject to be aware that my situation was precarious in the extreme. If I failed to appear before this self-appointed tribunal it was pretty clear that I should be adjudged a traitor *in contumaciam*, as it were, and pay—what penalty? I shuddered to think of it. Yet if I did appear, what should I say, how should I act? Confess my imposture? The probability would be that I should never leave the place alive if I did. Pretend to have succumbed to a passing fit of faint-heartedness, as my evidently well-meaning friend had suggested, and promise to make amends in the future? That would merely be postponing the evil day, for in time the discovery of my deception was inevitable.

"In my agitation I had forgotten to examine the packet my visitors had left behind them. I now cut the string with which it was fastened and opened it with trembling fingers. It contained a mask, of the same size and shape as those I had seen worn that night, only it was not black, as they had been, but curiously striped in brown and green. Pinned to the lower margin was a card on which were printed the words, '52 Verrinder Street, City Road,' and below them was the hieroglyphic sign I had seen on the communication I had received a fortnight before.

"Amid all this mystery it was almost a relief to me to see something so prosaically tangible as an ordinary London address. But the feeling did not last long. My dilemma remained unaltered, and it grew more terrible the more I revolved it in my mind.

"When the morning dawned I dressed and went out. I thought the air and the daylight would calm my bewildered senses and restore me to a more tranquil frame of mind. But I could not shake off the nightmare that oppressed me. Work under the circumstances was impossible to me, and as soon as nine o'clock arrived, the time when my secretarial duties necessitated my attendance at the Foreign Office, I sent a note to the Hon. John Courtney pleading illness as an excuse for my non-appearance. The excuse, indeed, was true to the letter, for by the time the evening came again I was in a state of actual bodily fever.

"It would be to little purpose for me to describe at length all the mad schemes for ensuring my safety which suggested themselves to me in the course of that day and the following Sunday. At last, urged rather by the burning desire to confide my trouble to some living soul than by any hope of receiving material help or comfort, I resolved to seek the counsel of Lauder Caine.

"It was by the merest chance in the world that my choice fell upon this man. Of his position and personality I knew nothing. It was his name alone, mentioned under circumstances of a startling nature in a State despatch which had passed through my hands a couple of weeks before, that had attracted my attention to him. These circumstances were so extraordinary that I had been led to remark upon them to the Hon. John Courtney, and ask for some information regarding the strange personage to whom they related.

"His answer, though somewhat laconic, like most of his utterances, had impressed me strangely.

"'Lauder Caine,' he said, 'is a man whose wits begin where other people's wits end, and he devotes them mostly, I believe, to cheating the devil of his due.'

"Whether this man, of whom rumour spoke as one to whose judgment statesmen deferred, would listen to the comparatively petty troubles of a humble individual like myself appeared to me extremely doubtful. But I had nothing to lose by venturing to approach him, and at an early hour in the morning of that fearful Monday on which my fate was to be decided, I presented myself at his house, resolved, if he would let me, to make a full confession to him of my guilt and folly.

"I shall never forget the sensations I underwent during the first few minutes of that to me so memorable interview. Perhaps I am—or was then—more of a moral coward than the average run of my kind. I don't know. What I do know is that I had hardly entered that man's presence when my courage broke down entirely, and stammering out some incoherent excuses for trespassing upon his time, I would have beaten a retreat without communicating to him a syllable of the real matter which had brought me there. But retreat was impossible. He listened to all I said with a grave, yet gentle smile, without once removing his eyes from mine, and let me speak on until I found myself too utterly entangled in my own net of inventions to proceed any farther. Then only did he speak.

"'What you have told me,' he said, 'is not true, nor is it well invented. Now collect your thoughts and tell me your real

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story. You are in trouble, and fear to face it. Remember, no man is beyond help who honestly seeks it.'

"He motioned me kindly to a seat at his side, and half mechanically, half impelled by an influence which I could not resist, I told him my story, slowly and carefully, as I have written it down here. He followed the recital of all these strange incidents without evincing the faintest surprise either by word or gesture, nor did he interrupt me with a single question until I had concluded.

"When I paused at last and scanned his face eagerly in the expectation of seeing some indication there of the impression my narrative had produced upon him, he remained silent so long that my heart sank within me, and I exclaimed in a tone of despair—

"'Alas! you have no counsel for me. You see no possibility of escape?'

"My words seemed to awake him from his reverie, and he flashed a look upon me so peculiarly penetrating that I winced beneath it.

"'Escape from what?' he asked abruptly.

"'From the result of my madness,' I stammered. 'From the vengeance of this terrible league, whose very name is unknown to me.'

"Again his eyes flashed upon me with that same piercing look as before.

"'To those who are aware of its existence,' he said, 'it is known as "The League of the Aigrette." You look startled, and well you may. Were what you have told me your whole story I might hope to save you from the consequences of your guilty folly; but you have left me to guess what is of more serious importance than all that which you have related to me.'

"'I do not understand,' I faltered. 'If I have left anything unsaid ——'

"'You have begun your story in the middle instead of at the commencement, that is all,' he said; 'perhaps unintentionally; I know not. Yet you cannot have supposed that such adventures as you have related could be the result of a mere chance misunderstanding. Known or unknown to yourself, you possessed and wore the secret sign of the league on the day when these strange things befell you. That sign,' he continued, reading every emotion that displayed itself in my face as he spoke, 'is a tiny aigrette of quaint and curious workmanship, which I need not describe to you. To account for the manner in which it came into your possession is your gravest difficulty, Walter Davidson. Whether this difficulty is insuperable or not you alone can say.'

"I felt the blood rush tinglingly to my cheeks. I had more than once, indeed, vaguely suspected the true origin of all this terrible mystery. The lapel of the cap I had worn on that fateful night four months ago, when all my trouble began, was fastened with just such an aigrette as the Confessor described. It was not my property, but it had come into my possession under circumstances which I dared not disclose even to this man upon whose assistance, as I instinctively felt, my future safety depended.

"The sudden knowledge that a new terror had been added to those which already invested me instilled a kind of desperate courage into me, and I spoke now with a calmness which astonished even myself.

"'Unfortunately,' I said, 'the difficulty you speak of is indeed insuperable. I do possess such an aigrette as you have mentioned, but, whether you believe me or not, until this moment I was unaware of its true significance. If you make your aid conditional on my disclosing the history attaching to my possession of it ——'

"'You mistake me,' he said simply. 'Had I any doubts regarding the nature of the history you allude to, all difficulty, so far as I am concerned, would be removed, for I should leave you to meet the fate your own guilt had richly deserved.'

"'I swear to you,' I cried, stirred by something in his tone, I knew not what, 'that whatever punishment I may have merited for the crime I have confessed to you, my conscience reproaches me with nothing beyond that crime. If you knew all ——'

"'Stay,' he interrupted me again. 'I invite no confidence that is not freely given. I know all I need know to enable me to help you—so far. Whether my help will ultimately avail you the future will show. But such as it is you shall have it.'

"'Thank heaven!' I ejaculated in a tone of relief. It seemed to me as if his promise of help alone had already placed me beyond danger.

"'Listen!' he went on unmoved, 'and learn above all the full extent of the peril into which you have blindly ventured. This league, whose vengeance you have to fear, is of no ordinary kind. Its ramifications extend over the whole of the civilised globe, yet no one knows how it came into existence, nor whose is the master spirit that guides and controls it. Indeed so perfect is the

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organisation that characterises it that no human ingenuity has hitherto succeeded in unravelling it or discovering the hidden connection between its multifarious branches. Its members, though they number by thousands, are as such unknown to each other, nor is there one whose knowledge of its secret constitution extends beyond that of the particular branch to which he belongs. Nevertheless each branch defers to, and is controlled from, one unknown centre, whence all mandates concerning vital questions of policy, of life and death, of reward and punishment are issued. Such is the League of the Aigrette, before which even governments have learned to tremble, and, alas! from which they have in some instances stooped to seek assistance.'

"'But what,' I asked, deeply interested, 'are the objects of this mysterious association?'

"'The objects of the association, or of its unrevealed founder and arbiter—who shall say? Wealth and power probably, and the vain delight of possessing the one and wielding the other unknown to his fellow-men. The object of each individual member is the gratification of his own individual desires, in return for which he pledges himself body and soul to serve the general purposes of the league. To exhaust the catalogue of these would take me too long, for it embraces every interest known to man—political, social, commercial, ay, with shame I say it, even religious. If ever the day should come, as come it may, when this gigantic organisation is laid bare to the light, society will stand appalled at the revelation, and men will thenceforward regard each other askance, no one daring to trust his fellow.'

"There was that in his tone as he spoke these last words which lent them a significance I was not slow to grasp, and I felt a renewed thrill of hope pass through me as I listened.

"'The picture you present is fearful indeed,' I said. 'What, then, do you counsel me to do?'

"'Wait and see,' he answered shortly.

"'But the summons?' I asked. 'Dare I disregard it?'

"'By no means.'

"'Yet if I appear before this strange tribunal, how shall I act? What defence can I make?'

"'None. Remain silent. I will answer on your behalf.'

"'You?' I exclaimed.

"'I shall be there,' he replied.

"'But consider,' I said. 'These men are desperate characters.'

"'I am well aware of it.'

"'And there will be twenty of them.'

"'With me twenty-one.'

"'They know you then?'

"'Even better perhaps than I know them. Therein lies my safety. It is not the first time, nor will it be the last, that I cross their path. For the rest, think not of me, and take heed that you do not open your lips nor stir, either on my behalf or yours, whatever you may see or hear.'

"'You may rely on my obedience,' I murmured. 'Only pardon me if I ask one thing. How comes it that, with such knowledge as you appear to possess of this terrible league, you permit it to pursue its evil course? For evil it is, surely.'

"'You speak in ignorance,' he replied. 'Were my knowledge of the nature you suppose, either the league or I would long have ceased to exist. But enough. Fortunately for you I possess such weapons as these men, and those more powerful than they, have learned to fear and respect on more than one occasion. The issue leave to me. Now go, for my time is brief, and I have much to prepare. We meet again to-night.'

"There were innumerable questions I would have desired to ask him. But his tone was imperative, and I withdrew without demur.

"How shall I describe the feelings with which I left his presence, or the manner in which I passed the remainder of that day? My state of mind was one prolonged alternation of feverish hope and black despair, and by the time the night came and the hour of the ordeal I had to pass through drew near I felt that, even were I to be condemned and executed that same night it would be preferable to a continuance of the awful suspense in which I had been living for so long.

(The extraordinary conclusion of this story, which is too lengthy to allow of continuation in this issue, will appear in the WINDSOR *for May.)*

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RISING STARS.

Miss Muriel Elliot, the pianist, has already had a brilliant career. English by birth, she developed, when quite a child, such aptitude for music that she was adopted by her aunt, Miss Clinton, and her brother-in-law, the late Olaf Svendsen, then professor at the Royal Academy of Music, who devoted many years to her musical

From a photo by] [*Alfred Ellis.*

MUSIC: MURIEL ELLIOT.

education. Her appearance in public was to have been in 1888, but the death of Svendsen prevented this. Soon afterwards a severe attack of typhoid fever and ill-health compelled Miss Elliot to take complete rest for nearly three years. Possibly it is to the enforced rest that she owes much of her mental culture and love of reading. However, in 1890, when strength returned, the interrupted musical studies were continued under Herr Stavenhagen, at Weimar, and a year later she made her *début* in that town under Richard Strauss, whose portrait appeared in our last number. Every year she has shown an advance in talent, feeling, and execution. Her first appearance in London was in 1892. Last autumn she made a most successful appearance at the Crystal Palace, and during the winter she played, under the conductorship of Stavenhagen, in Berlin at an orchestral concert, and at two other concerts. She also performed in other continental towns.

Mr. Charles Robinson, whose line drawings have won for him considerable attention, began his artistic career as a lithographer. He comes of a family of artists; his grandfather and an uncle were artists, his father, Mr. Thomas Robinson, has drawn for over twenty-five years for the *Penny Illustrated Paper* and the *Illustrated London News*, while his brothers, T. H. Robinson and W. H. Robinson, are doing good work as book illustrators. One of his younger sisters draws, and has invented (in red wax) a Mephistopheles of her own, while an elder sister has lately decorated a series of books. Charles Robinson had done much work for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge when he began to draw for *Black and White*, but his big opportunity came when Mr. John Lane commissioned him to illustrate, for Christmas 1895, Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse." His drawings for this volume were received with unanimous praise, and it was evident that a new master of line had to be

ART: CHARLES ROBINSON.

considered. This success he followed up last Christmas by illustrating Gabriel Setoun's "The Child World" and H. D. Lowry's "Make Believe," in both of which tasks he showed development of his powers as a draughtsman. He was born in 1870, so his career may be said to be only commencing.

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DRIVERS I HAVE KNOWN.

By Montague C. Furtado.

Illustrated by Frank Feller.

THERE may or may not be any foundation in fact for the old adage which teaches us that a man can be known by the manner of his driving. It is none the less patent to every man, woman and child who has eyes to use, and uses them, that every type of driver has certain well-defined and separate traits by which he may be readily distinguished from his cousins of a cognate type. So easy is it, by the aid of these differentiating characteristics, to recognise a member of one driving fraternity even among those of another closely allied to it, that Bill the costermonger would feel that he was failing in the due performance of the educational obligations of a parent if he did not stop, in the course of vociferously declaring that the potatoes on his stall were to be given away at the rate of five pounds for twopence, to chide his "little nipper" in the vernacular if he found him so lacking in general intelligence as to mistake a 'bus-driver for a cabby.

If only actuated by delicate feeling and common politeness we must not be oblivious of these distinctions, for drivers, like all other frail mortals, have their own ideas of caste and class prejudice. Of course no man outside of Colney Hatch would mentally connect a wedding-driver with a quill-driver. But it would be quite as idiotic and a trifle less prudent for one who had not "pugilist" stamped all over his face and fists to speak, within earshot of a hansom cabby, of him and of the driver of a donkey-cart in the same breath. We should remember which of the two sits the higher in the world.

It is even open to doubt whether the driver of her Majesty's carriage would not consider it *infra dig.* if it were hinted that he had anything in common with the driver of a char-à-banc. For of course the Queen's driver is the prince of all the professional drivers of quadrupeds. Most of us have seen him; we have watched him as he sat in pomp behind his stately eight; we have looked into his round, good-natured face as he peered from beneath his embroidered hat; we have been dazzled by his glittering

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gold, and have felt how drivers of a lesser degree must recognise in him the personification of the acme of comfort and the quintessence of luxury.

Perchance his appearance may have conjured up contrasts in our minds. There may have come chilly visions of the sleigh-driver as we find him in parts of Russia. Perhaps it was his hairless face that gave our thoughts a diametrically opposite impulse towards the driver of the hunting-sleigh, long-bearded with a view to warmth, standing with his short-handled, long-thonged whip behind his trio of sinewy horses—one saddled in case of need—cheered on his way by the merry concert of the sleigh-bells and the dogs, half dreaming perhaps of his old Cossack days as, wrapped in his capacious coat with its fur collars and cuffs, he drives homeward over the snow at sunset.

Probably—for so strong are the prejudices which different customs and modes of life induce — our hardy, iron-nerved, sleigh-driver would regard with ill-concealed disdain the sprightly gentleman, with the blandest of smiles on his face and the brightest of flowers in his coat, who drives his four-in-hand, inclining his ear to catch the joyous chatter of the lady by his side. Yet there are few of us who have not found it in our hearts to envy this light-hearted gentleman as in his noisy course he leaves behind him each successive milestone, recalling to our minds the merry days of the old stage-coach, and the masked rascal with a short argument packed away in his pistol. How he upsets the little village! How the yelping curs scatter to the roadsides to avoid the clattering hoofs of the panting four as their driver urges them past the old women, fresh from the wash-tub with rolled-up sleeves, who have appeared like magic at the cottage doors, and out of range of the eyes

THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE.

of the butcher, whose head has so speedily issued between the leg of mutton and the sirloin of beef which alone adorn the apology for a shop and serve to indicate the nature of his business! But this is a luxurious driver; he smokes his cigar on such an elevated rung of the driving ladder that the smoke from the clay of the donkey-driver near the bottom does not seem to offend him.

We all know the donkey-driver. He is as well-acknowledged an institution at the sea-side as the nigger-minstrel himself. When we watch him, as with stick and badge he trots across the sands behind his stubborn

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THE RUSSIAN SLEIGH-DRIVER.

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beasts, we know the donkeys lead him, he doesn't drive the donkeys, they are far too philosophical to be discomfited by his never-ceasing shouts, which only serve to render clamorous the little terriers which the lady visitors have brought with them from town. But the awkward donkey-driver knows his business for all that; experience has taught him that if it is useless to seek to master his donkeys it is pecuniarily advantageous to parade his deep attachment to them. How well he knows that a caressing stroke and a kindly pat will steal away the heart of the little blue-eyed girl who so readily finds the way to open the purse of her fond mamma!

We know the procedure of the shoddy old bargain-driver, how, sack over shoulder, he slides his broken, greasy hat to the back of his still more greasy head and jerks out

THE DONKEY-DRIVER.

Ah, artful donkey-driver! have you not something in common with another driver whose power is not wielded among quadrupeds but bipeds? There must be some relationship between yourself and the cunning bargain-driver, of unquestionable nationality, who is so pleased to inform his clients that he pays the best price for everything of every kind which has ceased to be of use to them. What a kind-hearted creature he is! How good of him to wait upon the young woman, of circumstances not too flourishing, who is about to assume the bonds of matrimony and is using every means in her power to supplement the wherewithal to purchase her trousseau! He has come to drive a bargain over grandfather's old overcoat, which has passed that minor stage of threadbareness which would have qualified it for being cut up for the little brother's jackets, father's old silk hat, which has gone to church so regularly for years, the battered birdcage which was wont to contain the poor little canary that died last summer, and all the old boots and shoes which, if not now disposed of, the thoughtful maiden dreads may be hurled after her on that eventful day.

his "*Grosser gerichter Gott!* vat for ein lot! Vat is de lowest you vill take? Vat! Five sheelings? *Ach! Mein himmel!* I vould lose money vere I to take it for noting! *Gnädige frau!* zay—zixpence!" "Well, take them off and yourself as well and let me clean up the mud you've brought in," testily replies the damsel, thinking, mournfully no doubt, that the insignificant augmentation of her stock of wealth scarcely repays her trouble in collecting the rubbish.

Soon she is to meet a driver of a very different type, one beaming with smiles, dazzling in his large bright buttons, radiant in his white gloves and whiter bouquet as he drives to the church on the wedding day.

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Note the air of satisfaction with which he flicks his whip, bedecked with the little piece of white ribbon, as he thinks of the tips

THE BARGAIN-DRIVER.

which he knows will soon be his! How his rosy nose glows rosier as his merry eye rests on the old stains on his coat, pleasant reminders of overflowing cups on bygone wedding days and happy auguries of more to-day! He looks the picture of that joy which happy expectation alone can give, and which even his stiffly-starched collar, which is trying hard to decapitate him, is powerless to abate.

No man can mask his feelings when he sits behind a horse; if happy, he depicts it in his face, if wretched, he exposes his feelings in his every look and gesture. Of all forlorn objects none is more pitiable and at the same time more terrible than the poor demented jehu who finds himself behind a runaway steed. His hat leaves his head quick as thought, his hair stands on end as if striving to follow his hat, his eyes roll in terrified frenzy, his nostrils breathe angry emotion, his mouth foams with impotent rage, he is jolted now here, now there, he clenches his teeth, tugs at the reins, bellows at the horse, who, raising his tail in defiance, holds on his awful career, cannoning every conveyance, horrifying all nimble pedestrians, breaking the limbs of the unwary, never stopping until he meets some obstacle too massive to overcome, when the terrible crash leaves driver and horse one bleeding, insensible mass.

This is the type of driver who keeps not only the surgeon busy but also the third-rate solicitor who, with visions of possible six-and-eightpences, hovers near the hospital door inspiring the bandaged victims on their exit with thoughts of recoverable damages. This mad driver is, in all conscience, sufficiently objectionable, but even he will find a soft corner in our hearts when compared with that inhuman driver of human beings, the slave-driver. Our dread of the one is mingled with sympathy, but the mere thought of the other conjures up anger in the soul and loathing in the heart of every being who has one jot of claim to generous feeling

OFF TO THE WEDDING.

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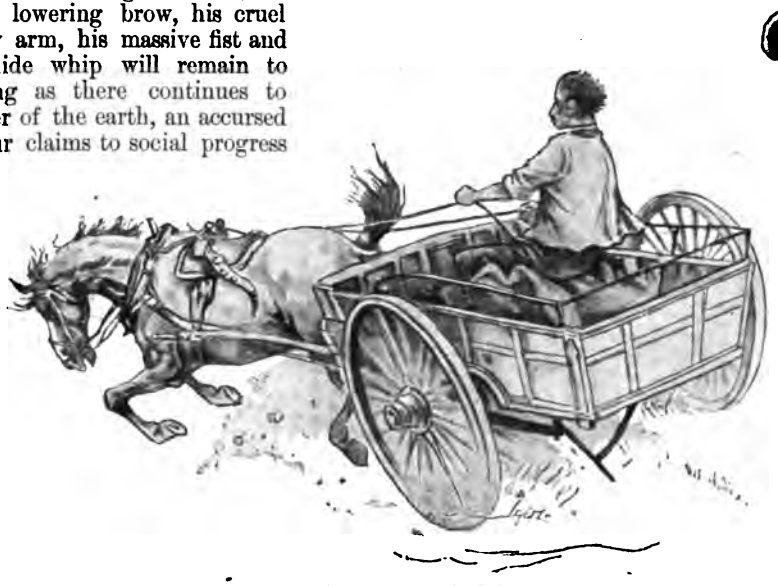
or to human pity. Mrs. Beecher Stowe has branded our minds with his hateful image as she found him in the Southern States, and his heavy boots and large felt hat, his cunning eye, his lowering brow, his cruel visage, his sinewy arm, his massive fist and his brutal cow-hide whip will remain to haunt us so long as there continues to exist, in any corner of the earth, an accursed slavery to flout our claims to social progress and to blot our vaunted civilisation.

An interesting example of the tender feeling lurking in a mother's heart, whether it beat beneath a white skin or a red, is presented by the Indian baby-driver. The rude but ingenious device by which the slumbering infant is swiftly but gently conveyed along the roughest roads is indicative of the careful thought of a race now fast disappearing, and is worthy of brief description. Two long poles are attached in

A NIGGER-DRIVER.

the manner of shafts to the pony on which the mother rides, the free ends trailing on the ground behind. The baby, wrapped in blankets and carefully secured, lies ensconced in a basket strapped between the middles of the poles, which, flexible by virtue of their



A RECKLESS DRIVER.

length, afford a springy carriage to the little cradle and break the jolting occasioned by the unevenness of the road, whilst the squaw, with her blanket closely drawn round her, sits astride the pony, her dangling feet encased in her fantastically embroidered shoes and her dishevelled blue-black hair wildly floating in the breeze as she drives over hill and through dale, casting ever and anon a careful glance over her shoulder to see that the little passenger is safe. The pony seems to catch the solicitude of the mother for it never falters and never stumbles even on the roughest road.

This ready understanding between the driver and the beast always takes a more accentuated form when nourished by a mutual forbearance and aided by the closer communion resulting from remoteness from a busy world. In solitude our horse or dog becomes our reasoning friend. The old horse who for years has journeyed past the same milestones on the country high-road, hearing nothing but the buzz of the bees, the song of the birds, the rumbling of the wagon-wheels and the sound of the voice of the rustic driver, feels, dumb brute though he is, a bond of affection between himself and his master, who, now sitting in the wagon behind him, now, for companionship, strolling at his head, has been so long

his sole companion. The two perhaps are tottering down the hill of life together; they know each other, they feel for each other, they love each other. No attention is too

THE INDIAN BABY-DRIVER.

THE LAST MILESTONE.

good for the horse which the driver can bestow, no labour is deemed too great by the horse which the driver wishes performed; and when at last, worn out by labour and by age, the poor brute falls lifeless at the last milestone, beneath the weight of a more than usually heavy load, the tears which fill the unfortunate driver's eyes are not from grief for the inconvenience of the moment, but for the loss of his dumb associate, his dear companion, his faithful friend—a loss he'll ne'er forget till he too leaves the country roads to seek a land where drivers drive no more.

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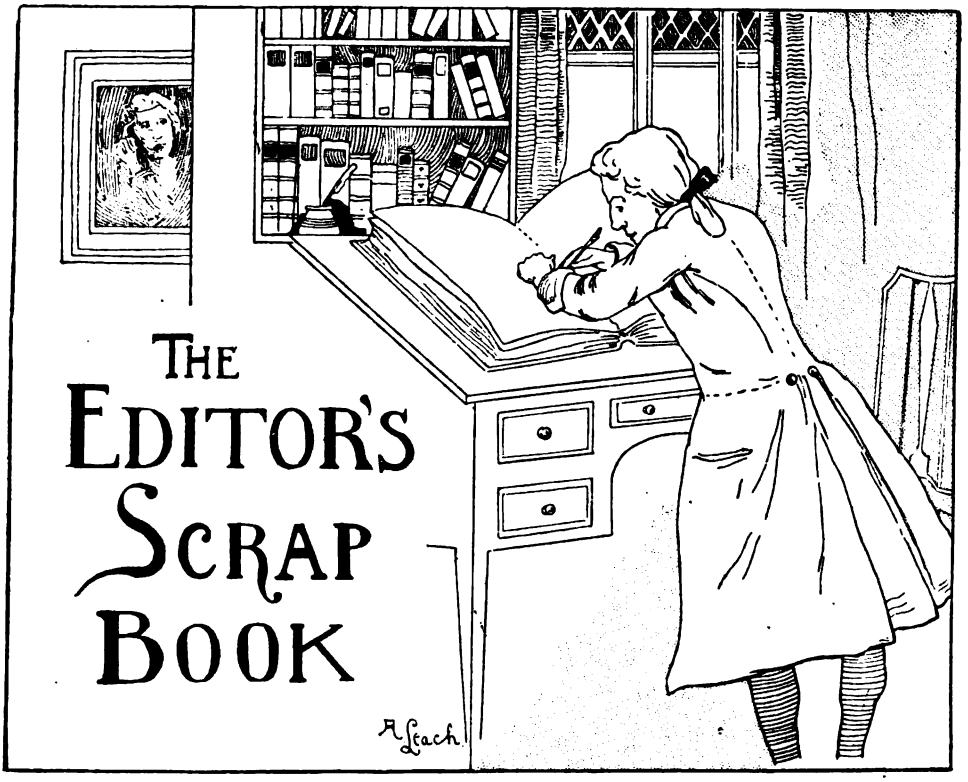

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK

NEAR Washington Square, in New York, there is housed a small club of Bohemians, the walls of whose quarters are modestly covered with tinted paper. On these walls all visitors of note are expected to write their names and a sentiment original to the occasion. It is told that William Dean Howells dropped in one day, looked around, and wrote: "I can't think of a thing.—William Dean Howells." A jester happened to pass by and scrawled below: "Autobiography of William Dean Howells."

HEWITT: I must tell you a secret, old man; I am going to elope, and I want to wear the correct suit; what is proper?

JEWETT: A cutaway coat, of course.

AT the convention of the Irish race a few months ago in Dublin, two speakers, who had come from the United States, contributed the following sentences in the course of their speeches. One of them, in giving some details of personal history, informed his hearers that "he had left Ireland fifty-three years before, a naked little boy, without a dollar in his pocket." Said the other, "Until last week I had never set foot in the land of my birth."

EARLY PRIMROSES IN THE STRAND.

By W. A. MacKenzie.

What news? What news,
Pale heralds from the outer world?
Are Springtime's vanguard flags unfurled?
And round the greenwood are there set
Pavilions of the violet?
Do throstles loud reveille call
From the broad beeches by the hall?
And have you seen my Sweet, my Sweet,
Go by your nest with singing feet?

What news? What news?
"Of tent or flag or throstle-call,
We bear no memory at all.
But once we saw your Sweet, your Sweet,
And heard the allegro of her feet
Make mirth along the morning land.
She plucked us with a gentle hand,
And kissed us—on her bended knees—
And burdened us with messages."

What news? What news?
"She whispered with a little sigh,
'The days, the days, they will not fly!
Ah! Spring is late, and skies are dim
And birds are dull, because of him.
I kiss you,' said she. 'Now, away!
And prophesy to him of May.'"

I kiss your lips that once kissed hers,
And bide Love's time, dear couriers.

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"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."
(DRAWN BY J. HASSALL.)

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GIUSEPPE'S STORY.

By Etrene Wigram.

THOSE who have travelled in Sicily have returned thence with eyes and minds charmed by the grandeur of its ruins and the beauty of its scenery, but have they discovered the charm that lies in its barren places, which, by reason of their very barrenness, have remained unchanged since the world began? Do they, for instance, know anything of that narrow strip of land which, though it lies in the south-west corner of Syracuse, has yet no share in all the traditions of that most famous province? Trading vessels stop there at times and carry off a burden of light gray stones; but, since neither green olive groves nor golden cornfields allured the colonists of the old world, no stately memorial piles charm the travellers of the new.

But one would have fancied that the artist, at least, must have loved Mazzarelle's sand and stones, for indeed the place is gifted with a peculiar beauty of its own—a beauty born in the morning light, which fades into nothingness in the midday glare, but reaches its full glory and significance when the sun is sinking behind the long low hills that hide Girgenti's distant ruins. In the light of those level rays there is no such thing as flat monotony, and the grazing oxen and low stone walls and little stunted palmettos stand out in their true perspective, casting long shadows across the sand. The people, too, grow more communicative as the day draws to a close, and I have sometimes thought that it was because of the chance of our meeting in the evening that I was privileged to learn Giuseppe's history.

He began by gravely inviting me into his hut. There was nothing to distinguish it from many another cabin that I knew, save that on the walls, and in close proximity to the crucifix and rosary, which as usual adorned their bareness, was a sketch of a lady riding a safety bicycle. It was a pretty picture, rough yet lifelike, but neither inscription nor detail gave me any clue to Giuseppe's meaning.

"That," said he, "is a picture of our Blessed Lady."

I looked at the man, and then again at the picture. Surprise kept me silent while he begged me, almost in a whisper, to come outside.

The sun had sunk till its lowest rim touched the horizon when Giuseppe began his tale.

"Are you married, Signor? If not, may the good God give you a wife like mine was. I loved her twenty years I think, for there was never a time when I did not know her; but from the day she was fifteen I loved her with a strong purpose—to make her my wife when the time should come. How weary and anxious I was until I knew she would wait for me! and even then my heart failed me at times, but she would make me cheerful again, saying that God and the Blessed Virgin would surely give us to each other. So it was at last, one day in the early spring, just after the time of calving, and before the new grass was cut; there had been rain in the night, and the sirocco did not blow on the day when I met my bride at the church and took her home my wife.

"Perfectly happy we were for close on eleven months; it was the day, all but three days, of the day and month that we were wed, the boy came in the morning, and in the evening my wife . . . That is my boy, Signor, whom you see playing on the sand. He was born on the festival of San Paolo, and though I called him, as my wife bade me, after the Saint, I called him also Maria, for that was his mother's name; and I thought our Lady would care for him, as she had for his mother. Besides, he was at that time not two weeks old, and I thought it unfitting to trouble a great apostle with the sole care of so young a child."

I turned to look at the boy, who seemed to have prospered under the dual guardianship, and the father went on to tell me how, but a few months back, he had fallen and cut his leg with a scythe left lying on the ground. There was no surgeon in the village, and the accident might have proved serious, but, if I may use my friend's own words, "for the special mercy vouchsafed him for his mother's sake." Let Giuseppe take up his tale again here.

"I stood at the door one day when my work was done; Paolo lay by my side, crying with the pain, while I stood and prayed for him to our Blessed Lady. As I prayed I raised my eyes towards the hills and I saw the lady, whose picture you have seen, coming down the street. She moved swiftly and silently, on wheels that shone as they turned, and she came straight to Paolo.

"The child stopped crying to look at her, and she, seeing how it was with him, bade me fetch her water, while she stooped to bathe his leg.

"She talked to me while her hands moved, asking the child's name and age, and when I said that we called him Paolo, but that he was also baptized Maria, she answered at once: 'That is my name.' But though she said it I did not understand her. Then she said she was glad to think that a man-child should be so called, and then she showed me, with great care and gentleness, how to bind the wound when she was gone. She turned again towards the basket she carried and took from it salve and linen together with a book which she had laid aside. As she laid it down a paper fell out, and as I stooped to pick it up I saw on it the picture that you have seen."

The man paused and then went on very slowly—

"I looked at it and then at her, longing and not daring to ask for that I longed for, but seeing my look she smiled and said 'that I might keep it if I would.' Nothing more she said, until she bade us both good-bye, and then, again on her wonderful wheels, she left in silence as she came.

"I watched her disappearing towards the shadow that comes from the hills." He paused and the shadow of which he spoke crept up and round us, but the light in his eyes grew brighter, as I have seen it grow in the eyes of dying men, while he added: "The words she had spoken, 'That is my name,' came back upon me, and I knew that it was the Blessed Lady!"

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"I DON'T quite see why you call Mr. Biggs lantern-jawed?"

"Why, because his face lights up so when he talks."

STUDENT: Last year I had six new suits made for me.

FRIEND: I didn't suppose that there were so many tailors in town.

JACK: How are you getting on, dear boy, with your courtship of Miss Moneybagges?

DICK: Well, all I've got to say is that I wish it was as easy to get around the old man as it is the daughter.

JOB was a patient man, but of course he never punctured his tyre.

AT THE SKATING RINK IN PARIS.

THE BARON: Why don't you skate, Mademoiselle?

MADEMOISELLE: Because there are no pretty skating costumes, and one gets so warm—and because I cannot!

HE (playfully): How old are you, Miss Brown?

SHE: I cannot tell a lie. I ——

HE: Oh, if that is the case, I will not take a mean advantage of you. I withdraw the question.

BROWN: Who invented gas meters?

JONES: Ananias, I think.

A FASTIDIOUS parson once officiated in a region where a kiss to the bride was considered an indispensable part of the wedding ritual; but the looks of one newly-made wife pleased him so little that he observed: "At this point in the ceremony it is customary for the clergyman to kiss the bride, but in the present case we will omit that formality." The justly indignant bridegroom waited for his revenge, which he got a few minutes later with: "At this point in the ceremony it is customary to hand a sealed envelope to the clergyman, but in the present case we will omit that formality."

CULLED FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Fordham's Feud," by Bertram Mitford.

THE sunset glow fell redly on the purple heads of the Savoy Alps, and the thick, heavy perfume of narcissus came floating in, triumphing over the savoury odours of fleshpots.

The room had just settled down steadily to work through the *menu* when Phil's neighbour, a lady of uncertain age, with spinster writ large, opened fire upon him in this wise:

"How very thick the scent of the narcissus is this evening."

"It is. A sort of Rimmel's shop turned loose in the Alps."

"But such a heavy perfume must be very unhealthy, must it not?"

"Possibly."

"But don't you think it must be?"

"I really can't give an opinion. You see, I don't know anything about the matter," replied Phil, good-humouredly, and in something like desperation as the blank truth dawned upon him that he was located next to a bore of the first water, and the worst kind of bore at that—the bore feminine. His persecutor went on:

"But they say that flowers too strongly scented are very unhealthy in a room, don't they?"

"Do they? I don't know. But, after all, these are not in the room; they are outside."

"But don't you think it comes to the same thing?"

Heavens! What was to be the end of this? Instinctively he stole a glance at Fordham, but that worthy's impassive countenance betrayed nothing, unless it were the faintest possible appreciation, in his grim, saturnine way, of the humour of the thing. He mumbled something not very intelligible by way of reply, and applied himself with extra vigour to the prime duty of the gathering. But he was not to escape so easily.

The lady was intently scrutinising the *menu*. Then to Phil:

"Don't you think *ferras* is an extremely bony fish?"

This was too much even for Fordham. The corners of his mouth dropped perceptibly, and faintly audible chuckle escaped him.

"I—I—'pon my life I don't know," stuttered poor Phil. "The fact is I never knew the scheme of creation comprised such a fish."

"Didn't you really? How very odd. But do you really mean it though?"

"Oh yes; it's a fact," he declared wearily.

"Ah! they are bringing it round now. You will soon be able to give me your opinion."

Phil was deciding that he would die rather than prosecute any investigations into the osseously reputed *ferras*, and was on the point of asserting that he loathed the whole finny race, when a diversion occurred. Three chairs opposite had remained vacant, and into these three persons were now seating themselves. Looking up suddenly, Phil found himself face to face with the girl who had so strongly attracted his attention on board the *Mont Blanc*.

"FORDHAM'S FEUD," by BERTRAM MITFORD. An interesting novel, the scene of which is laid in the Swiss Alps. 3*s.* 6*d.* Ward, Lock & Co.

TO KATE.

(IN LIEU OF A VALENTINE.)

SWEET Love and I had oft communed;
We were, indeed, great friends;
And oft I sought his office, near
Where Courtship Alley ends.

I used to sit with him, and smoke,
And talk of your blue eyes,
And argue how I best might act
To make your heart my prize.

He always seemed to have much time
To hear me tell my joy,
So that I came to deem him but
An idle, lazy boy.

But on St. Valentine his day
I found him hard at work,
As if he had a mighty task
And did not dare to shirk;

And o'er his head there hung a card
That made me haste away;
It bore these words—
"PLEASE MAKE IT SHORT:
THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!"

And so, sweet maiden, if I send
No valentine, you see
The reason here: Love could not waste
His precious time on me!

Ellis Parker Butler (*in "Munsey's Magazine."*)

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"The Dwarf's Chamber," by Fergus Hume.

"HAVE you discovered anything?"

"I have discovered a good deal. Hush! That is Mr. Vincent," she added, as a cab drew up to the door. "Hide yourself behind this curtain, and do not appear until I give you the signal."

Wondering what she was about to do, I concealed myself as directed. The next moment Vincent was in the room, and then ensued one of the strangest of scenes. She received him coldly and motioned him to a seat. Vincent was nervous, but she might have been of stone, so little emotion did she display.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Vincent," she said, "to ask for your help in releasing Julian."

"How can I help you?" he answered in amazement. "Willingly would I do so, but it is out of my power."

"I don't think it is."

"I assure you, Clara," he began eagerly, when she cut him short.

"Yes, call me Clara! Say that you love me! Lie, like all men, and yet refuse to do what I wish!"

"I am not going to help Julian to marry you," declared he sullenly. "You know that I love you—I love you dearly! I wish to marry you ——"

"Is not that declaration rather soon after the death of your wife?"

"My wife is gone, poor soul; let her rest!"

"Yet you loved her?"

"I never loved her," he said, rising to his feet. "I love you! From the first moment I saw you I loved you! My wife is dead. Julian Roy is in prison on a charge of murdering her. With these obstacles removed there is no reason why we should not marry."

"If I marry you," she said slowly, "will you help Julian to refute this charge?"

"I cannot. The evidence is too strong against him."

"You know that he is innocent, Mr. Vincent."

"I do not! I believe that he murdered my wife!"

"You believe that he murdered your wife?" she reiterated, coming a step nearer and holding out the green-stone idol. "Do you believe that he dropped this in the study when his hand struck the fatal blow?"

"I don't know," he said, coolly glancing at the idol; "I never saw it before."

"Think again, Mr. Vincent, think again. Who was it that went to the Alhambra at eight o'clock with Dr. Monson, and met there the captain of a New Zealand steamer with whom he was acquainted?"

"It was I," said Vincent defiantly; "and what of that?"

"This!" she said in a loud voice. "This captain gave you the green-stone idol at the Alhambra, and you placed it in your breast-pocket. Shortly afterwards you followed to Brixton the man whose death you had plotted. You repaired to your house, killed your unhappy wife, who received you in all innocence, took the balance of the money, hacked the desk, and then dropped by accident this idol, which convicts you of the crime!"

"THE DWARF'S CHAMBER." A collection of clever detective stories, by FERGUS HUME. 3*s.* 6*d.* Ward, Lock & Co.

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THE "SANTA MARIA" IN THE TRADES.

COLUMBUS DIED MAY 20, 1506.

(Reproduced, by permission of H. Fitzner Davey, the owner of the picture, by H. C. Seppings Wright).

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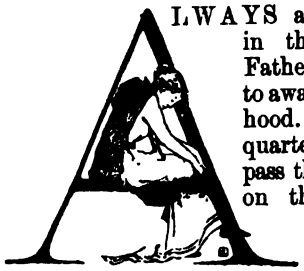
THE CHRISTIAN.

By Hall Caine.
(*Author of "The Manxman."*)

Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.

SECOND BOOK.—THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

XII.



ALWAYS at half-past five in the morning the Father-Superior began to awaken the Brotherhood. It took him a quarter of an hour to pass through the house on that errand, for the infirmities of his years were upon him, and he paused to pray at nearly every door. During this interval John Storm had intended to open the gate to Paul and then return the key to its place in the Father's room. The time was short, and to lose no part of it he had resolved to remain awake the whole night through.

There was no necessity to make a call on that resolution. With fear and remorse he could not close his eyes, and from hour to hour he heard every sound of the streets. At one o'clock, the voices singing outside were strained and cracked and out of tune; at two, they were brutish and drunken and mingled with shrieks of quarrelling; at three, there was silence; at four, the butchers' wagons were rattling on the stones from the shambles down the river to the meat markets of London, with the carcasses of the thousands of beasts that were slaughtered overnight to feed the body of the mammoth on the morrow; and at five, the postal vans were galloping from the railway stations to the Post Office with the millions of letters that were to feed its mind.

At half-past five the Father had come out of his room and passed slowly upstairs, and John Storm was in the courtyard opening the lock of the outer gate. Although there was a feeling of morning in the freezing air, it was still quite dark.

"Paul," he whispered, but there was no answer.

"Brother Paul!" he whispered again, and then waited, but there was no reply.

It was not at first that he realised the tremendous gravity of what had occurred—that Brother Paul had not returned, and that he must go back to the house without him. He kept calling into the darkness until he remembered that the Father would be down in his room again soon and looking for the key where he had left it.

Back in the hall, he reproached himself with his haste, and concluded to return to the gate. There would be time to do it; the Father was still far overhead; his "Benedicamus Domino" was passing from corridor to corridor; and Paul might be coming down the street at that moment.

"Paul! Paul!" he cried again, and opening the gate he looked out. But there was no one on the pavement except a drunken man and a girl, singing themselves home in the dead waste of the New Year's morning.

Then the truth fell on him like a thundercloud, and he hurried back to the house for good. By this time the Father was coming down the stairs, and had reached the landing of the first story. Snatching up from the bed in the alcove the book which had been lying there all night unregarded, he crept into the Father's room. He was coming out of it when he came face to face with the Father himself, who was on the point of going in.

"I have been returning the book you lent me," he said, and then he tried to steal away in his shame. But the Father held him awhile with playful remonstrance. The hours were not all saved that were stolen from the night, and his swelled eyes this morning were a testimony to the musty old maxim. Still, with a book like that, his diligence was not to be wondered at, and it would be interesting to hear what he thought of it. He couldn't say as yet? That wasn't to be wondered at either. Somebody had said that a great book was like a great

This story commenced in the December Number, 1896.

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mountain—not to be seen to the top while you were still too near to it.

John's duplicity was choking him. His eyes were averted from the Father's face, for he had lost the power of looking straight at anyone, and he could see the key of the gate still shaking from the hook on which his nervous fingers had placed it. When he escaped at length, the Father asked him to ring the bell for lauds, as Brother Andrew, whose duty it was, had evidently overslept himself.

John rang the bell, and then took his lamp and some tapers from a shelf in the hall and went out to the church to light the candles, for that also was Brother Andrew's duty. As he was crossing the courtyard on his way back to the house, he passed the Father going to open the gate.

"But what has become of your hat?" said the Father, and then, for the first time, John remembered what he had done with it.

"I've lent—that is to say, I've lost it," he answered, and then stood with his eyes on the ground while the Father reproved him for heedlessness of health and so forth.

It is part of the perversity of circumstance that while an incident of the greatest gravity is occurring, its ridiculous counterpart is usually taking place by the side of it. When the religious had gathered in the church it was seen that three of the stalls were vacant —Brother Paul's, Brother Andrew's, and the Father-Minister's. The service had hardly begun when the bell was heard to ring again, and with a louder clangour than before, whereupon the religious concluded that Brother Andrew had awakened from his sleep and was remembering with remorse his belated duty.

But it was the Father-Minister. That silent and severe person had oftentimes rebuked the lay brother for his sleepiness, and this morning he had been overcome by the same infirmity. Awakening suddenly a little after six by the watch that hung by his bed, he had thought, "That lazy fellow is late again—I'll teach him a lesson." Leaping to his feet (the monk sleeps in his habit), he had hastened to the bell and rung it furiously, and then snatched up a taper and hurried down the stairs to light the candles in the church. When he appeared at the sacristy door with a lighted taper in his hand and confusion on his face, the brothers understood everything at a glance, and not even the solemnity of the service could smother the snufflings of their laughter.

The incident was a trivial one, but it diverted attention for a time from the fact of Paul's absence, and when the religious went back to the house and found Brother Andrew returned to his old duty as doorkeeper, the laughter was renewed and there was some playful banter.

The monk is so far a child that the least thing happening in the morning is enough to determine the temper of the day, and as late as the hour for breakfast the house was still rippling with the humour of the Father-Minister's misadventure. There was one seat vacant in the refectory—Brother Paul's seat—and the Superior was the first to observe it. With a twinkle in his eye he said—

"I feel like Boy Blue this morning. Two of my stray sheep have come home, wagging their tails behind them. Will anybody go in search of the third?"

John Storm rose immediately, but a lay brother was before him, so he sat down again with his white cheeks and quivering lips and made an effort to eat his breakfast.

The reader for the week recited the Scripture for the day, and then took up the book which the brothers were hearing at their meals. It was the "Life and Death of Father Ignatius St. Paul," and the chapter they had come to dealt with certain amusing examples of vanities and foibles. An evil spirit might have selected it with special reference to the incidents of the morning, for at every fresh illustration the Father-Minister squirmed on his seat, and the brothers looked across at him and laughed with a spice of mischief and even a touch of malice.

John's eyes were on the door, and his heart was quivering, but the messenger did not return while the breakfast lasted, and when it was over the Superior rose without waiting for him and led the way to the community room.

A fire was burning in the wide grate, and the room was cheerful with reflected sunrays, for the sun was shining in the courtyard and glistening on the frosty boughs of the sycamore. It was a beautiful New Year's morning, and the Father began to tell some timely stories. In the midst of the laughter that greeted them the lay brother returned and delivered his message—Brother Paul could not be found, and there was not a sign of him anywhere in the house.

"That's strange!" said the religious.

"Perhaps he is in his cell," said the Father.

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"No, he is not there," said the messenger; "and his bed has not been slept in."

"Now, that explains something," said the Father. "I thought he didn't answer when I knocked at his door in the morning, but my ears grow dull and my eyes are failing me, and I told myself perhaps ——"

"It's very strange!" said the religious, with looks of astonishment.

"But perhaps he stayed all night at his penance in the church," said the Father.

"Apparently his hat did so at all events," said one of the brothers. "I saw it lying with his lamp on the stall in front of me."

There was silence for a moment, and then the Father said with a smile—

"But my children are so amusing in such matters. Only this morning I had to reprove Brother Storm for losing his hat somewhere, and now Brother Paul ——"

By an involuntary impulse, obscure to themselves, the brothers turned towards John, who was standing in the recess of one of the windows with his pale face looking out on the sunshine.

John was the first to speak.

"Father," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"Come this way," said the Superior, and they passed out of the room together.

The Father led the way to his cell and closed the door behind them. But there was little need for confession; the Father seemed to know everything in an instant. He sat in his wicker chair before the fire and rocked himself and moaned.

"Well, well, God's wrath comes up against the children of disobedience, but we must do our best to bear our punishment."

John Storm made no excuses. He had stood by the Father's chair and told his story simply, without fear or remorse, and only concealing that part of it which concerned himself in relation to Glory.

"Yes, yes," said the Father, "I see quite plainly how it has been. He was like tinder, ready to take fire at a spark, and you were thinking that I had been hard and cruel and inhuman."

It was the truth; John could not deny it; he held down his head and was silent.

"But shall I tell you why I refused that poor boy's petition? Shall I tell you who he was, and how he came to be here? Yes, I will tell you. Nobody in this house has heard it until now, because it was his secret and mine and God's alone. But you have thrust yourself in between us, so you must hear everything, and may the Lord pity and forgive you and help you to bear your burden."

"But why didn't you tell me this before?"

John felt that a cold damp was breaking out on his forehead, but he clenched his moist hands and made ready to control himself.

"Has he ever spoken of another sister?"

"Yes, he has sometimes mentioned her."

"Then perhaps you have been told of the painful and tragic event that happened?"

"No," said John, but something that he had heard at the Board meeting at the

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hospital returned at that moment with a stunning force to his memory.

"His father, poor man, was one of my own people—one of the lay associates of our Society in the world outside. But his health gave way, his business failed him, and he died in a madhouse, leaving his three children to the care of a friend. The friend was thought to be a worthy and even a pious man, but he was a scoundrel and a traitor. The younger sister—the one you know—he committed to an orphanage, the elder one he deceived and ruined. As a sequel to his sin she lived a life of shame on the streets of London and died by suicide at the end of it."

John Storm put up one hand to his head as if his brain were bursting, and with the other hand he held on to the Father's chair.

"That was bad enough, but there was worse to follow. Our poor Paul had grown to be a man by this time, and Satan put it into his heart to avenge his sister's honour. 'As the whirlwind passeth, so the wicked are no more.' The betrayer of his trust was found dead in his room, slain by an unknown assassin. Brother Paul had killed him."

John Storm had fallen to his knees. If hell itself had opened at his feet he could not have been stricken with more horror. In a voice strangled by fear he stammered, "But why didn't you tell me this before? Why have you hidden it until now?"

"Passions, my son, are the same in a monastery as outside of it, and I had too much reason to fear that the saintliest soul in our Brotherhood would have refused to live and eat and sleep in the same house with a murderer. But the poor soul had come to me like a hunted beast, and who was I that I should turn my back upon him? Before that he had tramped through the streets and slept in the parks, under the impression that the police were pursuing him, and thereby he had contracted the lung disease from which he suffers still. What was I to do? Give him up to the law? Who shall tell me how I could have held the balance level? I took him into my house; I sheltered him; I made him a member of our community; heaven forgive me, I suffered myself to receive his vows. It was for me to comfort his stricken body, for the Church to heal his wounded soul; and as for his crime, that was in God's hands, and God alone could deal with it."

The Father had risen to his feet and spoke the last words with uplifted hand.

"Now you know why I refused that poor boy's petition. I loved him as a son, but neither the disease of his body nor the weakness of his mind could break the firmness of the rule by which I held him. I knew that Satan was dragging him away from me, and I would not give him up to the sufferings and dangers which the Evil One was preparing for him in the world. But how subtle are the temptations of the devil! He found the weak place in my armour at last. He found you, my son—you; and he tempted you by all your love, by all your pity, by all your tenderness, and you fell, and this is the consequence."

The Father clasped his hands at his breast and walked to and fro in the little room.

"The bitterness of the world against religious houses is great already, but if anything should happen now, if a crime should be committed, if our poor brother, clad in the habit of our Order ——"

He stopped and crossed himself and lifted his eyes, and said in a tremulous whisper, "'O God, whom have I in heaven but Thee? My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'"

John had staggered to his feet like a drunken man. "Father," he said, "send me away from you. I am not fit to live by your side."

The Father laid both hands on his shoulders. "And shall I lower my flag to the enemy like that? There is only one way to defeat the devil, and that is to defy him. No, no, my son, you shall remain with me to the last."

"Punish me, then. Give me penance. Let me be the lowest of the low and the meanest of the mean. Only tell me what I am to do and I will do it."

"Go back to the door and resume your duty as doorkeeper."

John looked at the Father with an expression of bewilderment.

"I thought you had done with it, my son, but heaven knew better. And promise that when you are there you will pray for our wandering brother, that he may not be allowed to fulfil the errand on which you sent him out; pray that he may never find his sister, or anybody who knows her and can tell him where she is and what has become of her; pray that she may never cross his path to the last hour of life and the first of death's asundering; promise to pray for this, my son, night and day, morning and evening, with all your soul and strength,

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as you would pray for God's mercy and your soul's salvation."

John did not answer; he was like a man in a stupor. "Is it possible?" he said. "Are you sending me back to the door? Can you trust me again?"

The Father stepped to the side of the bed and took the key of the gate from its place under the shelf. "Take this key with you too, because for the future you are to be the keeper of the gate as well."

John had taken the key mechanically, hardly hearing what was being said.

"Is it true then—have you got faith in me still?"

The Father put both hands on his shoulders again and looked into his face. "God has faith in you, my child," he said, "and who am I that I should despair?"

When John Storm returned to the door his mind was in a state of stupefaction. Many hours passed during which he was only partly conscious of what was taking place about him. Sometimes he was aware that certain of the brothers had gathered around, with a tingling, electrical atmosphere among themselves, and that they were asking questions about the escape, and whispering together as if it had been something courageous and almost commendable, and had set their hearts beating. Again, sometimes he was aware that big Brother Andrew was sitting by his side on the form, stroking his arm from time to time, and talking in his low voice and aimless way about his mother and the last he saw of her. "She followed me down the street crying," he said, "and I have often thought of it since and been tempted to run away." Also he was aware that the dog was with him always, licking the backs of his stiff hands and poking up a cold snout into his downcast face.

All this time he was doing his duties automatically, and apparently without help from his consciousness, opening and closing the door when required, and saying "Praise be to God!" when anybody knocked. It may be that his body was merely answering to the habits of its intellect, and that his soul, which had sustained a terrible blow, was lying stunned and swooning within.

When it revived and he began to know and to feel once more, there was no one with him, for the brothers were asleep in their beds and the dog was in the courtyard and the house was very quiet, for it was the middle of the night. And then it came back to him, like a dream remembered in the morning, that the Father had asked him to pray for Brother Paul that he might fail in the errand on which he had sent him out into the world, and though with his lips he had not promised, yet in his heart he had undertaken to do so.

And being quite alone now, with no one but God for company, he went down on his knees in his place by the door and clasped his hands together.

"O God," he prayed, "have pity on Paul, and on me, and on all of us! Keep him from all danger and suffering and from the snares and assaults of the Evil One. Grant that he may never find his sister—or anybody who knows her—or anybody who can tell him where she is and what has become of her ——"

But having got so far he could get no farther, for suddenly it occurred to him that this was a prayer which concerned Glory and himself as well. It was only then that he realised the magnitude and awfulness of the task he had undertaken. He had undertaken to ask God that Paul might not find Glory either, and therefore that he on his part might never hear of her again. When he put it to himself like that the sweat started from his forehead and he was transfixed with fear.

He rose from his knees and sat on the form, and for a long hour he laboured in the thought of a thousand possibilities, telling himself of the many things which might befall a beautiful and winsome girl in a cruel and wicked city. But then again he thought of Paul and of his former crime and present temptation, and remembered the shadow that hung over the Brotherhood.

"O God, help me," he cried, "strengthen me, support me, guide me!"

He tried to frame another prayer, but the words would not come; he tried to kneel as before, but his knees would not bend. How could he pray that Glory also might be lost—that something might have happened to her—that somewhere and in some way unknown to him ——?

No, no, a thousand times no! The prayer was impossible. Let come what would, let the danger to Paul and to the Brotherhood be what it might, let Satan and all his legions fall on him, yet he could not and would not utter it.

XIII.

THE stars were paling, but the day had not yet dawned when there came a knock at the door. John started and listened. After an interval the knock was repeated. It was a

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timid, hesitating tap, as if made with the tips of the fingers low down on the door.

"Praise be to God!" said John, and he drew the slide of the grating. He had expected to see a face outside, but there was nothing there.

"Who is it?" he asked, and there came no answer.

He took up the lamp that was kept burning in the hall and looked out through the bars. There was nothing in the darkness but an icy mist which appeared to be rising from the ground.

"Only another of my dreams," he thought, and he laid his hand on the slide to close it.

Then he heard a sigh that seemed to rise out of the ground, and at the same moment the dog uttered a deep bay. He laid hold of the door and pulled it quickly open. At his feet the figure of a man was kneeling, bent double and huddled up.

"Paul!" he cried in an excited whisper.

Brother Paul raised his head. His face was frightfully changed. It was gray and wasted and disordered. His eyes wandered, his lips trembled, and he looked like a man who had been flogged.

"Good Lord, what a wreck!" thought John. He helped him to rise and enter. The poor creature's limbs were stiff with cold, and he stumbled from weakness as he crossed the threshold.

"But, thank God, you are back and no harm done!" said John. "How anxious we've been! You must never go out again—never! There, brother, sit there."

The wandering eyes looked up with a supplicating expression. "Forgive me, Brother Storm ——!"

But John would not listen. "Hush, brother! what have I to forgive? How cold you are! Your hands are like ice. What can I do? There's no fire in the house at this time of night—even in the kitchen it will be out now. But wait, I can rub you with my hands. See, I'm warm and strong. There's a deal of blood in me yet. That's better, isn't it? Tingling, eh? That's right—that's good! Now for your feet—your feet will be colder still."

"No, brother, no. I ought to be kissing the feet of everybody in the house and asking the prayers of the community, and yet you ——"

"Tut! what nonsense! Let me take off this shoe. Dear me, how it sticks! Why, you've worn it through and through. Look! What a mercy the snow was hard! If there had been thaw, now! How far you must have walked!"

"Yes, I've wandered a long way, brother."

"You shall tell me all about it. I want to hear everything—every single thing."

"There's nothing to tell. I've failed in my errand—that's all."

John, who was on his knees, drew back and looked up with a light in his eyes which no word could express.

"Do you mean, then . . . Have you not seen your sister?"

"No, she's gone, and nobody knows anything about her."

"Well, perhaps it's for the best, brother. God's will be done, you know. If you had found her—who knows?—you might have been tempted; but tell me everything."

"I cannot do that, I'm so weak, and it's not worth while."

"But I want to hear all that happened. See, your feet are all right now—I've rubbed them warm again. Though I fast so much and look so thin I've a deal of life in me. And I've been pouring it all into you, haven't I? That's because I want you to revive and be strong and tell me everything. Hush! speak low, don't waken anybody! Did you find the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Then Nurse Quayle sees nothing of your sister now? That's the pity of the life she is leading, poor girl! No friends, no future ——!"

"It wasn't that, brother."

"What then?"

"The nurse was not there."

A silence followed, and then John said in another voice, "I suppose she was on holiday. It was very stupid of me; I didn't think of that. Twice a year a hospital nurse is entitled to a week's holiday, and no doubt ——"

"But she was gone."

"Gone? You mean left the hospital?"

"Yes."

"Well," in a husky voice, "that isn't to be wondered at either. A high-spirited girl finds it hard to be bound down to rule and regulation. But the porter—he is an intelligent man—he would tell you where she had gone to."

"I asked him—he didn't know. All he could say was that she left the hospital on the morning of Lord Mayor's Show-day."

"That would be the 9th of November—the day we took our vows."

There was another pause; the big dark eyes were wandering vacantly.

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"After all, he is only a porter. You asked for the matron, didn't you?"

"Yes; I thought she might know what had become of my sister. But she didn't. As for Nurse Quayle, she had been dismissed also, and nobody knew anything about her."

John had seated himself at Paul's side, and the form itself was quivering.

"Now that's just like her," he said hoarsely. "That matron was always a hard woman. And to think that in that great house of love and pity nobody ——"

"I am forgetting something, brother."

"What is it?"

"The porter told me that the nurse called for her letters from time to time. She had been there that night—not half an hour before."

"Then you followed her, didn't you? You asked which way she had gone, and you hurried after her?"

"Yes; but half an hour in London is a week anywhere else. Let anybody cross the street and she is lost—more lost to sight than a ship in a storm on the ocean. And then it was New Year's Eve, and the thoroughfares were crowded, and thousands of women were coming and going—and—what could I do?" he said helplessly.

John answered scornfully, "What could you do? Do you ask me what could you do?"

"What would you have done?"

"I should have tramped every street in London and looked into the face of every woman I met until I had found her. I should have worn my shoes to the welt and my skin to the bone before I should have come crawling home like a snail with my shell broken over my head."

"Don't be hard on me, brother, least of all now, when I have come home, like a snail, as you say, with my shell broken. I was very tired and ill and did all I could do. If I had been strong like you and brave-hearted I might have struggled longer. But I *did* tramp the streets and look into the women's faces. She must have been among them, if she's living the life you speak of; but God would not let me find her. Why was it that my search was fruitless? Perhaps there was evil in my heart at first—I don't mind telling you that now—but I swear to you by Him who died for us that at last I only wanted to find my sister that I might save her. But I am such a helpless creature, and ——"

John put his arm about Paul's shoulders.

"Forgive me, brother. I was mad to talk to you like that—I who sent you out on that cruel night and stayed at home myself. You did what you could ——"

"Then you followed her, didn't you?"

"You think that—really?"

"Yes, only at the moment it seemed as if we had changed places somehow, and it was I who had lost a sister and been out to find her, and given up the search too soon and come home empty and useless and broken-spirited and ——"

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Paul was looking up at him with a face full of astonishment.

"Do you really think I did all I could to find her—the nurse, I mean?"

But John had turned his own face away and there was no answer. Paul tried to say something, but he could not find the words. At last in a choked voice he murmured, "We must keep close together, brother; we are in the same boat now."

And feeling for John's hand, he took it and held it, and they sat some minutes with bowed heads, as if a ghost were going by.

"There's nothing but prayer and penance and fasting left to us, is there?"

Still John made no reply, and the broken creature began to comfort him.

"We have peace here at all events, and you wouldn't think what temptations come to you in the world when you've lost somebody, and there seems to be nothing left to live for. Shall I tell you what I did? It was in the early morning and I was standing in a doorway in Piccadilly. The cabs and the crowds were gone, and only the night-men were there swilling up the dirt of the pavements with their hose-pipes and water. 'My poor girl is lost,' I thought. 'We shall never see one another again. This wicked city has ruined her, and our mother, who was so holy, was fond of her when she was a little child.' And then my heart seemed to freeze up within me—and I did it. You'll think I was mad—I went to the police station and told them I had committed a crime. Yes, indeed, I accused myself of murder and began to give particulars. It was only when they noticed my habit that I remembered the Father, and then I refused to answer any more questions. They put me in a cell, and that was where I spent the night, and next morning I denied everything and they let me go."

Then, dropping his voice to a hoarse whisper, he said, "That wasn't what brought me back, though. It was the vow. You can't think what a thing the vow is until you've broken it. It's like a hot iron searing your very soul, and if you were dying and at the farthest ends of the earth, and you had to crawl on your hands and knees, you would come back——"

He would have said more, but an attack of coughing silenced him, and when it was over there was a sound of someone moving in the house.

"What is that?"

"It is the Father," said John. "Our voices have wakened him."

Paul struggled to his feet.

"It's only a life of penance and suffering you've come back to, my poor lad."

"That's nothing—nothing at all. . . . But are you sure you think I did everything?"

"You did what you could. Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes, to the Father."

"God bless you, my lad!"

"And God bless you too, brother!"

Half an hour later, by the order of the Superior, John Storm, with Brother Andrew and the Father-Minister, carried Brother Paul to his cell. The bell had been rung for lauds, and going up the stairs they passed the brothers coming down to service. News of Paul's return had gone through the house like a cutting wind, and certain of the brothers who had gathered in groups on the landings were whispering together, as if the coming back had been a shameful thing which cast discredit on all of them. It wasn't love of rule that had brought the man home again, but broken health and the want of a bed to die upon. Thus they talked under their breath, unconscious of the secret operation of their own hearts. In a monastery, as elsewhere, failure is the worst disgrace.

John Storm returned to the hall with a firm step and eyes full of resolution. Hardly answering the brothers, who plied him with questions, he pushed through them with long strides, and taking the key of the outer gate from the place in the alcove where he had left it, he turned towards the Father's room.

The day had dawned, and through the darkness which was lifting in the little room he could see the Father rising from his knees.

"Father!" he cried in an excited voice, and his words, like his breath, came in gusts.

"What is it, my son?"

"Take this key back again. The world is calling me, and I cannot trust myself at the door any longer. Put me under the rule of silence and solitude and shut me up in a cell or I shall break my obedience and run away as sure as heaven is over us!"

XIV.

GLORY awoke on New Year's morning with a little hard lump at her heart and thought, "How foolish! Am I to give up all my cherished dreams because one man is a scoundrel?"

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The struggle might be bitter, but she would not give in. London was the mother of genius. If she destroyed she created also. It was only the weak and the worthless she cast away. The strong she made stronger, the great she made greater. "O God, give me the life I love!" she thought; "give me a chance; only let me begin—no matter how, no matter where!"

She remembered her impulse of the night before to follow Brother Paul, and the little hard lump at her heart grew bitter. John Storm had gone from her, forgotten her, left her to take care of herself. Very well, so be it! What was the use of thinking? "I hate to be sentimental," she thought.

If Aggie called on Sunday night she would go with her, no matter if it was beginning at the bottom. Others had begun there, and what right had she to expect to begin anywhere else? For the future she would take the world on its own terms and force it to give way. She would conquer this great cruel London and yet remain a good girl in spite of all.

Such was the mood in which she came down to breakfast, and the first thing that met her eyes was a letter from home. At that her face burned for a moment and her breath came in gusts, but she put the letter into her pocket unopened and tossed her head a little and laughed. "I hate to be so sensitive," she thought, and then she began to tell Mrs. Jupe what she intended to do.

"The clubs!" cried Mrs. Jupe. "I thought you didn't tyke to the shop because you fancied yerself above present company. But the foreign clubs! My gracious!"

The hissing of Mrs. Jupe's taunting voice followed her about all that day, and late at night, when they were going to bed and the streets were quiet, and there was only the jingle of a passing hansom or a drunken shout or the screech of a concertina, she could hear it again from the other side of the plaster partition, interrupted occasionally by the sound of Mr. Jupe's attempts to excuse and apologise for her. No matter! Anything to escape from the atmosphere of that woman's house, to be free of her and quit of her for ever.

"She could not help but open her letter from home."

Towards eight o'clock on Sunday evening she went up to her bedroom to put on her hat and ulster, and being alone there, and waiting for Aggie, she could not help but open her letter from home.

"Sunday next is your birthday, my dear one," wrote the Parson, "so we send you our love and greetings. This being the first of your twenty-one that you have spent from home, I will be thinking of you all the day through, and when night comes, and I smoke a pipe by the study fire, I know I shall be leaving the blind up that I may see the evening star and remember the happy birthdays long ago, when somebody who was so petted and spoiled used to say she had just come down from it, having dressed herself in

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some strange and grand disguises, and told us she was Phonodoree the fairy. You will be better employed than that, Glory, and as long as my dear one is well and happy and prosperous in the great city where she so loves to be ——"

The candle was shaking in Glory's hands, and the little half-lit bedroom seemed to be blinking in and out.

Aunt Anna had added a postscript: "Glad to hear you are enjoying yourself in London, but rather alarmed at your frequent mention of theatres. Take care you don't go too often, child, and mind you send us the name of the vicar of the parish you are living in, for I certainly think grandfather ought to write to him."

To this again there was a footnote by Aunt Rachel: "You say nothing of Mr. Drake nowadays. Is he one of Mrs. Jupe's visitors? And is it he who takes you to theatres?"

Then there was a New Year's card enclosed, having a picture of an Eastern shepherd at the head of his flock of sheep, and bearing the inscription, "Follow in his footsteps."

But the hissing sound of Mrs. Jupe's voice came up from below, and Glory's tears were dried in an instant. On going downstairs she found Aggie in her mock sealskin and big black feathers sitting in the parlour at the back of the shop, and Mrs. Jupe talking to her in whispers, with an appearance of knowledge and familiarity. She caught the confused look of the one and the stealthy glances of the other, and the hard lump at her heart grew harder.

"Come on," said Glory, and a few minutes afterwards the girls were walking towards Soho. The little chapels in the quieter streets were dropping out their driblets of people and the lights in the church windows were going out one by one. Aggie had recovered her composure, and was talking of Charlie as she skipped along with a rapid step, swinging her stage-box by her side. Charlie was certain to be at one of the clubs, and he would be sure to see them home. He wasn't out of his time yet, and that was why her father wouldn't allow him about. But he was in an office at a foundry, and his people lived in a house, and perhaps one of these days ——"

"Did you say that some of the people who are on the stage now began at the clubs?" said Glory.

"Plenty, my dear. There's Betty Bellman for one. She was at a club in Old Compton Street when Mr. Sefton found her out."

Aggie had to "work a turn" at each of three clubs that night, and the girls were now at the door of the first of them. It stood at the corner of a reputable square, and was like any ordinary house on the outside. But people were coming and going constantly, and the doorkeeper was kept opening and closing the door. In the middle of the hall a clerk stood at a desk, having a great book in front of him, and making a show of challenging everybody as he entered. He recognised Aggie as an artiste, but passed Glory also on the payment of twopence and the signing of her name in the book.

The dining-room of the house had been converted into a bar, with counter and stillage, and after the girls had crushed through the crowds that stood there they came into a large and shabby chamber, which had the appearance of having been built over the space which had once been the backyard. This room had neither windows nor skylights, its walls were decorated with portraits of Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel in faded colours, and there was a stage and proscenium at its farther end.

It was an Italian club that met there on Sunday nights, and some two or three hundred hairdressers and restaurant-keepers of swarthy complexion sat in groups at little round tables, with their wives and sweethearts (chiefly English women), smoking and drinking and laughing at the performance on the stage.

Aggie went down to her dressing-room under the floor, and Glory sat at a table with a yellow-haired lady and a dark-eyed man. A negro—without the burnt cork—was twanging a banjo and cracking the jokes of the corner-man.

"That's my style—a merry touch-and-go," said the lady. And then, glancing at Glory, "Singing to-night, my dear?"

Glory shook her head.

"Thort you might be a 'pro' p'raps. Use ter be myself when I was in the bally at the Lane. Married now, my dear; but I likes to come of a Sunday night when the kids is got to bed."

Then Aggie danced a skirt dance, and there were shouts of applause for her, and she came back and danced again. When she reappeared in jacket and hat, and with her stage-box in her hand, the girls crushed their way out. Going through the bar they were invited to drink by several of the men who were standing there, but they got into the streets at last.

"They're rather messy, those bars," said Aggie; "but managers like you to come

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"Singing to-night, my dear?"

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round and tyke something after you've done your turn—if it's only a cup of cawfy."

"Do you like this life?" said Glory, taking a long breath.

"Yes, awfully!" said Aggie.

Their next visit was to a Swiss club, which did not greatly differ from the Italian one, except that the hall was more shabby, and that the audience consisted of French and Swiss waiters and skittish young English milliners. The girls had taken their hats and cloaks off and sat dressed like dolls in white muslin with long streamers of bright ribbon. A gentleman sang the "Postman's Knock," with the character accompaniment of a pot hat and a black-edged envelope, a lady sang "Maud" in silk tights and a cloak, Aggie danced her skirt dance, and then the floor was cleared for a ball.

"They're going to dance the Swiss dance," said Aggie, "and the M.C. wants me to tyke a place; but I hate these fellows to be hugging me. Will you be my partner, dear?"

"Well—just for a minute or two," said Glory with nervous gaiety. And then the dance began.

It proved to be a musical version of odd man out, and Glory soon found herself being snapped up by other partners and addressed familiarly by the waiters and their women. She could feel the moisture of their hands and smell the oil of their hair, and a feeling like a spasm of physical pain came over her.

"Let us go," she whispered.

"Yes, it's getting lyte," said Aggie, and they crushed through the crowded bar and out into the street.

The twanging of the fiddles, the thud of the dancing, and the peals of coarse laughter followed them from the stifling atmosphere within, and Glory felt sick and faint.

"Do you say that managers of good places call at these clubs sometimes?"

"Often," said Aggie, and she hummed a music-hall tune as she skipped and tripped along.

The streets, which had been dark and quiet when they arrived in Soho, were now ablaze with lights in every window, and noisy with people on every pavement. The last club they had to visit was a German club, and as they came near to it they saw that a man was standing at the door bare-headed and looking out for somebody.

"It's Charlie," said Aggie with a little jump of joy. But when they came up to him a scowl darkened his dark face, and he said—

"Late as usyal! Two of the bloomin' turns not come, and me looking up and dahn the bloomin' street for you every minute and more!"

The girl's eyes blinked as if he had struck her, but she only tossed her head and stiffened her under lip, and said, "Jawing again, are ye? I'd chuck it for once, Charlie, if it was only for sake of company."

With that she disappeared to the dressing-room, and Charlie took charge of Glory, crushed a way for her through the refreshment-room, offered her a "glaws o' somethink," and with an obvious pride of possession introduced her to admiring acquaintances as "a friend o' mine." "Like yer style, Charlie," said some of them. "Oh, yus! Dare say!" said Charlie.

The proscenium was surmounted by the German and English flags intertwined, the walls were adorned with oleograph portraits of the Kaiser, his father and grandfather, Bismarck and Von Moltke, and the audience consisted largely of lively young Jews and Jewesses in evening dress, some German and Polish Jews, and a sprinkling of other foreigners.

During Aggie's turn Glory was conscious that two strangers out of another world altogether had entered the club and were standing at the back.

"Toffs," said Charlie, looking at them over her shoulder, and then answering to himself the meaning of their looks. "No, my luds! 'Tain't the first we've seen of sech!"

Then Aggie came up with an oily person in a flowered waistcoat and said, "This is my friend, guv'nor, and she wouldn't mind doing a turn if you asked her."

"If de miss vill oblige," began the oily one, and then the blood rushed to Glory's face, and before she knew what else had happened her hat and ulster were in Aggie's hands and she was walking up the steps to the stage.

There was some applause when she went on, but she was in a dazed condition and it all seemed to be taking place a hundred miles away. She heard her own voice saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will endeavour to give you an imitation . . ." and something more. Down to that moment her breath had been coming and going in hot gasps, and she had felt a dryness in the throat; but every symptom of nervousness suddenly disappeared and she threw up her head like a charger in battle.

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Then she sang. It was only a common street song, and everybody had heard it a thousand times. She sang, "And her golden hair was hanging down her back," after the manner of a line of factory girls going home from work at night. Arm in arm, decked in their Vandyke hats slashed with red ribbon and crowned with ostrich feathers, with their free step, their shrill voices—they were there before everybody's eyes, everybody could see them, everybody could recognise them, and before the end of the first verse there were shouts and squeals of laughter.

Glory felt dizzy yet self-possessed, she gave a little audible laugh while she stood bowing between the verses. In a few minutes the song was finished and the people were stamping, whistling, uttering screeching cat-calls and shouting, "Brayvo." But Glory was sitting at the foot of the stage by this time with a face contorted as in physical pain. After the first thrill of

"It's Charlie."

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"Ugh! A genius, and lif in a tobacco-shop!'

success the shame of it all came over her and she saw how low she had fallen, and felt horrified and afraid. The clamour, the clapping of hands, the vulgar faces, the vulgar laughter, the vulgar song, Sunday night, her own birthday! It all passed before her like the incidents in some nightmare procession, and at the back of it came other memories—Glenfaba, the sweet and simple household, the old Parson smoking by the study fire and looking up at the evening star, and then John Storm and the church chimes at Bishopsgate! One moment she sat there with her burning face, staring helplessly before her, while people crowded round to shake hands with her and cried into her ears above the deafening tumult, "You'll have to tyke another turn, dear"—and then she burst into passionate weeping.

"Stand avay! De lady's not fit to sing again," said someone, and she opened her eyes. It was one of the two gentlemen who had been standing at the back.

"*Ach Gott!* Is it you? Don't you know me, nurse?"

It was Mr. Koenig the organist.

"My gracious! Vot are you doing here, my child? Two monts ago I haf look for you at de hospital, and haf write to de matron, but you vere gone. Since den I haf look for you all over London. Vhere do you lif?"

Glory told him and he wrote down the address.

"Ugh! A genius, and lif in a tobacco-shop! My vife vill call on you and fetch you avay. She is a goot woman, and vhatever she tell you to do you must do it; but not musical and cleversome like as you. Bless mine soul! Singing in a Sunday club! Do you know, my child, you haf a voice, and talents, great talents! Vants training—yes. But vhat vould you haf? Here am I, Carl Koenig! I speak ver' bad de Englisch, but I know ver' goot to teach music. I vill teach you same like I teach oder ladies who pay me many dollare. Do you know vhat I am?"

Yes, she knew what he was—he was the organist at All Saints', Belgravia.

"Pooh! I am a composer as vell. I write songs, and all your countrymen and countryvomen sing dem. I haf a choral company, too, and it is for dat I vant you. I go to de first houses in de land, de lords, de ministers, de princes. You shall come vith me. Your voice is soprano—no, mezzo-soprano—and it vill grow. I vill pitch it, and vhen it is ready I vill bring you out. But now get away from dis place and naivere

come back, or I vill be more angry as before."

Glory rose, and he led her to the door. Her heart felt big and her eyes were glistening. Aggie was in the refreshment-room. Having finished for the night, she had resumed her out-door costume, without removing her make-up, and was laughing merrily among a group of men, and playing them off against Charlie, who was still in the sulks and drinking at the bar. When Glory appeared the girl fidgeted with her glove and said, "Aren't you going to see us home, Charlie?"

"No," said Charlie.

"Where are you going to?"

"Nowhere as you can come."

Aggie's eyes watered, and she wrenched a button off, but she only laughed and answered, "Don't think as we're throwing ourselves at *your* head, my man. We only wanted to *know*. Ta-ta!"

It was now midnight, and the streets were thin of people, but sounds of music and dancing came from nearly every open window and door.

Aggie was crying. "That's the worst of the clubs," she said, "they lead 'em to the gambling hells. And then a young man always knows when he can tyke advantage."

As they returned past the Swiss club somebody who was being thrown out into the streets was shouting in a gurgling voice, "Let go o' my throat or I'll corpse ye!" And farther on two or three girls in their teens, with their arms about the necks of twice as many men, were reeling along the pavement and singing in a tuneless wail.

XV.

TOWARDS the middle of Lent the Society of the Holy Gethsemane was visited by its ecclesiastical visitor. This was the Bishop of the diocese, the Bishop of London, a liberal-minded man and not a very rigid ecclesiastic, abrupt, brusque, business-like and a good administrator. When the brothers had gathered in the community room, he took from the Superior the leathern-bound volume containing the rule of the Brotherhood and read aloud the text of it.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, "whether I approve of your rule or do not approve of it is a matter with which I have no concern at present. My sole duty is to see that it is lawfully administered. Are you satisfied with the administration of it and willing to remain under its control?"

There was only one response from the brothers—they were entirely satisfied.

The Bishop rose with a smile and bowed to the brothers, and they began to leave the room.

"There are two of my people whom you have not yet seen," said the Father.

"Where are they?"

"In their cells."

"Why in their cells?"

"One of them is ill; the other is under the rule of silence and solitude."

"Let us visit them," said the Bishop, and they began to ascend the stairs.

"I may not agree with your theory of the religious life, Father, but when I see your people giving up the world and its comforts, its joys and possessions, its ties of blood and affection ——"

They had reached the topmost story, and the Father had paused to recover breath. "This cell to the right," said he, "is occupied by a lay brother who was tempted by the Evil One to a grievous act of disobedience, and the wrath of God has fallen on him. But Satan has over-reached him for once, and by that very act grace has triumphed. Not a member of our community rejoices more in the blessed sacrament, and when I place the body of our Lord ——"

"May we go in to him?"

"Certainly; he is dying of lung disease, but you shall see with what patience he possesses his soul."

Brother Paul was sitting before a small fire in an armchair padded with pillows, holding in his dried up hands a heavy crucifix which was suspended from his neck.

"How lightsome and cosy we are up here," said the Bishop. "A long way up, certainly, but no doubt you get everything you require."

"Everything," said Paul.

"Of course you see a doctor occasionally?"

"Three times a week, and if he would only let me escape from an evil and troublesome world ——"

"Hush! It's not right to talk like that, my son. Whatever happens it is our duty to live, you know."

"I've lost all there was to live for, and besides ——"

"Then there is nothing you wish for?" said the Bishop.

"Nothing but death," said Paul, and lifting the crucifix he carried it to his lips.

"Thank God we are born to die!" said

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the Bishop, and they stepped back to the corridor and closed the door.

"This next cell," said the Father, "is occupied by such a one as you were thinking of—one who was born to possess the world and to achieve its sounding triumphs, but ——"

"Has he given it up entirely?"

"Entirely."

"Is he young?"

"Quite young, and he has left the world, not as Augustine did, after learning by bitter experience the deceitfulness of sin ——".

"Then why is he here?"

"He cannot trust himself yet. He feels the inward strivings and struggles of our rebellious nature and ——"

"Then his solitude and silence are voluntary?"

"Now they are. See," said the Father, and stooping to the floor he picked up a key that lay at his feet.

"What does that mean?"

"He locks himself in and pushes the key under the door."

When they entered the cell John Storm was standing by the window in a stream of morning sunlight, looking out on the world below with fixed and yearning eyes.

"This is our visitor," said the Father. "The rule of silence is relaxed in his case!"

"Have I not seen you before?" said the Bishop.

"I think not, my lord," said John.

"What is your name and where were you living before you came here?"

John told him.

"Then I have both seen and heard you. But I perceive that the world has gone on a little since you left it—your Canon is an archdeacon now and one of the chaplains to the Queen as well. How long have you been in the Brotherhood?"

"Since the 14th of August."

"And how long have you kept your cell?"

"Since the week before the Epiphany."

"This is the third week in Lent—rather a long penance, Father."

"I have often urged our dear brother . . ." began the Father.

"You carry your fastings and prayers too far, Mr. Storm," said the Bishop. He was picking up one by one some black-letter books that were lying on the table and on the bed. "I know that divines in all ages tell us that the body is evil, and that its desires and appetites must be eradicated. But they also teach us that the perfect Christian character is the blending of the two lives, the life of nature and the life of grace. Don't despise your humanity, my son. Your Master did not despise it. He came down from heaven that He might live and work among the sinful brotherhood of man. And don't pray for death, or fast as if you prayed for it. You would have no right to do that even if you were like your poor neighbour next door, whom Death smiles on and beckons to repose. But you are young and you are strong. Who knows what good work your heavenly Father keeps waiting for you yet?"

John had returned to the window and was looking out with vacant eyes.

"But all this is beside my present business," said the Bishop. "There is nothing you wish to complain of?"

"Nothing whatever."

"You are content to live in this house, under the laws and statutes of this Society, and in voluntary obedience to its Superior?"

"Yes."

"That is enough."

The Bishop was leaving the cell when his eye was arrested by some writing in pencil on the wall. It ran, "9th of November—Lord Mayor's Day"; and under it were short lines such as a prisoner makes when he keeps a reckoning.

"What is the meaning of this date?" said the Bishop.

John was silent, but the Father answered with a smile, "That is the date of his vow, my lord. It is part of the discipline of his life of grace to keep count of the days of his novitiate, so eager is he for the time when he may dedicate his whole life to God."

Back at the head of the stairs the Father paused again and said, "Listen!"

There was the sound as of a trembling hand turning the key in the lock of the door they had shut behind them, and at the next moment the key itself came out of the aperture under it.

When the door closed on the Bishop and John Storm was alone in his cell, one idea was left with him—the idea of work. He had tried everything else, and everything had failed.

He had tried solitude. On asking to be shut up in a cell he had said to himself, "The thought of Glory is a temptation of my unquickened and unspiritual nature. It has already betrayed me into an act of cowardice and inhumanity, and it will drive me out into the world and fling me back again as it drove out and flung back Brother Paul." But the result of his solitude was

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"You carry your fastings and prayers too far, Mr. Storm."

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specious and deceitful. At first it was painful, monotonous and stifling, and then it began to awaken the fibres of memory and to torment him with thoughts of the past. As pictures seem to float before the eyes after the eyelids are closed, so his past life, now that it was over, seemed to rise up before him with awful distinctness. Sitting alone in his cell, every event of his life with Glory, in the island and in London, passed before him in review, and harassed him with pitiless condemnation. Why had he failed to realise the essential difference of temperament between himself and that joyous creature? Why had he hesitated to gratify her natural and innocent love of mere life? Why had he allowed his dislike of Lord Robert and his distrust of Drake to drive her into the society of these men, as the only escape from his own rigid and unnecessary asceticism? Why had he done this? Why had he not done that? If Glory was lost, if the wicked and merciless world had betrayed her, the fault was his, and God would surely punish him. Thus did solitude enervate his soul by frightening it, and the temptation he had hoped to vanquish became the more strong and tyrannical.

He had tried reading. The Fathers had been saints, but they had been men also, and had known what it was to have the spiritual life crushed almost to death by the struggles of human passion. The Fathers told him that God allowed ascetics to keep the keys of their nature in their own hands; that they had only to think of woman as more bitter than death, and of her beauty as a cause of perdition, and that if any woman's face tormented them they were to picture it to the eye of the mind as old and wrinkled, defaced by disease and even the prey of the worm. He tried to do so, though the task was hard and bitter, and as long as the daylight lasted he kept up the blind and cruel struggle to think of Glory as the Fathers directed, but when darkness fell and he lay on his bed, with the first dream of the night the strong powers of nature, that had no mind to surrender, swept down the pitiful bulwarks of religion and Glory was smiling upon him in her youth, her beauty, her sweetness, her humour, and all the grace of her countless gifts.

He had tried fasting. The fight of a living force with a dead, heavy, unquickened nature would be the easier if he purified the body by subduing it. Three times a day Brother Andrew brought him his food, and twice a day, when the lay brother had left him, he opened the window and spread the food on the sill for the birds to take it. But the results of his fasting were the reverse of his expectations. There came first a fermentation and then a sinking earthwards of the whole nature. At one moment he was uplifted by strong emotions, at the next moment he was in collapse. Now his spirit was soaring upwards on wings of celestial passion, and now he was uttering blasphemies and dashing himself against the wall. His knees trembled, his head reeled, his eyes became dim and his brain feeble. Visions began to pass before him. His father's face tormented him constantly, and sometimes he was conscious of the face of his mother, though down to that time he had never known her. But above all and through all there came the face of Glory. Fasting had only extended his dreams about her. He was dreaming both by day and by night now, and Glory was with him always.

He had tried prayer. No one could resist the temptations of the flesh without recommending himself to God. He had said his offices regularly, but now he would say special prayers as well. To get the victory over his lawless and rebellious nature he would fix his eyes on the mother of the Lord. That should be the weapon with which by God's help he would fight and vanquish; that should be the vision with which he would banish the phantoms that pursued him. But when he tried to fix his mind on Mary there was nothing to answer to it. All was shadowy and impalpable. There was only a vague, blind, empty cloud before his eyes, until suddenly a luminous face glided into the vacant place, and it was full of tenderness, of sweetness, of charm, of pity and womanly love—but it was the face of Glory.

Despair laid hold of him. His attempts to overcome nature were clearly rejected by the Almighty. Day by day he paced round his cell and heard the fiends rejoice over him with shrieks of laughter. Winter passed with its foggy days. He stood by the window and looked out on the river and the opposite shore with its gray wharves and warehouses and its dull and naked landscape. The Father wished him to return to the ordinary life of the community, but he begged to be allowed to remain. His solitude was awful, but it was the only thing that made existence endurable. Like a captured and wounded beast, lonely, revengeful and defiant, he was waiting for his death.

But the spring came and diffused its joy throughout all nature. The air became

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lighter and larger; the sky ceased to press down on the house-tops and grew pure and transparent and rose far overhead; the leaves began to rustle on the tree in the courtyard, and the birds to build their nests in the eaves. Spring exercised its influence on him also, and hope came back to him. He listened to the leaves, he watched the birds threading their way in the clear air, he caught glimpses of the yellow flowers, and strained his eyes for the green country beyond. The young birds began to take wing, and one little sparrow came hopping into his room as often as he opened his window in the morning and played about his feet like a mouse, and then was gone to the mother-bird that called to it from the tree.

Little by little hope grew to impatience, and impatience rose to fever heat, but he remembered his vows, and to put himself out of temptation he locked the door of his cell and pushed the key through the aperture under it. But he could not lock the door of his soul, and his old trouble came up again with the throb of a stronger and fresher life. Every morning when he awoke he thought of Glory. Where was she now? What had become of her by this time? He wrote on the wall the date of her disappearance from the hospital—"9th of November—Lord Mayor's Day"—and tried to keep pace in his mind with the chances of her fate. And every night before lying down to sleep he looked out westward—always westward—where the blue sheet of the electric light lit up the sky, and life was only beginning to bestir itself. "I am guilty of a folly," he thought. The pride of his reason revolted against what he was doing. Nevertheless he knew full well it would be the same to-morrow, and the next day, and the next year, for his human passions would not yield, and his vows still clutched him as with fangs.

He was standing one morning by the window looking out on the river, with its hay barges gliding down the glistening water-way and its little steamers with their spirals of smoke ascending, when everything in the world began in a moment to bear another moral interpretation. The lesson of life was work. Man could not exist without it. If he departed from that condition, no matter how much he fasted and meditated and prayed, he was useless and miserable and depraved.

Then the lock turned in the door of his cell and the Father and the Bishop entered. When they were gone he felt suffocated by their praises of his piety, and asked himself, "What am I doing here?" He was a hypocrite. Ten thousand other men whom the Church called saints had been hypocrites before him, and as they paced their cloisters they had asked themselves the same question. But the mighty hand of the Church was over him still, and with trembling fingers he turned the key again and pushed it under the door. Then he knew that he was a coward also, and that religion had deprived him of his will, of his force, of his manhood, and enervated his soul itself.

Brother Paul was moving about in the adjoining cell. The lay brother had become very weak; his step was slow, his feet dragged along the floor; his breath was audible and sometimes his cough was long and raucous. John had heard these sounds every day and had tried not to listen, but now he strained his ears to hear. A new thought had come to him: he would ask to be allowed to nurse Brother Paul; that should be his work, for work alone could save him.

Next morning he leapt up from sleep at the first syllable of "Benedicamus Domino," and cried "Father!" But when the door opened in answer to his call it was the Father-Minister who entered. The Superior had gone to give a Retreat to a sisterhood in York and would be absent until the end of Lent. John looked at the hard face of the deputy, the very mirror of its closed and frozen soul, and he could say nothing.

"Is it anything that I can do for you?" said the Father-Minister.

"No—that is to say—no, no," said John.

When he opened his window that day he could hear the Lenten services in the church. The prayers, the responses, the psalms, and the hymns woke to fresh life the memory of things long past, and for the first time he became oppressed with a great loneliness. The near neighbourhood of Brother Paul intensified that loneliness, and at length he asked for an indulgence and spoke to the Father-Minister again.

"Brother Paul is ill—let me attend to him," he said.

The Father-Minister shook his head. "It is part of the discipline of the life of grace that everyone should attend to himself."

"But he is a dying man, and somebody should be with him always."

"If he is dying let us leave him to meditate on the happiness and glory of another world."

John made no further struggle. Another door had been closed on him. But it was

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not necessary to go to Brother Paul that he might be with him always. The spiritual eye could see everything. Listening to the sounds in the adjoining cell, it was the same at length as if the wall between them had broken down and the two rooms were one. Whatever Brother Paul did John seemed to see it, whatever he said in his hours of pain John seemed to hear it; and when he lifted his scuttle of coal from the place at the door

"Sometimes they rapped from sympathy."

where the lay brother left it, John's hand seemed to bear up the weight.

It was a poor, pathetic folly, but it brought the comfort of company, and John thought with a pang of the time when he had wished to be separated from Paul, and had all but asked for a cell elsewhere. Paul had a fire, and John could hear him build and light and stir it; and sometimes when this was done he would sit down himself before his own empty grate on his own side of the wall and fancy they were good comrades sitting side by side.

As the day passed he thought that Brother Paul on his part also was touched by the same sense of company. His silence at certain moments, his half-articulate salutations, his repetition of the sounds that John himself made seemed to be the dumb expression of a sense that in spite of the wall that divided them, and the rule of silence and solitude that separated them, they were nevertheless together.

Brother Paul's cough grew rapidly worse, and at last it burst into a fit so long and violent as to seem as if it would never end. John held his breath and listened. "He'll suffocate," he thought; "he'll never live through it." But the spasm passed, and there was a prolonged hush, a dead stillness, that was not broken by so much as the sound of a breath. Was he gone? By a sudden impulse, in the agony of his suspense, John stretched out his hand and knocked three times on the wall.

There was a short silence, and then faintly, slowly and irregularly three other knocks came back to him.

Paul had understood, and John shouted in his joy. But even on top of his relief came his religious fears. Had they broken the rule of silence? Were they guilty of a sin?

Nevertheless, for many days thereafter, though they knew it was a fault, in this vague and dumb and feeble fashion they communicated constantly. On going to bed they rapped "Good-night"; on rising for the day they rapped "Good-morning." They rapped when the bell rang for midday service and again when the singing came up through the courtyard. And sometimes they rapped from sympathy and sometimes from pity and sometimes from mere human loneliness and the love of company.

Thus did these exiles from life, struggling to live under the eye of God in obedience to an unnatural vow, try to cheer their crushed and fettered souls and to comfort each other like imprisoned children.

XVI.

"The Priory, St. John's Wood,
"London.

"BEHOLD, all men and women at Glenfaba, I have made one further change in my rôle of female Wandering Jew! You have to think of Glory now, dear people, in a nice house in St. John's Wood, though there is

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no wood anywhere visible except the park, where they keep all the wild beasts in London—all that go on four legs, you know. The master of the mansion is Mr. Carl Koenig, a dear old hippopotamus who is five-feet-nothing in his boots, and has piercing black eyes and an electro-plated moustache! He is a sort of an English-German-Dutch-Polish musician. When he talks of himself as an organist he is always a little John Bull, being F.R.C.O. and lots of things besides; when he speaks of 'Vatherland' he is a German; and when he is in good spirits (or they are in him) he sings 'Poland is not lost for ever!' all over the house until you sometimes wish it were.

"His wife is an Englishwoman, about forty or more, with big, moist, doggy eyes that give you an idea of slave-humility and an unappreciated and undeveloped soul. There never were two married folk less alike, she being one of those silent creatures who come into a room and sit and listen and never speak, except to give instructions to the maids, while he is always cackling like an old hen who can never lay an egg without letting the whole world know all about it. They have two female servants, both beautiful Cockneys, besides a boy in the garden, and a parrot that holds forth all over the place; and their house is the rendezvous of all kinds and conditions of great people, for Mr. Koenig himself is a sort of Gideon's lamp among 'pros' of nearly every order.

"And now you want to know how I come to be here. You are to learn then that Mr. Koenig happened to be one of my patients in the hospital, he having gone there for a slight operation, and I having helped to nurse him through what he calls his 'operatic cure.' In the course of that ordeal he had music of a less excruciating kind sometimes, it seems, and after his return home he searched for me all over London on account of my voice, and finding me unexpectedly at last he sent his wife to Mrs. Jupe's to fetch me, and—and here I am in a dainty little dimity room, whose walls are covered with portraits of well-known singers, violinists, pianists and composers, with their affectionate inscriptions underneath.

"But you want to learn why I am here. Well, you must know that Mr. Koenig (although a foreign musician) is organist of All Saints', Belgravia, where they sing a solo anthem at nearly every Sunday morning service; and having had various disappointments at the hands of vocal soloists from the Opera, whose 'professional engagements suddenly intervened,' he conceived the audacious idea of intervening a woman to do their duty permanently. So this is my position in the church at which John Storm used to be curate, and once a week I pipe that his old enemy the Canon may play. But as that good man is of St. Paul's opinion about women holding their tongues in the tabernacle, and is blest with just enough ear to know a contralto from a corn-crake, I have to be hidden away behind a screen in order that his reverence may have all the fun to himself of believing me to be a boy.

"So you see, my dearies, you needn't be anxious about me 'at all at all,' seeing that I am living in this atmosphere of art and odour of sanctity, and that I have kept only one tiny little thing back, and I am going to tell you that now. You were afraid that I might go too often to the theatre, Aunt Anna. Never mind, auntie, I shall not be going so very often now, and in proof thereof permit me to introduce myself in my future style and character—Miss Glory Quayle, the eminent social entertainer! You don't know what that is, dear people? It is quite simple and innocent nevertheless. I am to go to the houses of smart people when they give their grand parties and sing and recite, and so forth. Nothing wrong, you see—only what I used to do at Glenfaba.

"You must know that, just as in the country the men go to the smithy when they have nothing more pressing on hand than to settle the affairs of the universe, and the women to the mangle-house when they have to mangle other things besides clothes, so in the towns the poor rich people have their own particular diversion, which they call their 'At Homes.' Mr. Drake used to tell me they were terrible Tower-of-Babel concerns, at which everybody talked at once, and all the tongues in the place went click-clack world without end. But they must be perfectly charming for all that; and when I think of the dresses and the diamonds and the titles as long as your breath—oh dear! oh dear!

"I shall see it all soon, I suppose, for to supply the place of the hammer and the anvil the smart folks always add musical accompaniment to the confusion of tongues, and Mr. Koenig, who has a choral company, goes to the cream of the cream of such gatherings and sings and plays from Grieg and Schumann, and Liszt and Wagner, and Chopin and Paderewski, and the place intended for me in this grand organisation would appear to be that of jester to my lords and ladies!

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'*Ach Gott!*' says Mr. Koenig, who 'speaks ver' bad de Englisch,' 'your great people vant de last new ting. One lady she say to me, "Dear Mr. Koenig, I tink I shall not ask you dis season. I hear you everyvheres I go to, and I get so tired of peoples." But vhen I takes anoder wis me I am a new beesness. You shall sing and recite your leetle funny tings. Your great people tink dey loof music, but dey loof better to laugh. "For goodness' sake make dem laugh, Mr. Koenig"—dat's vhat a great man say to me. But, my gootness, how can I? I am a musician, I am a composer, I am an arteeste!'

"For this high and noble office I have been going through a purgatory of preparation in which I have sometimes hardly known whether I was a hurdy-gurdy or an explosion of cats, and the future female jester has even been known to lie down on the floor and cry in her dumps or despair or some such devilry. However Mr. Koenig begins to believe that I am passable, and my first appearance is to be made immediately after Lent, at the house of the Home Secretary, where it is not improbable, dear Aunt Rachel, that I may meet Mr. Drake, although that is no part of my programme or expectation.

"Of course I shall have to look charming in any case, and I am already busy with my dress. It is a black silk gown with a tight-fitting bodice. The bodice has windbag sleeves, formed of shawl pieces of guipure lace, and some lilies of the valley on the breast, finished with a waistband of heliotrope velvet, and I am going to wear long black gloves all the way up my arms, which are growing round and plump and lovely enough for anything. The skirt is my old one, and I got the lace for three and six, so I am not ruining myself, you see; and though my hair is getting redder than ever, red is the fashionable colour in London now, therefore I shan't waste much money on dyes.

"But for all this brave exterior, when the time comes I know that down in my heart I shall be terrified. It will be like the first dive of the year. 'One plunge, Glory, my child,' and then over I'll go! I partly realise already what it will be like by my experiences on Sunday evenings when the celebrities come here after church, and Mr. Koenig exhibits me to admiring friends, and tells them how I brought him 'goot look,' and I overhear them say, 'That girl will show them all something yet.' Oh, this London is adorable, my dears, with its wit and fashion, and gaiety and luxury! and I have concluded that to live in the world is the best thing one can do after all. Some people say hard things about it, and want to reform it, or even to leave it altogether; but I love it, I love it, and think it just charming!

"And now spring is here, and the world is lovely in its yellow and green. It must be *urro-massy* nice over yandher in the oilan' too, with the primroses and the violets and the gorse in the glen. Oh dear! oh dear! I can smell it all three hundred miles away! The lilacs will be out at Glenfaba now, and Aunt Anna will be collecting her Easter eggs. Well—wait a whiley and I'll come to thee, my dears!

"Not a word from John Storm, of course. No doubt he is fighting with shadows while other people are struggling with realities. They tell me these Brotherhoods are common in the Church now, though most of them are secret societies; but the more I think of that kind of religion the more it looks like setting tasks to try faith, as if God were a coquettish woman. That reminds me that Mr. Worldly-Wealthy-Wiseman is no longer a canon, having got himself made archdeacon, and as such he looks more than ever like a black Spanish cock, being clad, of course, in those funny clothes, like the bishops, which always make one think their lordships must be in doubt on getting up in the morning whether they ought to wear a schoolboy's knickerbockers or a ballet-girl's skirt, so they settle the difficulty by putting on both. For this reason I try to avoid him when on duty at the church, lest I should be suddenly possessed of a devil and behave badly to his face. But this being Lent, and there being special preachers every day, it chanced on Sunday morning that I came upon three of them all in a row, and oh, my gracious, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!

"It is too bad, though, to think that men like John Storm can't find room in the Church for the sole of their foot, while this archdemon is flourishing in it like a green bay-tree. Forgive me, grandfather; I can't help it. But then the church in the country doesn't seem the same thing as in town. *There* you are somehow made to feel that man does a little and God does all the rest, while *here* we reverse that order of things, with the result that this seed of the Amalekite . . . but never mind.

"I went to the Zoo this morning. There was a lion shut up in a cage all by himself. Such a solemn, splendid, silent fellow; I could have cried.

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"But it is the witching hour of night, my daughter, and you must put yourself to bed. 'Goot look!'

GLORY."

XVII.

IN the middle of the night of Good Friday John Storm was awakened by noises in the adjoining cell. There seemed to be the voices of two men in angry and violent altercation, the one threatening and denouncing, the other protesting and supplicating.

"The girl is dead — isn't that proof enough?" said one voice. "It's a lie! It's a false accusation!" said the other voice. "Look at me. I was old enough to be her father. Paul, what are you going to do?" "I'm going to put this bullet in your brain." "But I'm innocent—I take the Almighty to witness that I'm innocent. Put the pistol down." "Say your prayers. You've only one minute to live." "Help! help!" "No use calling—there's nobody in the house." "Mercy! mercy!" "Down on your knees, lose no time." "I haven't much money about me, but you shall have it all. Take everything — everything — and if there's anything I can do to start you in life . . . I'm rich, Paul—I have influence . . . only spare me!" "Scoundrel, do you think you can buy me as you bought my sister?" "And if I did I was not the only one." "Liar! Tell that to herself when you meet her at the judgment!" "Assassin!" "Too late—you've met her."

John Storm listened and understood. The two voices were one voice. It was the voice of Brother Paul. The lay brother was delirious. His poor broken brain was rambling in the ways of the past. He was re-enacting the scene of his crime.

John hesitated. His impulse was to fly into Paul's room and lay hold of him that he might prevent him from doing himself any injury. But he remembered the law of the community that no member of it should go into the cell of another, under pain of grievous penance. And then there was the rule of silence and solitude, which had not yet been lifted away.

But monks are great sophists, and at the next moment John Storm had told himself that it was not Brother Paul who was in the adjoining room, but only his poor perishing body, labouring through the last sloughs of the twilight land of death. Paul himself, his soul, his spirit, was far away, and hence it could be no sin to go into the cell of one whose senses were not there.

His own door was locked, but he scraped back the key and lit his candle, and stepped into the passage. The voices were still loud in Paul's room, but no one seemed to hear them, for not another sound broke the silence of the sleeping house. The cell beyond Paul's was empty. It was Brother Andrew's cell, and Andrew was at the door downstairs.

When John Storm entered the dark room, candle in hand, Brother Paul was standing in the middle of the floor with one hand outstretched and a ghastly and appalling smile upon his face. He was pale as death, his eyes were ablaze, his forehead was streaming with perspiration, and he was breathing from the depths of his chest. He wiped the dews from his brow and said in a choking voice, "He has died as he lived—a liar and a scoundrel!"

John took him by the hand and drew him to the bed, and putting him to sit there, he tried to soothe and comfort him. He was terrified at first by the sound of his own voice, but the sophism that had served to bring him served to support him also, and he told himself it could be no breach of the rule of silence to speak to one who was not there.

The delirium of the lay brother spent itself at length and he fell into a deep sleep, and then John sat some hours by the bed and watched him, with a thrill of joy at the company even of a sleeping man, and a quiver of fear lest he should awake in his right mind and he must himself be gone.

Next day, when Brother Andrew came to John's cell with the food, he began to sing as if to himself while he bustled about the room.

"Brother Paul is sinking—he is sinking rapidly—Father Jerrold has confessed him—he has taken the sacrament—and is very patient."

This, as if it had been a Gregorian chant, the great fellow had hit upon as a means of communicating with John, without, as he supposed, breaking rule and committing sin.

John did not lock his door on the following night. On going to bed he listened for the noises he had heard before, half fearing and yet half wishing that he might hear them again. But he heard nothing; and towards midnight he fell asleep. Then something made him shudder, and he awoke with the sensation of moonlight on his face. The moon was indeed shining, and its sepulchral light was on a figure that stood by the foot of the bed. It was Paul, with a

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livid face, murmuring his name in a voice almost as faint as a breath.

John leapt up and put his arms about him.

"You are ill, brother—very ill."

"I am dying."

"Help! help!" cried John, and he made for the door.

"Hush, brother, hush!"

"Oh, I don't care for rule. Rule is nothing in a case like this. It was monstrous to leave you alone. Help!"

"I implore you, I conjure you," said Paul in a voice strangled by weakness. "Let them leave us alone a little longer. I have something to say to you, something to confess. I have to ask your pardon."

In two strides John had reached the door, but he came back without opening it.

"Why, my poor lad, what have you done to me?"

"When you let me out of the house to go in search of my sister ——"

"That was long ago—we'll not talk of it now, brother."

"But I cannot die in peace without telling you. You remember that I had something to say to her?"

"Yes."

"It was a threat. I was going to tell her that unless she gave up her way of life I should find the man who had been the cause of it and follow him up and kill him."

"It was only a temptation of the devil, brother, and it is passed, and now ——"

"Don't you see what I was going to do? I was going to bring trouble and disgrace upon you also as my comrade and accomplice. That's what a man comes to when Satan ——"

"But God willed it otherwise, brother—let us say no more about it."

"You forgive me then?"

"Forgive? It is I who ought to ask for your forgiveness, and perhaps if I told you everything ——"

"There is something else. Listen! The Almighty is calling me—I have no time to lose."

"But you are so cold, brother. Lie on the bed, and I'll cover you with the bedclothes. Oh, never fear — they shan't separate us again. If the Father were at home—but no matter. There, there!"

"You will despise and hate me—you who are so holy and brave-hearted, and have given up everything and conquered the world, and even triumphed over love itself."

"Don't say that, brother."

"It's true, isn't it? Everybody knows what a holy life you live."

"Hush!"

"But I have never lived the religious life at all, and I only came to it as a refuge from the law and the gallows, and if the Father hadn't ——"

"Another time, brother."

"Yes, the story I told the police was true, and I had really ——"

"Hush, brother, hush! I won't hear you. What you are saying is for God's ear only, and whatever you have done God will judge your soul in mercy. We have only to ask Him ——"

"Quick, then; the last sands are running out," and he strove to rise and kneel.

"Lie still, brother; God will accept the humiliation of your soul."

"No, no, let me up; let me kneel beside you. The prayer for the dying—say it with me, Brother Storm; let us say it together. 'O Lord, save ——'

"'*O Lord, save Thy servant.*

"'*Which putteth his trust in Thee.*

"'*Send him help from Thy holy place.*

"'*And . . . evermore . . . mightily defend him.*

"'*Let the enemy have no advantage over him.*

"'*Nor the . . . wicked* ——

"'*Be unto him, O Lord, a strong tower.*

"'*From the* ——

"'*O Lord, hear our prayers.*

"'*And* ——'"

"Paul! Paul! Speak to me! Speak! Don't leave me. We shall console and support each other. You shall come to me, I shall go to you. No matter about the religious life. One word! My lad, my lad!"

But Brother Paul had gone. The captured eagle with the broken wing had slipped its chain at last.

In the terrible peace which followed the air of the room seemed to become empty and void. John Storm felt chill and dizzy, and a great awe fell upon him. The courage which he had built up in sight of Brother Paul's sufferings ebbed rapidly away, and his old fear of rule flowed back. He must carry the lay brother to his cell; he must be ignorant of his death; he must conceal and cover up everything. The moon had gone by this time, for it was near to morning, and the shadows of night were contending with the leaden hues of dawn.

He opened the door and listened. The house was still quite silent. He walked on

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tiptoe to the end of the corridor, pausing at every cell. There was no sound anywhere, except the sonorous breathing of some heavy sleeper and the ticking of the clock in the hall.

Then he returned to the chamber of death, and lifting the dead in his arms, he carried it back to the room which it had left as a living man. The body was light and he scarcely felt its weight, for the limbs under the cassock had dried up like withered twigs. He stretched them out on the bed that they might be fit for death's composing hand, and then closed the eyes and laid the hands together on the breast, and took the heavy cross that hung about the neck and put it as well as he could into the nerveless fingers. By this time the daylight had overcome the shadows of the fore-dawn, and the ruddy glow of morning was gliding into the room. Traffic was beginning to stir in the sleeping city and a cart was rattling down the street.

One glance more he gave at the dead brother's face, and going down on his knees beside it he said a prayer and crossed himself. Then he rose and left it and stole back to his room and shut the door without a sound.

There was a boundless relief when this was done, and partly from relief and partly from exhaustion he fell asleep. He slept for a few minutes only, but sleep knows no time, and a moment in its garden of forgetfulness will wipe out the bitterness of a life. When he awoke he stretched out his hand as he was accustomed to do and rapped three times on the wall. But the tide of consciousness returned to him even as he did so, and in the dead silence that followed his very heart grew cold.

Then the Father-Minister began to awaken the household. His deep call and the muffled answer which followed it rose higher and higher and came nearer and nearer, and every step as he approached seemed to beat upon John Storm's brain. He had reached the topmost story — he was coming down the corridor—he was standing before the door of the dead man's cell.

"Benedicamus Domino," he called, but no answer came back to him. He called again, and there was a short and terrible silence.

John Storm held his breath and listened. By the faint click of the lock he knew that the door had been opened and that the Father-Minister had entered the room. There was a muttered exclamation and then another short silence, and after that there came the click of the lock again. The door had been closed and the Father-Minister had resumed his rounds. When he called at the door of John Storm's cell not a tone of his voice would have told that anything unusual had taken place.

The bell rang and the brothers trooped down the stairs. Presently the low droning sound of their voices came up from the chapel where they were saying lauds. But the service had scarcely ended when the Father-Minister's step was on the stair again. This time another was with him. It was the doctor. They entered the brother's room and closed the door behind them. From the other side of the wall John Storm followed every movement and every word.

"So he has gone at last, poor soul."

"Is he long dead, doctor?"

"Some hours certainly. Was there nobody with him then?"

"He didn't wish for anybody. And then you told us that nothing could be done. We thought prayer was the only way we could help him at last."

"Still, a dying man, you know . . . But how strangely composed he looks! And then the cross on his breast as well!"

"He was very devout and penitent. He made his last devotion yesterday with an intensity of joy such as I have rarely witnessed."

"His eyes closed too! You are sure there was nobody with him?"

"Nobody whatever."

There was a moment's silence and then the doctor said, "Well, he has shipped his anchor at last, poor soul."

"Yes, he has launched on the ocean of the love of God. May we all be as ready when our call comes."

They came back to the corridor, and John heard their footsteps going downstairs. Then for some minutes there were unusual noises below. Rapid steps were coming and going, the hall bell was ringing and the front door was opening and shutting.

An hour later Brother Andrew came with the breakfast. He was obviously excited, and putting down the tray he began to busy himself in the room and to sing as before in his pretence of a Gregorian chant—

"Brother Paul is dead—he died in the night—there was nobody with him—we are sorry he has left us, but glad he is at peace —God rest the soul of our poor Brother Paul!"

It was Easter Day. At midday service in the church the brothers sang the Easter

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hymn, and a mighty longing took hold of John Storm for his own resurrection from his living grave.

Next day there was much coming and going between the world outside and the adjoining cell, and late at night there were heavy and shambling footsteps and even some coarse and ribald talk.

"Bear a 'and, mate."

"Well, they won't have their backs broke as carry this one downstairs. He ain't a Danny Lambert, anyway."

"No, they don't feed ye on Bovril in places syme as this. I'll lay ye odds yer own looking-glass wouldn't know ye arter three months' hard on religion and dry tommy!"

"It pawses me 'ow people tyke to it. Gimme my pint of four-half and my own childring to foller me."

Early on the following morning a stroke rang out on the bell, then another stroke, and again another. "It is the knell," thought John.

A group of the lay brothers came up and passed into the room. "Now," said one, as if giving a signal, and then they passed out again with the measured steps of men who bear a burden. "They are taking him away," he thought.

He listened to their retreating footsteps. "He has gone," he murmured.

The passing bell continued to ring out minute by minute, and presently there was the sound of singing. "It is the service for the dead," he told himself.

After a while both the bell and the singing ceased, and then there was no sound anywhere except the dull rumble of the traffic in the city outside—the deep murmur of the mighty sea that flows on for ever.

"What am I doing?" he asked himself. "What bolts and bars are keeping me? I am guilty of a folly. I am degrading myself."

At midday Brother Andrew came with his food. "Brother Paul is buried," he sang—"the coffin was beautiful—it was covered with flowers—we buried him in his cassock, with his beads and psalter—we left the cross on his breast—he loved it and died with it in his hands—the Father has come home—he said mass this morning."

John Storm could bear no more. He pushed the lay brother aside and made straight for the Superior's room.

The Father was sitting before the fire, looking sad and low and weary. He rose to his feet with a painful smile as John broke into his cell with blazing eyes and cried in a choking voice—

"Father, I cannot live the religious life any longer. I have tried to—with all my soul and strength I've tried to, but I cannot, I cannot. This life of prayer and penance and meditation is stifling me, and corrupting me, and crushing the man out of me, and I cannot bear it. Forgive me, Father. I am your son, and I shall love you and honour you and revere you always; but I must break my obedience and leave you, or I shall be a hypocrite and a liar and a cheat."

(*To be continued.*)

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"MY LOVE HAS GONE A-SAILING."

By Harold Copping.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Seth Taylor, the owner of the picture exhibited in the Royal Academy.)

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NO FAIRIES?

You say there are no fairies?
  Why, I think you must be blind;
The garden simply teems with them
  Of every sort and kind.

There's a princess in the lily,
  And her lover in the rose,
And pixies in the poppies hide,
  As everybody knows!

And there, beneath the dahlia,
  Sits a jolly little gnome,
And on that snowy butterfly
  A prince is riding home!

You say that you can't see them?
  Nurse says that "can't" means "won't."
But perhaps you've been a naughty child—
  For naughty children don't.

You just see snails and spiders?
  And ne'er a pretty fay?
Then in the end a goblin grim
  Will carry you away!

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

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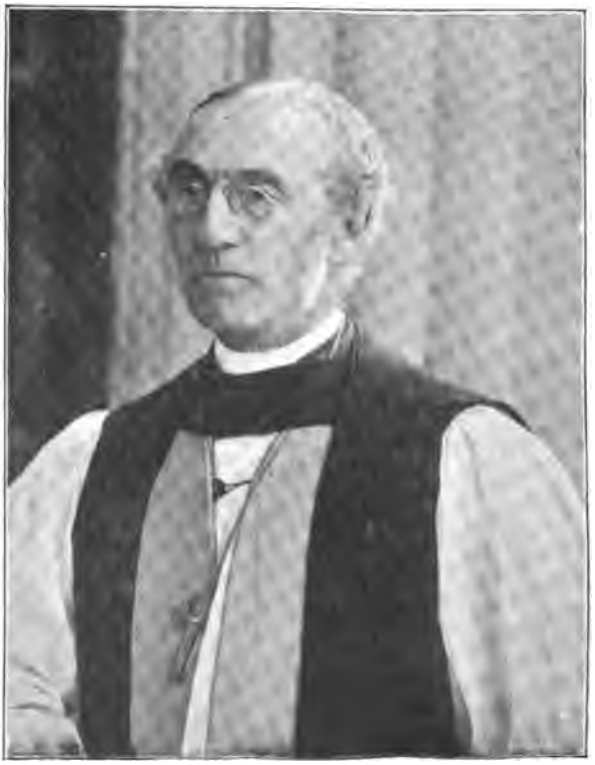
PUBLIC MEN AT WORK

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

By Daybell Trelawney.

THE Archbishop of York is one of the most remarkable prelates of the day. In his life he has shown that originality which is so forcible a trait in his grace's character, for it is given to few men to break off the career of a soldier, take orders, and, in spite of the heavy handicap of valuable time lost, to rise by rapid, steady, yet well-earned promotion to the high position of Archbishop of York.

William Dalrymple Maclagan is the fifth son of the late Dr. David Maclagan, physician to the forces. His mother was a daughter of the late Dr. Whiteside. He was born in Edinburgh, and there received his early education. It was not surprising that, with the military associations arising from his father's profession, Mr. Maclagan should have commenced life as a soldier. After, however, serving for some years in the Madras Native Infantry he retired from the army in 1852 with the rank of lieutenant, having decided to study at Cambridge with a view to taking holy orders. He matriculated in the following year at St. Peter's College (the oldest foundation in Cambridge, dating as far back as 1257 A.D.).



From a photo by [*Russell.*

DR. MACLAGAN, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

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Having graduated B.A. in the mathematical tripos of 1856, Mr. Maclagan was ordained in the same year by the Bishop of Winchester—for the Bishop of London (Dr. Tait)—to the curacy of St. Saviour's, Paddington. He subsequently held the curacy of St. Stephen's, Marylebone. In 1860, having taken his M.A. degree, his first piece of important promotion came in the form of the secretaryship to the London Diocesan Church Building Society. It now became evident that Mr. Maclagan's business capacity and powers of organisation were of no mean order, and when, after a few years, he returned to parochial work it was to take up, at the desire of the Bishop of London, the important and arduous post of curate-in-charge of the parish of Enfield. From Enfield he was promoted to St. Mary's, Newington, and when the important and valuable living of St. Mary Abbot's became vacant through the death of the Venerable Archdeacon Sinclair (uncle of the present Archdeacon of London), it occasioned little surprise that Bishop Jackson's choice of a successor should fall on Mr. Maclagan, whose ability as a competent organiser would be especially valuable in his new sphere of work. Within three years the Vicar of Kensington was raised to the episcopal bench by his appointment to the bishopric of Lichfield, a position offered to him by the late Lord Beaconsfield.

From a photo by] [*Glaisby, York.*

THE GATEWAY TO BISHOPTHORPE.

To become a worthy successor of Bishop Selwyn was in itself no easy task. The new bishop not only succeeded in doing so, but in addition he gave to the work of the diocese the impress of his own striking personality. Not content with carrying out in every detail his predecessor's scheme of raising £100,000 of capital to endow a new bishopric of Southwell, he inaugurated such unlimited additional diocesan organisations as to make

From a photo by] [*Glaisby, York.*

BISHOPTHORPE, THE HOUSE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

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it imperative that he should claim the services of a suffragan.

One of the most interesting reforms made by Dr. Maclagan at Lichfield was that in regard to the preaching of newly-ordained clergy. He laid down a rule that the deacons of his diocese were not to preach a sermon of their own composition more often than once in each month. On the intervening Sundays they were to read a sermon by some good divine. The Archbishop of York lays great stress on the importance of preaching, and in this he follows in the steps of his predecessor, Archbishop Lee, who, in 1536, issued, through his vicar-general, distinct injunctions on the subject, which however appear to have met with a poor reception in the diocese, for the vicar-general states in a letter to his grace that he had done his best to restrain "the preaching of novelties," but "yet they preach," said he, "and some were contumacious enough to say that they would get the king's licence to preach," and what was a still more grave offence, "some allege that they have the licence of My Lord of Canterbury." It is amusing to see the anger which this impudent statement aroused in the northern primate's official, who adds, "If they *have*, none shall bee obeyed here but onlie the kinge's and youres."

From a photo by] [*Glaisby, York.*

THE DINING-ROOM AT BISHOPTHORPE.

Thus the old feud between the North and South was ready, as it always has been, to come to life at the slightest provocation. And lest unwittingly I should foster such a spirit, I shall here glance at some of the abuses in the northern diocese—as in a former article I showed the weak spots which existed in the southern one—to prove that it was not in the province of Canterbury alone where reformation was urgently needed.

A visitation in 1502 gives an astounding glimpse of the state into which the great diocese had fallen. We are told that "certain vicars . . . pay no attention when the Bible is read in their common hall, but sit gossiping over the fire all the time the reading is going on." Not even the bitter climate of Yorkshire can be urged as an excuse, and it is no surprise to learn that the "inferior ministers," following this example, "chattered with the choir." "Jangling and talking" is complained of as having spread to the congregations. Pedlars are said to crowd round the porch and press their wares; boys and girls have "tumultuous gatherings" in the churchyard, where young men play football during divine service. After reading these enlivening accounts of the service, I confess to a feeling of sympathy with the congregation when I learn from a historian of the times that "the most part of them cummeth not at all." In other parishes no services are held at all, for the people complain that

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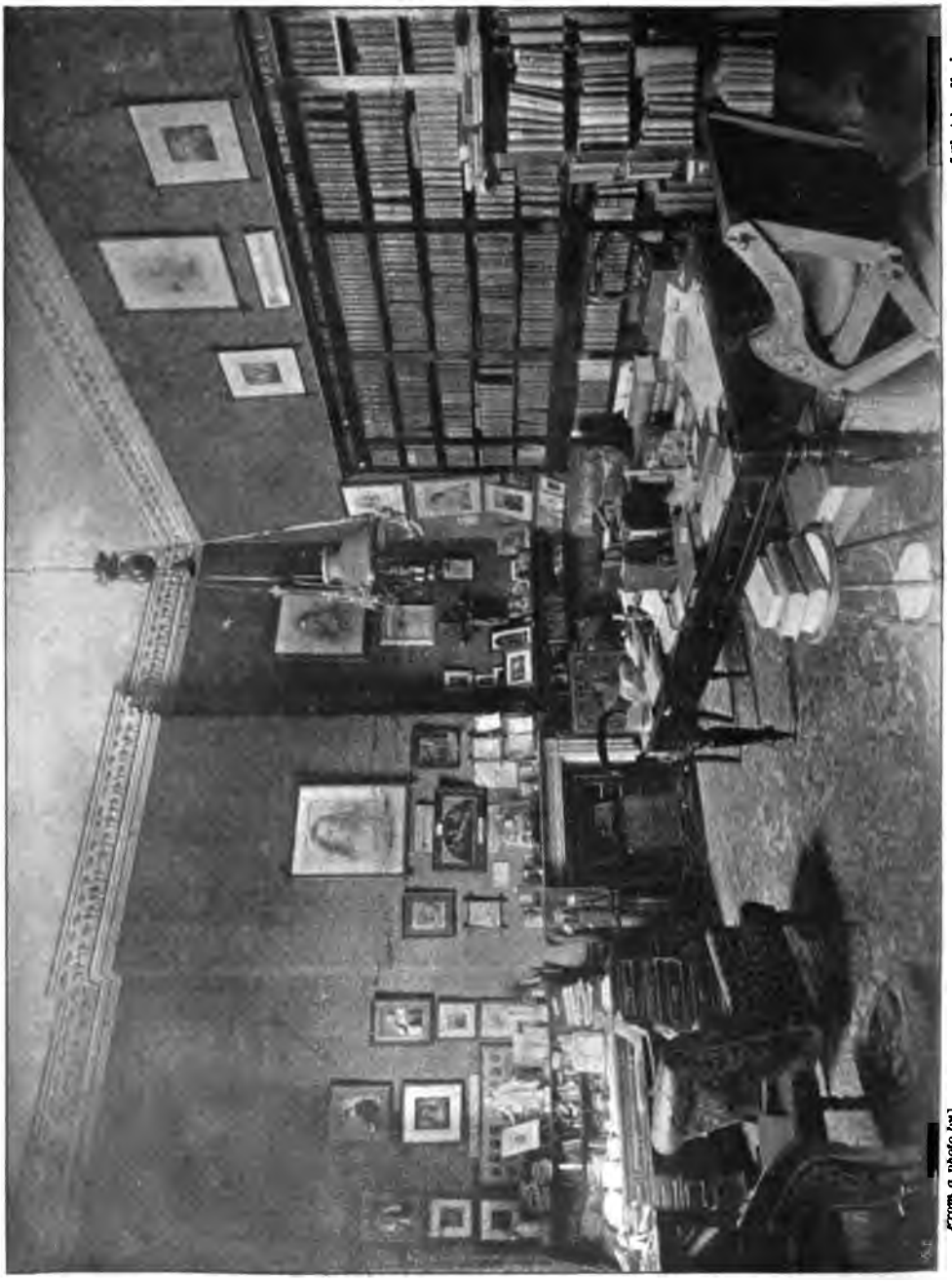

[Glaisby, York.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S STUDY AT BISHOPTHORPE.

From a photo by]

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"Mr. Vicar abydes not emang us, as a curette awght to doe."

Insubordination to both archbishop and sovereign was not unknown during the reign of Charles I, in a letter to whom the northern primate, Neile, states that one Rogers, who had held a living worth £240 per annum, had tried in vain for two years to get the archbishop to accept his resignation, and that at last that long-suffering clergyman took ship to New England and wrote that his resignation "must now be definite." The king endorses his grace's letter with the following phlegmatic, if somewhat undeserved, stricture on the conduct of his fugitive subject: "An honester man must be put in his place."

The clergy of the northern province were always capable of appreciating good horseflesh. The monks of Jervaulx Abbey were specially famous for their breed of horses. Sir Arthur Darcy wrote to Cromwell that the abbey stood "in the midst of rich and beautiful meadows," with the waters of the Ure gliding by and a "grett demayne" around. There was a wide extent of common land on high ground singularly suitable for the summer run of brood mares and foals, and unequalled grazing in the shelter of lower grounds for winter. Little wonder that the monastery was despoiled and the monks sent adrift to make place for the royal stud of "his Highness the Kinge."

In the sixteenth century the Bishop of Sodor and Man was suffragan to the see of York, which reminds me of the friendly and affectionate relations which existed between Archbishop Thomson and that popular and beloved prelate, Dr. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who, bound only by the tie of friendship, followed the traditions of his see by constituting himself voluntarily a kind of honorary suffragan to Dr. Thomson.

A very amusing anecdote occurs to me in this connection. I had, during a visit to Bishopthorpe, the pleasure of meeting Dr. Rowley Hill, who was assisting Dr. Thomson in certain diocesan work. As I have said the relations between them were intimate and unofficial, but the presence of Dr. Rowley Hill, who was apparently ready to undertake unlimited confirmations for a brother prelate, soon caused him to be inundated with letters from over-burdened diocesans begging him to assist them in their duties. At the lunch table one day Dr. Thomson, referring to these invitations, suggested that perhaps the Bishop of Sodor and Man would like to accept some of them. "If that is so, don't feel bound to consider me," he added kindly. "No, no," responded Dr. Rowley Hill, with that peculiarly concise enunciation which lent additional humour to all his utterances—"oh, no, I can't do a day's work for any diocese that wants me. Because I help you as a friend, they mustn't look upon me as a kind of—er—char-bishop, you know!"

From a photo by] [*Glaisby, York.*

THE CHAPEL.

The days, however, when a "char-bishop" was necessary to an overworked northern primate are passed for ever. The Bishops of Hull and Beverley now assist the Archbishop of York as suffragans; but although they have their hands full, such is the development of church work and organisation that the day when an archbishop ceases to be overworked seems farther removed than ever.

Dr. Maclagan has taken a keen personal interest in improving the beautiful old house at Bishopthorpe. The chapel has been carefully and thoroughly restored. The heavy panelling has disappeared, and the plastering, when stripped away, disclosed some pure thirteenth century architecture. The glaring designs of the windows have been replaced by stained glass, the work being carried out with Mr. Kempe's unerring taste. Dr.

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Maclagan's study at Bishopthorpe is not the one to the right of the entrance-hall used by his predecessors, but the large apartment known formerly as the morning room. It presents a most businesslike appearance, and is lined with bookcases. From the writing-table a glimpse is caught of the picturesque entrance gateway, and this, as well as the additional light, is due to the removal of a jutting wing which greatly curtailed the view in former times. The time spent by the archbishop in his study since his advent to York has not been great, for his untiring visitation of his entire diocese has made his absences from home very frequent.

The archbishop has many admirers and

From a photo by [*Glaisby, York.*

ENTRANCE HALL.

friends among the members of the American episcopate, and in his study hang portraits of the late Bishop Wilmer, of Louisiana, Bishop Whipple, and other American prelates, who presented them to Dr. Maclagan, and on a shelf may be noted a copy of the American prayer-book.

I had just begun, on account of its exceptionally varied nature, to despair of giving any adequate description of his grace's work, when the following account of the archbishop's movements was given me in conversation by a friend. It will prove that the duties of the northern primate are no less arduous than those of his brother in the South.

"I have just seen the archbishop," said my informant; "he is very busy. Starting from Bishopthorpe early in the morning, his grace was continuously occupied with confirmations, arriving home at midnight. The next morning was occupied with interviews and business. In the afternoon his grace took part in a service at the minster and gave an address at the unveiling of the memorial tablet to his predecessor. The following morning he left home early to fulfil an engagement in the diocese, returning in time to give one of a course of afternoon addresses in the Lady Chapel of the minster. With just time to catch his train he started off again to a different part of the diocese, where a group of episcopal appointments occupied his time until late the following night." And yet we are asked to believe that our bishops have an easy and leisurely time of it!

In addition to all this the inpouring of letters both private and official never ceases for a day. The archbishop writes many himself in a clear, graceful hand, and legibility and brevity are characteristic of all his letters, and no communication is ignored, however unimportant. No words were truer than those spoken by the late Archbishop Benson when he said that "the penny post was an invention of man to which we must submit for the Lord's sake." The magnitude of a prelate's daily epistolary duties threatens to wreck the church of the future. I give the following extract from a private letter, which throws a remarkable light on archiepiscopal correspondence. The extract refers to the late Dr. Thomson. "The archbishop," states the writer, "has lost a portmanteau containing 2000 unanswered letters." Such a piece of good fortune does not usually fall to the lot of ordinary mortals, but remarkable as is the statement, still more extraordinary was the sequel. The archbishop deliberately advertised for his missing property!

An American interviewer on a visit to Bishopthorpe referred to the fact that he had heard that riding was the favourite diversion of Archbishop Benson. "It is mine too," said Dr. Maclagan promptly. "I am going for a ride this afternoon." It is possible that the concluding sentence touched the conscience of his listener, who subsequently said, "With compunction I confess that my visit delayed, perhaps curtailed, the archiepiscopal ride that day."

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Dr. Maclagan is a good whip and frequently drives a pair, while another recreation in which he indulges in the winter, when opportunity offers, is curling on the ice. He doubtless inherits his predilection for this pastime with his Scotch descent. He has a great love of birds and animals, and possesses that marvellous interest in the small things of life which seems to be more especially the prerogative of great minds. It is not generally known that his grace is an artist and paints cleverly in water-colours. The inhabitants of Keswick became, during the past summer, quite accustomed to the sight of the archbishop seated sketching on the private landing-stage of the beautiful estate of Fawe Park, which borders the Derwentwater, and was rented by Dr. Maclagan for his holiday.

The archbishop is, in his social intercourse, singularly accessible and pleasant. It is impossible not to be immediately struck with the entire absence of anything approaching to reserve in his conversations with one. Very genially and frankly he converses on any topic, however official or important. I have never heard him place restrictions on his hearers or caution them that reticence is necessary. He has the most unequalled talent for making people realise that he is trusting them and their discretion—which however has its drawbacks for humble journalists such as myself, and manifestly places upon them restrictions from which they would otherwise be exempt.

In his work for the diocese, as well as in the restoration and beautifying of Bishopthorpe, the archbishop has a most willing and competent helper in his wife. Mrs. Maclagan has taken a particular interest for many years in young women, and has spoken at not a few congresses held in connection with the interests of women.

In his relations with his clergy Dr. Maclagan is straightforward, direct and, when necessary, frankly autocratic. And yet combined with this he possesses a rare tact and discretion which is the secret of his success

YORK MINSTER.

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THE DORRINGTON DEED-BOX.

By Arthur Morrison.*
(*Author of "Adventures of Martin Hewitt."*)

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

V.—THE CASE OF MR. LOFTUS DEACON.

THIS was a case that helped to give Dorrington much of that reputation which unfortunately too often enabled him to profit himself far beyond the extent to which his clients intended. It occurred some few years back, and there was such a stir at the time over the mysterious death of Mr. Loftus Deacon that it well paid Dorrington to use his utmost diligence in an honest effort to uncover the mystery. It gave him one of his best advertisements, though indeed it occasioned him less trouble in the unravelling than many a less interesting case. There were scarcely any memoranda of the affair among Dorrington's papers, beyond entries of fees paid, and I have almost entirely relied upon the account given me by Mr. Stone, manager in the employ of the firm owning the premises in which Mr. Deacon died.

These premises consisted of a large building let out in expensive flats, one of the first places built with that design in the West-End of London. The building was one of three, all belonging to the firm I have mentioned, and numbered 1, 2 and 3, Bedford Mansions. They stood in the St. James's district, and Mr. Loftus Deacon's quarters were in No. 2.

Mr. Deacon's magnificent collection of oriental porcelain will be remembered as long as any in the national depositories; much of it was for a long while lent, and, by Mr. Deacon's will, passed permanently into possession of the nation. His collection of oriental arms, however, was broken up and sold, as were also his other innumerable objects of Eastern art—lacquers, carvings and so forth. He was a wealthy man, this Mr. Deacon, a bachelor of sixty, and his whole life was given to his collections. He was currently reported to spend some £15,000 a year on them, and, in addition, would make inroads into capital for special purchases at the great sales. People wondered where all the things were kept. And indeed they had reason, for Mr. Deacon's personal establishment was but a suite of rooms on the ground floor of Bedford Mansions. But the bulk of the collections were housed at various museums—indeed it was a matter of banter among his acquaintances that Mr. Loftus Deacon made the taxpayers warehouse most of his things; moreover, the flat was a large one—it occupied almost the whole of the ground-floor of the building, and it overflowed with the choicest of its tenant's possessions. There were eight large and lofty rooms, as well as the lobby, scullery and so forth, and every one was full. The walls were hung with the most precious *kakemono* and *nishikiyé* of Japan, and glass cabinets stood everywhere, packed with porcelain and faience—celadon, peach-bloom, and blue and white Satsuma, Raku, Ninsei, and Arita—many a small piece worth its weight in gold over and over and over again. At places on the wall, among the *kakemono* and pictures of the *ukioyé*, were trophies of arms. Two suits of ancient Japanese armour, each complete and each the production of one of the most eminent of the Miochin family, were exhibited on stands, and swords stood in many corners and lay in many racks. Innumerable drawers contained specimens of the greatest lacquer ware of Korin, Shunshō, Kajikawa, Koyetsu and Ritsuo, each in its wadded brocade *fukusa* with the light wooden box encasing all. In more glass cabinets stood *netsuké* and *okimono* of ivory, bronze, wood and lacquer. There were a few gods and goddesses, and conspicuous among them two life-sized gilt Buddhas beamed mildly over all from the shelves on which they were raised. By the operation of natural selection it came about that the choicest of all Mr. Deacon's possessions were collected in these rooms. Here were none of the great cum-

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bersome pots, good in their way, but made of old time merely for the European market. Of all that was Japanese every piece was of the best and rarest, consequently, in almost every case, of small dimensions, as is the way of the greatest of the wares of old Japan. And of all the precious contents of these rooms everything was oriental in its origin except the contents of one case, which displayed specimens of the most magnificent goldsmith's and silversmith's work of mediæval Europe. It stood in the room which Mr. Loftus Deacon used as his sitting-room, and more than one of his visitors had wondered that such valuable property was not kept at a banker's. This view, however, always surprised and irritated Mr. Deacon. "Keep it at a banker's?" he would say. "Why not melt it down at once? The things are works of art, things of beauty, and that's why I have them, not merely because they're gold and silver. To shut them up in a strong-room would be the next thing to destroying them altogether. Why not lock the whole of my collections in safes, and never look at them? They are all valuable. But if they are not to be seen I would rather have the money they cost." So the gold and silver stood in its case, to the blinking wonderment of messengers and porters whose errands took them into Mr. Loftus Deacon's sitting-room. The contents of this case were the only occasion, however, of Mr. Deacon's straying from oriental paths in building up his collection. There they stood, but he made no attempt to add to them. He went about his daily hunting, bargaining, cataloguing, cleaning, and exhibiting to friends, but all his new treasures were from the East, and most were Japanese. His chief visitors were travelling buyers of curiosities; little Japanese who had come to England to study medicine and were paying their terms by the sale of heirlooms in pottery and lacquer; porters from Christie's and Foster's; and sometimes men from Copleston's—the odd emporium by the riverside where lions and monkeys, porcelain and savage weapons were bought and sold close by the ships that brought them home. The travellers were suspicious and cunning; the Japanese were bright, polite and dignified, and the men from Copleston's were wiry, hairy and amphibious; one was an enormously muscular little hunchback nicknamed Slackjaw—a quaint and rather repulsive compound of showman, sailor and half-caste rough; and all were like mermen, more or less. These curious people came and went, and Mr. Deacon went on buying, cataloguing and joying in his possessions. It was the happiest possible life for a lonely old man with his tastes and his means of gratifying them, and it went placidly on till one Wednesday midday. Then Mr. Deacon was found dead in his rooms in most extraordinary and, it seemed, altogether unaccountable circumstances.

There was but one door leading into Mr. Deacon's rooms from the open corridor of the building, and this was immediately opposite the large street door. When one entered from the street one ascended three or four broad marble steps, pushed open one of a pair of glazed swing doors and found oneself facing the door by which Mr. Deacon entered and left his quarters. There had originally been other doors into the corridor from some of the rooms, but those Mr. Deacon had had blocked up, so making the flat entirely self-contained. Just by the glazed swing doors which I have spoken of, and in full view of the old gentleman's door, the hall-porter's box stood. It was glazed on all sides, and the porter sat so that Mr. Deacon's door was always before his eyes, and, so long as he was there it was very unlikely that anybody or anything could leave or enter by that door unobserved by him. It is important to remember this, in view of what happened on the occasion I am writing of. There was one other exterior door to Mr. Deacon's flat, and one only. It gave upon the back spiral staircase, and was usually kept locked. This staircase had no outlet to the corridors, but merely extended from the housekeeper's rooms at the top of the building to the basement. It was little used, and then only by servants, for it gave access only to the rooms on its own side. There was no way from this staircase to the outer street except through the private rooms of the tenants, or through those of the housekeeper.

That Wednesday morning things had happened precisely in the ordinary way. Mr. Deacon had risen and breakfasted as usual. He was alone, with his newspaper and his morning letters, when his breakfast was taken in and when it was removed. He had remained in his rooms till between twelve and one o'clock. Goods had arrived for him (this was an almost daily occurrence), and one or two ordinary visitors had called and had gone away again. It was Mr. Deacon's habit to lunch at his club, and at about a quarter to one, or thereabout, he had come out, locked his door, and leaving his usual message that

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he should be at the club for an hour or two, in case anybody called, he had left the building. At about one, however, he had returned hurriedly, having forgotten some letters. "I didn't give you any letters for post, did I, Beard, before I went out?" he asked the porter. And the porter replied that he had not. Mr. Deacon thereupon crossed the corridor, entered his door, and shut it behind him.

He had been gone but a few seconds, when there arose an outcry from within the rooms—a shout followed in a breath by a loud cry of pain, and then silence. Beard, the porter, ran to the door and knocked, but there was no reply. "Did you call, sir?" he shouted, and knocked again, but still without response. The door was shut, and it had a latch lock with no exterior handle. Beard, who had had an uncle die of apoplexy, was now thoroughly alarmed, and shouted up the speaking-tube for the housekeeper's keys. In course of a few minutes they were brought, and Beard and the housekeeper entered.

The lobby was as usual, and the sitting-room was in perfect order. But in the room beyond Mr. Loftus Deacon lay in a pool of blood, with two large and fearful gashes in his head. Not a soul was in any one of the rooms, though the two men, first shutting the outer door, searched diligently. All windows and doors were shut, and the rooms were tenantless and undisturbed, except that on the floor lay Mr. Deacon in his blood at the foot of a pedestal whereupon there squatted, with serenely fierce grin, the god Hachiman, gilt and painted, carrying in one of his four hands a snake, in another a mace, in a third a small human figure, and in the fourth a heavy, straight, guardless sword; and all around furniture, cabinets, porcelain, lacquer and everything else lay undisturbed.

At first sight of the tragedy the porter had sent the lift-man for the police, and soon they arrived, and a surgeon with them. For the surgeon there was very little to do. Mr. Deacon was dead. Either of the two frightful gashes in the head would have been fatal, and they had obviously both been delivered with the same instrument—something heavy and exceedingly sharp.

The police now set themselves to close investigation. The porter was certain that nobody had entered the rooms that morning who had not afterwards left. He was sure that nobody had entered unobserved, and he was sure that Mr. Deacon had re-entered his chambers unaccompanied. Working, therefore, on the assumption that the murderer could not have entered by the front door, the police turned their attention to the back door and the windows. The door to the back staircase was locked, and the key was in the lock and inside. Therefore they considered the windows. There were but three of these that looked upon the street, two in one room and one in another, but these were shut and fastened within. Other rooms were lighted by windows looking upon lighting-wells, some being supplied with reflectors. All these windows were found to be quite undisturbed, and fastened within, except one. This window was in the bedroom, and, though it was shut, the catch was not fastened. The porter declared that it was Mr. Deacon's practice invariably to fasten every shut window, a thing he was always very careful about. Moreover, the window now found unfastened and shut was always left open a foot or so all day, to air the bedroom. More, a housemaid was brought who had that morning made the bed and dusted the room. The window was opened, she said, when she had entered the room, and she had left it so, as she always did. Therefore, shut as it was, but not fastened, it seemed plain that this window must have given exit to the murderer, since no other way appeared possible. Also, to shut the window behind him would be the fugitive's natural policy. The lower panes were of ground glass, and at least pursuit would be delayed.

The window looked upon a lighting-well, and the concreted floor of the basement was but fifteen or twenty feet below. Careful inquiries disclosed the fact that a man had been at work painting the joinery about this well-bottom. He was a man of very indifferent character—had in fact "done time"—and he was employed for odd jobs by way of charity, being some sort of connection of a member of the firm owning the buildings. He had, indeed, received a good education, fitted to place him in a very different position from that in which he now found himself, but he was a black sheep. He drank, he gambled and finally he stole. His relatives helped him again and again, but their efforts were useless, and now he was indebted to one of them for his present occupation at a pound a week. The police, of course, knew something of him, and postponed questioning him directly until they had investigated a little further. It might be that Mr. Deacon's death was the work of a conspiracy wherein more than one had participated.

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"On the floor lay Mr. Deacon at the foot of a pedestal."

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II.

THE next morning (Thursday) Mr. Henry Colson was an early caller at Dorrington's office. Mr. Colson was a thin, grizzled man of sixty or thereabout, who had been a close friend—the only intimate friend, indeed—of Mr. Loftus Deacon. He was a widower, and he lived in rooms scarce two hundred yards distant from Bedford Mansions, where his friend had died.

"My business, Mr. Dorrington," he said, "is in connection with the terrible death of my old friend Mr. Loftus Deacon, of which you no doubt have heard or read in the morning papers."

"Yes," Dorrington assented, "both in this morning's papers and the evening papers of yesterday."

"Very good. I may tell you that I am sole executor under Mr. Deacon's will. The will indeed is in my possession (I am a retired solicitor), and there happens to be a sum set apart in that will out of which I am to defray any expenses that may arise in connection with his death. It really seems to me that I should be quite justified in using some part of that sum in paying for inquiries to be conducted by such an experienced man as yourself, into the cause of my poor friend's death. At any rate, I wish you to make such inquiries, even if I have to pay the fees myself. I am convinced that there is something very extraordinary—something very deep—in the tragedy. The police are pottering about, of course, and keeping very mysterious as to the matter, but I expect that's simply because they know nothing. They have made no arrest, and perhaps every minute of delay is making the thing more difficult. As executor, of course, I have access to the rooms. Can you come and look at them now?"

"Oh yes," Dorrington answered, reaching for his hat. "I suppose there's no doubt of the case being one of murder? Suicide is not likely, I take it?"

"Oh no—certainly not. He was scarcely the sort of man to commit suicide, I should say. And he was as cheerful as he could be the afternoon before, when I last saw him. Besides, the surgeon says it's nothing of the kind. A man committing suicide doesn't gash himself twice over the head, or even once. And in this case the first blow would have made him incapable of another."

"I have heard nothing about the weapon," Dorrington remarked, as they entered a cab. "Has it been found?"

"That's a difficulty," Mr. Colson answered. "It would seem not. Of course there are numbers of weapons about the place—Japanese swords and what not—any one of which *might* have caused such injuries. But there are no bloodstains on any of them."

"Is any article of value missing?"

"I believe not. Everything seemed to be in its place, so far as I noticed yesterday. But then I was not there long, and was too much agitated to notice very particularly. At any rate the old gold and silver plate had not been disturbed. He kept that in a large case in his sitting-room, and it would certainly be the plate that the murderer would have made for first, if robbery had been his object."

Mr. Colson gave Dorrington the other details of the case, already set forth in this account, and presently the cab stopped before No. 2 Bedford Mansions. The body, of course, had been removed, but otherwise the rooms had not been disturbed. The porter let them into the chambers by aid of the housekeeper's key.

"They don't seem to have found his keys," Mr. Colson explained, "and that will be troublesome for me, I expect, presently. He usually carried them with him, but they were not on the body when it was found."

"That may be important," Dorrington said. "But let us look at the rooms."

They walked through the large apartments one after the other, and Dorrington glanced casually about him as he went. Presently Mr. Colson stopped, struck with an idea. "Ah!" he said, more to himself than to Dorrington. "I will just see."

He turned quickly back into the room they had just quitted, and made for a broad shelf that ran the length of the wall at about the height of an ordinary table. "Yes!" he cried. "It is! It's gone!"

"What is gone?"

"The sword—the Masamuné!"

The whole surface of the shelf, covered with a silk cloth, was occupied by Japanese swords and dirks with rich mountings. Most lay on their sides in rows, but two or three were placed in lacquered racks. Mr. Colson stood and pointed at a rack which was standing alone and swordless. "That is where it was," he said. "I saw it—was talking about it, in fact—the afternoon before. No, it's nowhere about. It's not like any of the others. Let me see." And Mr. Colson, much excited, hurried from room to room wherever swords were kept, searching for the missing specimen.

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"No," he said at last, looking strangely startled; "it's gone. And I think we are near the soul of the mystery." He spoke in hushed, uneasy tones, and his eyes gave token of strange apprehension.

"What is it?" Dorrington asked. "What about this sword?"

"Come into the sitting-room." Mr. Colson led Dorrington away from the scene of Mr. Deacon's end, away from the empty sword rack and from under the shadow of the grinning god with its four arms, its snake, and its threatening sword. "I don't think I'm very superstitious," Mr. Colson proceeded, "but I really feel that I can talk more freely about the matter in here."

They sat by the table, over against the case of plate, and Mr. Colson went on. "The sword I speak of," he said, "was much prized by my poor friend, who brought it with him from Japan nearly twenty years back—not many years after the civil war there, in fact. It was a very ancient specimen—of the fourteenth century, I think—and the work of the famous swordsmith Masamuné. Masamuné's work is very rarely met with, it seems, and Mr. Deacon felt himself especially fortunate in securing this example. It is the only piece of Masamuné's work in the collection. I may tell you that a sword by one of the great old masters is one of the rarest of all the rarities that come from Japan. The possessors of the best keep them rather than sell them at any price. Such swords were handed down from father to son for many generations, and a Japanese of the old school would have been disgraced had he parted with his father's blade even under the most pressing necessity. The mounts he might possibly sell, if he were in very bad circumstances, but the blade never. Of course, such a thing *has* occurred—and it occurred in this very case, as you shall hear. But as an almost invariable rule the Japanese *samurai* would part with his life by starvation rather than with his father's sword by sale. Such swords would never be stolen, either, for there was a firm belief that a faithful spirit resided in each, which would bring terrible disaster on any wrongful possessor. Each sword had its own name, just as the legendary sword of King Arthur had, and a man's social standing was judged, not by his house nor by his dress, but by the two swords in his girdle. The ancient swordsmiths wore court dress and made votive offerings when they forged their best blades, and the gods were supposed to assist and to watch over the career of the weapon. Thus you will understand that such an article was apt to become an object almost of worship among the *samurai* or warrior-class in old Japan. And now to come to the sword in question. It was a long sword or *katana* (the swords, as you know, were worn in pairs, and the smaller was called the *wakizashi*), and it was mounted very handsomely with fittings by a great metal worker of the Goto family. The signature of the great Masamuné himself was engraved in the usual place—on the iron tang within the hilt. Mr. Deacon bought the weapon of its possessor, a man

"Kanamaro."

of some distinction before the overthrow of the Shogun in 1868, but who was reduced to deep poverty by the change in affairs. Mr. Deacon came across him in his direst straits, when his children were near to starvation, and the man sold the sword for a sum that was a little fortune to him, though it only represented some four or five pounds of our money. Mr. Deacon was always very proud of his treasure—indeed it was said to be the only blade by Masamuné in Europe; and the two Japanese things that he had always most longed for, I have heard him say, were a Masamuné sword and a piece of violet lacquer—that precious lacquer the secret of making which died long ago. The Masamuné he acquired, as I have been telling you, but the violet lacquer he never once encountered.

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"Give me my father's *katana* and save yourself!"

"Six months or so back, Deacon received a visit from a Japanese—taller than usual for a Japanese (I have seen him myself) and with the refined type of face characteristic of some of the higher class of his country. His name was Keigo Kanamaro, his card said, and he introduced himself as the son of Keigo Kiyotaki, the man who had sold Deacon his sword. He had come to England and had found my friend after much inquiry, he said, expressly to take back his father's *katana*. His father was dead, and he desired to place the sword in his tomb, that the soul of the old man might rest in peace, undisturbed by the disgrace that had fallen upon him by the sale of the sword that had been his and his ancestors' for hundreds of years back. The father had vowed when he had received the sword in his turn from Kanamaro's grandfather, never to part with it, but had broken his vow under pressure of want. He (the son) had earned money as a merchant (an immeasurable descent for a *samurai* with the feelings of the old school), and he was prepared to buy back the Masamuné blade with the Goto mountings for a much higher price than his father had received for it."

"And I suppose Deacon wouldn't sell it?" Dorrington asked.

"No," Mr. Colson replied. "He wouldn't have sold it at any price, I'm sure. Well, Kanamaro pressed him very urgently, and called again and again. He was very gentle-

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manly and very dignified, but he was very earnest. He apologised for making a commercial offer, assured Deacon that he was quite aware that he was no mere buyer and seller, but pleaded the urgency of his case. 'It is not here as in Japan,' he said, 'among us, the *samurai* of the old days. You have your beliefs, we have ours. It is my religion that I must place the *katana* in my father's grave. My father disgraced himself and sold his sword in order that I might not starve when I was a little child. I would rather that he had let me die, but since I am alive, and I know that you have the sword, I must take it and lay it by his bones. I will make an offer. Instead of giving you money, I will give you another sword—a sword worth as much money as my father's—perhaps more. I have had it sent from Japan since I first saw you. It is a blade made by the great Yukiyasu, and it has a scabbard and mountings by an older and greater master than the Goto who made those for my father's sword.' But it happened that Deacon already had two swords by Yukiyasu, while of Masamuné he had only the one. So he tried to reason the Japanese out of his fancy. But that was useless. Kanamaro called again and again and got to be quite a nuisance. He left off for a month or two, but about a fortnight ago he appeared again. He grew angry and forgot his oriental politeness. 'The English have the English ways,' he said, 'and we have ours—yes, though many of my foolish countrymen are in haste to be the same as the English are. We have our beliefs, and we have our knowledge, and I tell you that there are things which you would call superstition, but which are very real! Our old gods are not all dead yet, I tell you! In the old times no man would wear or keep another man's sword. Why? Because the great sword has a soul just as a man has, and it knows and the gods know! No man kept another's sword who did not fall into terrible misfortune and death, sooner or later. Give me my father's *katana* and save yourself! My father weeps in my ears at night, and I must bring him his *katana!*' I was talking to poor Deacon, as I have told you, only on Tuesday afternoon, and he told me that Kanamaro had been there again the day before, in a frantic state—so bad, indeed, that Deacon thought of applying to the Japanese legation to have him taken care of, for he seemed quite mad. 'Mind, you foolish man!' he said. 'My gods still live, and they are strong! My father wanders on the dark path and cannot go to his gods without the swords in his girdle. His father asks of his vow! Between here and Japan there is a great sea, but my father may walk even here, looking for his *katana*, and he is angry! I go away for a little. But my gods know, and my father knows!' And then he took himself off. And now"—Mr. Colson nodded towards the next room and dropped his voice—"now poor Deacon is dead and the sword is gone!"

"Kanamaro has not been seen about the place, I suppose, since the visit you speak of, on Monday?" Dorrington asked.

"No. And I particularly asked as to yesterday morning. The hall-porter swears that no Japanese came to the place."

"As to the letters now. You say that when Mr. Deacon came back, after having left, apparently to get his lunch, he said he came for forgotten letters. Were any such letters afterwards found?"

"Yes—there were three, lying on this very table, stamped ready for postage."

"Where are they now?"

"I have them at my chambers. I opened them in the presence of the police in charge of the case. There was nothing very important about them—appointments and so forth, merely—and so the police left them in my charge, as executor."

"Nevertheless I should like to see them. Not just now, but presently. I think I must see this man presently—the man who was painting in the basement below the window that is supposed to have been shut by the murderer in his escape. That is if the police haven't frightened him."

"Very well, we'll see after him as soon as you like. There was just one other thing—rather a curious coincidence, though of course there can't be anything in such a superstitious fancy—but I think I told you that Deacon's body was found lying at the feet of the four-handed god in the other room?"

"Yes."

"Just so." Mr. Colson seemed to think a little more of the superstitious fancy than he confessed. "Just so," he said again. "At the feet of the god, and immediately under the hand carrying the sword; it is not wooden, but an actual steel sword, in fact."

"I noticed that."

"Yes. Now that is a figure of Hachiman, the Japanese god of war—a recent addition to the collection and a very ancient specimen. Deacon bought it at Copleston's only a few days ago—indeed it arrived here on Wednesday morning. Deacon was telling

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me about it on Tuesday afternoon. He bought it because of its extraordinary design, showing such signs of Indian influence. Hachiman is usually represented with no more than the usual number of a man's arms, and with no weapon but a sword. This is the only image of Hachiman that Deacon ever saw or heard of with four arms. And after he had bought it he ascertained that this was said to be one of the idols that carry with them ill-luck from the moment they leave their temples. One of Copleston's men confided to Deacon that the lascar seamen and stokers on board the ship that brought it over swore that everything went wrong from the moment that Hachiman came on board—and indeed the vessel was nearly lost off Finisterre. And Copleston himself, the man said, was glad to be quit of it. Things had disappeared in the most extraordinary and unaccountable manner, and other things had been found smashed (notably a large porcelain vase) without any human agency, after standing near the figure. Well," Mr. Colson concluded, "after all that, and remembering what Kanamaro said about the gods of his country who watch over ancient swords, it *does* seem odd, doesn't it, that as soon as poor Deacon gets the thing he should be found stricken dead at its feet?"

Dorrington was thinking. "Yes," he said presently, "it is certainly a strange affair altogether. Let us see the odd-job man now—the man who was in the basement below the window. Or rather, find out where he is and leave me to find him."

Mr. Colson stepped out and spoke with the hall-porter. Presently he returned with news. "He's gone!" he said. "Bolted!"

"What—the man who was in the basement?"

"Yes. It seems the police questioned him pretty closely yesterday, and he seized the first opportunity to cut and run."

"Do you know what they asked him?"

"Examined him generally, I suppose, as to what he had observed at the time. The only thing he seems to have said was that he heard a window shut at about one o'clock. Questioned further, he got into confusion and equivocation, more especially when they mentioned a ladder which is kept in a passage close by where he was painting. It seems they had examined this before speaking to him, and found it had been just recently removed and put back. It was thick with dust, except just where it had been taken hold of to shift, and there the handmarks were quite clean. Nobody was in the basement but Dowden (that is the man's name), and nobody else could have shifted that ladder without his hearing and knowing of it. Moreover, the ladder was just the length to reach to Deacon's window. They asked if he had seen anybody move the ladder, and he most anxiously and vehemently declared that he had not. A little while after he was missing, and he hasn't reappeared."

"And they let him go!" Dorrington exclaimed. "What fools!"

"He *may* know something about it, of course," Colson said dubiously; "but with that sword missing, and knowing what we do of Kanamaro's anxiety to get it at any cost, and—and"—he glanced toward the other room, where the idol stood—"and one thing and another, it seems to me we should look in another direction."

"We will look in all directions," Dorrington replied. "Kanamaro may have enlisted Dowden's help. Do you know where to find Kanamaro?"

"Yes. Deacon has had letters from him, which I have seen. He lived in lodgings near the British Museum."

"Very well. Now, do you happen to know whether a night porter is kept at this place?"

"No, there is none. The outer door is shut at twelve. Anybody coming home after that must ring up the housekeeper by the electric bell."

"The tenants do not have keys for the outer door?"

"No; none but keys to their own rooms."

"Good. Now, Mr. Colson, I want to think things over a little. Would you care to go at once and ascertain whether or not Kanamaro is still at the address you speak of?"

"Certainly I will. Perhaps I should have told you that, though he knows me slightly, he has never spoken of his father's sword to me, and does not know that I know anything about it. He seems, indeed, to have spoken about it to nobody but Deacon himself. He was very proud and reticent in the matter; and now that Deacon is dead, he probably thinks nobody alive knows of the matter of the sword but himself. If he is at home what shall I do?"

"In that case keep him in sight and communicate with me, or with the police. I shall stay here for a little while. Then I shall get the hall-porter (if you will instruct him before you go) to show me the ladder

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and the vicinity of Dowden's operations. Also, I think I shall look at the back staircase."

"But that was found locked, with the key inside."

"Well, well, there *are* ways of managing that, as you would know if you knew as much about housebreaking as I do. But we'll see."

III.

MR. COLSON took a cab for Kanamaro's lodgings. Kanamaro was not in, he found, and he had given notice to leave his rooms. The servant at the door thought that he was going abroad, since his boxes were being packed, apparently for that purpose. The servant did not know at what time he would be back.

Mr. Colson thought for a moment of reporting these facts at once to Dorrington, but on second thoughts he determined to hurry to the City and make inquiry at some of the shipping offices as to the vessels soon to leave for Japan. On the way, however, he bethought him to buy a shipping paper and gather his information from that. He found what he wanted from the paper, but he kept the cab on its way, for he happened to know a man in authority at the Anglo-Malay Company's office, and it might be a good thing to take a look at their passenger list. Their next ship for Yokohama was to sail in a few days.

But he found it unnecessary to see the passenger list. As he entered one of the row of swing doors which gave access to the large general and inquiry office of the steamship company he perceived Keigo Kanamaro leaving by another. Kanamaro had not seen him. Mr. Colson hesitated for a moment, and then turned and followed him.

And now Mr. Colson became suddenly seized with a burning fancy to play the subtle detective on his own account. Plainly Kanamaro feared nothing, walking about thus openly, and taking his passage for Japan at the chief office of the first line of steamships that anybody would think of who contemplated a voyage to Japan, instead of leaving the country, as he might have done, by some indirect route, and shipping for Japan from a foreign port. Doubtless, he still supposed that nobody knew of his errand in search of his father's sword. Mr. Colson quickened his pace and came up beside the Japanese.

Kanamaro was a well-made man of some five feet eight or nine—remarkably tall for a native of Dai Nippon. His cheek-bones had not the prominence noticeable in the Japanese of the lower classes, and his pale oval face and aquiline nose gave token of high *sizoku* family. His hair only was of the coarse black that is seen on the heads of all Japanese. He perceived Mr. Colson, and stopped at once with a grave bow.

"Good morning," Mr. Colson said. "I saw you leaving the steamship office, and wondered whether or not you were going to leave us."

"Yes—I go home to Japan by the next departing ship," Kanamaro answered. He spoke with an excellent pronunciation, but with the intonation and the suppression of short syllables peculiar to his countrymen who speak English. "My beesness is finished."

Mr. Colson's suspicions were more than strengthened—almost confirmed. He commanded his features, however, and replied, as he walked by Keigo's side, "Ah! your visit has been successful, then?"

"It has been successful," Kanamaro answered, "at a very great cost."

"At a very great cost?"

"Yes—I did not expect to have to do what I have done—I should once not have believed it possible that I *could* do it. But"—Kanamaro checked himself hastily and resumed his grave reserve—"but that is private beesness, and not for me to disturb you with."

Mr. Colson had the tact to leave that line of fishing alone for a little. He walked a few yards in silence, and then asked, with his eyes furtively fixed on the face of the Japanese, "Do you know of the god Hachiman?"

"It is Hachiman the warrior; him of eight flags," Kanamaro replied. "Yes, I know, of course."

He spoke as though he would banish the subject. But Mr. Colson went on—

"Did he preside over the forging of ancient sword-blades in Japan?" he asked.

"I do not know of preside—that is a new word. But the great workers of the steel, those who made the *katana* in the times of Yoshitsuné and Taiko-Sama, they hung curtains and made offerings to Hachiman when they forged a blade—yes. The great Muramasa and the great Masamuné and Sanénori—they forged their blades at the foot of Hachiman. And it is believed that the god Inari came unseen with his hammer and forged the steel too. Though Hachiman is Buddhist and Inari is Shinto. But these are not things to talk of. There is

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one religion, which is yours, and there is another religion, which is mine, and it is not good that we talk together of them. There are things that people call superstition when they are of another religion, though they may be very true."

They walked a little farther, and then Mr. Colson, determined to penetrate Kanamaro's mask of indifference, observed—

"It's a very sad thing this about Mr. Deacon."

"What is that?" asked Kanamaro, stolidly.

"Why, it is in all the newspapers!"

"The newspapers I do not read at all."

"Mr. Deacon has been killed—murdered in his rooms! He was found lying dead at the feet of Hachiman the god."

"Indeed!" Kanamaro answered politely, but with something rather like stolid indifference. "That is very sad. I am sorry. I did not know he had a Hachiman."

"And they say," Mr. Colson pursued, "that *something* has been taken!"

"Ah, yes," Kanamaro answered, just as coolly; "there were many things of much value in the rooms." And after a little while he added, "I see it is a little late. You will excuse me, for I must go to lunch at my lodgings. Good day."

He bowed, shook hands, and hailed a cab. Mr. Colson heard him direct the cabman to his lodgings, and then, in another cab, Mr. Colson made for Dorrington's office.

Kanamaro's stolidity, the lack of anything like surprise at the news of Mr. Deacon's death, his admission that he had finished his business in England successfully—these things placed the matter beyond all doubt in Mr. Colson's mind. Plainly he felt so confident that none knew of his errand in England, that he took things with perfect coolness, and even ventured so far as to speak of the murder in very near terms—to say that he did not expect to have to do what he had done, and would not have believed it possible that he *could* do it—though, to be sure, he checked himself at once before going farther. Certainly Dorrington must be told at once. That would be better than going to the police, perhaps, for possibly the police might not consider the evidence sufficient to justify an arrest, and Dorrington may have ascertained something in the meantime.

Dorrington had not been heard of at his office since leaving there early in the morning. So Mr. Colson saw Hicks, and arranged that a man should be put on to watch Kanamaro, and should be sent instantly, before he could leave his lodgings again. Then Mr. Colson hurried to Bedford Mansions.

There he saw the housekeeper. From him he learned that Dorrington had left some time since, promising either to be back or to telegraph during the afternoon. Also, he learned that Beard, the hall-porter, was in a great state of indignation and anxiety as a consequence of the discovery that he was being watched by the police. He had got a couple of days leave of absence to go and see his mother, who was ill, and he found his intentions and destination a matter of pressing inquiry. Mr. Colson assured the housekeeper that he might promise Beard a speedy respite from the attentions of the police, and went to his lunch.

IV.

AFTER his lunch Mr. Colson called and called again at Bedford Mansions, but neither Dorrington nor his telegram had been heard of. At something near five o'clock, however, when he had made up his mind to wait, restless as he was, Dorrington appeared, fresh and complacent.

"Hope you haven't been waiting long?" he asked. "Fact is I got no opportunity for lunch till after four, so I had it then. I think I'd fairly earned it. The case is finished."

"Finished? But there's Kanamaro to be arrested. I've found ——"

"No, no—I don't think anybody will be arrested at all; you'll read about it in the evening papers in an hour, I expect. But come into the rooms. I have some things to show you."

"But I assure you," Mr. Colson said as he entered the door of Deacon's rooms, "I assure you that I got as good as a confession from Kanamaro—he let it slip in ignorance of what I knew. Why do you say that nobody is to be arrested?"

"Because there's nobody alive who is responsible for Mr. Deacon's death. But come—let me show you the whole thing; it's very simple."

He led the way to the room where the body had been found, and paused before the four-armed idol. "Here's our old friend Hachiman," he said, "whom you half fancied might have had something to do with the tragedy. Well, you were right. Hachiman had a good deal to do with it, and with the various disasters at Copleston's, too. I will show you how."

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The figure, which was larger than life-size, had been set up temporarily on a large packing-case, hidden by a red cloth covering. Hachiman was represented in the familiar Japanese kneeling-sitting position, and the carving of the whole thing was of an intricate and close description. The god was represented as clad in ancient armour, with a large and loose cloak depending from his shoulders and falling behind in a wilderness of marvellously and deeply carved folds.

"See here," Dorrington said, placing his fingers under a projecting part of the base of the figure, and motioning Mr. Colson to do the same. "Lift. Pretty heavy, eh?"

The idol was, indeed, enormously heavy, and it must have required the exertions of several strong men to place it where it was. "It seems pretty solid, doesn't it?" Dorrington continued. "But look here." He stepped to the back of the image, and, taking a prominent fold of the cloak in one hand, with a quick pull and a simultaneous rap of the other fist two feet above, a great piece of the carved drapery lifted on a hinge near the shoulders, displaying a hollow interior. In a dark corner within a small bottle and a fragment of rag were just visible.

"See there," said Dorrington, "there wouldn't be enough room in there for you or me, but a small man—a Japanese priest of the old time, say—could squat pretty comfortably. And see!"—he pointed to a small metal bolt at the bottom of the swing drapery—"he could bolt himself safely in when he got there. Whether the priest went there to play the oracle, or to blow fire out of Hachiman's mouth and nose I don't know, though no doubt it might be an interesting subject for inquiry; perhaps he did both. You observe the chamber is lined with metal, which does something toward giving the thing its weight, and there are cunning little openings among the armour-joints in front which would transmit air and sound—even permit of a peep out. Now Mr. Deacon might or might not have found out this back door after the figure had been

"Slackjaw."

a while in his possession, but it is certain that he knew nothing of it when he bought it. Copleston knew nothing of it, though the thing has stood in his place for months. You see it's not a thing one would notice at once—I never should have done so if I hadn't been looking for it." He shut the part, and the joints, of irregular outline, fell

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into the depths of the folds, and vanished as if by magic.

"Now," Dorrington went on, "as I told you, Copleston knew nothing of this, but one of his men found it out. Do you happen to have heard of one Samuel Castro, nicknamed 'Slackjaw,' a hunchback whom Copleston employed on odd jobs?"

"I have seen him here. He called, sometimes with messages, sometimes with parcels. I should probably have forgotten all about him were it not that he was rather an extraordinary creature, even among Copleston's men, who are all remarkable. But did he ——"

"He murdered Mr. Deacon, I think," Dorrington replied, "as I fancy I can explain to you. But he won't hang for it, for he was drowned this afternoon before my eyes, in an attempt to escape from the police. He was an extraordinary creature, as you have said. He wasn't English—a half-caste of some sort, I think—though his command of language, of the riverside and dock description, was very free; it got him his nickname of Slackjaw among the longshoremen. He was desperately excitable, and he had most of the vices, though I don't think he premeditated murder in this case—nothing but robbery. He was immensely strong, although such a little fellow, and sharp in his wits, and he might have had regular work at Copleston's if he had liked, but that wasn't his game—he was too lazy. He would work long enough to earn a shilling or so, and then he would go off to drink the money. So he was a sort of odd on-and-off man at Copleston's—just to run a message or carry something or what not when the regular men were busy. Well, he seems to have been smart enough—or perhaps it was no more than an accident—to find out about Hachiman's back, and he used his knowledge for his own purposes. Copleston couldn't account for missing things in the night—because he never guessed that Castro, by shutting himself up in Hachiman about closing time, had the run of the place when everybody had gone, and could pick up any trifle that looked suitable for the pawnshop in the morning. He could sleep comfortably on sacks or among straw, and thus save the rent of lodgings, and he could accept Hachiman's shelter again just before Copleston turned up to start the next day's business. Getting out, too, after the place was opened, was quite easy, for nobody came to the large store-rooms till something was wanted, and in a large place with many doors and gates, like Copleston's, unperceived going and coming was easy to one who knew the ropes. So that Slackjaw would creep quietly out, and in again by the front door to ask for a job. Copleston noticed how regular he had been every morning for the past few months, and thought he was getting steadier! As to the things that got smashed, I expect Slackjaw knocked them over, getting out in the dark. One china vase, in particular, had been shifted at the last moment, probably after he was in his hiding-place, and stood behind the image. That was smashed, of course. And these things, coming after the bad voyage of the ship in which he came over, very naturally gave poor Hachiman an unlucky reputation.

"Probably Slackjaw was sorry at first when he heard that Hachiman was bought. But then an idea struck him. He had been to Mr. Deacon's rooms on errands, and must have seen that fine old plate in the sitting-room. He had picked up unconsidered trifles at Copleston's by aid of Hachiman—why not acquire something handsome at Deacon's in the same way? The figure was to be carried to Bedford Mansions as soon as work began on Wednesday morning. Very well. All he had to do was to manage his customary sojourn at Copleston's over Tuesday night, and keep to his hiding-place in the morning. He did it. Perhaps the men swore a bit at the weight of Hachiman, but as the idol weighed several hundredweights by itself, and had not been shifted since it first arrived, they most likely perceived no difference. Hachiman, with Slackjaw comfortably bolted inside him (though even *he* must have found the quarters narrow) jolted away in the wagon, and in course of time was deposited where it now stands.

"Of course all I have told you, and all I am about to tell you, is no more than conjecture—but I think you will say I have reasons. From within the idol Slackjaw could hear Mr. Deacon's movements, and no doubt when he heard him take his hat and stick and shut the outer door behind him, Hachiman's tenant was glad to get out. He had never had so long and trying a sojourn in the idol before, though he *had* provided himself this time with something to keep his spirits up—in that little flat bottle he left behind. Probably, however, he waited some little time before emerging, for safety's sake. I judge this because I found no signs of his having started work, except a single small knife-mark on the plate case. He must have no more than begun

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when Mr. Deacon came back for his letters. First, however, he went and shut the bedroom window, lest his movements might be heard in some adjacent rooms; the man who was painting said he heard that, you remember. Well, hearing Mr. Deacon's key in the lock, of course he made a rush for his hiding-place—but there was no time to get in and close up before Mr. Deacon could hear the noise. Mr. Deacon, as he entered, heard the footsteps in the next room, and went to see. The result you know. Castro, perhaps, crouched behind the idol, and hearing Mr. Deacon approaching, and knowing discovery inevitable, in his mad fear and excitement, snatched the nearest weapon and struck wildly at his pursuer. See! here are half a dozen heavy, short Japanese swords at hand, any one of which might have been used. The thing done, Castro had to think of escape. The door was impossible—the hall-porter was already knocking there. But the man had no key—he could be heard moving about and calling for one. There was yet a little time. He wiped the blade of the weapon, put it back in its place, took the keys from the dead man's pocket and regained his concealment in the idol. Whether or not he took the keys with the idea of again attempting theft when the room was left empty I don't know—most likely he thought they would aid him in escape. Any way, he didn't attempt theft, but lay in his concealment—and a pretty bad time he must have had of it—till night. Probably his nerve was not good enough for anything more than simple flight. When all was quiet, he left the rooms and shut the door behind him. Then he lurked about corridors and basements till morning, and when the doors were opened, slipped out unobserved. That's all. It's pretty obvious, once you know about Hachiman's interior."

"And how did you find out?"

"When you left me here I considered the thing. I put aside all suspicions of motive, the Japanese and his sword and the rest of it, and addressed myself to the bare facts. Somebody *had* been in these rooms when Mr. Deacon came back, and that somebody had murdered him. The first thing was to find how this person came, and where he came from. At first, of course, one thought of the bedroom window, as the police had done. But reflection proved this unlikely. Mr. Deacon had entered his front door, was inside a few seconds, and then was murdered close by the figure of Hachiman. Now if anybody had entered by the window for purposes of robbery, his impulse on hearing the key in the outer door (and such a thing could be heard all over the rooms, as I tested for myself)—his impulse, I say, would be to retreat by the way he had come, that is by the window. If, then, Mr. Deacon had overtaken him before he could escape, the murder might have taken place just as it had done, but it would have been *in the bedroom*, not in a room in the opposite direction. And any thief's attention would naturally be directed at first to the gold plate—indeed, I detected a fresh knife-mark in the door of the case, which I will show you presently. Now, as you see by the arrangement of the rooms, the retreat from the plate case to the bedroom window would be a short one, whereas the murderer must in fact have taken a longer journey in the opposite direction. Why? Because he had *arrived* from that direction, and his natural impulse was to retreat by the way he had come. This might have been by the door to the back stairs, but a careful examination of this door and its lock and key convinced me that it had not been opened. The key was dirty, and to have turned it from the opposite side would have necessitated the forcible use of a pair of thin hollow pliers (a familiar tool to burglars), and these must have left their mark on the dirty key. So I turned back to the idol. *This* was the spot the intruder had made for in his retreat, and the figure had been brought into the place the very morning of the murder. Also, things had disappeared from its vicinity at Copleston's. More—it was a large thing. What if it were hollow? One has heard of such things having been invented by priests anxious for certain effects. Could not a thief smuggle himself in that way?

"The suggestion was a little startling, for if it were the right one the man might be hiding there at that moment. I gave the thing half an hour's examination, and in the end found what I have shown you. It was not the sort of thing one would have found out without looking for it. Look at it even now. Although you have seen it open, you couldn't point to the joints."

Dorrington opened it again. "Once open," he went on, "the thing was pretty plain. Here is the rag—perhaps it was Castro's pocket-handkerchief—used to wipe the weapon. It is stained all over, and cut, as you will observe, by the sharp edge. Also, you may see a crumb or two—Slack-jaw had brought food with him, in case of a long imprisonment. But chiefly observe

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the bottle. It is a flat, high-shouldered, 'quartern' bottle, such as publicans sell or lend to their customers in poor districts, and as usual it bears the publican's name—J. Mills. It's a most extraordinary thing, but it seems the fate of almost every murderer, no matter how cunning, to leave some such damning piece of evidence about, foolish as it may seem afterward. I've known it in a dozen cases. Probably Castro, in the dark and in his excitement, forgot it when he quitted his hiding-place. At any rate it helped me, and made my course plain. Clearly this man, whoever he was, had come from Copleston's. Moreover he was a small man, for the space he had occupied would be too little even for a man of middle height. Also he bought drink of J. Mills, a publican; if J. Mills carried on business near Copleston's so much the easier my task would seem. Before I left, however, I went to the basement and inspected the ladder, the removal of which had caused the police so much exercise. Then it was plain why Dowden had cleared out. All his prevarication and uneasiness were explained at once, as the police might have seen if they had looked *behind* the ladder as well as at it. For it had been lying lengthwise against the wooden partition which formed the back of the compartments put up to serve the tenants as wine-cellars. Dowden had taken three planks out of this partition, and so arranged that they could be slipped in their places and out again without attracting attention. What he had been taking through the holes he thus made I won't undertake to say, but I will make a small bet that some of the tenants find their wine short presently! And so Dowden, never an industrious person, and never at one job long, thought it best to go away when he found the police asking why the ladder had been moved."

"Yes, yes—it's very surprising, but no doubt you're right. Still, what about Kanamaro and that sword?"

"Tell me exactly what he said to you to-day."

Mr. Colson detailed the conversation at length.

Dorrington smiled. "See here," he said, "I have found out something else in these rooms. What Kanamaro said he meant in another sense to what you supposed. *I* wondered a little about that sword, and made a little search among some drawers in consequence. Look here. Do you see this box standing out here on a nest of drawers? That is quite unlike Mr. Deacon's orderly ways. The box contains a piece of lacquer, and it had been shifted from its drawer to make room for a more precious piece. See here." Dorrington pulled out a drawer just below where the box stood, and took from it another white wood box. He opened this box and removed a quantity of wadding. A rich brocade *fukusa* was then revealed, and, loosening the cord of this, Dorrington displayed a Japanese writing-case, or *suzuribako*, aged and a little worn at the corners, but all of lacquer of a beautiful violet hue.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Colson. "Violet lacquer!"

"That is what it is," Dorrington answered, "and when I saw it I judged at once that Deacon had at last consented to part with his Masamuné blade in exchange for that even greater rarity, a fine piece of the real old violet lacquer. I should imagine that Kanamaro brought it on Tuesday evening—you will remember that you saw Mr. Deacon for the last time alive in the afternoon of that day. Beard seems not to have noticed him, but in the evening hall-porters are apt to be at supper, you know—perhaps even taking a nap, now and then!"

"Then *this* is how Kanamaro 'finished his business'!" Mr. Colson observed. "And the 'very great cost' was probably what he had to pay for this."

"I suppose so. And he would not have believed it possible that he *could* get a piece of violet lacquer, in any circumstances."

"But," Mr. Colson objected, "I still don't understand his indifference and lack of surprise when I told him of poor Deacon's death."

"I think that is very natural in such a man as Keigo Kanamaro. I don't profess to know a very great deal about Japan, but I know that a *samurai* of the old school was trained from infancy to look on death, whether his own or another's, with absolute indifference. They regarded it as a mere circumstance. Consider how cold-bloodedly their *hari-kiri*, their legalised suicide, was carried out!"

As they left the rooms and made for the street Mr. Colson said, "But now I know nothing of your pursuit of Castro."

Dorrington shrugged his shoulders. "There is little to say," he said. "I went to Copleston and asked him if any one of his men was missing all day on Wednesday. None of his regular men were, it seemed, but he had seen nothing that day of an odd man named Castro, or Slackjaw, although he had been very regular for some time before;

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and, indeed, Castro had not yet turned up. I asked if Castro were a tall man. No, he was a little fellow, and a hunchback, Copleston told me. I asked what public-house one might find him at, and Copleston mentioned the 'Blue Anchor'—kept, as I had previously ascertained from the directory, by J. Mills. That was enough. With everything standing as it was, a few minutes' talk with the inspector in charge at the nearest police-station was all that was necessary. Two men were sent to make the arrest, and the people at the 'Blue Anchor' directed us to Martin's Wharf, where we found Castro. He had been drinking, but he knew enough to make a bolt the moment he saw the policemen coming on the wharf. He dropped on to a dummy barge and made off from one barge to another in what seemed an aimless direction, though he may have meant to get away at the stairs a little lower down the river. But he never got as far. He muddled at one jump and fell between two barges. You know what a suck under there is when a man falls among barges like that. A strong swimmer with all his senses has only an off chance, and a man with bad whisky in his head—well, I left them dragging for Slackjaw when I came away."

As they turned the corner of the street they met a newsboy running. "Paper—speshal!" he cried. "The West-End murder—speshal! Suicide of the murderer!"

Dorrington's conjecture that Kanamaro had called to make his exchange on Tuesday evening proved correct. Mr. Colson saw him once more on the day of his departure, and told him the whole story. And then Keigo Kanamaro sailed for Japan to lay the sword in his father's tomb.

"DISTURBED!"

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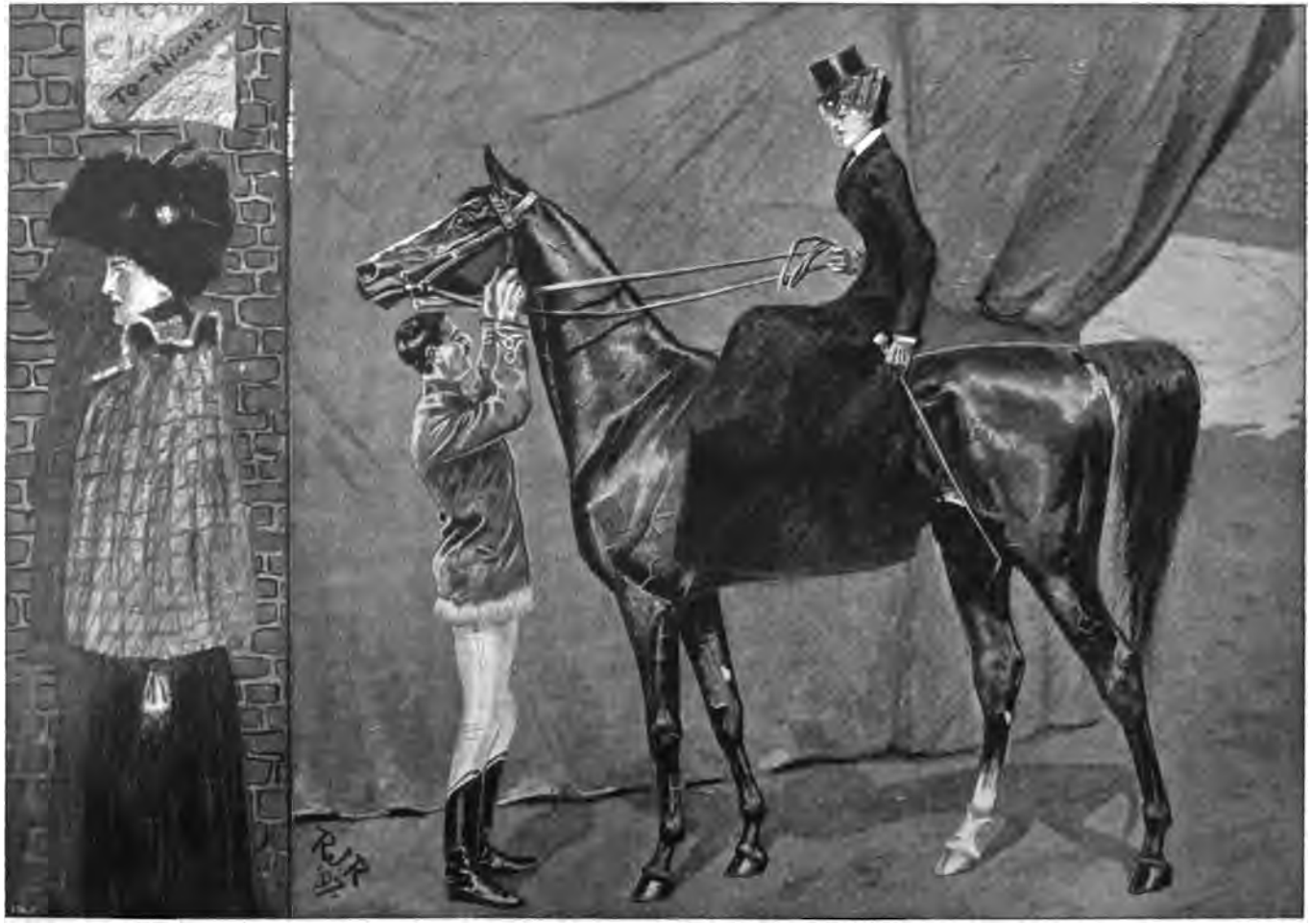

In private life. In public life.

THE QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS RING.

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LAUDER CAINE THE CONFESSOR.

By Percy Andreæ.*
(*Author of "Stanhope of Chester," "The Vanished Emperor," etc.*)

Illustrated by St. Clair Simmons.

THE CASE OF THE LEAGUE OF THE AIGRETTE.—(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER IV.

Further continuation of Walter Davidson's Memoir —A midnight tribunal—Lauder Caine for the defence.

"IT was some minutes before ten when I reached the place of meeting, and I had leisure to take stock of the spot and its surroundings. The street was quiet, but far from deserted, and from the distance I could distinctly hear the muffled noise of the still busy traffic in the City Road. But the house to which I was bidden had a lone and desolate appearance, and I could see without difficulty that, although apparently a dwelling-house, like most of the houses in the street, it was not inhabited.

"To my surprise I observed no one enter while I stood concealed in a doorway near by, watching with beating heart for some sign of him upon whose support my fate that night depended. I had imagined, I know not why, that we should meet at the door and make our entrance together. But this was not to be; and when the clock of the neighbouring church tolled out the hour of ten I dared not tarry any longer, and approaching the door, knocked as boldly as my trembling fingers permitted.

"The door was opened instantly, and stepping inside I found myself in total darkness. A hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice challenged me to give the password, which I did. The same voice then whispered to me to mask myself and pass on. A few moments elapsed before I had fumbled in my pocket and found the mask which had been left with me by my mysterious visitors three nights before, and which I had been careful to bring with me. When I had donned it I obeyed my unknown conductor and moved forward. Whoever it was he remained at my side guiding me, as it seemed, through a long and tortuous passage to the back of the building. Presently we stopped, and I heard him give a peculiar double rap at a door on my right hand. The next moment it was slowly opened, letting out a faint light into the passage. My guide stepped back, another hand from within seized my arm and drew me forward, and I found myself in a large-sized apartment, dimly illumined by a single red-shaded lamp suspended from the middle of the ceiling.

"This apartment had three windows, which were closely curtained and apparently gave on to the street from which I had just entered. An oblong table occupied the whole width, being drawn across the room at a right angle with the farthest window. Behind it were seated three masked figures, whilst opposite these, in rows of six or seven, reaching almost to where I stood, there sat some eighteen or nineteen men, all masked in similar fashion. From the total silence which reigned, and the motionless attitude of those present, one might have imagined them to be an array of wax statues. I stopped near the threshold, hesitating whether to advance or remain where I was. But no one stirred nor appeared to bestow any notice upon me, and the stillness remained unbroken. A sense of oppression seized me which I could not shake off, and I looked around me for a vacant seat, fearing, if I remained standing, that I should swoon or fall from sheer giddiness and exhaustion.

"At this moment I felt myself most opportunely drawn down into an unoccupied chair by some friendly hand behind me, and turning my head I was about to whisper a word of acknowledgment to my unknown neighbour when the pressure of his hand on my arm tightened, as if warning me to utter no sound. I felt my heart leap within me as the thought shot across my mind that it might be the Confessor himself beside

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whom I was now seated. If it was, however, he gave me no sign of recognition, but remained, like the rest of the strange company, totally silent and motionless.

"Presently the church clock I had heard strike before chimed out the first quarter, and with the last note the middle of the three figures seated behind the oblong table rose, and the proceedings, such as they were, commenced.

"To describe them minutely would be impossible. My head was swimming, and I caught but the smallest part of what was said. My name, or rather the name I had usurped, struck upon my ear several times, but it seemed to be pronounced in different parts of the room, and by different voices, all low and toneless, as if formal questions and answers were passing, the drift of which I failed to grasp.

"After a while this species of cross-fire ceased and the middle figure behind the table spoke in clear tones as follows :—

"'Is the council satisfied that it is properly constituted ?'

"A low affirmative murmur came from the assembly.

"'Is the council satisfied that the accused member, Henry Milton, has been duly summoned to plead his defence ?'

"The murmur was repeated.

"'Then I declare,' the voice continued, 'that Henry Milton stands arraigned before this council of twenty on the following counts : firstly, that, having been duly selected for a certain mission, known only to the centre, he has betrayed his trust and defied the authority to which he has sworn obedience ; secondly, that by thus violating his oath of membership he has constituted himself a traitor to the league, and as such deserves to be judged. Let those in support of the indictment rise and make the usual declaration.'

"Another hand from within seized my arm and drew me forward."

"The president resumed his seat, and one by one four of those present rose from their chairs and spoke these words with uplifted right hand :—

"'I declare the indictment to be just and true, on my own knowledge of the facts, and I demand the punishment of the offender.'

"When the last had sat down again a short pause ensued, after which the president resumed once more :—

"'The council has heard the accusation. Who controverts the facts ?'

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"An ominous silence followed the question, and I held my breath in a terror of expectation. Would he who had promised so much fail me after all? And if so, what would happen? How should I act?

"Even while this terrible thought was crossing my mind I became conscious of a movement at my side, and turning saw the figure next to me rise up slowly and deliberately. My heart beat madly, so madly that it appeared to me to be beating in every part of my body at once. It seemed an eternity before the stillness was broken once more. But it passed at last, and then in that calm clear voice, whose subtle power no pen of mine can describe, I heard the words ring forth—

"'I controvert the facts!

"For the first time since I had entered the room a flutter of excited curiosity passed through the assembly. It was evident that the incident was novel and unexpected.

"The president was quickly on his feet again.

"'Are you the accused?' he asked.

"'I am not.'

"'Upon what grounds, then, do you speak for the accused?'

"'I speak as his friend and adviser.'

"'The fourth statute of the league provides that no member shall know, or be known to, the other.'

"'It may be so.'

"'As a member of the league, then,——'

"'*I am not a member of the league.*'

"The effect of these words was extraordinary and baffles all description. In one instant everyone was upon his feet, and uproar and confusion reigned supreme. The door was barred and bolted. Cries of 'Traitor!' 'Spy!' 'We are betrayed!' resounded on all sides, and for a moment it looked as if an immediate assault were going to be made upon the bold speaker.

"Amid all this tumult he alone stood calm and unmoved, his left hand resting upon the chair in front of him and his right inserted between the flaps of his tightly-buttoned coat.

"At last, when the noise had somewhat subsided, the president's voice was heard again.

"'You stand self-confessed a stranger to the league and a spy upon its council. Rash man, on your own head be the consequences of your insolent temerity!'

"I saw two of the masks, at a sign from the table, pass quietly behind the chair of the person addressed, and remain standing there in an attitude of ominous readiness. Their intentions were evident. Yet he, who must have seen himself thus threatened, still maintained his position of calm and lofty unconcern, and when he spoke his voice sounded firm and steady, like that of a commander issuing his orders to his men.

"'None so rash as they that threaten whom they know not,' he said. 'I am one man. You are twenty. Think you I had ventured thus to confront you were I not sure that you dare lay no finger on me? nay, that I am as safe in your midst as he whom you all obey, though you know him not?'

"A momentary silence fell upon the assembly at this speech, but it was followed immediately by a low angry murmur which seemed to bode little good.

"'Your bold speech will avail you nothing,' the president said. 'The knowledge you give evidence of possessing makes it doubly imperative that we should silence the lips that proclaim it. Tear off his mask, someone. We will at least see the features of him who thus beards us.'

"A dozen men rushed forward at once to obey the order. But before a hand could be raised to execute it the Confessor himself had removed the mask that concealed his features, and without bestowing a glance upon those who surrounded him in an angry throng, he spoke in the same quiet tone as before—

"'Let no man advance a step. There are those here who have met me face to face before. To them I need no introduction. For the rest, the name I bear will prove me to be neither madman nor idle boaster. I am Lauder Caine the Confessor.'

"When I contrast the simplicity of the tone in which these words were uttered with the thrilling effect they produced on the men who heard them, I still now experience the same sense of utter bewilderment which overcame me at that moment. I have since heard many astounding stories of the boldness, the ingenuity, and the extraordinary achievements of this man, and have learned to regard everything as possible to his commanding genius. But nothing will convince me that the knowledge which those before him evidently possessed of his power and influence could alone have produced that instantaneous effect which followed upon this simple announcement of his mere name and character. It was that subtle, indefinable something in his presence, that magnetic, half-soothing, half-enthralling quality of his

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voice, that indescribable power of the eye, in short, the whole extraordinary being of the man, that held these twenty men as if under some irresistible spell, and I verily believe that, had he been as unknown to them as the humble individual who, thanks to him, has lived to pen these pages, the effect of his words would have been just the same.

"It was a moment I shall ever remember. But I doubt whether I can convey even the very faintest conception of its real impressiveness to those who may read this poor description. For the space of several seconds not a sound was heard, and every eye was fixed with an expression of intense expectation upon the countenance of the man who had spoken. That he was fully conscious of the impression he had created it would be absurd to doubt. Yet not a muscle in his face betrayed the pride or the triumph this tacit homage to his personality must have awakened in his breast. He could, I believe, have prolonged at will the spell he had cast over his listeners. But his purpose, if such it had been, was achieved, and he presently proceeded as follows:—

"'Let us then measure our weapons before we proceed to discuss the matter that has brought me here. As for myself, my body is in your hands. That is of small account. It is my mind, not my body, you and yours have cause to fear. Destroy my life and you know I make no empty boast when I say that I shall leave that behind me which will suffice to bring destruction, not only upon you my destroyers, but upon those who are even more powerful than yourselves, and whose safety, not mine, you now blindly threaten. My business now is not with you and your evil-doings. The day may come, indeed, when I shall confront you with even more potent weapons than those I wield to-day, an enemy upon whose annihilation your existence will depend. It may then be worth your while to risk that which you now dare not risk by crossing swords with me. I have spoken. It is for you to answer.'

"A short pause ensued, during which a hurried consultation passed between the three figures seated behind the table. When it was concluded the president rose again.

"'Proceed,' he said, speaking slowly, and with a certain hesitation. 'We have no cause of quarrel with Lauder Caine. But think not that the league will brook the interference of living man, whoever he be, in so grave a matter as the treason of a perjured member. We sentence traitors as we sentence spies, and once the fatal judgment spoken, not even Lauder Caine shall avert its execution.'

"'So be it,' the Confessor replied. 'Judge, then, whom you have a right to judge. This man is neither spy nor traitor. I stand here to prove it.'

"'He has been false to his oath.'

"'No man can be false to an oath he has never taken.'

"'Explain your meaning,' the president exclaimed in a tone of startled surprise.

"'It is simple. The man you are judging is innocent of the crime you impute to him, for he is neither servant nor member of your league.'

"Again a wave of wild excitement passed over the assembled men, and there was a general movement of dismay and consternation.

"'This grows more serious still,' the president said. 'If what you say be true ——'

"'That I have said it is proof abundant of its truth.'

"'He came among us wearing the secret sign of the league.'

"'That he did so was his misfortune not his fault.'

"'He adopted the name of him whom we expected, and made use of his credentials.'

"'There began his folly, perhaps his crime; but for that he has suffered.'

"'He has gained knowledge of our secrets.'

"'If he had he would have done so through your fault, not his. But you are mistaken. Until this morning he knew not even the name of the league whose schemes he had unwittingly frustrated.'

"'But the sign—he possessed and wore it. How was it obtained?'

"The question fell upon me like a heavy weight that crushed me, and I held my breath in an agony of suspense. How would my defender meet it?

"He paused for one solemn moment. Then he answered gravely, in a slow deliberate tone—

"'You ask that which you least of all have cause to wish revealed. The sign comes from a grave which holds a secret you may well tremble to see disclosed. Beware, therefore, and let it rest buried.'

"Was this man inspired, or had he some power unknown to common humanity which enabled him to read men's souls like a book and penetrate to their most hidden depths? I alone could know by what means that fatal sign had come into my possession. Yet those words of his revealed a truth to me to

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which until that moment I had been totally blind, and the revelation fell upon me with a suddenness that almost stunned me.

"'Those who may read my strange tale—sadly incoherent as I feel it to be—will conceive something of my utter consternation when I tell them that until that memorable night four months ago, when the mysterious packet of letters was placed in my hands, I had never heard the name of Henry Milton, for whom I had been so strangely mistaken. Nor indeed was my ignorance regarding this unknown personage lessened even now. Yet notwithstanding, I repeat that those few words of Lauder Caine's threw so startling a light upon a certain past event in my life that I was struck dumb with a wondering awe.

"'A glance at the masked crowd surrounding me sufficed to show me that I was not the only one in that room upon whom the words had fallen with so startling an effect. The death-like stillness that followed their utterance gave striking evidence of the strong impression they had created upon the men to whom they were addressed, and when, after a fresh hurriedly whispered conference between the presiding mask and his two assessors, the former spoke once more, I knew instinctively that the Confessor's warning, whatever it meant, had struck home, and that my worst danger was over.

"'"What guarantee do we possess,' he said, now pointedly ignoring the question upon which, a moment before, my fate had appeared to hang, 'that one who has so insolently intruded upon our secrecy will be silent about that which he has seen and heard? Little though it may be, it is perhaps enough to render his existence a menace to our safety.'

"'"Your surest guarantee, if guarantee were needed,' the Confessor replied, 'is his knowledge of your power to wreak vengeance upon him should he attempt the disclosure you fear. But your apprehensions on this score come too late. You forget that I already share such knowledge as he possesses, and rest assured that neither promises will buy nor threats enforce the silence of Lauder Caine. Ponder that well ere we part.'

"'"By heaven!" the president exclaimed, stung by the audacity of this speech, which indeed fairly made me gasp with amazement, 'you presume too much upon our forbearance. It is dangerous to carry boldness beyond the bounds of endurance. What prevents us, indeed ——'

"'"Nay,' interrupted Lauder Caine suavely, 'let us not waste our time with idle words. We know each other. What further need to parley? The day has not yet come when you can speak of terms with Lauder Caine. When it arrives it will see the end of him or you—perhaps of both. But let that pass. These things, I see, have come upon you somewhat unawares, and such experience may well be new to you. Take time, then, for thought and counsel, and meanwhile let him whose fate you have met to determine go hence with me unhindered. The sign he holds shall be placed in my hands. If you claim it before another sun has set it shall be proof to me that he is safe. If not—but pshaw! I know you to be no fools, and need not argue the alternative. The hour is late. Are we agreed?'

"'There was a note almost of impatience in his voice as he uttered these last words. But I was beyond the stage of wonderment, and scarcely felt more than a passing sense of curiosity to note their effect upon my persecutors. I knew now that there could be but one issue to the extraordinary scene I had witnessed, and when, after a moment's deliberation with those around him, the president rose once more to reply, it needed no words of his to tell me that that issue had come.

"'"Be it so,' he said. 'But mark, we give no pledge that we shall forego our rights in this or any other matter. We shall decide as we are bound, by our oath and by our statutes, not otherwise. Of that rest assured.'

"'I saw a smile pass over the countenance of Lauder Caine as he inclined his head gravely in token that he had understood and appreciated the meaning this speech conveyed. The next moment he was striding, calm and self-possessed, through the throng of masks who stood between him and the door by which I had entered. I followed, with head bent, mechanically. Yet I could see as we passed along the row of gleaming eyes peering eagerly from behind their masks into the face of him who went before me, as if the sight were one too rare and curious to be missed.

"'What then occurred, and how we issued forth from that dreadful room, I cannot say. I moved like one in a dream. I have a confused recollection as of a sudden transition from light to darkness, then of passing again, guided by some strange unseen hand, through the long dark passage I had traversed before, of a door opening and closing, of a sudden rush of keen night air, which bathed my face, acting like a soothing balm to my fever-heated temples, and I knew I was once more in the open street. I looked up with a sigh

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of intense relief. Beside me stood Lauder Caine.

"'Come!' he said briefly. 'We have still further business before us. May it end no worse than that which we leave behind us.'

"I would have dearly liked to question him, but he gave me no time. Hastening towards the City Road he there hailed a passing cab, bade me enter with him, and a minute later we were driving rapidly westward towards his own house. He spoke not a word the whole way, and, partly awed by his silence, partly engrossed with my own reflections, I sat beside him, mute like himself.

CHAPTER V.

Walter Davidson's Memoir concluded—The death of young Evan Llewellyn, and the strange history of a cap.

"THE drive occupied nearly an hour, and it was past one o'clock in the morning when we at last reached our destination. Silently as we had come we passed into the house. There all was light and bright and smiling. In spite of the lateness of the hour every room and passage was lighted up and breathed grateful warmth and comfort.

"What a contrast with the dark and dreary place we had come from. And yet

"'As sure as there is justice in heaven,' I cried, 'you are mistaken.'"

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my heart misgave me strangely. I know not why, but I felt as if the ordeal I had just passed through were but the preliminary of one still more fierce and fearful which was now awaiting me. I yearned to pour forth my thanks to my deliverer, but there was that in his manner which chilled me and stemmed, as it were, the tide of grateful eloquence that surged within me.

"At last, motioning me gravely to a seat in the room he had conducted me to, he broke the silence abruptly with these words—

"'Now, Walter Davidson, tell me what has become of him from whom you obtained the sign of the aigrette.'

"Had I expected the question? I can scarcely say. But the manner in which it was put sent a thrill of fear through me, and it was some little while before I could reply.

"'He is dead,' I said, endeavouring to speak calmly. 'What more would you know of him?'

"'I would know,' he replied shortly, 'how you came to murder him.'

"I started up.

"'As sure as there is justice in heaven,' I cried, 'you are mistaken. I committed no murder.'

"'Yet Evan Llewellyn,' he continued, unmoved, 'died by your hand. Your face betrays it.'

"'Evan Llewellyn?' I stammered. 'How can you know ——'

"I got no further. The look he fixed upon me while I spoke seemed to penetrate my very brain and left me no power to withhold what even then still I would have given all I possessed to have withheld from him. I bowed my head acquiescently.

"'I do not deny it, then,' I said. 'I took Evan Llewellyn's life. Still, by all I hold sacred I swear to you that in doing so I was innocent of crime.'

"'Then why,' he asked, 'did you conceal the deed from those who had a right to know of it? There is justice on earth as there is justice in heaven. He who flies from his earthly judges proves surely that he has reason to fear them.'

"'And what if I had such reason?' I said. 'I could produce no proof of my innocence; nay, I knew that the very lips which alone could prove me free of guilt would testify against me if I dared to reveal the truth. I had no other alternative but silence. If you knew my story ——'

"'It is to learn it that I have brought you here,' he broke in gently. 'Speak freely, and conceal nothing from me. Truth has its own voice, and I have learned to detect it under many strange disguises.'

"Truly it is a wondrous gift, the gift to inspire confidence with a word, a look. There is no man on earth to whom I would have dared confide what I now confided to Lauder Caine the Confessor.

"He had drawn a chair to the fireside as he spoke, and invited me with a kindly gesture to take the seat opposite him. I did so, and collecting my scattered thoughts with a strong effort, began my tale.

"'You call him Evan Llewellyn,' I said. 'I had never known him by that name, though a chance once revealed to me that it was his real one. To me, and to those in whose society I met him during my roamings on the Continent, he was known as Edwin Warrington. Why he chose to discard his true patronymic and sail under false colours I never stopped to inquire. He was a wild, adventurous young fellow, dashing, reckless, and unscrupulous, yet a veritable boon companion in the widest sense of the term. As such I had learned to appreciate him, though with a vague sense of distrust which prevented anything in the nature of an intimacy from springing up between us.

"'I had lost sight of him for months, when I suddenly ran against him in the streets of Paris towards the end of my last stay there. We then merely exchanged a hurried greeting, as he had an appointment to keep and was late. He was leaving Paris that evening, he told me, and regretted that he would be unable to see me again.

"'I did meet him in Paris again, however, and under circumstances of a very strange nature. Having nearly reached the end of my means I now used to take my dinner in a quaint and unfashionable eating-house in the Latin quarter, where my only acquaintance was an eccentric old Austrian of the name of Falkenberg, whose favour I had gained by delivering him one night from the somewhat violent attentions of a couple of drunken students. Under ordinary conditions the society of such a man would have possessed little attraction for me. But I had a selfish reason for cultivating it. In a fit of confidence, inspired by his evident attachment to me, I had made my desperate circumstances known to him, and the result had been an offer on his part, which was as unexpected as it seemed generous—at least, so I then thought. He proposed that I should accept his hospitality until I found means of mending my tattered fortunes. He lived, he said, in a small but comfortable house in

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"Following his gaze, I saw that a new-comer had entered."

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a certain suburb of Paris, had neither relatives nor friends, and would be grateful for the society of a companion in his loneliness. This proposal, gratifying as it was in my poor circumstances, took me somewhat aback, and I asked for time to consider it.

"'Not many days afterwards I was sitting with my would-be patron in the eating-house where we now used regularly to meet and dine together. As usual the subject of our conversation was the plan he had suggested, as he assured me, for our mutual benefit, and he was just pressing me warmly, as he often did, to waive what he thought my delicate scruples, and close at once with the offer he had made me, when he suddenly broke off in the middle of his speech with a suppressed exclamation of dismay, and stared with a strange expression of terror in the direction of the glass door leading from the restaurant into the street. Following his gaze, I saw that a new-comer had entered, in whom, to my surprise, I recognised the man I knew as Edwin Warrington. Before I had time to connect the two occurrences my companion rose quickly to his feet, and without a word of excuse or apology left the table and hurried out of the place.

"'As he passed by Warrington I saw him avert his face with the obvious desire of escaping his notice. But Warrington must have recognised him, for he gave a visible start, and I noticed a look of pleased triumph settle in his face. The next instant he too turned swiftly on his heel, and hurriedly followed the Austrian out of the place.

"'What all this meant I had no idea. But it struck me as curious that Warrington, whom I had only met in the streets of Paris a couple of days before, should have then led me to believe that he was quitting Paris immediately. That he must have had some object in thus misleading me as to his movements was obvious.

"'Towards six o'clock that same afternoon, upon returning home to my lodging after a stroll on the boulevards, I found a note awaiting me. It merely contained the following words:—

"'"I regret that our plan must be abandoned. Circumstances oblige me to leave Paris without delay.

FALKENBERG."

"'This sudden change, following upon the curious incident I had witnessed a few hours previously, exercised my mind considerably. It was unpleasantly mysterious, and moreover it upset all my calculations, for in my secret heart I had already determined, as soon as my means were quite at an end, to avail myself of my Austrian friend's proposal, and accept his hospitality.

"'After pondering over the matter for some while, I decided to seek out my friend once more, before I lost sight of him altogether, really with the view of ascertaining if my companionship, which he had appeared so eager to secure, might not perhaps still be welcome to him even under the circumstances he mentioned. As for myself, I was now in such straits that I would have been prepared to do anything, or go anywhere, for the sake of a living.

"'With this object I took an omnibus to the suburb where Falkenberg lived, and having there inquired my way to the address he had given me, proceeded thither on foot. It was a lonely, though apparently respectable, neighbourhood, and the house, when I found it, proved to be a fair-sized residence, built in country style, and surrounded by quite a considerable bit of garden.

"'Night had long set in when I reached it, and passing through the wicket gate and up the garden path to the entrance door, I was about to pull the bell when I was startled by a loud crash as of falling glass, followed by a succession of cries for help. To endeavour to gain entrance by the front door would, under the circumstances, I thought, have been useless. I therefore ran round the house in the direction whence the shouts, as it seemed to me, proceeded, with the view of effecting an entrance by one of the low windows giving on to the garden. But to my surprise I found no sign of light whatever to guide me. Every window seemed closely shuttered and the house generally barred and barricaded as if to resist a siege. Indeed, but for the cries which still came from within, accompanied by the scuffling of feet and the slamming of doors, as though someone were being pursued from room to room, I should have concluded that the place was entirely deserted.

"'At last the faint glimmer of a light caught my eye as I passed a window at the back of the house, and quickly raising myself on to the outer ledge I found that the shutters here had been removed, and the window broken in, by someone who had evidently gained forcible entrance to the house.

"'Without a moment's hesitation therefore I availed myself of the breach, swung myself into the room, which appeared to be full of old lumber, and seeing that the light

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issued from a half-open door leading apparently either to a passage or an inner apartment, I rushed through it at top speed.

"Two men were engaged in a life and death struggle.

Guided by the cries, which now appeared to have become stationary and were growing ominously feebler, I sped through several rooms, in all of which there were signs of great disorder, and at last burst in upon a scene the sight of which for a moment completely staggered me.

"'Two men were engaged in a life and death struggle, the issue of which scarcely admitted of a doubt. One of these men was my Austrian friend Falkenberg; in the second I

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recognised no other than Edwin Warrington. A glance sufficed to show me that the latter was the assailing party, for in his uplifted right hand gleamed a dagger, while, with his left firmly gripped round the old man's throat, he was endeavouring to free his right arm from the convulsive grasp of his intended victim.

"'Had I tarried a moment longer than I did he would have succeeded, for Falkenberg was already totally exhausted, and even as I gazed, his assailant, with a quick wrench, had extricated himself from the grip of the wretched man and raised his arm to strike the fatal blow. But before he could execute his purpose I sprang forward with a bound, caught his arm as it descended with my left hand, and with my right wrenched the dagger from his grasp.

"'The Austrian, thus opportunely delivered from his peril, now fell back, and sinking into a chair with a groan of relief, lapsed into a state of complete apathy.

"'But the wrath of the man whose design I had thus foiled now turned against me. Uttering a furious oath, he sprang upon me with a bound like a tiger, and before I could recover from the shock I felt his two hands tightly pressed against my throat with the evident intention of strangling me. My position was terrible. Both my arms were free, but though I used my utmost force to shake my assailant off, striking blow after blow at his face and head, his hold upon my throat never relaxed one whit, and his fingers buried themselves deeper and deeper into my flesh until I felt my eyes starting from my head and struggled in vain for breath.

"'An agonising terror overcame me. I saw death, certain death before me, unless, to save myself, I made use of the weapon I had wrested from him, and which I still held in my hand. There was no time to reflect or consider. My senses were failing me, my head swam, a roaring as of many waters sounded in my ears; in short, I was undergoing all the horrible sensations of suffocation.

"'In this desperate plight I swung back my right arm, and using all the power still left me, I plunged the dagger deep into my antagonist's breast.

"'Slowly—ah, how slowly!—I felt the grip of the fingers round my throat relax, heard a long horrid gurgle—and then I knew no more until I found myself lying on the bare floor with the old Austrian kneeling at my side chafing my temples, and using such means as he could to restore me to consciousness.

"'It was some time before I could utter a word. When at last I found my speech again, I inquired after Warrington.

"'"You have killed him," Falkenberg answered simply with a grim smile. "Look where he lies! He will do no more harm."

"'The shock did more towards restoring me to animation than all my companion's efforts, and I raised myself quickly to ascertain if he had spoken the truth.

"'Alas! one glimpse at the body that lay within a few inches of me was enough to convince me that Edwin Warrington was dead. Although I had taken his life in self-defence, indeed in the very extremity of my own peril, still I could not repress a shudder as I now looked upon the youthful form struck down in the spring of life by my own hand.

"'But the necessity of thinking about my own safety soon drove all other thoughts out of my mind, and turning to Falkenberg I requested him to accompany me at once to the nearest police bureau in order that the facts concerning this tragic occurrence should be communicated to the proper authorities without delay, otherwise I might find myself under suspicion of having committed deliberate murder.

"'The effect of this request upon the Austrian was extraordinary. He started back as if I had dealt him a blow.

"'"Are you mad?" he exclaimed. "Would you place the hangman's rope round your neck with your own hands?"

"'"I have nothing to fear," I replied "I killed this unfortunate man in just and lawful self-defence. There will be no difficulty in proving the fact. Come, there is no time to lose"

"'"Stay!" he cried, seizing my arm with a violence that caused me actual pain. "Reflect before you commit a folly you are sure to regret. This man died by your hand. What proof have you that it was you and not he who acted in just and lawful self-defence?"

"'"What proof?" I stammered, aghast at such a question coming from him. "Why, the evidence of your own eyes. You saw him attack and endeavour to murder me. Indeed, but for my prompt intervention you would now be lying where he lies, stiff and stark. I saved your life in saving mine. You are a witness of my innocence."

"'The expression in his face as I spoke these words made me recoil shuddering.

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"'"And what if I remain silent?" he said slowly and deliberately. "What if I refuse to give the testimony which alone can save you from a felon's death? Nay, listen," he continued, tightening his grip on my arm as I started up amazed and indignant. "I swear to you that if a word escapes your lips of what has occurred here to-night, I will bear witness, not for you, but against you. This man"—pointing to the corpse—"and I must disappear together. It is my only safety, and my safety, believe me, is yours."

"'Imagine my situation. In vain I expostulated, implored and threatened. He adhered firmly to his cruel and ungrateful resolution, the reason for which I was totally at a loss to explain. All he would vouchsafe to tell me was that his life depended upon the secret of that night's occurrence never penetrating beyond those four walls, and he reiterated again and again his strange assertion that he and the dead man must disappear together.

"'Under such circumstances what was left me to do? No one, I knew, would believe my story without this man's corroboration, and if he not only refused to corroborate it, but actually gave contradictory testimony, as he threatened, my doom was certain.

"'At last, having exhausted all my powers of argument and persuasion, I did what sheer necessity compelled me to do, and assisted him to carry the body of Edwin Warrington to the cellar of the house, where we dug a grave beneath the flagstones, and buried the remains.

"'The gruesome task lasted several hours, and it was near midnight when I at last took leave of my companion and returned on foot to Paris. Seeing that I intended to comply with his wishes, Falkenberg once more adopted his old friendly tone towards me. He assured me of his sense of gratitude for the service I had rendered him, and would have even pressed a considerable sum of money upon my acceptance to enable me to leave Paris and make a fresh start in life. But this I refused. I would have none of his wealth, nor anything to remind me of an acquaintance which had ended in so terrible a manner.

"'I little dreamed at that moment what a fatal memento of that night I already carried on my person; nor was it until I had nearly reached my lodging in Paris that I became aware of it. This memento was the cap which Warrington had worn that night. It had fallen from his head during his struggle with me, and picking it up at Falkenberg's desire when we lifted the body, I had stuffed it hastily into one of the pockets of my great-coat, intending of course to bury it with the remains of its owner. But by the time the grave was dug I no longer remembered it, and so it had been forgotten.

"'At first, on discovering that it was still in my possession, I thought I would burn it. But I gave up the idea for various reasons, chief among which was the fact that the cap was ornamented with a peculiar aigrette, composed principally of metal, which I feared might resist destruction by fire, and so afford a clue to the prying minds of the French police officials. Then I resolved to wait and get rid of it on my way from Paris to Calais, by throwing it out of the window of the train when we passed some solitary spot. But here again, when the time came, my fears conjured up in my mind all sorts of dangerous possibilities, and at last I decided that, as long as the cap remained in my own hands, it would be harmless, and so I kept it.

"'In London, as you know, I fell upon evil times. My terrible adventure in Paris, which had never troubled my conscience, soon ceased to cause me serious apprehensions, and I became gradually so used to the possession of this strange cap that, when my wardrobe had dwindled down to the narrowest proportions compatible with decency, I had no scruples in actually wearing it—with what result you already know.

"'This, then, is the true story of Evan Llewellyn's death,' I concluded. 'Credit it or not, as you will. I am in your hands. Had I only guessed that night when my subsequent strange adventures began, that this accursed cap was the source of the misunderstanding which led to them I would have cut off my right hand rather than do what I did.'

"The Confessor rose when I had finished and paced the room for a while in silence. Presently he turned to me and said—

"'I have no reason to doubt your story. It explains, indeed, more than I had expected.'

"'Yet,' I rejoined, 'it seems you had already divined that this man Warrington, or Llewellyn, as he called himself, was the Henry Milton whom I personated.'

"'How I came to know of the existence of Evan Llewellyn,' he said, 'is of small account. What I had learned of him, however, was enough to convince me, firstly, that he was a worthless and desperate character, and secondly, that he depended for his livelihood upon a secret association whose objects were

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criminal. That he and no other was the Henry Milton to whom the execution of the scheme had been entrusted—which your folly happily thwarted—your own story told me. The rest followed as a natural consequence.'

"'Yet how could you know that he was dead?'

"'His cap in your possession afforded alone a strong presumption of his death. His non-appearance during the four months you personated him proved it conclusively. That he had met his death at your hands ——'

"'Ah, surely,' I broke in, 'I never told you that.'

"He raised his great penetrating eyes slowly to my face and let them rest there for a moment.

"'If words were our only means of speech, Walter Davidson,' he said, 'and hearing our only channel of understanding, I could have been of as little use to you in your trouble as you were of use to yourself. You would have kept from me the true source of all your trouble, perhaps successfully, had I not known what I knew. But your attempted concealment of it, whether voluntary or involuntary, afforded me the key to the mystery you yourself had failed to solve. That Evan Llewellyn's mission to Paris had been one of murder I had strong reason to suspect ——'

"'His mission?' I ejaculated. 'Then you believe he was sent ——'

"'To remove the Austrian Falkenberg, a renegade member of the very league to whose vengeance you yourself were in peril of falling a victim, assuredly. Hence that wretched man's insistence that the fact of his would-be murderer's death should never be known. Had it been divulged a fresh executioner would have been on Falkenberg's track within a few hours, for the league allows no victim to escape it. Blind as you have been, your folly has unwittingly been the means of frustrating two crimes as daring as human boldness can well conceive. From the vengeance of those whom you have foiled I have been able to save you. As for the rest, I leave you to the judgment of your own conscience.'

"I have no more to add. That night was the turning point in my life. Of the league I had so strangely become acquainted with I heard no more. True, for months thereafter my footsteps were dogged wherever I went, and at this very day still I know that I am carefully watched and that my sayings and doings are made known by secret spies to those with whose criminal plans I once foolishly interfered. But no harm has ever befallen me.

"The Confessor I never saw again after that eventful night, and the only direct communication that has ever reached me from him since came a day later in the shape of a note containing these few words—

"'You are now safe, Walter Davidson. May the lesson your folly has taught you bear good fruit. Remember there is only one road to merit—work—and only one thing truly worth striving for—self-respect. Follow the one and seek the other and you shall never lack a friend in Lauder Caine.'

"And he has been true to his word. In obedience to his express injunction I never set foot again within the Foreign Office. But I have reason to know that the morning following the strange scene in Verrinder Street the Confessor was closeted for some considerable while with her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Epsom, and that immediately after that interview the Hon. John Courtney was relieved of his duties as private secretary to his lordship. Whether my honourable friend had been in any way implicated in what had occurred I am unable to say. From the fact, however, that he has since entered Parliament, where his duty merely consists in recording his vote for his party whenever the occasion offers, I gather that his dismissal can have been caused by no graver fault than that of incompetence and gullibility.

"To me work and employment now came from quarters where I had least expected them, and I may say to-day without presumption that by dint of untiring push and industry I have risen to a position in the calling I adopted such as not many would in so short a space of time have attained, beginning as I did.

"To whom I owed my start in this profession, and whose was the unseen hand which, during the first months of my new struggles, sustained and upheld me on many an occasion of doubt and hesitation, need I say? There are many I know who have cause to bless Lauder Caine the Confessor, but assuredly none more than I."

* * * * *

Here the memoir of Walter Davidson ends. Little remains for me to add to it. The adventure with the cap, and its strange sequel at the house in Verrinder Street, will probably meet with incredulity on the part of some readers. Be it so. As for myself, I have long ceased to doubt or marvel at

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anything, however strange and incredible it may appear, in which Lauder Caine is concerned.

There is only one thing I regret. My curiosity to fathom the knowledge the Confessor undoubtedly possesses of the aims and doings of the formidable league in whose meshes my dead friend Davidson became involved has hitherto not been gratified. Once only have I ventured to interrogate Lauder Caine himself on the subject. I was in a measure compelled to do so, since circumstances obviously rendered it necessary for me to consult his wishes before proceeding to publish the foregoing facts to the world. But beyond remarking upon what he termed the curious coincidence which had enabled him to enlighten old Llewellyn as to the fate of his precious son, he vouchsafed me no information whatever, and indeed studiously avoided all reference to the league whose history, more particularly in connection with himself, I was so anxious to learn.

On one point however I did obtain a certain interesting light from him. The cipher despatch, to gain possession of which such elaborate preparation had been made, proved to be a document of vast political importance, and the consequences that might have resulted, had the scheme for its abstraction succeeded, would have been incalculable, involving a possible breach in the friendly relations of two of the great European Powers. For what purposes however, and at whose instance the copy was to have been made, remains a mystery.

"On such apparently trifling circumstances," Lauder Caine said, when he gave me this startling piece of intelligence, "does the fate of nations sometimes hang."

And indeed what could illustrate this truth more forcibly than the story here told? That the extremes of life often meet is a fact perhaps too frequently dwelt upon to be worth repeating. Yet, truism or not, who has ever chanced upon one of those tiny subtle threads which run through the knotted chain of human events, connecting the pettiest with the most momentous, without experiencing anew that sense of marvel with which all revelations of nature fill us?

One more remark of a personal character, and I have done. When I sought Lauder Caine's consent to the publication of Walter Davidson's memoir, I half expected to meet with a stern veto. This was not so, however. In fact the Confessor smiled at the notion that, so far as he himself was concerned, there could be any objection to the intended publication. At the same time he reminded me that the step I contemplated taking might possibly be fraught with unpleasant consequences to myself.

Possibly this may be so. I am indeed not insensible to the fact that by making Davidson's adventures known I am perhaps running a certain personal danger. But after all, better men than I have staked greater interests on a smaller cause, and so I venture it. If the reader is pleased I will cheerfully bear whatever risk I may have incurred in pleasing him.

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'VARSITY TALES.

By Max Pemberton.

Illustrated by T. S. C. Crowther.

V.—IN THE MAY TERM.

IT has always seemed to me that the merry month of May is the one in which the undergraduate is tempted to repeat the servant girl's aspiration that heaven may be a sphere wherein you do nothing for ever and ever. There are men, I suppose, who have attended a lecture in May. It is impossible to forget that the summer term is one whose delights are broken for scholars by the thought of tripos. But a tripos is a necessary evil occurring but once in a man's life—unless he be a phenomenon; and three Mays of the four he passes at Cambridge will be his own to possess in the full delight of idleness. During these happy terms no phantom of examination, no devils of learning will stalk his path. He will become in his way a king of the month; he will find queens a-many to share his kingdom by-and-by when the race week opens and garden parties perfect the gentler arts, and the "lesser man" comes up, and sunlight is warm in the gloomy courts. Easy to persuade him at such a time to light the fires of spring and cast off the winter garment of repentance. He can work in the "Long," in the October term, in the winter of his discontent, but not in May. That would be a sacrilege indeed.

"Garden parties perfect the gentler arts."

This is the spirit in which the typical man goes up to Cambridge when the Easter vacation is done. He has spent his holiday, it may be, in a Welsh farmhouse, which he rented with three others of like energy, under the delusion that he would do some reading. But the party broke up at the Métropole in Brighton; and the sea air having stimulated our friend, he arrives at his college with the impulses of youth high strung and expectant. It is only a month since he went down, yet what a change has come over Cambridge! Winter sits no longer in the lap of Spring. Fog and darkness, damp and gloom—these have gone with the afore-mentioned garment which the Persian poet so wisely advises his children to burn. The old courts are transformed. They were dungeons in Lent; they are like fairy palaces now when their spires catch the sunbeams, and flowers give gaudy colour, and the great avenues are rich in leaf and blossom. Nor has Spring ceased her work when she awakened the elms and gilded the steeples and touched the river with her transforming hand. She is reflected in the faces, the clothes of every man you meet. She has come down to the Market Place to set the old women's tongues wagging merrily, to fill their booths with odorous blossoms and fresh young fruits; she lurks in the tailors' shops,

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where checks of appalling shades and beauty await you; she has warmed the heart even of deans, so that they lag as they go to the schools and remember the days when even they stole precious hours of May and repented in long vigils afterwards. And she will reign now for nine long weeks, weeks when even the cynic may forget that the leaves of life are dropping one by one.

* * * *

A traveller who returned recently from the Rocky Mountains reminded us that in hotels there you see the intimation, "Square meal, twenty-five cents; regular gorge, fifty cents." There is no such intimation that I remember in any college at Cambridge, but if an American were asked to describe the May of the average student he might answer that it was a "regular gorge," so far as its festivities are concerned. From that hour when the porter carries your trunk up to your rooms until that less pleasant hour, eight or nine weeks later, when he carries it down again, it is impossible that a proper minded man should know a moment's *ennui*. The merriment and the brightness about him cannot fail to stimulate him or to influence him. Possibly an anxious tutor may suggest that he should attend at least three lectures a week, but this need not disturb him. There are always the wretched tripos men driven by the spurs of ambition to listen to obvious propositions expounded in stuffy lecture-rooms. These men, being good fellows, will take your card and leave it in the lecturer's hat each morning. You, lying in your bed and reflecting whether your breakfast shall be soles *à la maître* or devilled kidneys, may assume that some subtle influence is working upon you so that you are really imbibing, through the medium of the lecturer's hat, an amazing amount of knowledge. Your conscience is easy at any rate; and when you stroll into your keeping-room presently you are in that happy state of mind which tolerates even a tailor's dun. And why should you not be? Are not your windows open to the sweet breezes of the day? is there not a sparkle and glitter of morning light upon the painted windows of the chapel opposite? do not flowers greet you with dainty odours? is not the cloth very white and the coffee very hot and the dish done to perfection? And you can read, be it remembered, propping up your paper with Justinian, or sharing a review and alternate slices of an excellent devil. And when breakfast is done how pleasant to sit at your window and watch the men who have been to lecture and ask them if they have enjoyed themselves. This will pass the hour before you don that startling suit of checks and saunter forth towards King's, to see what the morning has brought from London; possibly to do a little shopping with tradesmen whose terms—no longer "any time," as they were when you first came up—have become "three days, or immediate proceedings will be taken."

* * * *

The streets of Cambridge in the mornings of May term are a study worth the making. Here a Girton girl on her way to lecture; there a don heavily gowned returning from an exposition of the new Aristotle; yonder two undergrads, whose clothes hurt the eyes as an Indian sun, whose flowers are immaculate. Elsewhere we find half a dozen cricketers, whose blazers strike the gamut of the colours; "cousins," fresh from London, to giggle and to wonder; doctors, whose learning has put chains upon their feet; "freshers," rampant and devouring; even, it may be, the vice-chancellor himself, heralded by the chained Bibles and the silver pokers, whipped in by bulldogs, who glare at all youths with savage eyes, and seem to say, "I know ye." As the day grows, and the bells cease to ring, and the sunbeams are left in possession of the lecture-rooms, the whole town seems to fill with beflannelled men—some with rackets, some with tennis bats, many with the "cricketer's carpet," a few with golfer's tools—they pass to the playing-fields, and all life is hushed in the streets. Cambridge nods then; she will awake again when the chapel bell rings for evensong and the butlers flock to halls and butteries. Our typical man, meanwhile, will have lunched right well; possibly have entertained his best friend's sister. The afternoon for him will have been one all too swift in its passing. There is shade, he will tell you, beneath the elms of the cricket ground. It is good to play a set of tennis, or to lie and watch your best bowler at a moment when a tenth man has scored seventy-two and is not out. And then the after hours, the delicious moments of evening when you take your cigar to the "backs" and the hush of evening is on the gardens, and the elms sleep and the water is still! The very essence of life is squeezed into those days; content has no finer gift!

* * * *

Mr. Barry Pain has laid it down that the

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"An impossible boat and an impossible novel."

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equipment for the "backs," and their proper enjoyment, should consist of two pipes—one to cool while the other is heating—a canoe, and an impossible novel. He, however, was speaking of the sunny afternoon when you float beneath the shade of fellows' trees, and dream past Queen's, and reflect that Erasmus, after all, must have been an unhappy man, since goldflake was not a thing he could deny himself. If I may amend Mr. Pain's statement so far as to make it a law for the after dinner hour, I would suggest the canoe, but substitute a cigar for the pipes. Should there be more than two of you, an impossible boat rowed with one oar is a good barter for the impossible novel. But beware of the man who has information to impart. This is not the hour for good talk. You may suffer a banjo or even the strange scriptural history embodied in the ballad known as "Rolly up the Old Coat," but the talking man is an abomination. I can recall one of "ours" who could never take ship upon the "backs" without giving us the full and particular history of the Queen's bridges, or commenting upon the meditations of Chaucer, or the reflections of Tennyson seeking Hallam in his rooms. One night we avenged ourselves on this bore and paid him many a score. We put him on the ledge of the Queen's wall, which faces the river, and left him there. As there is no escape from this ledge except by water, and as our friend could not swim, he enjoyed possibilities for examining the bridges of Queen's of quite a unique order. It was midnight before his shouts and appeals touched the heart of a drunken bargeman, who carried him to the opposite shore for the ridiculous sum of five shillings. Such a man is worse than a snowstorm on the "backs." Be your illusion perfect, he will break it. When you are asking to be left alone with the moonlight, and the black shadows, and the silhouetted shape of spire and tower, and the peace of the gardens, and the harvest of night, his tongue is like a saw upon your nerves. Seek rather the man of reserved reflection, the man whose thought is deep and silent, whose only exclamation between the Bridge of Sighs and the Mill is the profound and serious demand that you will heave him the tobacco.

"Twenty-four, sixteen, three."

* * *

I have endeavoured to give a picture of an average day at Cambridge in the May term. It would be unfair, at the same time, to cover up the shadows which sometimes gather upon such a scene. For the most part they are the shadows of duns. If a man be in his third year, he will have lived long enough to have made a complete and accurate study of the tailor's heart. Does he find the needle and thread civilising, begetting brotherly charity and gentleness of heart? I fear not. Where

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once the ninth part of a man rubbed his hands when the freshman entered his shop, he now talks of cheques and overdue accounts. No longer does a placid smile of welcome hover upon the tailor's anxious face. He knows that his man may go down for good at the end of the May term, and then where shall he seek that "twenty-four, sixteen, three" he has waited for so patiently? Now is the time for him to be up and doing. He must hunt his man with human dogs every day, send hourly to his rooms, pursue him, harass him, threaten him. I knew one man at Paul's who could not live in his own rooms during his last May. He used to take up a place at a friend's window, wherefrom he could watch his own staircase, and there scrutinise the features of the various duns who sought audience. He would greet them, too, with friendly and sympathetic words, as they came down from his sported oak.

"Hi, my good man! did you want Mr. Johnson?"

"Certainly, sir; I should be much obliged if you could tell me ——"

"Oh yes, with pleasure. You will find him in the rooms of Mr. King over there."

Now the Mr. King in question happened to be a notorious boxer—he is a member of the National Sporting Club to-day and breeds bulldogs. It is to be imagined how he treated the various duns who sneaked in to ask timidly if Mr. Johnson was there! You would often see them gathering up the pieces, so to speak, after they had come down two flights of stairs at the speed of an express engine. King got so infuriated with Johnson's tricks at last that he used to take a flying kick at every stranger who showed his nose round his oak. The strangers never understood the laws of dynamics in their entirety until they flew down King's stairs, five at a time.

* * * *

He who would study human nature must study also the face of the dun under the varying emotions to which the pursuit of the overdue account gives birth. I was in the rooms of an excellent bachelor of Caius some little time ago when a dun entered to collect an account for furniture which, oddly enough, was owed by the bachelor's brother, then a fellow of the college and a great light of science. The afternoon was growing late when the dun came; shadows were stealing into the oak-pannelled chamber; the kettle was singing on the fire; a man was playing the "Geisha" regardless of the laws of bass or of the fitness of an occasional *piano*. Presently we heard three unmistakable knocks upon the oak—knocks like the measured devil-rappings which disturbed Luther in his prison at Wurtemberg. One, two, three! A dozen voices bawled "Come in!" We knew that fun was on the mat. We were not disappointed.

Anon the door opened slowly, inch by inch, timidly; we discerned the crown of a worn hat, the tremendous fingers of a black gloved hand, the top of an historic umbrella. Presently the whole figure stood before us—the figure of a man whose hair was streaked by the silver he had pursued so many weary years, whose eyes were shotted red with the "cold unsweetened" which had ministered to his necessities so often. The shred of a man, in truth, black garbed, black cravatted, down at heel, yet smiling sweetly, an angel's smile of anticipation.

"Does Mr. Jaffray live here?" he asked, washing his hands in the air and beaming upon the company.

Our host swung round in his chair and faced the dun.

"Yes," said he; "I'm Mr. Jaffray; what do you want?"

"One hundred and forty-three, sixteen, four," answered the dun eagerly, "in account with Sticks and Snooks"—and then more gently—"for furniture supplied."

Jaffray rested the back of his head upon the ample cushion and recited the first verse of the "Lavabor."

"Look here," he said in a minute, "that's my brother's bill."

The smile left the dun's face; the evening light fell upon it through the latticed window—a gaunt, haggard face now, with the tragedy of a life written upon it.

"Your brother's bill!" exclaimed the dun, repeating the words, "your brother's bill! Then perhaps you can kindly give me his address, sir!"

"Of course I will; nothing more simple!"

The smile comes again upon this. The tragedy is forgotten. Down goes the worn black hat, down goes the umbrella; the man's hands tremble while they turn over the leaves of the pocket-book he produces. We on our part fall to an expectant silence. What can Jaffray be doing?

"Yes, sir?" says the dun again, implying that he is ready.

"W. H. Jaffray," says our friend, speaking very slowly.

The dun writes it, nibbling often at his pencil to make it mark.

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"W. H. Jaffray," he repeats, his head wagging with pleasure.

"The Globe Hotel."

"The Globe Hotel."

Jaffray pauses a moment. The dun looks over the top of the book.

"Yes, sir?" he says, again implying that he is ready.

"Sydney," cries Jaffray sharply.

The dun's mouth opens, his face betrays anger, rage, then cold steelly hate.

"S-S-Sydney?" he stammers.

"Exactly," replies Jaffray; "Sydney, Australia. My brother is there two or three times a year, but you will generally find him three hundred miles up the bush!"

The dun sighs, looks at the cake hungrily, shakes his head, picks up his hat and umbrella, descends the stairs. There is age in his footstep; but you lose the sound of that quickly in the shout of laughter which follows him to the gate!

* *

If May be a term of duns, it is also a term of dinners. There is something delightful in entertaining the many pretty girls who give such welcome colour to your courts and rooms, who are so easily pleased, who make heroes so readily. Then is the time to fill your fireplace with the choicest blossoms; then the time to put away all blue paper and the cup which is cracked; then the time to hide your rowing pots, as modesty dictates, in a place where it is possible for everyone to see them; then the time to garnish the house regardless of the devils of disorder who will return to it by-and-by. Have you not your reward in the admiration bestowed so unstintingly? Watch your guests as they run from this picture to that, as they read the titles of your books, as they ferret out your cups and cry, "Did you *really* win this?" The confession is dragged from you, not by wild horses but by wild maidens. You simper some reflection upon your own shortcomings, while you turn the vessel round so that they can see the college arms, and your own name cunningly graven and set out with flourishes. You confess that it is nothing, though you are perfectly well aware that it cost five guineas, and that you had to row like the deuce to win it. By-and-by you turn the subject and entertain these generous admirers to dinner in your rooms. You have hired the plate and linen from the butler, and suffer no anxiety upon that score; you know that the college cook will stoop to send you a well-cooked repast; but the waiting lies heavy on your soul and you fear for it. Tims, your man—what a night he will have with your wine and cigars! That excellent old bed-maker—will she make any mistake? Bed-makers are the devil at private dinners. They are so very ready to oblige.

"Now, who says 'ock?"

Mr. Robinson, of Jesus, told me a good story recently of a dinner he gave in his college to a select party of the "cousins" then staying in Cambridge. The cook, he admitted, proved a true friend; the flowers were superb and the linen spotless. But the *entrée* it was that did it. Somehow or other there was a tremendous pause between the fish and the *entrée*; and when the pretty guests were tired of babbling, a woeful silence fell upon the company. At this trying moment Mr. Robinson's bed-maker was heard bawling at the top of her lungs—she had left the oak open so that the company might not miss anything of her speech—an instruction to the cook.

"D'ye 'ear! Where is that auntery?

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Here's Robinson a-cussin' and a-swearin' like anythink!"

This was the lady who, discovering at a later stage a box of matches spilled upon the floor, remarked in a delicate crescendo, "It ain't Robinson, it's his cussed friends!"

It is rather hard on a man to be told before a number of pretty girls that he is cussing and swearing like anything, especially when an *entrée*, which ought to lie upon his chest, is still warming in the college kitchens. But then the servants who wait at your table in the May term are altogether a lottery. I remember on one occasion being compelled to get in a man from outside to assist at a little dinner I gave in college. My regular gyp was dancing attendance upon the dons, but he sent me a waiter who, he assured me, was "a capital 'and, sir." The capital "'and" certainly had an originality in his method which should have served him in life. The first thing he did after handing round the soup was to stand at the head of the table with a bottle of wine in his hand and to cry, "Now, who says 'ock?"

Subsequently, when serving coffee, this good fellow entered into a brisk conversation with my guests. "A fine day for the time of year, ma'am." "I hope that you find yourself as well as you was, Miss." "Were you a-going to the party to-night, sir?"—and so on and so on. When he left me at midnight I had not the heart to rebuke him, for his eyes were full of tears—he had the keys of my spirit-case—and his pockets were full of my cigars. May his shadow never grow less!

Fortunately for the reputation of Cambridge there are other entertainments to be added to the dinners which the unhooded give in the privacy of their rooms. During the last week of the term even the scholars join in the fray of garden parties and concerts and masonic balls. Triposes are forgotten then. Men who were much concerned a week ago about the Fathers have eyes at this time only for the daughters. *Mousseline de soie* and the mode de Paris contrive that pink and blue and scarlet and heliotrope shall be added to the colours of the great court of Trinity. There are functions for dons to attend in the doctor's state; there is the great procession of flower-bedecked boats on the river; there are organ recitals and flower shows; the rattle of plates is incessant; corks fall like a shower of hail. Now is the time too for the latent devilry of man to be released. Authority seems blown to the winds; even deans may crack a joke and laugh at it; but woe betide that undergraduate who oversteps the unbeaten bounds. A leading Q.C. of the present day—one of the most brilliant and humorous and popular—had his career cut short at Cambridge by a momentary forgetfulness of this simple law—that so far shall you go and no further. It chanced that there was a great function in Trinity to which only masters of arts were admitted. Possibly—I suggest it with deference—this justly famous counsel desired particularly to see some maiden aunt or other elderly female relative at this brilliant gathering. Be that as it may, although he was only an undergraduate, he made up his mind to go, and he borrowed the gown of a master of arts from his tailor for the purpose. This secured him admission to the chapel of Trinity, and he enjoyed himself heartily for a time in the dignified company of the learned seniors. Had not a strange fate been working against him he might have played the jest to the end. Unhappily, just before the ceremony closed, the order came that the dons should form pairs and walk in procession from the chapel. This was a hit between wind and water, so to speak, but the merry youth, in nothing abashed, rose from his seat and paired off with the elderly don apportioned to him. Eheu! It was the master of his own college. We may assume that as he walked the master often put to himself the question, who the—why the—what the ——? Where had he seen that impudent face before? What was the name of the rascal?

> Cut—let me see—Cutbeard; no, Cuthbert, egad!
> St. Cuthbert of Bolton; I'm right, he's the lad.

And he was the lad too. The master's blood froze in his veins at the audacity of the thing. A mere freshman, to walk with *him* arm in arm through the hallowed courts of Trinity! A mere freshman, with a master's gown hanging jauntily from his shoulders!

> O turpissime, vir nequissime,
> Sceleratissime, quissime, issime. . . .
> Go fetch me a book, go fetch me a bell,
> As big as a dustman's, and a candle as well,
> I'll send him where good manners won't let me tell.

The master's manners were good we may be sure—and he did not aspire to the papal powers. There is no record that he sent for a book or even for a bell, but certainly he did send for the undergraduate directly he returned to college. Within twenty-four hours the youthful jester had joined his friends. To-day that same youth is big in law, a man respected of men, a bountiful

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humorist, an excellent fellow. When it falls to him to go up to his old college and there be toasted at a banquet, he is apt to address the same master who sent him down so many years ago, and to refer touchingly to those old days when "Doctor X and I went arm in arm in procession through the court of Trinity." How the dons chuckle, how their eyes twinkle at a picture so grotesque!

A man needs to have left the 'Varsity some years if dons are to laugh at his exploits. The May term does not always breed smiles and boyish laughter and mutual toleration. I have in my mind a scene at the end of one May term when a daring youth of my own college danced all night in Hall—the occasion was the college ball—and then, instead of going soberly to breakfast when dawn came, took it into his head to climb a famous gate and to sit astride the top of it. This gate is very old and very high and very formidable. It possesses for its summit a cupola surmounted by a cross of stone, resembling nothing so much as those crosses and pulpits which our forefathers erected in market-places and at the doors of cathedral churches How a man ever managed to climb such a gate, heaven only knows; but our youth, with a few vine leaves in his hair and a great deal of devilry in his nature, swarmed up the thirty feet of wall, then shinned over the dome of the cupola and finally reached the summit, where he sat in his shirt sleeves, for all the world to pay him homage. It was not long before our excellent junior tutor came running across the court, hot with fear that the man would break his neck. In vain he cajoled, threatened, beseeched the one upon the tower. The only answer vouchsafed was the request for a brandy and soda and a cigarette. The tutor danced with rage at last, performing a good imitation of the "Washington Post" on the college green.

This went on for the best part of an hour, until, indeed, someone brought a ladder and the climber was alternately threatened and bribed to the descending point. But not a yard would he budge before the tutor had promised to say nothing about it. That the rascal escaped with a sound neck is regarded to this day with wonder in Cambridge. No longer do they point to the famous gate as a landmark of history. It has become "the place which Black climbed." And I remember that is not far from that famous tree consecrated by time to the old story of the youth who, having dined well, found this historic tree a fatal barrier between himself and his rooms. It is the only tree in that particular court, but do what he would, the over-merry undergraduate could not circumvent it. First he cannoned it on this side, then upon the other; he put his arms round it, he approached it warily, but in vain. Wine had magnified it for him until, try as he might, that tree was before him.

"Losht!" he cried desperately, sinking to the ground in tearful dismay, "losht in a beashly forest!"

These are the follies of May. How many a golden book could be filled with the names of their perpetrators. For the most part harmless frolics, lacking any shame of vice, they are to be reckoned with as an item in a term of which gaiety is the note and enjoyment the spirit. Nor is it possible to conceive an age when two thousand boys shall be gathered together and such jests shall be unknown. Indeed one may question whether the recreative element is not as useful as the intellectual in the curriculum of a university. A man who has danced all the May week, who has rowed in his college boat, who has processed and dined and flirted, will read none the less in the Long Vacation because of these things. May to him will remain the perfect month. He will speak of her always with affectionate thoughts for the old term and its glories.

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AT THE END OF MAY-TIME.

I.

"At the end of May," she said with a sigh,
And a little laugh, where the sigh could hide,
"When the hawthorn curtains are swinging high,
I shall go away by my husband's side,
And the kingcups down by the old church door
Will never see me at vespers there;
For the years may pass ere I come once more,
Because of the ring that I shall wear
At the end of May!

II.

"And life in a village is small, they say,
With a stunted growth and a narrow view;
So I should be glad to go far away,
Into broader faith than my fathers knew.
But the buds are tinged with a rich cerise,
And soon will break at the gray lark's song,
And the Alpine tree throw its curly fleece
Where daisy stems will be green and long
At the end of May!

III.

"How the old church sleeps in its quiet nest,
Like a type of peace; and the young birds call
At the open windows that face the west,
Where the Virgin smiles, and the sunbeams fall!
And it seems to me that my heart will yearn
For something here, in the after-tide,
If the paths are strange, and my pulses burn
With risen hopes (to be crucified
At the end of May!)

IV.

"I may come again in the years, perhaps,
That are yet to be, with a tired pace,
When the kingcups, tossing their satin wraps,
Will be void of glory or magic grace.
And yet I have held them so near, so dear,
All wet and shining with soft, warm rain,
And buried my lips in their gold, for fear
My soul would moan with its rapturous pain
At the end of May!

V.

"And I almost wish," she said with a sob,
"I had never tasted this strange delight,
For my strength wears out with each hot heart-throb,
And feels half afraid of love's awful might!
They will miss my coming, these silver streams,
These lonely lanes, and they will not know
I shall see them all in my many dreams
And love them better, though I must go
At the end of May!

VI.

"At the end of May," she said with a sigh,
And a new-born smile that the lips lock'd in,
"The lamb must be slain, and the young dreams die,
And the soul go forward to lose or win.
For the thorn must live with the velvet rose,
The storm must foam on the quiet beach,
The hand must be stretch'd, and the eyes unclose,
To claim whatever may come to each
At the end of May!"

Edith Rutter.

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THE PRINCE DISGUISES HIMSELF.

By Robert Bain.

Illustrated by Simon Harmon Vedder.

[*As the events dealt with in the following narrative refer to personages either living or very lately dead, a certain reticence in the matter of names has been observed.*]

YOU have asked me, writes the maître-d'armes, for an account of the circumstances which led to the formation of the personal guard, commonly called "The Swordsmen of the Prince," the fame of which has spread all over Europe. Unfortunately I have little gift with the pen, having been inclined hitherto to regard all writers as men who atoned for their lack of courage by the bravery of their imaginations. That I have had reason to alter my opinion is no part of the present tale. You will therefore pardon the absence of such literary graces as are usually looked for in the histories of great personages.

I had been responsible for the manly education of the Prince for over two years when the events you inquire about transpired, and as our little Balkan State was still far from being in a civilised condition, that education was perhaps more thorough than that of any other prince in Europe. Thus, for example, I have little doubt that his Royal Highness could have held his own with any runner in France, and in your English sport of *la boxe*—which, however, is a barbarous mode of fighting—he was marvellously clever. (I have tried it at times with him, and his blows were extraordinarily hard.) But it was mainly in sword-play of course that I instructed him; and although he was only nineteen, and necessarily in his novitiate, yet his work with the rapier was most notable.

But the forced inaction of the palace sorely troubled him. Figure to yourself a youth, aged nineteen, five feet eight in height, versed in the knowledge of all the most noble sport in the world, and burning to put his own powers to the test, yet confined by political intrigue and conspiracy within the limits of the royal demesne. He tired of the eternal mimic fight—even hunting was robbed for him of half its joy, for infinite precautions were taken lest the peace of the Balkan States should be disturbed by any accident to the heir-apparent of Thurania.

At last it became unbearable by him. We were sitting together one evening in the fencing-room, smoking our cigars and gazing dreamily across the palace gardens lying blue with moonlight, when he suddenly sprang to his feet.

"I can stand this no longer, Jules."

"What, your Highness?" I replied, though well I knew what he meant.

"This insufferable boredom. I must have some free life or I shall die. To think that half a mile away men are blissfully planning and plotting, and I must tread backwards and forwards like a caged tiger! What recompense have we princes in this world for being cursed with immobility?"

"But what can your Highness do? One cannot be royal and have the privilege of being plebeianly free."

He sat silent for a moment after this. Then he rose again, closed the window, and continued in a lower tone—

"History reports otherwise; for you and I have read of certain princes who have laid aside their royalty for a season and tasted of the liberty of the populace, and they have been held among the wisest of kings. Why should that be impossible now?"

"It is not impossible as an actual matter of fact, but it is impossible to your Highness for the sake of Europe. Consider what might arise did any misfortune befall you."

"Then you think it possible that any adventure should happen to us? Then nothing shall dissuade me from it," and to my consternation he would listen to no further argument on the question—which, I might here remark, is one of the few remaining privileges of monarchs. I might certainly have informed the dying king his father, and had the Prince confined, but, apart from the fact that it would have destroyed my influence with him, I was myself becoming touched with *ennui*, and did not actually conceive of any danger as likely to follow from our escapade. I still, however, made some show of dissuading him, though to little purpose.

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"The Prince, despite my remonstrances, donned a false moustache."

Accordingly a couple of hours after dinner next evening the Prince retired under the pretence of a headache, and we betook ourselves to a distant chamber of the palace which looked out upon an unfrequented part of the gardens. There we had hidden suitable disguises, and now proceeded to effect such a change in our persons as would render detection impossible. We stained our faces, and the Prince, despite my remonstrances that it was unnecessary, donned a false moustache, which added at least five years to his appearance. As everyone in the capital of Thurania bore arms in those days, the fact that we bore rapiers would not attract attention, though we likewise carried daggers under the light upper cloaks which we wore.

Thus armed we lightly dropped from the window ledge into the garden, and slipping like conspirators from bush to bush, for the moon was full, gained the high wall which surrounded the grounds. On the southern side there was a disused postern gate, half hidden with ivy and high weeds. The Prince had ferreted out the key for this, and during the course of the day we had visited the door together and poured a plentiful supply of oil into the rusty lock. Nevertheless the door was so stiff to open that we feared to be discovered at any moment, and when the key did turn in the lock it did so with such a click that we expected nothing less than to have the whole palace guard about us. However no one came, and, silently closing the door, we blocked it with a wedge of wood and left it unlocked.

We had made no plans as to where we should go, the Prince believing that it would take away from the romance of our adventure were we to act upon any fixed idea.

"Let us at all costs get away from the palace. Once in the heart of the city we may consider"; and so we dived straightway into the labyrinth of lanes which lies to the east of the palace. Once there, and per-

"Silently closing the door, we blocked it with a wedge of wood."

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ceiving that the place was screened from observation, the Prince whirled his cap into the air and danced his way down the street like a madman. There was a square at the foot of the street we were in, and I cried to him to be careful, but he strutted his way across before a crowd of wild-looking peasants as boldly as any young bantam, and I realised that I had a pretty kettle of fish to look after.

We strode through several streets without meeting with the desired adventure, till our throats began to be parched with the dust which always blows from the plains to the west. At last we could endure it no longer, and coming to a large wine shop in one of the lowest quarters of the town, we flung discretion to the winds and entered. We were somewhat better dressed than the general run of the men who were drinking, and attracted a little undesirable attention at first, but after we had taken a seat at a table near the wall and ordered a bottle of wine each, the momentary curiosity soon died away.

"The Prince became more and more merry."

While we drank we took stock of the people in the room. The capital was at that period crowded with men of every nationality, though naturally Austrians and Russians predominated. There was a decided sprinkling of those soldiers of fortune who follow at the heels of every great event and strive to win a living with their swords; and these were of no nationality. The wine house was filled with representatives of all these classes, and to the Prince, accustomed to the precision of the Court, there was a charm in the very suggestion of carelessness of these freelances who had ruffled it in every capital of Europe and America. Our attention was arrested in particular by the appearance of four men who sat at the table second from ours.

Three of these were of the ordinary type which eventually becomes food for powder—men who would have made excellent tradesmen had not some adverse wind of fortune driven them to the profession of arms—but the fourth, in the light of subsequent events, deserves further notice. He was little above medium height, and to an unprofessional eye would not have seemed worthy of notice; but I, who have crossed swords with the best rapiers in France, have come to judge men by other than the usual standards. For one thing he seemed to hold his companions in some contempt, barely listening to their talk; while they, on the other hand, turned to consult him every now and then. He was fair-haired and gray-eyed, and from that and his high cheek bones I fancied he was from somewhere in the North—possibly an Englishman.

Suddenly I caught the sound of a name which made me prick my ears. One of the three made some remark which irritated the Northerner, for he turned with an oath, and muttering "Black Michael!" held out his glass, and snapping its stem, dropped it at

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his feet and planted one large foot upon it contemptuously. Now, as you are aware from former letters, Black Michael was the chief foe of the Prince's branch of the royal family, and had for long been scheming with Russia with a view to his own accession at the expense of the independence of Thurania, and the seclusion in which the Prince had been kept had been mainly forced upon the State through fear of his forcible removal by the Russian party in it. Accordingly I at once perceived that perhaps the prospect of an adventure was nearer than I liked. I glanced at the Prince and saw that the name had caught his attention also, and that his eyes were sparkling with the hope of excitement. To my consternation, too, he called for another bottle of wine, which I knew his usual temperate habits forbade. Moreover my own discretion was rapidly vanishing under the genial influence of the wine, and I feared that if the Gascon in my blood should become thawed we should find ourselves in trouble.

But the Prince turned my remonstrances with a laugh, clapped me on the shoulder, and filled my glass while he ordered the waiter to bring another bottle. Our neighbours heard my objections and laughed when they saw the manner in which the Prince derided them. As the contents of these two bottles gradually disappeared I perceived that the Prince would soon be hopelessly drunk. He began to talk more loudly, and insisted on our neighbours drinking with him, which they did with little pressing, for such men absorb drink as sand does water.

Gradually the Prince became more and more merry, till suddenly, as he turned to me to drink my health for the third time, his eyes flashed intelligence at me, and he turned again with an undeniable wink.

Luckily I am Gascon, and the knowledge that I was not to be left with a drunken imbecile on my hands brought back to me all my wit, and I determined to see the play to the end. At length the Prince appeared to have taken more than he could hold, and collapsed across the seat beside which the four were seated. Our companions laughed loud at my half-drunken embarrassment the while I rose with affected difficulty and proceeded doorways to see if there was any means of conveyance. The laughter at this was even louder, for doubtless anything other than a peasant's cart would have seemed incongruous in that part of the town. As I expected, nothing was to be seen, and I reentered the wine house to find that our four friends had paid their score and were preparing to depart. As they passed I noticed that they too were fully armed, and readily inferred that they were of the party of Duke Michael, who was known to have in his pay more than one ex-member of the Foreign Legion.

They had scarcely left when the Prince raised himself, still in drunken fashion, and whispered, "Take me out of this. There's mischief afoot," and slipped on to the floor. I at once called the waiter and paid the bill; then, lifting the Prince to his feet, I led him out into the open street. In an instant his appearance of drunkenness had vanished. He gripped my arm. "Do you know, Jules, in which direction these fellows have gone?"

For answer I pointed towards the river, where the figures of the four were clearly visible in the moonlight, hugging the shadows.

"We must follow."

"But your Highness," I proceeded to remonstrate.

"Hush! I overheard something in your absence touching the Princess."

Now, so far as the royal family of Thurania was concerned, the word princess had only one signification at this time; and when the word was used it was understood that the Princess Margaret of Weissensee was referred to, between whom and the Prince there was some talk of a marriage. The Prince of course had never seen the Princess, who was supposed at that moment to be journeying from Constantinople to her home in North Germany, and was expected to visit the capital in passing. But it sorely puzzled me to understand how the Princess's name should be on the *tapis* at present since no news had been received at Court of her approaching the city. I therefore followed the Prince, not at all convinced that the evidence of his ears was to be trusted.

Following was a comparatively simple matter; the difficulty was to avoid discovery, since those in front were evidently on their guard against espial. They turned at every corner they came to, took advantage of every moonlit square to cross in the shadows and then turn and scrutinise the square behind them, till I began to fancy that we had been observed and were being led a wild-goose chase. In this way we must have traversed the entire lower quarters of the capital, when, turning a last corner, we found ourselves unexpectedly on the banks of the Danube, and alone. For a space the Prince was so taken with the beauty of his native

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river that he almost forgot his purpose. Out of the west rolled the broad stream in a milky haze of moonlight, and the softness of mystery veiled the wide plains on the northern bank—that north to which the Prince was ever looking as to a paradise of liberty. Beyond the plains were the mellowed dusky shadows, it seemed, of far off mountains, and beyond these, all the lands of historic fight. For a moment I myself was back in my beloved France, and the Danube became the Garonne, when of a sudden there was a cry from our left.

With an exclamation of anger, Paul, that is the Prince, plunged back into a dark alley from which the cry seemed to have come; but we had barely run forty yards when we found ourselves brought to a stop by a seven-foot wall. We were in a *cul-de-sac*. At the same moment we heard from the other side the clash of steel.

In an instant Paul grasped the situation. He caught me by one foot and lifted me till I was abreast of the coping of the wall. Then handing up to me his rapier he was beside me with a spring. Even as we dropped from our awkward position we were able in a glance to see how matters stood.

Beneath us was a high, sloping street. In the middle of the road stood a closed coach drawn by two horses. At their heads and holding their bridles stood a man with a pistol pointed at the head of the coachman. Two men lay dead or dying at the side of the carriage, while a third was sorely beset. As we leapt into the street a blade passed through the side of this last and he fell with a groan.

The three turned at the sound of our leaping, and something like a laugh ran across the face of our friend the Northerner when he saw who the new arrivals were, and he sprang forward to cross blades with me. As for myself I was back to my youth again in the days before this cursed Communism and Republicanism had banished all the old joyous life. As I passed I lunged out to the right and took one of the other two on his unguarded flank, and left the Prince free to engage the other. But before we had time to close a shot rang behind us and a ball whistled past.

"Quick!" I shouted. "Back to the horses," and with the word we bounded to the rear, and almost together buried our blades in the body of him who had fired the shot.

"Drive on!" I cried to the coachman, and as he lashed his long whip around the animals' necks I had a fleeting vision of a girlish face peering from the window, which was suddenly withdrawn as Paul raised his rapier and kissed the hilt of it ere turning to engage. And as the heavy wheels rattled down the roughly-paved road we were already in the heart of a fierce engagement. For, long as it has taken me to describe these details, half a minute would have sufficed to cover all the time taken in the doing of them, and the two remaining ruffians were at our very heels as we sprang back.

But now I looked forward to an enjoyable passage at arms, for as to the actual result I never had a single doubt; and as for the Prince, I have already expressed an opinion of his skill. But to my no small astonishment I found myself drawn against no mean opponent. His movements were apparently sluggish, but he brought to bear upon the duel an extraordinary power of wrist, so that, though he himself moved but little, he was enabled to follow my every movement with but slight exertion. Happily I myself have ever kept my body in perfect condition, so that it was difficult to forecast what the issue might be when there was a cry, and I perceived that the Prince, who had been fighting some three yards off, had passed his sword through the breast of his opponent.

And now came the proudest moment of my life—ever excluding, be it understood, my fight with the duellist of Bordeaux—for the Prince drew aside from the fight and lightly rested on his rapier at a moment when he held the issue in his hands; and my heart beat with pride in my pupil, and I put forth every effort to uphold my own reputation. But—must I confess it?—my efforts were in vain. Nor was my opponent in the meanwhile idle. Foot and hand alike leapt, and the cool gray eyes searched like another blade for an opening in my defence.

And so we fought till I became as fascinated by the long thin blades leaping to and fro in the moonlight like strange shuttles of fate, and fought on in a kind of witch dream. Then of a sudden the Prince cried, "Hold, gentlemen!" and although he was merely a boy, there was that in his voice which spoke the leader of men and which seems natural in most princes, and half unconsciously our blades fell.

"I think it would be a pity if either of two such swordsmen fell in such a street brawl, or without knowing why they fought."

The Northerner gazed at each of us a moment and stood with one arm behind his back, still on guard, so that I could not but admire the easy poise of his body and blade.

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"It is immaterial to me," he said in a broken Thuranian.

"By no means," retorted the Prince; "we are two to one."

"I come from a land where we have been accustomed to greater odds," he answered, with a shade of bitterness and regret.

The Prince, I think, observed it, for he continued in another tone, "Nay; I have no desire to suggest defeat." He only got thus far when a curious and unforeseen accident came to our relief, for there was an unbending air about our opponent which promised ill. I have already mentioned that the Prince had, for purposes of disguise, put on a false moustache, not I fancy with any idea save that of pure mischief. In the hurry of events all thought of our being disguised had naturally slipped from our recollections. But it was suddenly recalled to me by observing an unexpected smile flit across the face of my antagonist, and following the direction of his gaze I saw to my amusement that the Prince's decoration had become awry, and now crossed his lip at an angle of about fifteen degrees. At the same moment the Prince, observing that there was something wrong, instinctively put his hand to his lip, when the whole moustache came away in his hand.

With a gesture of comic despair he thrust his rapier into its sheath and exclaimed, "Why fight against the Fates?" Then becoming suddenly serious he went on: "I cannot tell, monsieur, in whose service you have drawn your sword to-night, but methinks it is one little worthy of such a blade."

"A soldier fights as the master who pays him bids," the other returned flushing, adding some phrase which was doubtless a proverb in his own tongue. But the Prince, who is —was I should say—a fluent speaker of both French and English, caught the remark, and replied, "Yes; not reason why when the soldier is fighting for his native land. But when one's sword is at one's own command it should never be drawn in an unjust cause."

Then of a sudden he stepped forward and said in a low eager tone, "I have no desire to corrupt an enemy—if that were possible with one of your countrymen—but I offer you, monsieur, at least the choice between two services, and leave to yourself the decision." He advanced into the moonlight, and turning so that the light might fall full upon his face, said, "If you wish to do your master the greatest service in the world you have but to plunge your sword into my breast. I am the Prince of Thurania!" For reply the soldier sheathed his weapon.

"I have no war against your Highness in person. As you see, I am but a soldier of fortune, and my blade is his who buys it. We of our land may serve ill masters, but if we served the devil himself we would at least be true to him while in his service, and at present I serve another."

"But that service may have a limit, and, without offering any high advantages, I would fling myself on your grace. My father is dying, and our party stands almost alone for the independence of our country. We are beset by foes within and without, yet I tell you, give me ten, nay, give me but six swordsmen like yourself and my Jules, and we are unbreakable."

"You have my sympathies, sire; but I am bound and can make no promise now. My sword and my faith are my only inheritance, and I take a pride in being sparing. Besides I come of a thrifty race."

"I had guessed so much," said the Prince with a smile, "and one which has proved its fidelity to its princes in the past."

The other returned the smile and turned to go. "I go to bear the message of our defeat."

"If you should come to any decision," said the Prince, "you had best ask for Jules here, for I do not wish that my intentions should go beyond the circle of those concerned."

The other bowed, and soon we heard the sound of his footsteps die along the paved bank of the river. Then the Prince folded his arms and raised his eyes to mine with a puzzled air.

"Well, Jules, what is to be done with these?" he said, pointing to the bodies.

"In the first place we must make certain that they are dead," I replied, stooping to place my hand over the heart of the man I had first thrust at. As I half suspected he was still living, though helpless from loss of blood. My experience in affairs of the kind has given me a rough and ready knowledge of surgery, and I was thereby enabled to dress his wound in such a way as to stay the flow. Unfortunately we could do no more, since to have borne him to any house would have led to our own discovery; so propping him against the wall we made our way as speedily as possible in the direction of the palace, trusting that the alarm which must by this time have been given by the occupants of the coach would soon bring him the needed assistance. As for the other two, they had received their billet. The three servants were likewise past recovery.

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"If you wish to do your master the greatest service in the world you have but to plunge your sword into my breast."

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Half an hour later—for we had to return by deserted routes—we reached the postern gate, and shortly afterwards climbed through the window, which we had left slightly open, and were in safety. As we entered the Prince made one remark which recurred to me long afterwards, "Would it not be somewhat easy for another to enter as we have done?" and he glanced curiously out on the dusk of the gardens. But the suggested doubt was quickly forgotten in the excitement to which he gave free expression as soon as we had stolen along the darkened passages to his own rooms; and I am convinced he slept but little that night, for to my undisguised disgust he insisted on waking me at an early hour of the morning to practise the parry for a certain thrust which had never failed to pierce his guard, but which I had vainly brought into requisition in my fight with the Northerner.

In the morning we were all eagerness to get the earliest news of the attack upon the coach. We were not kept long in suspense. But there was an added surprise in store for us, for the story, as brought to the palace by a special messenger, ran that the coach of the Dowager-Princess of Weissensee, containing herself and her daughter, had been attacked on the outskirts of the city by four marauders; that one of their attendants had been killed and the party on the point of capture when they had been unexpectedly rescued by two gentlemen who had held the assailants at bay while the coach drove off; that a party of armed police, sent by the prefecture on receipt of the intelligence, had found the bodies of the dead servants and two of the brigands, if such they were, and one wounded man who refused to make any statement. But what lent sinister import to the story was the assurance of the Princess that they had hurried their journey on the receipt of a message purporting to come from the King, which was now discovered to have been forged.

In the course of the day the Princess was herself brought to the palace by her mother on the King's invitation, and was introduced to the Prince, whom, however, to our relief she failed to recognise. Yet as she told how the younger of the two rescuers glanced into the carriage in passing, I saw the Prince flush, and when he put to her one of those harmless little questions so necessary to carrying on a conversation, I observed a look of startled surprise steal across her eyes, and she continued her story as if endeavouring to recollect something. There was almost a hint, too, I fancied, in the tone with which she expressed her regret at the inability of the authorities to find any trace of the two gentlemen. "But doubtless they too have their reasons for wishing to remain unknown," she added with a smile, which carried with it a suspicion of some other sentiment, which I could not name, but which flavoured of maidenly pique.

I cannot say how the Prince would have replied, for he was not at this period a brilliant conversationalist; but just then an officer brought word to the Prince that there was someone who desired to see the maître-d'armes on important business. He had refused to give any name. The Prince flashed a look at me and rose to accompany me, while he apologised to the Princess for leaving her; on entering the ante-chamber we found ourselves face to face with the Northerner. He bowed, but in that stiff manner which is so characteristic of the English race when dealing with those of other nations.

"I have considered your Highness's offer and have decided to accept it."

"Then you have left your former service," said the Prince delightedly.

"Inasmuch as my late employer"—he accentuated the word—"disclaimed responsibility for the orders given, and hopes that at this moment I am past speaking, I hardly deemed it necessary to give a formal notice of leave; but he will find it if need be in one of his corridors."

"How?" queried the Prince in some mystification.

"Merely that he arranged that I should never leave his palace alive. But as I looked for some such return it was the assassin who was surprised, and the fact will, I doubt not, have been discovered by this time."

"Then," said the Prince, "since we are to be henceforth associated, may I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"Jok Dalyell* — at your Highness's service."

"Then you are a Scot, as I imagined," said the Prince.

The other bowed with that same touch of pride to which I have referred, and which, if one may judge from all I have since heard of that strangely poor yet unconquered race, is well-nigh their only possession.

And in this manner did the first of the Prince's swordsmen join his service, a service which none of them quitted till the disastrous battle of the plains broke up their gallant company for ever.

* Evidently intended for Jock Dalziel.

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DARTMOOR:

THE HIGHLANDS OF DEVONSHIRE.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Illustrated from special Photographs.

EVERY American globe-trotter and every tourist knows Devonshire, or thinks he does —which is much the same. Clotted cream and junkets, streams babbling through valleys of unequalled loveliness, quaint villages and narrow high-hedged lanes, and a climate soft and balmy—all these characteristics have helped to make the county one of the play-grounds of England for children of tender and maturer years. Who has not spent a holiday in this land literally flowing with milk and honey and cider—some weeks of idleness at Ilfracombe, Torquay, Dawlish or Teignmouth, where

> Seaborn gales their gelid wings expand,
> To winnow fragrance round the smiling land?

But Dartmoor, the name given to the great wide, wild highlands of the county, is still a spot almost unknown, untrod, because its genius is misunderstood. The popular impression of this tableland is that it is an arid waste—a kind of Egyptian desert—the locale of a prison where our worst convicts are banished from the society of man and beast. It is regarded as an English Siberia, a land of desolation, with bogs instead of steppes.

The widespread impression of Dartmoor was never better mirrored than by a writer some years ago. "You put your foot on a carpet of beautiful green and plump in up to your knees—lucky if you get no deeper—before you know that you have taken a step. Down you go, and run a chance of trying its antiseptic qualities — if you happen to be alone—by sinking in, seeing your waistcoat buttons disappear one by one, while the moor echoes your yells for help, till the vile black mess creeps into your choking throat, the beautiful green closes over your head, your friends advertise for you, and you are unknown till that obnoxious New Zealander of Macaulay digs you up, a perfect specimen, and sets you in some paulo-post-future museum for the pleasure of gaping sight-seers and the gratification of unfeeling science."

How far this humorous description is from the sober truth those know who love the rugged moorland, with its heathery tors and mountain torrents, its varied beauties

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as the clouds sweep the shadows over its ever-changing face, its brilliance as the sun reveals the purple of the heather, the yellow of the gorse, and the rich green of the bracken and the tall, stately osmunda ferns. Dartmoor is stern and lonely as the wildest stretches of the Highlands of Scotland, but in the summer months there is no place in England more suggestive of lazy leisure or more fitted for man to renew his youth—a paradox, but true.

It is another paradox that though from time immemorial it has been known as Dartmoor Forest, it is neither moor nor forest. Dartmoor has changed with the ages, but it has never boasted many trees; it has never been a flat, uninteresting moorland waste. It is a great upland of 130,000 acres, the mother of the rivers of Devonshire, the source of all those soft beauties which have made the county famed in story and in song. Devonshire—the Devonshire of the holiday-maker—skirts this central, oval tract of highland, which stretches for twenty-five miles from Okehampton in the north to Ivybridge in the south, and for twenty miles across from Bovey Tracey to Tavistock, with an average height of about 1200 feet above the sea-level. It is the lung of Devonshire, and that it remains to-day somewhat as it was 2000 years ago is largely due to the fact that it is Crown land, and was probably used as a royal hunting ground—hence its name forest, from *fera*, a wild beast; at least so it is said, and those who like can accept the explanation. For many hundred years it has formed part of the Duchy of Cornwall, from which successive heirs-apparent have drawn a portion, though a small portion, of their incomes — about £70,000 a year.

But though Dartmoor has been in royal keeping so long it has suffered from the vandal, who has enclosed it in some places, disturbed its rich archæological remains by quarrying in other parts, and in many ways robbed this home of the early Britons of some of its interest. Remonstrance has proved of little use, for among the tenets of the moorman in his hard struggle for existence is a firm belief that "whatever the Almighty has put in the country was meant to be used in the towns." From the town residents' point of view this sentiment may be healthy, but it has robbed Dartmoor of stones for London Bridge, despoiled the ancient Tinners' Parliament, Crockern tor, of its judicial bench and table, where from

From a photo by] [*Chapman, Dawlish.*

STONE AVENUE, NEAR KES TOR.

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From a photo by] [*Chapman, Dawlish.*

THE CROMLECH AT DREWSTEIGNTON.

very earliest times rude justice was dispensed, and now its granite is being torn from its mountains to build bridges for commerce or ancestral homes for the *nouveaux riches*.

Now the cry is Dartmoor for the Devonians, and the suggestion has been made that this great upland should be purchased by the county and preserved as a kind of county park, probably the most extensive in England, seeing that Dartmoor consists of one-eleventh part of the whole county—the third largest in England. The project is a big one, but it has to some extent fired the enthusiasm of the people of the West Country, and who knows what may not be achieved by the men of the land of Drake and Hawkins, Raleigh, Frobisher and Marlborough? If this wide-stretching heather-land with its mountains and streams ever passes into the hands of the Devonshire people there will be no need for notice-boards warning the public to keep to the roads and footpaths or to refrain from picking the flowers. There are few footpaths and fewer roads, and as to the flowers, the variety may not be great, but every season has its harvest, and when everything else fails there is the gorse, and "when the gorse is out of bloom, love is out of fashion."

From a photo by] [*Chapman, Dawlish.*

DREWSTEIGNTON.

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But whether or not Dartmoor ever becomes a county park it will remain an ideal holiday haunt for the over-worried town worker who wishes to get away from bricks and mortar and the jar of civilisation. There is little enough of civilisation on Dartmoor to please Herbert Spencer or any of his apostles. What Dartmoor was before the Roman conquest is not known, but probably it is very much the same now as then. Men have grown gray and fallen exhausted by the wayside in their efforts to fill in the gaps in its history. Not many years ago it was strongly held that once these tors and moorland stretches were the familiar haunts, and Drewsteignton the headquarters, of the Druids, those ancient Britons who dispensed justice and religion. Gradually there was formed a school to whom every stone-circle, such as may be seen at Stonehenge, was a Druidical temple or council chamber; every rough track with a line of erect stones forming an avenue was a *via sacra*; every cromlech an altar, and such tors as Mis tor, Hessory tor and Ham tor, were regarded as Druidical observatories. As Dartmoor has many cromlechs, stone-circles and avenues, and numberless tors, big and small, these Druidical theories added a fresh interest to the hills and dales, and the imaginative tourist, guide-book in hand, could let his fancy run wild as he peopled all the scenes with priestly figures.

But the age which has given us the franchise and the Board school has cast a blight over all these hypotheses, and to-day the history of Dartmoor stands where it did before the Druidophiles, as they have been called, commenced their labours. Lovers of the breezy highlands of Devonshire may still tell these tales to strangers from far counties, but in their heart of hearts they are agnostics.

All that is known—and this is not capable of actual proof—is that Dartmoor was once the scene of a volcanic eruption, and some theorists hold that it was in fact one great volcano, possibly two and a half or three miles in height. What remains would be merely the stump, which scientists tell us is wearing away. It is now an average quarter of a mile above the sea-level. Who, therefore, can say that in time Dartmoor may not sink below the level of the sea, and its many rills and rivers be turned back by the salt waves of the Atlantic, and the Dartmoor of to-day become a great inland lake?

This is only a theory, but what are Dartmoor, Stonehenge, Karnak, or any other ancient place, were it not for the fairy tales with which we choose to label them? At least it is certain that thousands of years ago the valleys between these rugged tors were alive with the busy tin streamers, and down to the middle of the last century the Parliament of the tinners of Devon was

From a photo by] [*Chapman, Dawlish.*

TEIGNHEAD BRIDGE.

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wont to meet on Crockern tor, "neither yielding to, nor shrinking from, any blasts, storms and tempests, as not fearing their fury, nor hellish malice of undermining gunpowder." These are the words of an historian who was anxious to account for the quaint fancy of the miners meeting to settle the judicial business of the Stanneries on such an exposed hill.

In these latter days, Dartmoor has ceased to respond to the tin streamers' art or to reward those who have tunnelled into the bowels of the moor. It has relapsed into a state of inactivity, "a wild and wondrous region," famed for its convicts, its ponies, and its pixies. Even these are a decreasing quantity. Princetown prison has not sufficient convicts to fill its cells, the ponies are not so sought after by town dwellers willing to pay good prices as once they were, and the pixies, those mischief-making whimsical elves, are seldom heard of. Though the children of Dartmoor are still ruddy of cheek, strong of limb, and unkempt, no self-respecting boy or girl believes to-day in Pixyland, that unknown country beneath the bogs where the fairies hatch their schemes of good or ill. For moormen, whose gait after attending market may be unsteady, the spread of unbelief in these dwellers in bogland is unfortunate. In those good old times, on which we have turned our backs for ever, the favourite amusement of pixies was to lead men astray at night when returning from the convivial board at some market or fair. And in those bygone days fairs were fairs indeed, and the tale is still told of a candidate for confirmation who stated that the commandments were "Crismis, Lady Day, Easter, Witsuntide, our vair, and brither Jan's burthday."

The bloom of the romance of Dartmoor has been brushed away by those who have called for facts when any enthusiast has voiced a pretty theory. But still Dartmoor is Dartmoor, and there is no other tract in England like it for wild grandeur, for surprising changes of mood, for bracing breezes, in fact for all that goes to refresh the mind and strengthen the body.

From a photo by [*Heath, Plymouth.*

CLASSENWELL POOL.

To attempt to attack Dartmoor delicately is like endeavouring to defend oneself against hordes of barbarians by means of the most clever sarcasm. In the dreariest, darkest, and most desperately savage part of Dartmoor, about 1500 feet above sea-level, is a small sheet of water called Cranmere Pool. It is a puzzle to find this mere handful of water; it is in the centre of what has been well described as the great swamp of Dartmoor—an area of bog-land cut up in all directions by fissures, and with no hill, or

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house, or human being of any description within a radius of several miles, a very picture of silent, awesome desolation. Recently, when I arrived at this desolate pool, I found two tourists seated by the side of its waters of inky blackness. They had started from Okehampton in the morning, wearing tennis shoes and white flannel trousers, and in this equipment had walked to Cranmere. After jumping from bog-land tuft to tuft over the fissures, falling into the unhealthy water once and again, they had reached the pool, bespattered almost from head to foot, and presenting a very woe-begone appearance.

All Dartmoor is not bog-land, but nevertheless it is too wild for conventional dress, unsuited to the bicycle, and seen only cursorily from the top of a coach. It is the pedestrian's paradise; for mile after mile he may tramp over springy turf and heather without meeting a living being; the whispers of the tors as they are buffeted by the wind, and the occasional gurgling of some moorland stream fighting its way amid boulders and tangled tree roots to the ocean, are the only voices of Nature where Nature reigns supreme.

Though Dartmoor is so stern and silent it is girdled round by the iron steed; though it is the holiday haunt of the pedestrian it may be seen and enjoyed by those less energetically inclined. It is flanked by a dozen or more towns, where its air is inhaled and its tors may be seen, and from north to south runs a well-settled road, now the route of modern coaches. In a few days much may be seen from the box seats of these conveyances, and much more may be heard from the drivers. Whether Bovey Tracey, Moreton Hampstead, Chagford, Okehampton, Princetown or Tavistock be the axis wherefrom it is intended to explore these highlands of Devonshire, there is no lack of interest.

Within the boundaries of this forest, though there is only one lake, Classenwell Pool, there are nearly thirty tors, granite crested, which kiss the clouds that droop towards them—a fair compromise, for these hills are all from one to two thousand feet high—and there are innumerable traces of those to whom this moorland was once a home. Near Moreton Hampstead is Grimspound, where are still seen great granite blocks which once formed the hut dwellings

From a photo by] [*Chapman, Dawlish.*

GRIMSPOUND.

of some wild hunters or shepherds, who, several thousand years ago, entrenched themselves within a circular cyclopean wall of great thickness and of nearly six hundred yards circumference, as a defence against the intrusion of man or beast. How they manipulated the great boulders, standing six or seven feet high, who can tell? but they remain to-day a memorial to their ingenuity.

Or one may wander from Chagford to the Gray Wethers and speculate on the activities which were once carried on within these rude hut circles, of which only a few great stones remain. There is a typical West Country joke associated with these Gray Wethers, as they are called from their fancied resemblance to a flock of sheep. A farmer, who knew nothing of these remains, was once offered a number of gray wethers at a

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tempting price. He eagerly closed with the offer, and was immediately told that they were "up in the new take over against Sittaford tor." It is not difficult to picture the countryman's expression when he climbed

From a photo by] [*Chapman, Dawlish*

THE GRAY WETHERS.

the height and viewed the flocks of granite boulders he had bought—as a bargain.

It has been said that Dartmoor is not a forest, but it has never been entirely without trees. Many of the valleys overshadowed by the giant tors of these uplands are richly wooded, and are often a welcome change from the treeless heights. There is one spot on the open moor however which is honoured by the name of "wood," but even in this case the word is used rather by courtesy than by right. Wistman's Wood, near Princetown, is one of the wonders of Dartmoor. It occupies the side of a hill, and though extremely small, it is claimed that this cluster of gnarled and stunted oaks, none of which are more than twelve feet high, have put forth their buds for a thousand springs. One arboriculturist has succeeded in counting between seven hundred and eight hundred concentric circles, which is evidence that they stood at the time of the Conquest.

Dartmoor also has antiquities of less uncertain date and origin. A brisk half-hour's walk from Princetown will bring one to the site of a Parliament beside which St. Stephen's and Westminster Abbey are modern—deserted Crockern tor. Here from time immemorial the tinners of Dartmoor were wont to foregather to legislate in imperious fashion under the ægis of the Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and hurl defiance at those who said them nay. It is only a hundred and fifty years since this rude assembly was last held. Those who know anything of miners know that they are daring and determined. In these days it is interesting to recall the scene when Strode, a local member of Parliament, was arraigned before this assembly. He was charged with rendering objectionable disservice in Parliament, and forthwith handed over to the tender mercies of the gaolers of the adjacent Stannery prison at Lydford Castle, where, for a whole month, he remained in chains because he had dared to question the right of the tinners to block up the harbours of Devon with the refuse from their tin-streaming operations.

There are still some ruins of this castle of infamous memory, ensconced above a wild romantic gorge, through which the river Lyd

From a photo by] [*Heath, Plymouth.*

SHEEP'S TOR.

tumbles and boils and churns. The shell of the old castle is all that remains of one of the most important borough towns of England; before the Conquest equally taxed with London, and with a mint of its own.

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Now it is merely a village, and a memory which lives in the lines of a local versifier—

I oft have heard of Lydford law,
How in the morning they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after.

Dartmoor is full of variety. One hour one may be seated below Crockern tor, picturing in one's mind's eye the strange gatherings that took place there under the vault of the skies, and the next at the top of Brent tor, crowned with one of the quaintest little churches in England — a mere stone box, less than thirty-seven feet long, some fifteen feet wide, and in height only eleven feet. As every stone-circle, cromlech and tor has its story, hidden or revealed, this little tabernacle is traced to a pious mariner in the days of Henry I, who, when adrift in an open boat in the English Channel, vowed that he would build a church on the land he first sighted.

From a photo by [*Chapman, Dawlish.*

THE CATHEDRAL OF THE MOOR, AT WIDECOMBE.

This is the most curious church on Dartmoor; but there are many others more imposing, ranging from the cathedral of the moor, at Widecombe, to the little church in every village, whose size is usually out of all proportion to the population of the district. Widecombe has the largest church on the moor, having accommodation for fully six hundred worshippers, and is typical of many of its smaller sisters, being wholly perpendicular, with a battlemented and pinnacled tower that has been compared, not inappropriately, with that of Magdalen College, Oxford.

These are a few of the artificial features of this great upland. But after all has been said of the kistvaens, cromlechs, the hut circles, the stone avenues, the picturesque clapper bridges (such as that at Postbridge) and the churches, there is still the moor, a blending of soft beauty with the sternest grandeur, a mixture of browns and grays and purples of the dry bracken, the granite tors and the heathery slopes, with the vivid green and gold of the deceptive bog-land grass and the never-failing gorse. Its charm is indescribable, and when all that can be has been said of the relicts of earlier centuries and of the cathedral-like churches, the wide upswelling moorland remains—

An empty sky, a world
of heather,
Purple of foxglove,
yellow of broom.

From a photo by [*Heath, Plymouth.*

BRENT TOR.

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MAY BLOSSOMS.

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THE GLOVES OF GREGAN McALISTER.

By Ethel Turner.

Illustrated by J. R. Sinclair.

THEY were tan, rather light in shade, and stitched with black. They fastened with clasps instead of buttons, and lay in soft, white, tissue paper, palm to palm, with the uncreased thumbs folded inwards.

Gregan was face downward on the hearthrug, devouring that portion of his school magazine devoted to football, when Mrs. McAlister drew them forth from her silver-clasped shopping bag, and bespoke his attention. He gave it willingly enough, rose to his feet and went over to the table where she sat, his wholesome young face wearing its usual happy expression.

"Well, little Mum?" he said.

His mother did not meet his frank eyes, her gaze lifted itself only to where his young mouth showed lines of firmness lacking in her own. "I have brought you a pair of nice new gloves, Gregan," she said.

Besides the conciliatory tone that helped on the two little adjectives, there was a note of nervous aggression in her voice.

All the light dropped out of the boy's eyes; there came a curious expression to his face, an expression, half of compelled patience, half of despair. "Why did you do that, mother?" he said, his voice low.

The delicate prettiness of her face broke up, the mouth grew fretful, little peevish wrinkles marked the forehead.

"I might have known what it would be," she said, "I might have remembered the kind of son I had—always a disappointment to me, thwarting me always, never the comfort some women's boys are to them." Her hand fluttered into her bag for the square of hem-stitched cambric her eyes would presently need.

Gregan flushed with boyish impatience. "What on earth extra comfort can a fellow be by sticking his hands in those fools of things?" he demanded. So great was his swift irritation at her words, he forgot he spoke in the unsoftened tone that invariably shattered his mother's nerves. She dissolved instantly, and sought the comfort of the cambric handkerchief. She spoke, with little sobbing breaths, of his cruelty, his thoughtlessness, his ingratitude, his utter want of affection for her.

Flossie ran over from the window seat, and her doll's kitchen; little, childish, pretty, overdressed Flossie. She put her dear, small arms round her mother and tried to comfort her weeping. "Cwuel Gweg," she said. "Oh! *cwuel* Gweg, to make mamma cry."

Greg looked away from them both. He put his hands in his pockets and sat down in the arm-chair in front of the fire, with his legs crossed, and the same queer little patient wrinkle on his brow that was so often upon his step-father's. He did not speak at all nor in any way interrupt his mother's broken reproaches; he fixed his eyes on a particularly glowing coal and reviewed various past scenes in his life.

Though he was ten now he remembered, as well as if it had been yesterday, the time when he was seven, and wore loathed curls. Long, light, dangling, girlish things that blew out with the wind when he ran, and got into his eyes, and made the street boys jeer. He remembered a whole year's unhappiness about them, the tears on both sides, the constant quarrelling, and how his step-father, generally so loth to interfere with the domestic government of his home, had shielded him from punishment, carried him off himself to a barber's, and ordered shears and an ordinary little round, boy-like head. Even now, with all the width of years between, he could remember that her tearful voice had sounded then just as it did now.

Further back still was a time that stood clearly out above all the happy jumble of play-days and school-days and sleep time.

It had to do with a suit, the material of which was velvet, the trimmings pearl buttons, the collar lace, the sash pale primrose silk, tied at the side in the way

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the Little Lord Fauntleroy style demands. He was six when he was expected to go abroad in it—six, and a schoolboy—six, and possessed of the sensitive, sturdy, queer little complex soul that belongs to that number of years. There was no such suit in all the school. He used to look at the strong serges and serviceable tweeds of the other boys with a heart bursting with envy. A week he wore it; then he lay deliberately down in a gutter where a wide, muddy stream leapt joyously, and returned with lightened spirit to his home.

He gazed at the coals to-night, and remembered with strangely-clear vision the domestic scene it had evoked. Again the

"I got a 'touch,' father."

unwilling head of the house had been called in to interfere. Greg remembered he had received a paternal thrashing for destroying the clothes with which he had been provided, but he also remembered through all those years how little it had hurt, and how kind were his step-father's eyes; moreover, that he had never been required to wear fancy costume again. After this there had been a long lapse of untroubled time, for Flossie had considerately come out of long clothes to lend herself, far more delightfully than he had ever done, to picturesque dressing.

But just lately the suburb where they dwelt had seen the advent of a titled lady, who almost always took a yellow-haired little laddie with her when she went visiting. And the little laddie invariably wore gloves, handed round cake-baskets with the grace of a little prince, and bore himself in a way that charmed all hearts.

Mrs. McAlister had conceived the idea of taking Gregan calling, and as a first step had invested in a pair of boy's gloves—Dent's best, size six-and-a-quarter.

"I'll get him to stand by me," Greg said to himself, his thoughts leaping to the grave, strong father who seemed to have picked up the knack of doctoring souls during his long years of doctoring bodies. But Flossie had fallen asleep on the sofa in her little pink dressing-gown, and he himself had been sent off to bed in disgrace before the busy Doctor came in from his rounds.

The little warmed-up dinner was served to the accompaniment of the tale of Greg's insubordination. The very recital induced fresh tears.

The Doctor sighed, sympathised secretly with his unfortunate little step-son, and when he had finished his cutlet, and his wife's tears seemed exhausted, did his best to show her the unnecessary cruelty of the thing. But the tears sprang forth again.

The boy was her own, he was reminded, not his at all. Surely she might be allowed some little authority with her own son. The incident of the curls was recalled, of the Fauntleroy suit; was he always going to show the boy her powerlessness?

The only concession he could obtain was that the tan subjects of discord should not be expected to be worn on any but state occasions, and those only in the holidays.

"Though what earthly use you can find in dragging a shy and awkward schoolboy about with you," said the Doctor, "passes my imagination. He will only knock the tables over and tread on the women's toes. Surely Flossie answers the purpose sufficiently—or there is the poodle I bought you."

He was bidden remember that Flossie's front teeth were lacking, and her beauty spoiled for the present; the poodle suggestion was disdained with scorn, slightly hysterical. He was informed that Lady Featherstone always took Wilhelm with her; and he must own, blind though he usually was to such things, that Greg was a far handsomer lad.

The Doctor went upstairs vanquished, but filled with wonder at the curious intricacies of the feminine mind.

The candle was still burning in Greg's little room. The boy was in bed, blinking

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manfully at a patch of light on the ceiling in order to keep awake.

"I got a 'touch,' father," was his first speech, excitement in it; "they're thinking of making me quarter-back in the B's."

He had been forced to bottle up the great news till now, knowing there was none other in the house to understand and sympathise.

The Doctor sat down on the bed-edge, and talked football as an enthusiast might. He was a thin man, tall to lankiness. His eyes were keen and steadfast, his nose prominent. When he smiled you saw his mouth was out of drawing, but the strongest and sweetest in the world.

Little Greg poured at his feet all the passionate hero-worship of a ten-year-old nature ever flung back on itself.

"There was a fellow I knew," said the Doctor—"a fellow with a physique that made everyone else in the field look like pigmies. I remember in one of the matches, Greg, he—his name was ——"

"Jenkins, of Magdalen," Greg said softly, his eyes bright. "Go on, I know; he was a stunner."

The Doctor gave a graphic account of this famous match that always made Greg's blood leap. The boy's spirits rose. He thumped the pillows at the exciting parts, he made the spring mattress creak and shiver with the way he kicked out his bare heels when Jenkins, of Magdalen, got that glorious goal.

When the story ended he felt so light-hearted and happy it took him a minute to remember that all the sky of his life was darkened by reason of those gloves. He sat upright, and a glow came into his eyes.

"Look here," he said, "look here, that's just the sort of chap I want to be; and look here, father, *have* I to wear gloves? Oh, it's perfectly sickening just to think about it!"

But the Doctor upheld his wife. Surely the hardship was not so very terrible just to have those brown, scratched little hands of his covered up while he was in the drawing-rooms of Society (with a capital S).

There was a lump in Greg's throat. "You don't understand," he said, his voice heavy; "it's the fellows—none of them do. Sometimes they say things about that awful suit even yet, and Wilkinson tells all the new fellows I've only just had my curls cut off. They'd see me stalking round in the blessed things, and being taken calling."

But the Doctor could give him no consolation. The gloves must be worn if his mother insisted, "but"—and he smiled the least little bit—"if you do it with a good grace, old fellow, for a few times the mother will soon get tired of the novelty and let you off."

Greg went to sleep miserable, and dreamed of a football match that all the world had come to see, and how, when he fought through a mass of heads and legs and arms, and seized the ball, gloves—light tan with black stitchings—were on his hands, and all the concourse of people saw them, and hissed and shouted "girl."

It was Easter holiday time, and consequently the afternoons were at the disposal of Mrs. McAlister. A new suit came from the tailor's—a particularly fanciful blue serge, with a blouse and anchor buttons; the sailor collar was silk—cream, thick silk. Greg begged, almost pitifully, that it might be removed; there was a serge one underneath. "Only girls and women wear silk," he said, with a flushed, beseeching face. But he was forced to wear it, and if anyone had told Mrs. McAlister that she was unkind to her boy she would have been filled with amazement. She even thought she was a good and patient mother, inasmuch as she hardly scolded him at all when he split beyond remedy two pairs of gloves in the bitter getting on of them, and had to be provided with a third pair. For three afternoons he walked by her side through the fashionable streets of the suburb. For three afternoons he followed after the tail of her dress into big drawing-rooms full of fine ladies, who insisted on kissing him and offering him cakes—with pink icing on—and talking down to him, and making remarks about his beauty, till he felt absolutely sick with the wretchedness of it all.

The third afternoon, returning home, he met a detachment of "the fellows," going off to football practice. He stuck his hated hands into his pockets, tilted his hat to spoil the bran-newness of his appearance, and had cold sensations down his back at the thought of the cream silk collar. But his enemy, Wilkinson, saw every detail, and conveyed the fact that he had done so to the unhappy lad by mincing along in his walk, and laboriously fitting on and buttoning invisible gloves.

Inside the drawing-room of their own house Mrs. McAlister had a feeling of surprise at the sight of her little son's face. He had been silent all the way home, and not having even seen the group of schoolboys, she was unprepared for any fresh disturbance. The lad's eyes blazed, his chest rose and fell,

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so many words came rushing to his tongue, his lips would pass none through.

"What is it *now*, Gregan?" she said, a strong accent on the *now*. And Greg's discretion and obedience, and respect, fled away before the torrent of anger that swept over him. He tore off the hateful things; he sprang across the room to the bright leaping fire, and flung them into it; he grasped the twisted brass poker and poked them deep, deep into the heart of it. When he saw the swift shrivelling of them his heart swelled; he felt like a slave who has knocked off his fetters and become free by the act.

"I won't wear them any longer," he said. "I won't, I won't, I won't! I don't care what you say; I don't care *what* you do. I won't wear them again!"

Colour burnt scarlet on his cheeks and forehead. The excitement and fear of his sudden mutiny had driven him into one of the unreasoning fits of almost hysterical anger to which she gave way with exceeding frequency, but that he, less indulged, seldom had the courage to allow to rise. Long afterwards he used to look back to the quarter of an hour that followed with a kind of incredulous horror at himself. For he cast off all restraints and let himself go completely; he refused to go to bed, with loud defiance; he expressed himself glad when he was threatened with the strictest boarding-school in the colony; he fought the coachman, hurriedly summoned to capture him, fought and kicked him with the frantic energy of desperation. Once he flung himself free from the man's surprised arms, fell against a small table, ornament laden, picked himself up to an accompaniment of shivered glass, and fled away down the hall, instant thoughts of running away to sea in his head.

"He flung himself free from the man's surprised arms."

But the cook and the housemaid joined in the coalition against him; one placed her substantial person against the gate, one grasped his cream silk collar with work-strong fingers and held him till the coachman came and bore him vanquished into his bedroom.

Dinner time arrived, two hours later than this. He had grown cool in the interval and fallen to speculating on his punishment, seated on the floor, his head against the bed. The tray placed silently on a chair destroyed one of his expectations; he looked for the bread and water fare of criminals, and the covered plates held curry, potatoes and peas, cabinet pudding and custard. He ate them sighing.

"Then it's going to be worse than this," he muttered. A thrashing was the smallest thing he feared, though there came a little lump in his throat when he remembered who the giver would have to be. "And, of course, they'll stop me the school sports on Friday," he said, and tried to console himself with the thought that he deserved it, when he buried away the thought of the glorious afternoon he had looked forward to for half a year.

It was nine o'clock before his father's step came down the landing towards his loneliness. Flossie had been twice; once she had called "Naughty Gweg," through the keyhole, the second time she had administered sympathy in the shape of a half-sucked peppermint pushed under the door.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, his voice

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low, shame and sorrow in his heart instantly.

He did not need reminding of the first thing that lay before him. He went down to the drawing-room and begged his mother's pardon; begged it humbly, earnestly, lovingly, his eyes suffused.

But she turned away from him coldly, she put aside the hand that caught beseechingly at her sleeve, she bade him go back to his room and think over his wickedness, and, if he dare, pray to be forgiven for it. "Some day," she said, "when she was lying cold and still in her coffin, he would wish he had caused her less unhappiness."

He crept back again, his heart bursting: he felt he had been wicked beyond anyone in the world; there was absolutely no atonement he would not have been glad to make; all the way up the thickly-carpeted staircases he saw a black coffin and his mother lying within—his mother with her beautiful face white as the sheet that shrouded her, and her eyelashes lying motionless against her cheeks.

"I will do anything," he sobbed, his head falling on his father's arm—"anything."

Then he learned his punishment—not a thrashing, not prison fare, not even the deprivation of seeing the sports on Friday. He was to go to them, his mother decreed, stay there to the end, and—wear a pair of gloves the whole of the time. He assented without a murmur.

But when Friday came the bitterness of the trial came upon him with fresh force. He was very quiet at lunch-time; he ate almost nothing, though raspberry tarts and fruit salad made the second course, and the maid waiting brought them round to him pityingly half-a-dozen times. He rose from the table and went to dress, his face oddly pale.

Feminine adornment occupied a longer time than his own; he went into the trim suburban garden and paced the paths, hands in pockets, while Flossie and his mother finished dressing. Quick, light wheels and the banging of the gates made his heart lighter; the busy Doctor had snatched a half-hour from his rounds just for the purpose of fortifying his little step-son for the afternoon's ordeal.

They walked the paths together, Greg taking two steps to his father's slow stride.

"No shirking, old fellow," said the Doctor. "No hiding your hands in your pocket; you must go through with it like a man."

Greg nodded.

"Don't be on the look-out for smiles and sneers—it's your business this—go through it with your head well up, and never mind about what the others are thinking." His hand pressed firmly on the young shoulder, giving courage. His sympathies were with the lad entirely; but he also saw the kind of dent the trial would make in the sweet plastic of his nature.

Then Mrs. McAlister came out, and Flossie followed, almost lost under the frills of her little pink parasol. Greg was handed his new gloves and donned them without a word. He looked back from the gate for a moment to his father—looked back and even tried to smile. His face had the look of a soldier led out to be shot and trying to look gallant.

The school-grounds were in gala dress; bunting floated from the dormitory windows, hung limp against the trees, twisted itself gaily in and out of the respectable brown ironwork of the verandah.

Even the grumpy, time-worn sergeant displayed the school colours in a bright knot on his coat and a suspicion of the school enthusiasm on his face.

Little boys in long ulsters rushed importantly about among the visitors, and flapped back those covering garments with careful carelessness to display the pink, orange, or blue running clothes beneath.

Bigger boys stood in groups near the palings and laid threepenny and sixpenny odds on the favourites, and swore mild schoolboy swears because the masters were thick on the ground, and they couldn't have the smoke they didn't want.

Little girls, with their brothers' and other girls' brothers' colours pinned to their best frocks, trotted up and down on the grass and tried childish 'prentice hands at flirtation.

Mothers, grandmothers and aunts, shabby and careworn, fashionable and smiling, filled the great semicircle of chairs, read the "programme of events" with keenest interest, and watched their own particular bits of boyhood with fondly partial eyes.

To this scene came Gregan—Gregan with a painfully new suit and cream silk collar—Gregan with a speckless straw hat—Gregan with gloves of tan. He walked beside his mother and Flossie, his heart faint with the misery of the thing.

When they passed Wilkinson he shrank back behind them for a second. There was a look almost of supplication to his enemy upon his face. But how was Wilkinson to guess it? He merely scented the fun of it, and, with the catholicity of the schoolboy, wanted his compeers to do the same. They minced

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along beside him, keeping well behind Mrs. McAlister. They stroked his collar; they begged to be allowed to touch his hands; they affected tears because they had no gloves themselves.

Avez-voo voo les gong de noter surr;
Wee, jer les voo, sur Greg McAlis-*tur*,

sang the impromptu poet of the school, and his wit was received with loudest acclaim and delight, and became as a pebble flung into a quiet pond and making ever-widening circles of ripples. And Mrs. McAlister sailed on in front of it all, calmly unconscious, and Greg followed, a fierce wish in his heart that he was dead and buried ten thousand feet beneath the well-worn grass.

"Don't poke your head forward like that," she said, and he started and flushed with shame to find it was hung down over his chest, after all his father had said. "Are you going to sit down here with Flossie and me, or are you going off with your friends? —What is the matter? Aren't you well?"

Almost he said no, and accepted the momentary refuge the seat beside her offered; then he said nothing was the matter, and moved into the crowd with a lifted head.

All his life the memory of that afternoon burned red in his brain; all his life he remembered just how he felt when the careless eye of the passer dropped from his face to his arms, and thence to his hands. For in his unhappiness he held them in a way that necessarily drew upon him the attention he dreaded. The impulse to pocket them was so strong he had to do battle with it all the time, and the result showed arms hung down his sides with just as much curve as a poker, hands open, and fingers as stiffly apart as those of a wire-worked automaton.

The captain of the cricket eleven, who cherished a liking for him, and was pleased to speak of him as a "promising kid," stopped to laugh as he passed. "Why, Mac.," he said, "and I had hopes of your bowling once!"

Greg's hands tingled, but he listened without retort to the chaff that included a recommendation to use vaseline rather than glycerine for promoting whiteness and softness of the skin. Then he moved slowly on, his head held stiffly and his chin up.

Even the master whom he worshipped smiled at him.

"What have they been doing to you?" he said. "Why don't you take off those foolish things and go and enjoy yourself?"

But Greg shook his head—he was incapable of speech—and walked on his miserable course. Even his best friend told him privately, kindly, but firmly, that he was "an awful ass and a goat, you know." While his best enemy made life a thing to be loathed all the long hours of the afternoon.

And in the grand-stand, mortification, quick and complete, had come upon the promoter of his unhappiness.

Some one introduced Lady Featherstone. She sat down by her doctor's wife, and talked with well-bred and charming condescension throughout the whole of the egg-and-spoon race, which was one of the concluding items of the programme.

"Such a beautiful boy, yours, Lady Featherstone," Mrs. McAlister said rapturously, catching sight in the distance of the yellow curls and dainty dressing of the boy she had copied.

But her ladyship's firm lips curled a little.

"Not mine," she said hastily. "Not mine, I beg of you; merely the child of a cousin who is with me."

"But very pretty—such manners," persisted Greg's mother, a little less rapturously, however, for the tone of the other lady was certainly deprecatory.

"Oh, pretty enough—for a girl," she said; "polite enough, also—for a girl. I assure you he is positively unhappy if his dress is disarranged, and would weep if we took him outside the gate without his gloves. Still, he amuses us."

There was a flush on Mrs. McAlister's face.

"Don't you like it?" she said; "don't you think it is a good thing?"

"Oh, excellent!" said her ladyship. "Most excellent—for a 'buttons'!"

Mrs. McAlister grew warm all over; she was filled with dread that Greg would come up, gloved and carefully dressed, and put her to shame before this personage whom she had so long admired from afar.

"Have you any boys yourself?" she said, and wondered how she could despatch Flossie to tell Greg he might remove his gloves at least.

"That is my son, the brown-haired one near the band-stand; he is at home for his holidays at present," Lady Featherstone returned, her face showing open pride.

And Mrs. McAlister looked and saw a hobbledehoy lad with an honest face, a somewhat battered straw hat, and a suit that had seen active service. The wildest fancy could not picture him in gloves, and her unhappiness increased.

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"The boys I like," continued the lady of title, "are genuine boys — rough, hearty, untidy, happy boys — they're the stuff our best men are made of. Wilhelm is a charming little laddie just now, certainly; but I can never help thinking what an admirable footman will be lost to the world if he takes to politics like his father."

Mrs. McAlister smiled in a sickly way. "I quite agree with you" she said feebly. "Boys ought to be boys."

Then a perspiration broke out on her brow for just in front of the stand walked Greg, and she saw with sudden horrible clearness how unlike the other lads he looked.

Her ladyship singled him out for her attention and to illustrate her eloquence.

"Look at that unfortunate litttle mountebank for instance," she said, "there, in that absurd suit and with light gloves on. He will make an excellent tailor or man-milliner in a few years if they don't put him into a profession."

"Gweg," shouted Flossie joyously, standing up in her place, the idea of a run on the grass being pleasant to her little cramped limbs.

But Mrs. McAlister pulled her back to her seat and held her with a grasp almost desperate till Greg had taken his unhappy little face out of sight and the danger was past. After which the unconscious lady of rank changed the conversation and the boy question was not revived.

There was an interval just before the sack race, designed to be filled with the well-meaning efforts of the band and cups of weak afternoon tea.

But Greg was not amongst the polite handers of cake, nor Wilkinson and his allies, nor Wilhelm, nor young Featherstone, nor six of Greg's stanchest friends.

"Greg breathed hard and thought the victory was to him."

There was an excited group at the back of the gymnasium shed, and Greg was in the midst of it—Greg, with the fetters of self-control utterly broken once more. For the first moment he remembered his father, and genuinely tried to cement the pieces again, but a voice cried "Sissie!" and they burst recklessly apart once more.

He lowered his head and made a rush at the ring of lads; his hands were clenched, and hard as cricket balls; the fury of a mastiff was in his breast.

For one moment the determination of fighting and killing each and everyone of

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the ring separately and swiftly seized him; but the next, reason showed him this might not be, and he made a selection.

Not Wilkinson, though the thirst to break his head was hardly to be quenched—not any of the grinning lads who did his bidding.

He saw the yellow hair and the pleasant, girl-like face of the boy Wilhelm, who had been the utterly unconscious cause of all his unhappiness.

It was this boy he struck in the face, and dragged into the ring and forced to fight.

The boys gathered closer, cheering, urging, howling softly.

Neither combatant had had time to tear off his gloves; the kid burst violently asunder, the seams split under the fierce young muscles. There was no thought, nor hope, nor ambition in the souls of either of them but that of planting a doubled fist well in each other's eyes.

Twice Wilhelm was thrown to the ground, twice Greg breathed hard and thought the victory was to him.

But somewhere among the yellow-haired laddie's ancestors had been a fighting one, and this sudden onslaught had, for the first time in his life, made his blood remember it. He sprang up again and fell on his assailant, with a fresh sundering of stitched fingers.

But there came a "h'sh" and a "*cave*," and a quick breaking up of the ring.

Friends' hands dragged them apart, but they rushed together again, closed firmly, and fought with fresh strength.

Again the word was passed. Featherstone dragged his little kinsman aside, Wilkinson held firmly to Greg's spoiled coat.

And among them stood Lady Featherstone and Mrs. McAlister.

There was a gleam of humorous surprise in her ladyship's eyes.

"The tailor and the footman," she said, and laughed amusedly. She took Wilhelm quite kindly by the arm. She could have patted him for his manliness, for she had seen for a moment the amazing flying about of his little fists. But, of course, she scolded him as became a woman and a mother.

Mrs. McAlister was so routed, and her nerves so upset, she made no attempt to claim her son, and merely stood aside waiting for the cab she had sent for.

"Shake hands, you little beggars," Featherstone said as his mother's carriage and the cab came up simultaneously.

They shook hands. Wilhelm looked quite pleased with himself, and smiled through his blood. Greg's face was almost happy again, though his beauty was no longer such as to rejoice his mother's heart.

The ladies parted, Lady Featherstone unconscious to the last of the ownership of the "little tailor." Then the cab went one way and the carriage the other.

And in the carriage they laughed all the way, and patted Wilhelm, and made him so proud of himself that he threw his gloves out of the window and yearned for the career of a professional pugilist. But in the cab the silence was unbroken, and the heart of Gregan once more full of oppression.

"Some day," Mrs. McAlister said as she lay back exhausted on her own sofa, "some day, Gregan, when I am lying cold in my grave, you will be sorry you added so to my burdens."

Greg's warm little heart thawed instantly at the grievous spectacle conjured up. He flung his arms round her neck, and in a fit of heroic self-abasement promised never to make a trouble over wearing them again.

"I—I'll even go to school in them if you like," he said in a choked tone, and thought of Cranmer's hand, and tales of the early martyrs. But Mrs. McAlister only looked irritable.

"Where are they?" she said.

He produced the blood-stained remnants.

"Put them in the fire," she said.

He dropped them in one after the other, almost fearfully.

"Take off your collar."

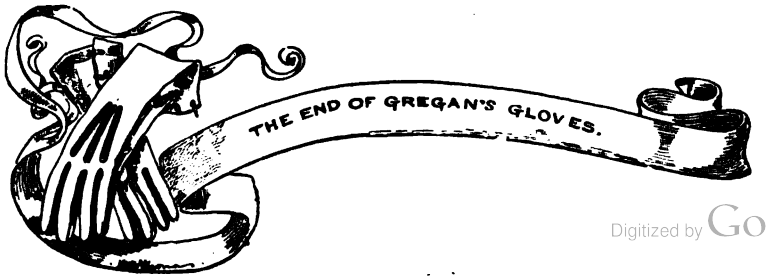
He unfastened the cream silk, marvelling.

"Put it in the same place," she said.

The smell of the burning of it was exquisite to him.

"Now go and play football." Softness was in her voice.

So he kissed her, was kissed, and went.



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RISING STARS.

As one who is already to be ranked among the first pianists of the day, Mr. Frederic Lamond is certainly a star. It is only doubtful whether he should still be described as rising, seeing that he enjoys already a reputation in half the countries of Europe which any player might envy. In Germany, Austria, Russia and elsewhere he is known as an executant who has few equals; only in this country, which happens oddly enough to be the land of his birth, has he failed so far to obtain quite the amount of recognition which he merits. Mr. Lamond's career has been rather unusual. Born in Glasgow twenty-nine years ago, he acted as organist to two churches before he was twelve years old. Then he went to Germany, where he fell in with Liszt, Bülow, Rubinstein, and many other famous musicians. Now he visits us only at long intervals. Complete technical efficiency combined with interpretive powers of the highest order are the characteristics of Mr. Lamond's playing. As a composer also he has done some capital work.

JUST for the moment Literature is concerning herself with local habits and local events, so that Mr. W. W. Jacobs did but follow the mode when he took the curious world which lies about the Docks for the scenery of his book "Many Cargoes." But he has these two abounding merits: first, that he knows the world with which he deals, next, that he has learned how to impart his knowledge to the general public. As a boy he lived on a wharf at Wapping, and spent several holidays on coasting vessels, and there arrived at an intimate acquaintance with the skippers and mates, and their wives and daughters, who figure so pleasingly in his book. And since then he has served a sufficiently long apprenticeship to the craft of letters. He began it in the pages of an amateur magazine, and was one of the first contributors to the gamesome columns of *Pick-me-up*. It remains to say that Mr. Jacobs is employed in the Civil Service, that inexhaustible recruiting ground of the army of Letters.

MUSIC: FREDERIC LAMOND. LITERATURE: W. W. JACOBS.

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"BOBBY" ON HIS BEAT.

By W. J. Wintle.

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

"Half-past one, and an uncommonly misty morning!"

It's a far cry back to 1252, but that is the date of the appearance of the policeman—if not on the earth, at any rate in this country. In that year King Henry III., of mixed memory, issued an Assize of Arms, requiring that a high constable should be constituted for every hundred or vill, and a petty constable for every parish, whose duty was to summon the inhabitants to quell any disturbance of the peace, and to deliver offenders into the custody of the sheriff. Watchmen were also established in cities and boroughs, and all persons robbed of their goods could recover damages from the local guardians. The times have changed since then, and we now disperse the inhabitants, by means of the Riot Act, in case of a disturbance of the peace, and as for recovering anything from the local guardians—well, he would be uncommonly innocent who attempted it.

In the same century a curious experiment at Home Rule was attempted in the City of London, on the principle of "every man his own policeman," but it was hardly a success. The "Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs" tell us that "The citizens kept watch and ward, riding by night through the City with horse and arms, though among them a countless multitude of persons obtruded themselves, and some evil-minded persons, under pretext of searching for aliens, broke open many houses, and carried off such goods as were there to be found. To restrain the evil designs of these men, the watches on horseback were therefore put an end to, and watch was kept by the respective wards, each person keeping himself well armed within his own ward." Judging by these precautions, the burglars of the thirteenth century were evidently a determined set of fellows.

In the days of Edward III. bands of marauders went through the City both by day and night with swords and bucklers, beating and robbing people, and a similar state of things prevailed, more or less, in our large towns down to the days of Henry VIII. It is recorded of this gentle monarch that he hanged "of great thieves and of petty thieves three score and twelve thousand," after which statement it seems a little superfluous to add that he "greatly terrified the rest." The remedy proved, however, to be but temporary, for in the reign of Charles I. a night watch of 1097 armed men was required to guard the houses and shops of the citizens. The second Charles, whose knowledge of the London streets by night was extensive and peculiar but scarcely creditable, hit upon the happy idea of affixing a lamp to every tenth door, and experience soon proved that a little light was more effective in suppressing crime than a whole army of watchmen.

The beginning of the present century saw the notorious Charlies still in possession of

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the streets. Ancient men they were, worn out with hard work as porters during the day, and then taking up their posts in the street sentry boxes for the night. Burdened with years, and frequently more or less crippled; dressed in voluminous greatcoats to impede their already laggard steps; with ears muffled in rags and scarves lest they should be disturbed in their meditations by prowling footsteps; drowsy and not infrequently disguised in drink, it was little they could do except doze in their sentry boxes, and from time to time sally forth and mumble out, "Half-past one, and an uncommonly misty morning!" No better picture could be presented of these old City watchmen, and the principles on which they acted, than has been drawn for us by Shakspeare in "Much Ado about Nothing." Their pay was but sixpence a night, and they about earned it. They survived the introduction of gas, and still waddled round with their lanterns until 1829, when they were suppressed.

But we are concerned now with the common or area policeman, the "bobby" or "peeler," as he is indifferently called, after Sir Robert Peel, whose New Police Act of 1829 called him into existence. His outward appearance is familiar enough when he is not wanted; but the mysteries that lie hidden beneath his closely-buttoned tunic, the methods which he adopts after the shades of night have fallen, and the adventures with which he meets, but of which he seldom speaks, these are matters of which the man in the street knows practically nothing. How I was little by little introduced behind the scenes, and with what key I gradually unlocked some secret chambers of the police department, are matters which would probably have no interest for the gentle reader. We are concerned with results rather than with processes, and some of these results are here detailed, although consideration for the public safety compels me to withhold much that would be both interesting and startling.

"What must I do to find out all about the police?" I ingenuously asked of an official at Scotland Yard.

"Better get run in, then you'll know enough," was the candid but somewhat disappointing reply, followed up by the remark that if I did not depart pretty quickly he would do himself the pleasure of showing me what the inside of a cell was like. I stood not on the order of my going, but I went without delay. It is evident that the Information Department at Scotland Yard is not yet in proper working order.

Some days later I met with more success. In a little cottage in a northern suburb lives a recently retired inspector, who was good enough to tell me much and to put me in the way of finding out more.

"How can I become a police constable?" I asked.

"Well, if you are not more than twenty-seven years old, and if you are five feet nine in height, and if your health is thoroughly good, and if you can read and write decently, and if your character will bear investigation, then you can write to the Candidates'

"What must I do to find out all about the police?"

Department, Scotland Yard, for a form of application. When you have filled this up and sent it in, the Department will verify your references, and will do it pretty closely, I can assure you. I joined at twenty, and they made inquiries about my conduct when a boy at school! If your references are all right you will then be examined in elementary knowledge, and will have to pass the doctor. By the way, the medical examination is exceptionally severe, and it is useless to apply unless you are perfectly sound. If they finally decide to accept you, you will be sent to the Section House in Kennington Lane, where you will have

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from three to six weeks' drill and instruction. The people of the neighbourhood used to think that the building was a workhouse, and in one sense they were right enough, for the candidates don't have an idle time of it. Here you will be paid fifteen shillings a week, out of which you will be charged a shilling for lodging and from seven to eight shillings for board, leaving six shillings in hand. After leaving the Section House you will have to attend the Police Court for a week or two, in order to learn how to give evidence, and will then be sent on beat with a companion for a few days. When it is thought that you know the ropes pretty thoroughly, you will be sent on duty in the ordinary way."

"And what are the prospects after going through all this?"

"Your prospects will depend mainly upon yourself. You may rise to be a Superintendent at £475 a year, or you may be speedily dismissed from the force. But I suppose you were referring to wages. You would start at twenty-four shillings a week, with a yearly rise of a shilling a week until you got thirty-two shillings. Usually a man must serve eight years as an ordinary constable before he can expect promotion. After fifteen years' service you would be pensioned if unfit for duty, but after twenty-five years' service you can claim it. The full pension is two-thirds of the salary, and for my part I was glad to claim it."

"But you are not old, and it seems a pity to give up a third of one's income," I remarked.

"Yes, but a pensioned man is safe. Nothing can take my pension away now that it has been granted, and there are many things a man can do to earn more. When I was in the force I had a perfectly clean record, never a bad mark in my whole career; but if anything had gone wrong in the division over which I was inspector, whether through the stupidity of some constable or for any other reason, the blame would have fallen on my shoulders, and all my past record would not have averted it. So it was with a real sense of relief that I claimed my pension."

About a week after the above conversation I strolled forth half an hour after midnight in pursuit of knowledge. It was in an outlying district of South London, and several burglaries had recently taken place, so that I expected to find the neighbourhood full of policemen. But not one could I see. Slowly I paced up and down, my footsteps echoing strangely in the deserted streets. It is curious how different London looks by moonlight. The street down which I was pacing, trying to realise the feelings of a constable on duty, was familiar enough by daylight, but now its deserted condition gave it increased length, and the strange contrast of light and shadow made the houses look more lofty and fantastic. Not a soul was to be seen, and only my own footsteps disturbed the silence. I sauntered up and down quite six times, and had neither seen nor heard a trace of the police.

"No wonder that robberies take place, when the streets are left in this disgraceful state of neglect," I was inwardly commenting as I stepped into the shadow of a house, when suddenly I was seized by the arm, the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed in my face, and I found myself in the clutches of three constables and a sergeant!

"Now then, young fellow, where are you going?" gruffly demanded the sergeant.

"Oh, er—er—er, I'm—er—going home," I gasped, trying to look as innocent as I could.

"That tale won't do, young man," answered one of the constables; "I've had my eye on you for the last twenty minutes, and you've loitered up and down this street six times, and what's more, you've been trying to open the window at No. 37."

"Look here, sergeant," I urged vigorously, "there has been no policeman here, because I've been watching to see, and the unprotected state of the street is a disgrace to the force."

"Oh, you've been watching for the police, have you? Just about what we suspected you were after. Now, you'll just come along quietly, and make no noise about it, or it will only make matters worse for you."

It was clear that resistance was useless, and so the Special Commissioner of the WINDSOR was ignominiously conveyed to the local police-station. Still I was on the road to learn more of the methods of the force, although the position of affairs was beginning to assume an inconvenient aspect. Luckily no one was about at this hour to see my innocence thus taken into custody.

At the police-station I was taken into the charge-room and placed inside an iron railing at the one end, with a scale of feet marked against the wall for the purpose of measuring the height of the prisoner. The inspector on duty took his seat at a desk opposite, and all the constables available promptly crowded into the room and fixed me with

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their gaze. I subsequently learnt that this was for purposes of identification.

Constable 397 Q then proceeded to charge me with loitering with intent to commit a felony! He told how he had watched me for twenty minutes loitering up and down the street and apparently looking out for the police. It seems that I had passed close by him six times, so close in fact that I almost brushed against him. He also stated that I had attempted to open the pantry window of No. 37, which abutted on the street. I then remembered that when I first sauntered down the street I had slipped on a piece of orange peel, and in recovering myself had struck my arm against the low window in question. But how did he know that the window had been touched?

Constable 378 Q corroborated these statements, saying that he had watched me from the opposite side of the street, while the sergeant and third constable stated that they were signalled by the last witness shortly before I was apprehended.

"I found myself in the clutches of three constables and a sergeant!"

The whole business was a mystery to me. The descriptions of my movements were so minutely accurate that it was impossible to doubt their word, and yet I could have sworn that the street was absolutely deserted.

The inspector then asked what I had to say for myself, first cautioning me that anything I said might be used in evidence against me. What I said it is impossible to relate, for it has all passed from me, and I have but a vague recollection of impassioned assertions of innocence, combined with assurances that I was only a harmless journalist who, after burning the midnight oil, had gone out for a breath of fresh air. A

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broad grin on the faces of those constables who were not within range of the inspector's eye showed how much of my tale was believed.

In the end the inspector said that he would not enter the charge for a few hours in order that inquiries might be made, but that in the meantime, as the charge-room was wanted for another case that had arrived, I must be removed to the cells. Now I felt happier, not at the prospect of the cells, but because there was a fair chance that I should soon be set free.

There are less comfortable ways of passing

"I made myself fairly comfortable."

the night than in a police cell. I was conveyed along a well-lighted passage with massive doors ranged down one side, and through one of these I passed into temporary durance vile. Imagine a lofty room about twelve feet by six feet, with walls lined with white tiles and a floor of cement, well warmed with hot-water pipes and lighted with a large heavily-barred window by day and at night by an inner window outside which a jet of gas was burning, and you have a fair idea of the place. The furniture consisted solely of a massive oak bench placed along one side and scrubbed spotlessly clean, as indeed was the whole cell. The door contained a sliding shutter, and an electric button hard by served to summon the jailer in case of necessity. Here, with the aid of a couple of rugs and a straw-stuffed canvas pillow, I made myself fairly comfortable, only being disturbed by the vocal efforts of a lady two cells off who persisted in rendering "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note" in a great variety of keys.

About nine o'clock I was released, the result of the police inquiries having proved satisfactory, and I departed in search of a more satisfactory breakfast than that of which I was invited to partake in my cell. But out of evil comes good, and the result of this adventure was that I struck up quite friendly relations with the constables and officers who had been concerned in my arrest. Little by little, as the result of many brief chats, I was told some of the details of the inner working of the police system, and much that was thus learnt I have for convenience here woven into connected conversations, only suppressing those facts which it would not be for the public safety to repeat.

One night, when slowly pacing up and down with the constable who first noticed my suspicious doings, the conversation turned upon night duty and its hardships.

"Yes, night duty is not over pleasant," remarked 397 Q. "In winter weather it's uncommonly cold work, for you are not allowed to go above a certain pace, and when there's a driving rain you generally get pretty wet. About 98 per cent. of the men break down during their first five years' service, usually through exposure to the weather. Last year sixty-three men were invalided, and twenty-four of them had lung disease or rheumatism; and out of fifty who died, thirty had various lung troubles. Then, of course, the work is very monotonous; you may sometimes go for weeks together without seeing or hearing anything unusual. Still some men in the force prefer night duty, probably because there is more money about. I don't mean bribery or blackmailing—happily such offences are extremely rare—but money may often be got for giving an extra eye to premises, for calling people's attention to an open window, and for knocking up in the morning. But there is not so much of the last nowadays; alarum clocks are so cheap,

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and a policeman is not always to be depended upon. He may be called away to watch a house or to assist in an arrest just at the time his customer wants knocking up."

"You must get pretty hungry and thirsty before morning?"

"Well, no, not often. You see, we generally bring with us a can of tea or coffee with an arrangement for keeping it hot, which we hide in somebody's front garden till we want it; and it's easy to have a sandwich or two in one's pocket. We are only allowed to buy drink at a public-house if a superior officer is present, but non-intoxicants can be always obtained. It's a technical breach of the rule, but no notice is taken of it."

"I suppose you are generally glad of the chance to make an arrest?" I observed; "it is a mark in a man's favour, is it not?"

"No, sir, it is not," replied the constable emphatically. "There is no greater mistake, though a very common one, than to think that. The first principle of police work is this, 'Prevention is better than cure.' The object of our existence is not to catch criminals, but to prevent crime. That is why I ran you in the other night. You had not committed a burglary, but we thought you were on that game, so we just took steps to prevent it. Of course if a crime is committed on a man's beat, he is expected to catch the offender; but he gets much more credit with his superiors if he looks after his beat so well that no crimes are committed. If the man on night duty is thoroughly up to his work, burglaries ought to be quite rare. As a matter of fact there were last year only 514 cases of burglary by night, as against 1501 cases of housebreaking by day. This is due partly to the fact that there are six or seven men on duty at night to one by day, and also to the much greater ease with which a robbery can be effected in the daytime."

"But what methods do you adopt to prevent burglaries at night?"

"Well, in the first place we have to keep our eyes and ears open. The constable who stands gossiping with people will very likely find that a crime has been committed the while. Then, as soon as the streets are quiet, we go round and carefully examine all doors and windows to make sure that they are fast, and next we put up our marks. Every low wall and the doors and windows of unoccupied houses, as well as every other place likely to be attempted by thieves, are all carefully marked in such a way that if a cat climbs over the wall, or anyone touches a door or window, we know it when we next pass."

The constable proposed to give me a practical proof of this. Just round the corner, but in the next beat, was an empty house, and at my friend's suggestion I went softly up to it and gave the door a gentle push and also shook one of the windows. We then awaited events, and in about three minutes we saw a signal made at the street corner. On going up we found the man on duty and another constable, who had also seen the signal and hastened to the spot, and were told in a whisper to keep a very sharp look-out, for someone had attempted both the door and window of that empty house within the last ten minutes. On returning to our beat, my friendly policeman explained the mystery and showed me all the ingenious contrivances included under the purposely misleading name of "marks." Here I am compelled to be reticent: a description of the methods adopted would be very interesting, but such an explanation would at once deprive the public of one of its most effective safeguards by night.

"Now, perhaps, you will understand what I mean," added my informant, "when I say that the night policeman's worst enemy is *cats!* They prowl about over walls and remove our marks and so lead us off on false scents. I remember once noticing that something had gone over a wall, and, of course, I stood still for a time and listened intently. Soon I heard a footstep behind the house and then a scrambling sound, followed by other suspicious noises. By this time I felt sure someone was about, and so I silently signalled from the corner, and got the house quietly surrounded by men, only to find that it was nothing but a cat after all."

"By the way, constable, how is it that so few policemen are to be seen about the streets either by day or night?"

"Well," he laughed, "I should have thought that your experience the other night would have taught you better than that. It is not our business to be seen, *but to see.* When a policeman hears anyone coming at night it is his business to see what the man is after, and for this reason it is very desirable that he should not be seen. Nothing is easier than to step into a porch, or behind a tree, or in the shadow of a house, and remain perfectly hidden. You may be quite sure of this: whenever a man walks the streets of London by night a good many pairs of eyes are watching him. You may remember that the late Lord Truro some years ago publicly stated that he did not see a single policeman as he rode home one night from the House

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of Lords to the suburbs. Well, the Commissioner made inquiry, and it was found that every policeman on the route had seen him pass and had noted the time."

"What is the best way of protecting one's house? Keeping a light burning or what?" I inquired.

"Lights are of no use whatever. You must bear in mind that burglars usually watch a house for some days before they attempt it, and they soon get to know any little tricks of that sort. The best protection for a house is a crying baby! No burglar will make the attempt if he hears a baby. A dog is not a bad thing, but it is apt to die or get mysteriously lost a day or two before the robbery takes place. It should be remembered that the window is the usual point of attack. During last year, out of 514 burglaries in London, the entrance was effected by a window in 335 cases. All the largest burglaries were managed in this way. Why, the ordinary method of fastening a window is simply ridiculous! Anybody can push the catch back with a knife."

"What part of the work do policemen hate most?" I asked.

"Catching dogs, without a doubt," he answered. "Look how ridiculous it is to see a policeman dodging round to try and catch some wretched little dog, while the bystanders chaff him and tell him to whistle for assistance. Then again you never know what kind of a temper the brute may have, and a dog-bite is anything but pleasant. Last year no less than sixty-two of our men were bitten."

"I stood still for a time and listened intently."

The time was rapidly going and day was now breaking, so I only put one more inquiry. "I suppose, constable, that life in the force has its little compensations though—amiable cooks, mutton-pie, and the like, eh?"

"Well, of course, that's an old joke," he answered; "but I never saw any mutton-pie, though the servants are generally fast enough at making friends. It's the uniform that does it. The average servant-girl will "go" for anything that has a uniform on, whether it's a policeman, or a soldier, or a postman. I don't say but what a man here and there may get something handed up from the area, but you may take my word that it's a precious rare thing."

Thus much I learnt from the constable. Soon afterwards I had several chats with the sergeant, as he strolled about at night visiting the men on

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their beats, and noting if each was doing his duty. Each sergeant is responsible for a certain number of men, while the sergeants in their turn are looked after by the inspectors.

"Well, sergeant, I suppose you've had a good many years in the force?" I began.

"Yes, I've served over twenty years, and have seen some changes in my time. It's wonderful how London grows, and of course the force has to keep pace with it. Including all ranks, we number 15,271 men, and that sounds large until you remember that the Metropolitan Police District covers 688 square miles. During last year 22 miles of new streets were formed, and 13,141 new houses erected, so that you see things are moving along. The rateable value of the area we protect amounts to close upon £39,000,000, but it is of course impossible to estimate the enormous value of the property involved."

"I suppose you have had plenty of adventures in your career?"

"Well, not so many. You see, the average policeman's life is a very humdrum one. The cases that thrill people as they read them in the newspapers are the exception and not the rule. Even detectives have a very monotonous time in a general way. Nothing could be more untrue to fact than the detective stories which seem to be so popular in the magazines just now. I've done a good deal of plain-clothes work myself, so that I know what it is. When I first joined the force I once made a terrible fool of myself. I was on night duty, and noticed a light moving in a house about four o'clock in the morning. Instead of quietly signalling some more men and getting the house surrounded, I foolishly knocked at the front door to alarm the inmates. 'Who's there?' came a voice from within. 'A policeman; open the door,' said I. 'Oh, it's all right,' was the answer; 'I'm just getting up.' So I quietly went on my way, and a few hours later the news arrived at the station that the house had been broken into during the night. You see, the burglar had himself answered my knock and had afterwards escaped through a back window. I nearly got dismissed over that business.

"I have not been knocked about much myself, though, of course, some men get very severely handled. Last year, 2291 policemen were assaulted in the execution of their duty. I was once knocked down by a drunken man in the Holloway Road, and on another occasion I got pretty roughly treated by a man with a wooden leg in the Edgware Road. It took six of us to convey that man to the station. Of course one is obliged to be careful in struggling with a prisoner. An unlucky blow may cause some quite unintended injury, and then the newspapers all talk about the brutality of the police! For instance, it is not safe to trip up a struggling prisoner. I did it once in my early days, and the man's head struck the pavement with a thud that was heard by the sergeant a quarter of a mile away. Of course this was when all was quiet at night. Then we have to be very cautious how we use our truncheons. The regulations tell us never to strike at the head, but always at the limbs, so as to disable the prisoner. For my part I have only used my truncheon once during my whole career. That was on Hampstead Heath, and the prisoner had previously knocked two of my teeth out. My greatest scare happened some years ago when I was on night duty. I saw a light in a house, signalled for help, surrounded the premises, and then went in with another constable. After a long search we found our man hiding in a cupboard, and he at once presented a pistol at me. Of course I hit out, and lost no time about it, so as to disable him, and then the pistol turned out to be a pipe-case!"

"Have you found that burglars try to get the constable away from his beat before commencing operations?"

"Very seldom. When it does occur, there is usually a woman in the affair. Another dodge is for two suspicious-looking characters to loiter about one end of a man's beat, and to behave in such a fashion that he is obliged to keep his eye on them. In the meantime their accomplices are cracking a crib at the other end of the beat. But you must remember that twice as many houses are broken into during the day as at night. Sunday evening is our very worst time. The usual method is that two respectable-looking men watch the family off to church. Then they go to the door and knock. If anybody comes they simply ask some question and go away, but if they find that the house is empty, one of them just forces the door with a jemmy, while the other keeps watch. It makes practically no noise to wrench open the ordinary latch. Then they go in, shut the door, collect the most portable articles of value, and quietly walk out again as if they belonged to the house. The only remedy for this sort of thing is to leave someone at home. Another common occasion for housebreaking is when the family are out of town. If only people would leave their blinds up, there would not be half so many of these

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robberies. Drawn blinds are simply an advertisement for the housebreaker. The police ought also to be told if a house is to be left unoccupied even for a day. Then they take special precautions. By the way, what a lot of people buy police-whistles, and

"He at once presented a pistol at me."

fancy that they are a protection. It is the greatest mistake in the world. Go into the street and blow one of these whistles, and then see what will come. Certainly not a policeman; but probably a broken-down growler, whose driver will rend the heavens with his language when he finds that he is not wanted. The fact is, there is a certain method of using the whistle which shows that a policeman is at the end of it. But you must not divulge the secret of its use, or we should have to adopt some fresh dodge."

A few weeks later, I once more found myself in the police-station, but this time not as a prisoner. It was the slack hour of the day, the inspector had nothing in particular to do, and he was very willing to chat. On the wall of his office hung a couple of swords and a few handcuffs, a pair of which I, of course, soon tried on, and found that, through long disuse, they would not lock. As a matter of fact, these contrivances have become almost obsolete, and are only used on very rare occasions. In a small room opening from the inspector's office were several telegraphic instruments on the A B C system. The needle of one instrument began clicking merrily as a message passed through on its way to another station. As it did not concern him, the inspector did not trouble to read it, which was perhaps fortunate for me, for the message ran thus: "Reporter trying to interview police: warn your men not to talk."

"I suppose you get plenty of queer applications here," said I to the inspector, when we returned to the office.

"I should rather think we do," he answered. "Just take this morning for example. Soon after I came on duty a well-dressed man arrived and told me that he had been separated from his wife and daughter for ten years, and that he had just heard that his daughter was ill in a hospital. A letter to the wife, inquiring where the girl had been taken, having brought no response, he wanted us to take up the case and compel his wife to disclose the daughter's address. Of course we could do nothing for him.

"Next came an elderly lady in a great state of excitement, carrying a miserable little dog in her arms. She told me at great length that 'a brute of a man' had trodden on Fido's foot, and she wanted a summons. She did not know who the monster was, but that was nothing to do with it; it was the duty of the police to find out criminals. When I informed her that we could do nothing to assist her, she came at me with her umbrella, and we were obliged to use a little firm persuasion to get her outside.

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"Soon afterwards a greengrocer arrived and complained that one of his customers had refused to pay an account on the ground that it had been already settled, but he declined to produce the receipt. Would we send a constable round to compel him to produce it? Here again we could do nothing but refer the applicant to the county court.

"The next visitor was a tall sour-faced woman who wanted a summons against her servant because she had a follower, which was contrary to her agreement when she was engaged. When I told her that we could not interfere, she retorted that she believed

"Lost!"

the man was a policeman in plain clothes, and that was of course the reason!

"Two lost children were brought in during the morning; one of them was soon claimed, and yonder is the other," pointing to a child sitting on a policeman's knee in the charge-room and contentedly munching a bun. "We keep them a few hours and then send them to the workhouse if unclaimed. Those umbrellas in the corner have been brought in by cabmen. It is quite surprising how careless of their property the public are. Here are some figures that will surprise you. During last year 32,997 articles were brought to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard, chiefly by cabmen and omnibus conductors. They included 2499 purses, 160 watches, 2306 bags with their contents, and 15,626 umbrellas and sticks. Some of the articles were strange enough. There were a banker's bag containing £700, an astronomical telescope, several bicycles, a bantam cock, a horse's brain preserved in spirits, a canary in a cage, a suit of chain armour, and a host of queer things. Slightly more than half of these articles were afterwards claimed, and £2674 11*s.* 3*d.* was paid in rewards for their recovery."

"What is your view, inspector, of the uniform question? Do not the men suffer from the weight of their clothing in summer?" I asked.

"No, I have rarely heard any complaints. A good deal of sentiment is talked in the newspapers, but there is very little in it all. A policeman's work consists largely in standing about, and in night duty, for which warm clothing is indispensable. During the hottest month of the summer we feel the weight of the uniform a little when on day duty, but if light tunics were served out they would be but little worn, and we should soon have an increased number of men on the sick list. Even in hot weather it is not safe to stand about in draughty streets unless you are pretty warmly clad.

"But, to change the subject, you will perhaps be interested to know how we identify habitual criminals. In all cases where persons are convicted the most minute description of their height, colour of hair and eyes, shape of features, marks, etc., is made and is entered in a number of books at Scotland Yard, classified under the various headings of height and so on. Photos are also taken, showing full face and profile, and are kept in classified albums. When a person is charged with any crime the constable who apprehended him is sent to Scotland Yard and examines the description and photographs of the particular class to which the prisoner seems to belong. In addition to this, all remanded prisoners are sent to Holloway, where they are paraded before experienced detective officers. So perfect is the system that a prisoner rarely escapes identification. Let me give you a recent example. A licence-holder—that is a ticket-of-leave man—reported himself in the usual way to the police at Leeds. The next day he was arrested for shop-lifting in the Euston Road. The constable who arrested him went to Scotland Yard and there found the man's photo in one of the albums. The officials

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laughed at the idea, saying that the man in question had reported himself the previous day at Leeds. But the constable was positive, and the measurements were found to correspond. I then went into the man's cell and suddenly said, 'Look here, we are not going to call you William Smith any more; we will call you Thomas Jones for a change!' The man turned as white as a sheet and exclaimed, 'You've got me now!' This is only an example of what goes on every day."

Then the inspector showed me the various books and forms in use behind the scenes. On his desk lay the file of "Police Information," a sort of daily newspaper, of which four editions are issued from Scotland Yard every day at 9.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 6.30 p.m., and 10.30 p.m. It is hardly necessary to say that the contents of this paper are of the most secret character. I saw particulars of persons whose offences are quite unknown to the public, but concerning whom the police are silently making inquiries. Many a net is thus being secretly woven which will presently be drawn in, and the world will be startled at the result.

Then there is the bi-weekly *Police Gazette*, containing lists of persons who are "wanted" for various reasons, and the "Pawnbrokers' List," which is sent out daily to all police-stations and pawnshops in the metropolis, containing accounts of stolen property. I was next shown a large album containing photographs of all the unclaimed dead found in the metropolis—a ghastly and indescribable collection of horrors. As I turned its pages I looked upon all that remains of many a gruesome mystery, and yet it was strange to see how peaceful many of the faces were.

A small packet was next opened, and I had before me the photographs and particulars of all the ticket-of-leave men in the division. I asked the inspector if it was true that released convicts were hindered in obtaining employment by the supervision of the police.

"Not at all," he answered; "the utmost precaution is taken not to injure these poor fellows. When a licence-holder is due to report himself, he just calls at the station and asks for the inspector. He is at once shown into the office by the constable on duty, who has no idea who he is, and I see him privately. He simply produces his licence, tells me if he is at the same address, and that is all. When we wish to make sure of his address we never send a constable or a well-known detective to inquire. An unknown man who can be relied upon is sent, and simply asks if 'Bob' is at home. If he is, he just takes him aside, says 'How are you?' and goes. If he is not at home, nothing more is needed, as the fact that he lives there has been sufficiently established. To do anything which would injure the prospects of a licence-holder would be regarded as a most grave offence on the part of a police officer."

Much more was shown and explained, which I cannot repeat for reasons already stated, but sufficient has, perhaps, been given to prove that the police of the metropolis are a more efficient and capable body of men than is sometimes supposed.

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LONDON, MAY 1, 1897.

THE Queen is responsible for many things — among others, for the epidemic of loyal poetry and versification which has afflicted so many men, women, and children lately. As early as January the poems commenced to arrive, and they have continued up to the time of going to press. With remarkable restraint I refrain from printing a few of these effusions. Their theme has been the same, though the treatment of it has differed. Certain phrases, however, have been common to all. "Star of Ind"—I need hardly say this has no reference to a certain brewing company—"Empire on which the sun ne'er sets," "Great Britain's greater sons," are just a few of such phrases which each poetaster has appropriated. In not a few cases we were informed that the Queen "had been pleased to accept" a copy of these verses—an example we have not been able to follow. For, in very troth, one has found in this multitude of poets very little rhyme or reason. Yet the feeling which inspired them all has been commendably loyal. I give notice, however, that no more verses on this subject can be considered.

As a paper-knife Alphonse Karr used the dagger with which he was stabbed by Madame Colet, upon whom he had practised his wit. He had a prominent place for it on the wall of his library, and on the case he had inscribed, "Presented to Alphonse Karr, by Madame Colet, in the back."

HE (telling a hair-breadth adventure): And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves.

SHE (breathlessly): Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!

FROM OPPOSITE POINTS OF VIEW.

By John Hereford.

The poet sent, per G.P.O.,
The labour of his brains,
And said, "Please forward *quid pro quo*
To pay me for my pains.
I quite believe
You'll soon receive
A hundredfold in gains."

The Editor replied: "With pain
I've read your little batch;
For lack of common-sense and brain
I cannot find its match.
A '*quid pro quo*'
Would be, I trow,
A month at Colney Hatch!"

"WHEN I married you," he said, "I thought you were an angel."

She looked at him coldly.

"I inferred as much," she said.

There was something in her tone that told him there was trouble in store for him.

"From the very first," she went on, "you seemed to think I could get along without clothes."

COBBLE: Miss Twilling is a great talker, isn't she?

STONE: Yes. The only way I can stop her is to put my arms around her.

COBBLE: Is that successful?

STONE: I should say so. Why, I was there until twelve o'clock last night, and she didn't say a word.

MR. WAFFLE: What do you think of this style of collar, Miss Perkins? Looks like a wegular ivory tower, doesn't it?

MISS PERKINS (thoughtfully): Ye-es, or like a white-washed fence round a lunatic asylum.

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THE MUSICAL-BOX.

By G. F. Leatherdale.

In a very unfashionable street at Kennington lived old George Brook, the watchmaker, and his daughter Agnes. Their apartments, most decidedly unfurnished, were at the top of the house, and consisted of one room and a cupboard. You cannot get the drawing-room floor, even at Kennington, for two shillings weekly.

Agnes, working at a factory, earned fifteen shillings a week, but the work was unhealthy, and before she was twenty years old she broke down completely.

As is the way with people who are obliged to live up to their income, the poor girl gave up her work just when she was forced to do so, and no sooner. By that time recovery was hopeless, but neither she nor the old man knew it.

The only thing to do now was to sell the furniture, but there was hardly any to sell; the one article of value was a really first-class musical-box. Eight and six was the highest bid, although it had cost ten pounds only twenty years ago.

But there was something wrong with the clockwork, a fault which Brook had spent weeks in trying to remedy, and the old man hoped to make a good job of it yet. A few more hours' work by a skilled hand—by one like himself with his fifty years' experience—and the price might go up to pounds.

The rent-collector would come the next morning, and if the work was not done by then the musical-box would have to go for eight and six. So by candle-light the old man worked with nervous haste, while the invalid lay patiently on her poor mattress in the corner behind him.

One candle had burnt itself out, and the second and last was nearly gone when the old watchmaker gave a little cry of joy. Agnes raised her head at the sound.

"Have you done it?" she asked in a feeble voice.

"Yes, Aggie, it's right enough now, I do believe."

The worker stood up and rubbed one leg, numbed and cramped by the cold.

"Feel a bit better?" he asked.

"Almost quite well, Father," she answered; "only I'm awful weak and tired."

"Well, it's all right now, the music-box is. You can have anything you like to-morrow—there'll be lots of money—pounds! Now we'll have a tune."

"Yes, let's have a tune."

"You mustn't expect too much, you know," said the old man. "There's only one tune perfect."

"'Jerusalem the Golden,'" said Agnes wearily. "The other five are lovely, but they're not quite what they were."

"No, they aren't. They're a bit worn."

Then he wound up the masterpiece, and sitting down on the floor he took one of the girl's thin hands in both his own. "Comin' thro' the Rye," he whispered. The girl smiled up at him and nodded, though the fact was not so evident as it should have been. "Comin' thro' the Rye" was lamentably incomplete, to say nothing of the plaintive wheeziness of those notes which were still audible.

"Like when I tried to sing it yesterday," said Agnes.

"Silk Attire" came next, and was followed by "Christians Awake," and then the rousing strains of the "Bay of Biscay," each air with its quaint eccentricities of slurred or missed-out notes.

And now "Jerusalem the Golden" was next in order on the programme. The old man turned to remind his daughter of this fact, and by the flickering candle-light he saw her eyes open slowly and her lips move, though no sound came through that he could hear. As he stooped to listen there broke upon his ears the long-expected melody. The girl's pale lips moved once again, and bending lower he caught the one word "Golden!" and then there was nothing more, unless it were the little sigh which told of perfect peace. On and on through the still room swept the waves of sound, on and on till the hymn was ended without a stop or a flaw of any kind.

The old man listened to the end, and then, with a smile of childish pleasure, he murmured, "Perfect, Aggie, quite perfect!" and all was still again.

The candle burned to the socket, flared up, lighting the two pale faces which rested together against the dingy wall, flickered, and went out. In the moment of brightness there was not much to choose between the father and the child, for all the life that either showed—between him who slept and her who lay so still with the eternal smile upon her face.

Mrs. Spooner: Charles, do you think you would ever marry again?

Mr. Spooner: What, after having lived with you for ten years? Never!

Mrs. Spooner says she would give something handsome if she only knew just what he meant by that.

IN MY LADY'S ALBUM.

By A. De Freitas.

The usual rhymes I cannot UU,
For poet I ne'er can B,
And so I hope that you'll X QQ
My rhymes of A B C.

Oh, I would count it very YY
To barter all my EE
For one bright glance from your sweet II
That glint like summer CC.

Oh, should my chatter, like the JJ,
Too much my lady TT,
I trust my love, that ne'er D KK,
Her anger may A PP.

My pegasus 'mong poets' GG
In naught at all X LL,
But wears a bonnet filled with BB
From inches gallops LL.

At last your slave who here S AA
To knock rhyme rules to P CC,
Now ends the lines that you M AA,
And from such larks he C CC.

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